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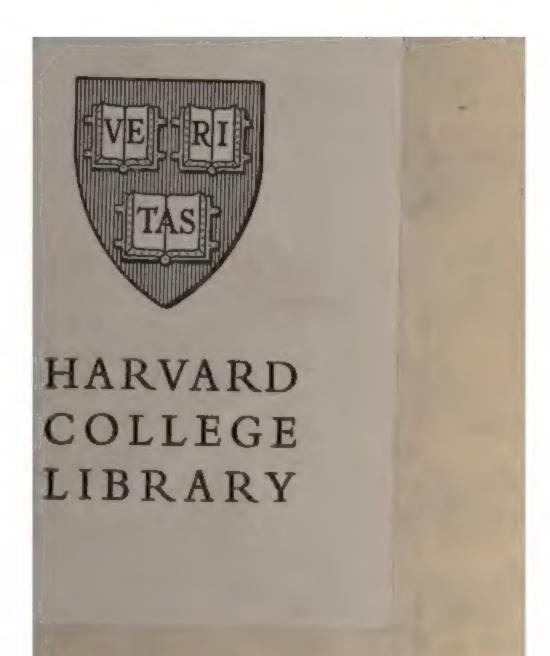
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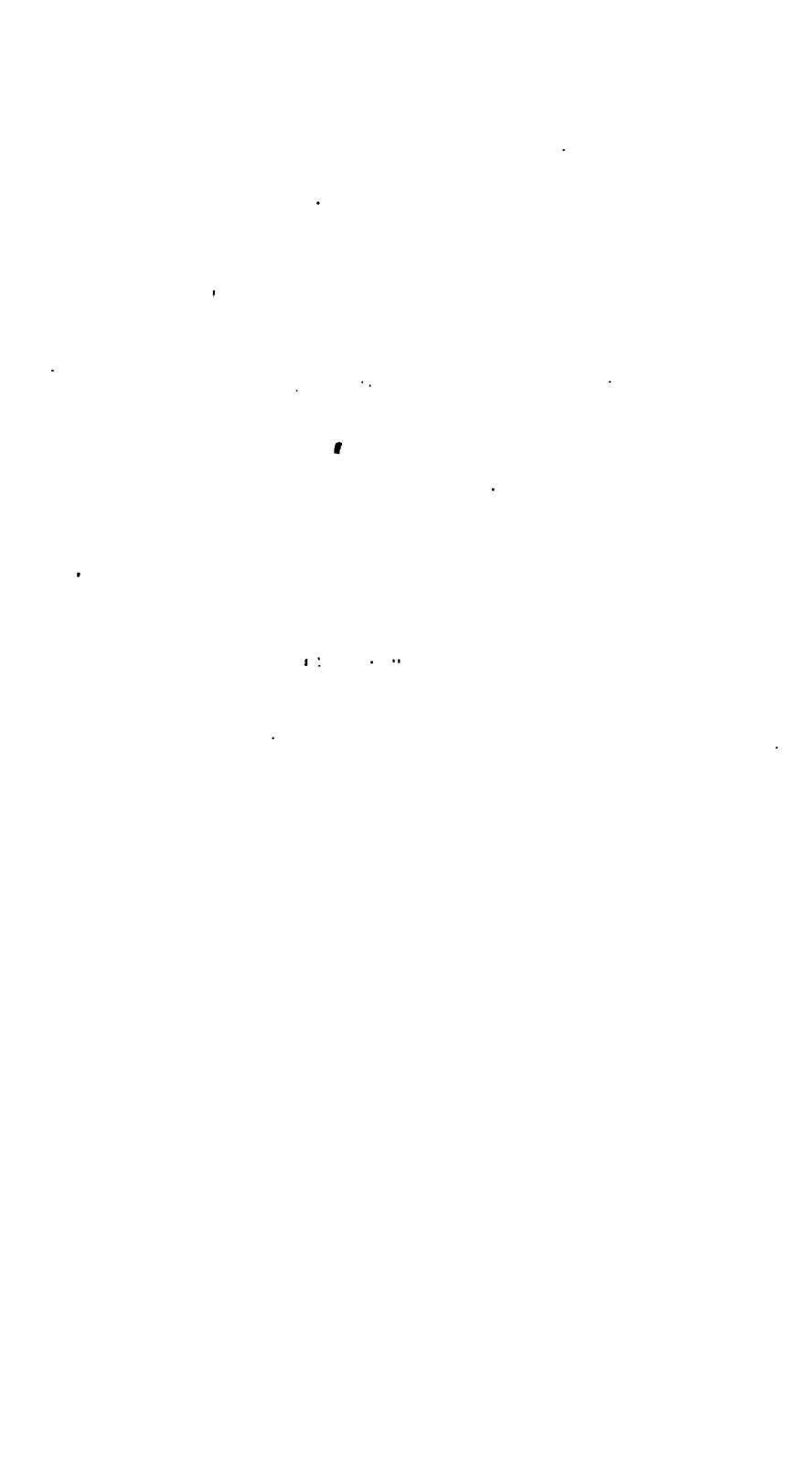
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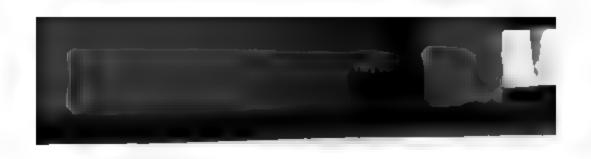




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HOUSEHOLD BOOK

THE

OF

POETRY.

COLLECTED AND EDITED

uv

CHARLES A. DANA.

BLEVENTH EDITION-REVISED AND ENLARGED.

With Allustrations.

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PREFACE.

The purpose of this book is to comprise within the bounds of a sing volume whatever is truly beautiful and admirable among the minor poer of the English language. In executing this design, it has been the constant endeavor of the Editor to exercise a catholic as well as a severe tast and to judge every piece by its poetical merit solely, without regard the name, nationality, or epoch of its author. Especial care has also be taken to give every poem entire and unmutilated, as well as in the meanthentic form which could be procured; though the earliest edition of author has sometimes been preferred to a later one, in which the alteration have not always seemed to be improvements.

The arrangement of the book will be seen to be somewhat novel; b it is hoped that it may be found convenient to the reader, and not all gether devoid of methetic congruity. The Editor also flatters himself the in classifying so many immortal productions of genius according to their ovideas and motives, rather than according to their chronology, the nativiand sex of their authors, or any other merely external order, he has exhibited the incomparable richness of our language in this department of liter ture, quite as successfully as if he had followed a method more usual in succollections.

That every reader should find in these pages every one of his favor

poems is, perhaps, too much to expect; but it is believed that of those of which the unanimous verdict of the intelligent has set the seal of indice putable greatness, none, whether of English, Scotch, Irish, or America origin, will be found wanting. At the same time, careful and prolonger research, especially among the writers of the seventeenth century, and is the current receptacles of fugitive poetry, has developed a considerable store of treasures hitherto less known to the general public than to scholar and to limited circles. Of these a due use has been made, in the confident belief that they will not be deemed unworthy of a place with their more illustrious companions, in a book which aspires to become the familia friend and companion of every household.

New York, August, 1856.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE ELEVENTH EDITION.

It is hoped that the revised edition of this collection of poems, which is herewith issued, may not be thought in any respect less worthy than it predecessors of the remarkable favor which the public has accorded to the work. In its preparation, the poetry produced during these eight years, both in this country and England, has been perused, and the observations of the numerous critics who commented upon the first edition have been diligently consulted. Some pieces may now be missed which were formerly to be found in our pages; but as their places are filled by others which are believed to possess greater merit, while the volume is considerably enlarged, it is presumed that these changes will not be disapproved, especially as the system of arrangement and the general character of the collection remain unaltered.

NEW YORK, August, 1866.

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Hame, Hame, Hame	870	The Culprit Fay
My Ain Countree	BOO I	
Gane were but the winter caulu	503	DRAYTON, MICHAEL.
CURTIS, GEORGE WILLIAM.	1	Born in Warwickshire, England, in 1563; died in 1631.
Born in Providence, R. L, in 1824.		Sonnet
Egyptian Serenade	629	Ballad of Agincourt
		DOTTWOODD WILLIAM
DAMASCENUS, ST. JOANNES. (GREEK.) Born in Damascus; died about 756.		DRUMMOND, WILLIAM. Born in Scotland, Nov. 13, 1585; died Dec., 1649.
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Hymn. (E. B. Browning's translation.)	102	Song—Phoebus Arise
DANA, RICHARD HENRY.		To the Nightingale
Born at Cambridge, Mass, Nov. 15, 1787.		Sonnet—I know that All
The Little Beach-Bird	84	Sonneta
	•	Sonnet—Of Mortal Glory
DANIEL, SAMUEL		Dedication of a Church
Born in Somersetshire, Eng., in 1562; died Oct., 1619.		
Love is a Sickness.	248	DRYDEN, JOHN.
To the Lady Margaret	667	Born in Northamptonshire, Eng., Aug. 9, 1681; died May
DARLEY, GEORGE.		Ah, how Sweet it is to Love
Born in Dublin in 1785; died in London in 1849.		Alexander's Feast
Song of the Summer Winds	79	DUFFERIN, LADY.
Gambols of Children	188	Formerly Mrs. Blackwood; grand-daughter of R. B. Sher
Love Song		sister of Mrs. Norton; born in Ireland in 1807.
Sylvia	274	Lament of the Irish Emigrant
DAVIS, THOMAS.		
Born in Mallow, Ireland, in 1814; died in Dublin, Sept. 16, 1845		DUNBAR, WILLIAM.
The Welcome		Born in Scotland about 1465; died about 1530.
THE WEICOME	201	" All Earthly Joy returns in Pain "
DAVISON, FRANCIS.		
Born in Norfolk, England, about 1575; died about 1618.		DWIGHT, JOHN SULLIVAN.
Psalm XIII	796	Born in Boston, Mass., May 13, 1812.
Psalm XXIII	797	Sweet is the Pleasure
Pealm XXX	798	DYER, JOHN.
DE VERE, AUBREY.		Born in Wales in 1700; died in 1758.
Born in the county of Limerick, Ireland, Dec. 16, 1814.		Grongar Hill.
Early Friendship	175	An Ambre 2000000000000000000000000000000000000
Song—Sing the Old Song	275	EASTMAN, CHARLES GAMAGE.
Sonnet	693	Born in Fryeburg, Me., June 1, 1816; died in Burlingt in
		in 1861.
DERZHAVIN, GAB'L ROMANOWITCH. (RUSSIA Born in Kasan, Russia, July 8, 1743; died July 6, 1816.	.N.)	A Snow Storm
	044	Dirge
God. (J. Bowring's translation.)	814	*** * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
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Born at Southampton, England, in 1745; died in 1814.		Born near Sheffield, Eng., March 17, 1781; died Dec. 1,
Sir Sidney Smith	419	The Bramble Flower
Tom Bowling	486	Poet's Epitaph
		EMERSON, RALPH WALDO.
DICKENS, CHARLES. Born at Portamouth, England, Feb. 7, 1812.		Born in Boston, Mass., in 1803.
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Ivy Green	98	To the Humble Bee
DIMOND, WILLIAM.		The Snow Storm
A theatrical manager; born in Bath, Eng.; died in Paris, Oct.		Threnody
1837.		Ode to Beauty
The Mariner's Dream	484	Good-bye
DOBELL SYDNEY.		Guy
Born at Peckham Rye, England, in 1894.		Bacchus
How's my Boy ?	AOR	Each and All
and a many truly instruction and the second second	400	The Problem

DORNELUS GEORGE Wood. Wood. Sections, R. I., Due 30, 1959; dated in Chocinanal, Wood. Wood. Sections, R. I., Due 30, 1959; dated in Chocinanal, Wood. Wood. Sections, R. I., Due 30, 1959; dated in Chocinanal, Wood. Wood. May Thorn. Sections of Chocina Chocol 1956. Sections of Chocol Info. Sections of Chocol Chocol 1956. Sections of Chocol Info. Sections o	Page	1	Page
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### HARTE, WALTER Born is 1894, died about 1840. Prop. Prop. Slow Tears	int, England, about 1550; died in 1610.		75%
## Service is 1970, died in Wales in 1974. Command		HARTE, WALTER	
CXXX. 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 1	ndon in 1584; died about 1650.	Born in 1700; died in Wales in 1774.	#0
Born in Cheshies, Engined, April 13, 1983, died April 1, 1984, d	1—Drop, Drop, Slow Tears		•
Sunday. (Anonymous branslation.). 750 ATH, FERDINAND. (Guman.).	TUS. VENANTIUS. (LATIN.)	Born in Cheshire, England, April 21, 1783; died April 3, 1894.	
### Thought Name of Chemman. The Comman of Comman of the C	•	If thou wert by my Bide	881 746
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Calm is the Night, Calendar's translation. File	tmold, Germany, June 17, 1810.	HEINE, HEINRICH. (GERMAN.) Born at Demeldorf, Germany, Jan. 1, 1800; died in 1858.	
The Water By. Listance in Section List	•	"Calm is the Night," (Leland's translation.)	199 KAR
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Born in Liverpool, England, 1895, 38, 1794; died May 14, 1834, William's Farewell to Black-eyed Susan, 218	_	HEMANS, FELICIA.	
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Virtue		HERBERT, GEORGE. Born in Wales, April 3, 1593; died in Feb., 1632	
Easter			
The Odor	•	Easter	752
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Born in London in 1891; date of death unknown.	_	The Flower	757
Instret. (J. C. Mangan's translation.) 657 To Violets 34		HERRICK, ROBERT. Born in London in 1591; date of death unknown.	
To Blosoms	linetrel. (J. C. Mangan's translation.). 657	To Violets	
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ess is Thinning. (J. M. Neale: trans. Sparkling and Bright			
, _{我们是是} 是是是是是是是是,我们就是一个人,我们就是一个人,我们就是一个人,我们就是一个人,我们就是是是是是是是是是,我们就是这个人,我们就是一个人,我们就是	ess is Thinning. (J. M. Neale: trans-		13

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Born in Ettrick, Scotland, Jan. 95, 1737., died Nov. 21, 1886.	JONEA, ERNEST, A leading Charitat; lives in England.
The Lark,	19 Moonrise
The Moon was a Waning Kilmeny	681 JONES, SIR WILLIAM.
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Born at Cambridge, Mass , Aug. 29, 1809	Ode-What Constitutes a State
The Steamboat.	and OUNDUN, BEA,
	been on roungh! ands 11! Inte! mice volle 14' 100-1
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Winter Song. (C. T. Brooks & translation.)	119 Discourse with Capid
HOOD, THOMAS,	Epitaph on Elizabeth L. H
Forn in London in 1799, dim! May 3, 4843.	OdeTo Himself
Flowers	45 July 3, JOHN.
To a Child embrac not a Mother	n im London in 1799; alon Fib. 94, 1971.
To my Daughter I Remember, I Retreet	Nature and the Poets.
Fair Ines	Ode to a Nightingale
Ruth	On the Grasshopper and Cricket
Ballad—It was not made Waster	To Autumb.
Balad Sigh on Said Heart	Eve of St. Agnes
Faithless Nelly Grav Faithless Sally Brown	La Bolle Dame sans Morel
Particles Sany Brown Lady at Sea Dream of Lynche And Bridge of Sights Song of the Shirt. The Hearthche	Lines on the Mermald Tavern
Bridge of Signs	On first looking into Chapman's Bomer
Song of the Shirt,	Ode on a Grecian Urn
The Water Lady	Robin Hood
Song A Lake and their host	E, JOHN.
	April
HOWE, JULIA WALD, Born in New York wheat Ship	The Elder Saripture
The Dead Christ	164 St. Peter's Day Balld?
HOWITT MARY,	
Born in Uster for, England, who at 1500.	KEMBLE, FRANCES ANNE, Born la wonden about 1811
Hitle Streums	40 Abset co
Surrey Woods .	
Carnile d*	
Fatries of the Cablon Low	
BOWITT, WILLLIM	Bernst 1995 a Branch and Committee
Departure of the Swa low,	KFY, FRANCIS SCOTT Bage about 1000 dued in Rallimore, Jan. 11, 1843.
	Star-spangled Banner
BUGO, VICTOR. (FRENCH) Born in Berna on, France by the See	***************************************
The Dyens. If Sal and these trong.	KING, HENRY. Hishop of Chichester, England, born in 1391, ided in 1462.
HUNT, LEIGH	Life
Born in Middlesex Fog., 8 t. 1 Pro. des N.g. 8 859.	A KINGSLEY, CHARLES.
Cross of Flowers	Tes Born in Deviner ve, England, June 19 1919.
To J. Hilly by the Chit I	26 Song-O, Mare, Go and Ca true Cattle Rome
To a Chall dur (2.50 km/ss)	lagt.
	TAMB CHARLS
deany kissed Me Ab a Ben Adler	99 The Crister at
Angel in the House	20 11 11 1-3 17 11111111111111111111111111
HUNTLE ANNE	Oldfor arks s.,
Born in well and an VA died and to 1	Requeb or richs
Indian De Grang	Fig. Well to Toltacco
HYSLOP, JAMES	Lawson a Celebrated Post at the control of the cont
Been a Selo and July 17 st hell Dec 4, 1827	oga I AMB, MARY
Comeron in a three on	Born in London In 1985, thed May 99, 1847
INGRAM JOHN KILLS	Choosing a Name
Born in from data to a series of the C.M. Dubda. The Memory of the Born.	90 LANDON, I STITIA FLIZABLEH (MISS MACER.
	Burn at Che et a, hing , ta 1802 , d cd o. Africa, Oct. 16, 1826.
JOHNSON, SAMI II., Born in Lichts M, Fig., Sept. 15, 1700; died in London, Dec.	The Stepherd Boy
13, 1784.	Night at Sea
Vanity of Human Wishes,	80 Awakening of Endymion

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_	•
LANDOR, WALTER SAVAGE. Born in Warwickshire, Eng., in 1775; died in Florence, Sept.	LYLY, JOHN. Born in Kent, England, about 1554; died about 1640
The Brier	
Maid's Lament	6 Only son of Lord Lytton, born in Herte, Eng., Nov. 8, 2831.
To Macaulay 65 One Gray Hair 69	6 Aux Italiens
Memory 69 An Old Poet to Sleep 72	0 MACAULAY, LORD.
LEONIDAS, OF ALEXANDRIA. (GREEK.) Born in the year 89; died in 199.	Horatius
On the Picture of an Infant. (Rogers's translation.)	MCCARTHI, DENNIS FLORENCE.
LEYDEN, JOHN. Bern at Denbelm, Scotland, Sept. 8, 1775; died in Batavia, R. L. Aug. 21, 1811.	Born in Cork, Ireland, about 1810. Summer Longings
Sabbath Morning	7 MACKAY, CHARLES.
LOCKHART, JOHN GIBSON. Bern in Glasgow in 1792; died at Abbotsford, Nov. 25, 1854.	Born at Perth, Scotland, in 1812. What Might be Done
Broadswords of Scotland	McMASTER, GUY HUMPHREY. Born at Bath, Steuben County, in 1829.
LOGAN, JOHN. Born in Scotland in 1748; Ant in Dec., 1788.	Carmen Bellicosum 87
To the Cuckoo	MAGINN, WILLIAM.
Song—Yarrow Stream 45 Heavenly Wisdom 71	
LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH. Bern in Portland, Ma., Feb. 27, 1807.	MALLETT, DAVID.
Twilight	5 Born in Scotland about 1700; died April 21, 1765. 2 A Funeral Hymn
Seaweed	MARLOWE, CHRISTOPHER.
Afternoon in February	2 Born at Canterbury, Eng., Feb. 26, 1864; died June 16, 1868. 5 Milk-Maid's Song
The Open Window	MARVELL, ANDREW.
Excelsion 89 Wreck of the Hesperus 48	Born at Kingston-upon-Hull, England, Nov. 17, 1620; died
Warden of the Cinque Ports	8 A Drop of Dew
The Village Blacksmith	5 The Lover to the Glow-worms
The Light of Stars	6 Horatian Ode85
Paulm of Life	2 Emigrants in Bermudas
King Robert of Sicily	
LOVELACE, RICHARD. Born in Kent, England, in 1618; died in 1656.	March 26, 1458. Serrana. (J. H. Wiffen's translation.) 23
The Grasshopper	Born at Annapolis, Md., in 1791; died at Belindut, Va., Sept.
To Lucasta	O Nahamtatlan ta Dhawan
LOVER, SAMUEL. Born in Dublin in 1797; died in 1966.	MEREDITH, GEORGE. Born in Hampehire, England, about 1928.
The Angel's Whisper 12	Love in the Valley
Rory O'More	4 MERRICK, JAMES.
Widow Machree 25 **OWELL JAMES RUSSELL**	Psalm XXIII
Born at Cambridge, Mass., Feb. 22, 1819. The Fountain	MESSINGER, ROBERT HINCKLEY. Born in Boston about 1807.
To the Dandelion	2 Give me the Old
She Came and Went	3 MILLER, THOMAS.
My Love	To George M
Hebe	The Grave of a Poetess
Born at Watertown, Mass., July 8, 1821; died Oct. 27, 1853.	MILLER, WILLIAM.
Morning-Glory 16	A native of Scotland, now living. Willie Winkie
Horn at Eisleben, Saxony, Nov. 10, 1483; dled Feb. 18, 1546. Martyrs' Hymn. (W. J. Fox's translation.) 77	MILLIKEN, RICHARD ALFRED. Born in the county of Cork, Ireland, in 1777; died in 1815.
A Sale Stronghold. (T. Carlyle's translation.) 79	· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·



	879		
MILMAN HENRY HART Born to Leaden Front, 1791 Heidal Song., Lynn-Wien our Heads	Page 824 768	The Bloom hath fled thy cheek, Mary Jeanle Morrison My Heid is like to Bend, Willie, Cavalier's Song	80
Hymn Brother, thou art Cope	799 809	Covenanter's Battle-chant. When I beneath the cold, sed Earth am Sleeping	350
MILNES, LICHARD MONCKTON (Lond Hought dots - Y evalure, F. goard, In 1809. The Break Stan.		MOULTRIE, JOHN. A Clorgyman of the Church of England; born in Eng. about The Three Soms.	
MILTON, 1011N form in London, Dec. 9, 605, also Nov 3, 1674.		MUELLER, WILHELM. (GRENAN)	10
Song: On May Morolog,	51 860	Born at Daman, Germany, Oct. 1, 1794; died Oct. 1, 1892. The Sunken City. (Mangan's translation.) MULOCE, DINAH MARIA.	ar.
Covies a Mask Tp taph in Stack spears	204	*ih Wind	11
I All gro. II Penserosor, Surrets One the Name ty		Hp, My Kiug	620
MOH, DAVID MACRETH		Landon in 1796; died (by his own hand) Feb. 1, 1828. un, monn, yn Dying Gales	
Born at Museu archeventhing June 5 1798 deed J. Corn Wag py		V. JOHN. Loudon in 1995; died there in 1807. Spring Mary.	
MONEGOMERY, ALEXANDER, asta in words re, Sr. and, before 1550, died about Neut to Night Gran		HOMAS.	
MONTG PMERY, TAMES Born & Icy on Scotlar Nov 4 1772 of d Appel 80		of "Rhymes and Roundslays," London, 1841. Pauper's Drive	20
for Disay Evening with Appa		JOHN. Bagland, 1667; died in 1911.	
Leize f t r st in Earth techneman Stranger and his Friend Humili y Fell of the World What is Prayer. Charity The Lord the tend Shepherd The Lord the tend Shepherd	9.979	NORTUN, CAROLINE,	eli 30
Fell of the World	770 774	Born at Hampton Court, England, in 1806.	
What is Prayer.	775	To Ferdinand Seymour	18
The Lord the tood Shepherd	794	We have been Friends together	153
Time Past, a trae Passing, Tame to Come,	C. T. P.	Al an Percy Love Not The King of Denmark & Ride	
MONTROSE JAMES GRAHAM, Mangets or format Montros, Sectland, in 1912, hanged at Edinburgh, May 21, 16-1		OGILVIE, JOHN. Born in Aberdeen, Scotland, in 1723; died in 1814.	4.54
My Dear and Only Love	235	llymn from Psaku CXLVIII	w) <u>(</u>
MOORE, CLEMENT C. Port in New York, July 12 1229 Bled at New port, K. I.,		O'KEEFE, JOHN Buck in Bubl a, Jone 24, 1747, died Feb. 4, 1833.	
Visit from St. N. cholas	142		689
MOORY, THOMAS, Born in Public, May et. 1759 days Feb. 25, 859		ORLEANS, CHARLYS, DOKE OF. (FRENCH.) Bornin Laris, May 26, Lot., doct Jan. 4, 1465. Fairest Thing in Mortal Eyes. (H. Cary's	
	94 155 156	translition)	322
Come seed round the Water Come and the Water Come	157	PALMER, JOHN WILLIAMSON Born in Isalimore, Md., about 1828.	
Friend of my Sout	155	For Charlle's Sake	171
The Journ's Onward Go where olders wasts then	194 261	PARSONS, THOMAS WILLIAM. Both on Boston, Mass., Aug. 18, 1819.	
		Song for September	191
The Harmont three there shall use II as	871 372 332	On a Best of Dante On a Lady Singing	399 625
Peace to the Sambovers Oh! Breath out he Name Those Ly 2.2 B. He Canad a Boat Song	955 955 955	PERCIVAL, JAMES GATES, Born in Series Cono., Sept. 15, 1795, died May 2, 1896.	4.0
MORE, HENLY	701	May The Corac Grove To Seneca Lake	50 50
Horn at Granthoso, England in 1614 of the time	700	It is Great for our Country to Die	340
Charaty and Hamility	100	PERCY, THOMAS, Born in Shr. pehire, Eng., in 1528, died as Bishop of Dromate Ireland, in 1871	
MOTHERWELL, WILLIAM Born in Glasges, in 177, these in 1803			218
The Water The Water	81		171

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PHILOSTRATUS. (GREEK.) Born in Lounce, Greece, about 182.	RONSARD, PIERRE. (FRENCH.) Born in Vendomois, France, in 1526; died in 1535.
To Oolia. (B. Joneon's translation.) 245	Return of Spring. (Anonymous translation.) 1
PIERPONT, JOHN.	ROSCOE, WILLIAM.
Born in Litchfield, Conn., April 6, 1785; died Aug. 26, 1866. My Child	Born at Mount Pleasant, near Liverpool, 1753; died June 30, 1831. On the Death of Burns
Centennial Ode	ROSCOE, WILLIAM STANLEY.
PINKNEY, EDWARD COATE. Born in London, Oct., 1809; died at Baltimore, April 11, 1828.	Born in England in 1782; died October, 1848.
Berenade 270	
A Health 278 POE, EDGAR ALLAN.	A native of Scotland; lived in the last century.
Bern in Baltimore, Jan., 1811; died Oct. 7, 1845.	Oh, Saw ye the Lass 26
Annabel Lee	SALIS, JOHANN GAUDENZ VON. (GERMAN.) Born in Grisons, Switzerland, in 1762. Song of the Silent Land. (Longfellow's translation.)
POPE, ALEXANDER.	
Bern in London, May 22, 1688; died May 80, 1744. The Rape of the Lock	SANDYS. GEORGE. Born in Bishopethorpe, Eng., 1577; died in Kent, March, 1648. Psalm LXVI
Messiah	Psalm XCII90
Universal Prayer	radiii OALI VIII
PRAED, WINTHROP MACKWORTH. Born in London in 1809; died July 15, 1819.	SAPPHO. (GREEK.) Born in Lesbos in the sixth century before Christ.
The Vicar	Blest as the Immortal Gods. (A. Phillips's translation.)
Twenty-eight and Twenty-nino 448 Charade	SCHILLER, FREDERIC. (GERMAN.)
PRIEST, NANCY AMELIA WOODBURY.	Born in Marbach, Germany, Nov. 10, 1759; died May 9, 1805.
Porn in Hinsdale, N. H., about 1834. Over the River	Indian Death-Song. (Frothingham's trans- lation.)
PRINGLE, THOMAS.	SCOTT, SIR WALTER.
Born at Blacklaw, Scotland, Jan. 5, 1789; died Dec. 5, 1834. The Lion and Giraffe	Born in Edinburgh, Aug. 15, 1771; died Sept. 21, 1832. Jock of Hazeldean
Afar in the Desert	Lochinvar
PROCTER, ADELAIDE ANNE. Bern in London, about 1826; died there, Feb., 1964.	Song—A Weary Lot is Thine
Doubting Heart	Border Ballad 36
"LOUT. FATHER. (FRANCIS MAHONT.) Born in Ireland about 1805; died in Paris, May 19, 1986.	Pibroch of Donuil Dhu
The Bells of Shandon	"Proud Maisie is in the Wood"
PRUDENTIUS, AURELIUS. (LATIN.) Born in Spain, 848.	SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM. Born in Stratford-on-Avon, England, about April 23, 1564; died
Each Sorrowful Mourner. (J. M. Neale's trans- lation.)	April 23, 1616.
QUARLES, FRANCIS.	Song—The Greenwood Tree
Born at Stewards, near Rumford, Eng., in 1592; d. Sept. 8, 1644.	Sonnets
Sonnets	Come away, Death
Delight in God only 812	Crabbed Age and Youth
QUARLES, JOHN. Son of Francis Quarles; born in Easex, England, in 1624; died	Song of the Fairy
of the Piague in 1665. Divine Ejaculation	Influence of Music
RALEIGH, SIR WALTER.	SHAKESPEARE AND JOHN FLETCHER.
Born in Budley, Eng., in 1552; behended Oct. 29, 1619. Milkmaid's Mother's Answer	Take oh take these files Amer
RAMSAY, ALLAN.	SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE. Born in Field Place, England, Aug. 4, 1792; died July 8, 1829.
Born in Crawford, Scotland, in 1685; died in 1758.	To the Skylark
Lochaber no More	The Question
Born in Badby, England, in 1605; d.ed Murch 17, 1634.	The Cloud. Ode to the West Wind.
Song of Fairles. (Leigh Hunt's translation.) 536 BEAD, THOMAS BUCHANAN.	To Night
Born in Chester county, Penn., March 12, 1822.	Dirge for the Year
Autuma's Sighing	Turnale Dibilingan has
POBERTS, SARAH.	Lament
Horn in Portsmouth, N. II.; lives in one of the Western States.	Lament. 5: To a Lady with a Guitar. 6:
The Voice of the Grass	To Constantia Singing 6: An Exhortation
Bern near London, July 30 1788 died in London, Dec. 18, 1966.	Song—Rarely, rarely comest Thou
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PART I.

POEMS OF NATURE.

Tax world is too much with us; late and soon, Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers: Little we see in nature that is ours; We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon! This sea that bares her bosom to the moon; The winds that will be howling at all hours, And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers; For this, for every thing, we are out of tune; It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be A pagan suckled in a creed outworn; So might I, standing on this pleasant lea, Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn; Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea.

Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

WORDSWORTH.



POEMS OF NATURE.

FLOWER AND THE LEAF.

ARGUMENT.

man out of an arbour in a grove, seeth a great of knights and ladies in a daunce upon the isse; the which being ended, they all kneeled do honour to the daisie, some to the flower, to the leafe. Afterward this gentlewoman by one of these ladies the meaning hereof, this: They which honour the flower, a thing the every blast, are such as looke after beautiedly preasure. But they that honour the leafe, deth with the real notwithstanding the frosts of stormes, are they which follow vertue and alities, without regard consider spects.

at Phebus his chair of gold so hie led up the sterry sky alofte, he boole was entred certainly: ourse sweet of raine descended softe, the ground, fele times and ofte, give many an wholsome aire, by plaine was yelothed faire

ve greene, and maketh smale floures gen here and there in fielde and e:

good and wholsome be the shoures, enueth that was olde and dede time; and out of every sede the herbe, so that every wight eason wexeth glad and light.

ped thus upon a certaine night:—in my bedde, sleepe ful unmete
me, but why that I ne might
wist; for there has earthly wight,
soe, had more hertes ease
or I nad sicknesse nor disease.

Wherefore I mervaile greatly of my selfe. That I so long withouten sleepe lay;
And up I rose three houres after twelfe,
About the springing of the day;
And I put on my geare and mine array,
And to a pleasaunt grove I gan passe,
Long er the bright sunne up risen was;

In which were ckes grete, streight as a line, Under the which the grasse, so fresh of hewe Was newly sprong; and an eight foot or nine Every tree wel fro his fellow grew, With branches brode, laden with leves newe, That sprongen out ayen the sunneshene, Some very redde, and some a glad light grene:

Which, as me thought, was right a pleasant sight;

And eke the briddes songe for to here Would have rejoiced any earthly wight: And I that couth not yet, in no manere, Heare the nightingale of al the yeare, Ful busily herkened with herte and eare, If I her voice perceive coud any where.

And, at the last, a path of little brede
I found, that greatly had not used be:
For it forgrowen was with grasse and weede,
That wel unneth a wighte might it se:
Thought I, "This path some whider goth,
parde!"

And so I followed, till it me brought
To right a pleasaunt herber, well ywrought

That benched was, and with turfes newe Freshly turved, whereof the grene gras, So smale, so thicke, so shorte, so fresh of here That most like unto grene wool, wot I, it was: It was more pleasaunt than I coud devise. The hegge also that yede in compas, And closed in al the grene herbere, With sicamour was set and eglatere,

Wrethen in fere so wel and cunningly, That every branch and leafe grew by mesure, Plaine as a bord, of an height by and by. I see never thing, I you ensure, So wel done; for he that tooke the cure It to make, y trow, did all his peine To make it passe alle the that men have seine.

And shapen was this herber, roofe and alle, As a prety parlour; and also The hegge as thicke as a castle walle, That who that list without to stond or go, Though he wold al day prien to and fro, He should not see if there were any wight Within or no; but one within wel might

Perceive all the thot yeden there withoute In the field, that was on every side Covered with corn and grasse; that out of doubt,

Though one wold seeke alle the world wide, So rich a fielde cold not be espide On no coast, as of the quantity; For of alle good thing there was plenty.

And I that al this pleasaunt sight sie, Thought sodainely I felt so swete an aire Of the eglentere, that certainely There is no herte, I deme, in such dispaire, Ne with thoughtes froward and contraire So overlaid, but it should soone have bote, If it had ones felt this savour sote.

And as I stood and cast aside mine eie, I was ware of the fairest medler tree. That ever yet in alle my life I sie, As ful of blossomes as it might be; Therein a goldfinch leaping pretile Fro bough to bough; and, as him list, he eet Here and there of buddes and floures swete.

And to the herber side was joyninge This faire tree, of which I have you tolde, And at the laste the brid began to singe, Whan he had eeten what he ete wolde, So passing swetely, that by manifolde

And whan his song was ended in this wis

The nightingale with so mery a note Answered him, that al the wood ronge So sodainely, that as it were a sote, I stood astonied; so was I with the song Thorow ravished, that til late and longe, I ne wist in what place I was, ne where; And ayen, me thought, she songe ever mine ere.

Wherefore I waited about busily, On every side, if I her might see; And, at the laste, I gan ful wel aspy Where she sat in a fresh grene laurer tree On the further side, even right by me, That gave so passinge a delicious smelle, According to the eglentere ful welle.

Whereof I had so inly great pleasure, That, as me thought, I surely ravished wa Into Paradise, where my desire Was for to be, and no ferther passe As for that day; and on the sote grasse I sat me downe; for, as for mine entent, The briddes song was more convenient,

And more pleasaunt to me by many folde, Than meat or drinke, or any other thinge. Thereto the herber was so fresh and colde The wholesome savours eke so comforting That, as I demed, sith the beginninge Of the world was never seene or than So pleasaunt a ground of none earthly ma

And as I sat, the brids hearkening thus, Me thought that I heard voices sodainely, The most sweetest and most delicious That ever any wight, I trowe truely, Heard in their life; for the armony And sweet accord was in so good musike That the voice to angels most was like.

At the last, out of a grove even by, That was right goodly and pleasaunt to sign I sie where there came, singing lustily, A world of ladies; but, to tell aright Their grete beauty, it lieth not in my mig Ne their array; neverthelesse I shalle Telle you a part, though I speake not of



THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF.

notes white, of velvet wele sittinge, ere in cladde, and the semes echone, we a manere garnishinge, with emerands, one and one, by; but many a riche stone on the purfiles, out of doute, rs, sleves, and traines round aboute.

 pearles, rounde and orient, des fine, and rubies redde, ay another stone, of which I went ses now; and everich on her hedde ret of gold, which without dread, of stately riche stones set; ry lady had a chapelet

bedde of branches fresh and grene, wrought and so marvelously, was a noble sight to sene; 'laurer, and some ful pleasauntly spelets of woodbind, and saddely agnus castus ware also to freshe; but there were many of the l

anced and eke songe ful soberly, they yede in manner of compace; there yede in mid the company, her selfe: but alle followed the pace e kepte, whose hevenly figured face aunt was, and her wele shape person, beauty she past hem everichon.

re richly beseene, by many folde. salso in every maner thing : hedde ful pleasaunt to beholde, ne of golde rich for any king: wh of agnus castus eke bearing and; and to my sight truely y was of the company.

 began a roundel lustely, Sus le foyle, devers moy," men calle. a mon joly cover est endormy," in the company answered alle. aces sweet entuned, and so smale, thought it the sweetest melody er I heard in my life sothly.

a they came, dauncinge and singinge, · middes of the mede echone, the herber where I was sittinge;

For than I might avise hem one by one, Who fairest was, who coud best dance or

Or who most womanly was in alle thinge.

They had not danneed but a little throws. Whan that I hearde ferre of sodainely, So great a noise of thundering trumpes blowe, As though it should have departed the skie And, after that, within a while I sie, From the same grove where the ladies came oute,

Of men of armes cominge such a route,

As alle the men on earth had been assembled In that place, wele horsed for the nones, Steringe so fast, that all the earth trembled: But for to speke of riches and of stones, And men and horse, I trowe the large wones, Of Prestir John, ne all his tresory, Might not unneth have boght the tenth party

Of their array: who so list heare more, I shal rehearse so as I can a lite. Out of the grove, that I spake of before, I sie come firste, al in their clokes white, A company, that ware, for their delite, Chapelets freshe of okes serialle, Newly sprong, and trumpets they were alle.

On every trumpe hanging a broad baners Of fine tartarium were ful richely bete; Every trumpet his lordes armes bere; About their neckes, with great pearles sete, Collers brode; for cost they would not lete, As it would seem, for their scochones echone, Were set aboute with many a precious stone

Their horse harneis was al white also. And after them next in one company, Came kinges of armes, and no mo, In clokes of white cloth of gold richely, Chapelets of greene on their hedes on hie; The crownes that they on their scochones bere Were sette with pearle, ruby, and suphere,

And eke great diamondes many one. But al their horse harnels and other gere Was in a sute accordinge, everichone, al wot, me thought I was wel bigone; / As ye have herd the foresaid transpetes were: And by seeminge, they were othing to lere, And their guidings they did so manerly. And, after hem, came a great company

Of heraudes and purse vanites eke,
Arraied in clothes of white velvette,
And, hardily, they were no thing to seke,
How they on them should the harness sette;
And every man had on a chapelet;
Scochones, and eke harness, indede,
They had in sute of hem that fore h

Next after hem came, in armour br All save their heades, so make knig And every claspe at 1 made, as to u Of their harnels were of rad golde f With cloth of gold, and furred with Were the trappoures of their stedes Wide and large, that to the ground d

And every bosse of bralle and paitr
That they had, was worth, as I wok.
A thousand pounde, and on their heddes, wel
Dressed, were crownes of laurer greec,
The best made that ever I had sine;
And every knight had after him ridinge.
Three henchemen on hem awaitings

Of whiche every first, on a short from long, this lordes beline bare so rich valual t. That the worst was worthe the ransonn. Of any king; the second a shield bright. Bare at his backe, the thred bare upright. A mighty spere, full sharpe ground and kene, And every chalde ware of leaves grone.

A fresh chapelet upon his haires bright; And clokes white of fine velvet they ware; Their steedes trapped and raied right, Without difference, as their lordes were; And after hem, on many a fresh corsere, There came of article knightes such a route, That they besprad the large field aboute.

And al they ware, after their degrees, Chapelets newe made of laurer grene; Some of the oke, and some of other trees, Some in their honds bare boughes shene, Some of laurer, and some of okes kene, Some of hauthorne, and some of the whiteh binde,

And many me which I had not in minds

And many me which I had not in minds

And so they came, their horses fresheigs

With bloody sownes of hir trompes louds.
There sie I many an uncouth disguisings.
In the array of these knightes proude,
And at the last, as evenly as they conde!
They took their places in middes of the measure wery knight turned his horses head.

is fellow, and lightly laid a spere
to rest; and so justes began
very part about, here and there;
to brake his spere, some drew down;
and man;
at the field astray the steedes ran;
to behold their rule and governaum
a ensure, it was a great pleasaunce.

so the justes laste an houre and me out the that crowned were in laurer great Wanne the prise, their dintes was so sor That there was none ayer them might sust And the just uge all was left off clene, And tro their Lorse the nurth alight and An so did all the remaint everythene

And forthell cy yelle togader, twam and tw leat to be observe was a worthy sight, lowerd the had es on the grene plant, lat songo and danneed, as I said now ri The ladies, as soone as they goodly migh Hey brake of both the song and dannee. And yelle to meet hem with ful glad oblance.

And every lady tooke, ful womanly, By the hond a knight, and forth they yes Unto a faire laurer that stood fast by, With levis lade, the boughes of grete bre And to my dome there never was, indede Man that had seene halfe so faire a tre, For underneath there might it well have

An Lundred persones, at their owne plesau Shadowed fro the hete of Phebus bright, So that they sholde have felt no grevaun Of raine ne hade that hem hurte might. The savour eke rejoice would any wight

had be sicke or melancolious, is so very good and vertuous.

with great reverence they inclined lowe to tree so scote, and faire of hewe; after that, within a little throwe, began to singe and daunce of newe songe of love, some plaininge of untrewe, roninge the tree that stood upright; ever yede a lady and a knight.

at the last I cast mine eye aside,
was ware of a lusty company
come rominge out of the field wide,
in hond a knight and a lady;
adies all in surcotes, that richely
ed were with many a riche stone,
every knight of grene ware mantles on,

ouded wel so as the surcotes were:
everich had a chapelet on her hedde.
h did right well upon the shining here,
of goodly floures white and redde;
nightes eke, that they in honde ledde,
e of hem ware chapelets everichone,
before hem went minstreles many one.

rpes, pipes, lutes, and sautry,
n greene; and on their heades bare,
ers floures, made ful craftely,
a sute, goodly chapelets they ware;
so dauncinge into the mede they fare.
I the which they foun a tuft that was
ersprad with floures in compas.

eto they enclined everichone great reverence, and that ful humbly; at the laste, there began anone for to singe right womanly geret in praising the daisie; s me thought, among her notes swete, and "Si douce est la Margarete."

they alle answered her in fere, singely wel, and so pleasauntly, t was a blisful noise to here.
not how, it happed sodainely out noone, the sunne so fervently hote, that the prety tender floures at the beauty of hir fresh coloures.

Forshronke with heat; the ladies eke to-brent.
That they ne wiste where they hem might bestowe;

The knightes swelt, for lack of shade nie shent; And after that, within a little throwe. The wind began so sturdily to blowe, That down goeth all the floures everichone, So that in al the mede there left not one;

Save such as succoured were among the leves Fro every storme that might hem assaile, Growinge under the hegges and thicke greves: And after that there came a storme of haile And raine in fere, so that, withouten faile, The ladies ne the knightes nade o threed Drie on them, so dropping was hir weed.

And whan the storm was cleane passed away, Tho in white that stoode under the tree, They felte nothing of the grete affray, That they in greene withoute had in ybe; To them they yede for routhe and pite, Them to comforte after their great disease, So faine they were the helplesse for to easo.

Than I was ware how one of hem in grene Had on a crowne, rich and wel sittinge; Wherefore I demed wel she was a quene, And tho in grene on her were awaitinge; The ladies then in white that were comminge Toward them, and the knightes in fere, Began to comforte hem, and make hem chere

The queen in white, that was of grete beauty Took by the hond the queen that was in grene And said, "Suster, I have right great pity Of your annoy, and of the troublous tene, Wherein ye and your company have bene So longe, alas! and if that it you please To go with me, I shall do you the ease.

"In all the pleasure that I can or may:"
Whereof the other, humbly as she might
Thanked her; for in right il array
She was with storm and heat, I you behight
And every lady, then anone right,
That were in white, one of them took in grene
By the hond; which whan the knights had
sene.

In like wise ech of them tooke a knight Cladde in greene, and forthe with hem they fare,

To an hegge, where they anon right,

To make their justes, they wolde not spare
Boughes to hewe down, and eke trees square,
Wherwith they made hem stately fires grete,
To drye their clothes that were wringinge
wete.

And after that, of herbes that there grewe, They made, for blisters of the sunne brenninge,

Very good and wholesome ointmentes new, Wherewith they yede the sick fast anointinge; And after that they yede about gaderinge Pleasaunt salades, which they made hem ete, For to refreshe their great unkindly hete.

The lady of the Leafe than began to praye Her of the Floure (for so to my seeminge They sholde be, as by their arraye) To soupe with her, and eke, for any thinge, That she shold with her alle her people bringe: And she ayen, in right goodly manere, Thanked her of her most friendly chere,

Saying plainely, that she would obaye
With all her herte, all her commaundement;
And then anon, without lenger delaye,
The lady of the Leafe hath one ysent,
For a palfray, after her intent,
Arrayed wel and faire in harneis of gold,
For nothing lacked, that to him long shold.

And after that, to al her company
She made to purveye horse and every thinge
That they needed; and than ful lustily,
Even by the herber where I was sittinge
They passed alle, so pleasantly singinge,
That it would have comforted any wight.
But than I sie a passing wonder sight;

For than the nightingale, that al the day
Had in the laurer sate, and did her might
The whole service to singe longing to May,
All sodainely began to take her flight;
And to the lady of the Leefe, forthright,
She flew, and set her on her hond softely,
Which was a thing I marveled of gretely.

The goldfinch eke, that fro the medler tree Was fled for heat into the bushes colde. Unto the lady of the Floure gan flee, And on her hond he sit him as he wolde. And pleasauntly his winges gan to fold; And for to singe they pained hem both, as a As they had do of al the day before.

And so these ladies rode forth a great pace. And all the rout of knightes eke in fere; And I that had seen all this wonder case, Thought I wold assaye in some manere, To know fully the trouth of this matere; And what they were that rode so pleasaum. And whan they were the herber passed by

I drest me forth, and happed to mete and Right a faire lady, I do you ensure; And she came riding by herselfe alone, Alle in white; with semblance ful demure I salued her, and bad good aventure Might her befalle, as I coud most humbly And she answered, "My doughter, g mercy!"

"Madame," quoth I, "if that I durst enque
Of you, I would faine, of that company,
Wite what they be that past by this arbere
And she ayen answered right friendely:—
"My faire doughter, alle the that pass
here by
In white clothing, be servaunts everichors

Unto the Leafe, and I my selfe am one.

"See ye not her that crowned is," quoth a "Alle in white?"—"Madame," quoth I, "ye "That is Diane, goddesse of chastite; And for because that she a maiden is, In her honde the braunch she beareth this That agnus castus men calle properly; And alle the ladies in her company,

"Which ye se of that herbe chapelets were Be such as han kept alway hir maidenheed And alle they that of laurer chapelets bear Be such as hardy were, and manly in deed Victorious name which never may be ded And alle they were so worthy of hir hond In hir time, that none might hem withsto

"And the that weare chapelets on their he Of fresh woodbinde, be such as never were To love untrue in word, thought, ne dede But aye stedfast: ne for pleasaunce, ne fee

that they should their hertes all to-

never flit but ever were stedfast, t their lives there saunder brast."

faire Madame," quoth I, "yet I would aye

adiship, if that it mights be, might knows by some maner ways, hat it hath liked your beaute, buth of these ladies for to tell me;) hat these knightes be in rich armour, hat the be in grene and weare the flour?

why that some did reverence to that

me unto the plot of floures faire?"
right good will, my faire doughter,"
oth she,

rour desire is good and debonaire; ne crowned be very exemplaire onour longing to chivalry; ose certaine be called the Nine Worthy,

h ye may see now ridings alle before,
I hir time did many a noble dede,
I their worthines ful oft have bore
I their worthines ful of their wor

ho that beare bowes in their honde precious laurer so notable, h as were, I wol ye understonde, knightes of the round table, to the Douseperis honourable, they beare in signe of victory; itnesse of their deedes mightily.

here be knightes olde of the garter,
thir time did right worthily;
te honour they did to the laurer
by it they have their laud wholly,
riumph eke, and martial glory;
unto them is more parfite richesse,
my wight imagine can or gesse.

me leafe, given of that noble tree wight that hath done worthly, be done so as it ought to be, a bonour than any thing earthly;

Witnes of Rome that founder was truly Of alle knighthood and deeds marvelous; Record I take of Titus Livius.

"And as for her that crowned is in greene,
It is Flora, of these floures goddeese;
And all that here on her awaiting beene,
It are such folk that loved idlenesse,
And not delite in no businesse,
But for to hunts and hanke, and pleye in
medes,

And many other suchlike idle dedes.

"And for the great delite and pleasaunce
They have to the floure, and so reverently
They unto it do such obeisaunce,
As ye may se."—" Now faire Madame,"
quoth I,

"If I durst aske, what is the cause and why. That knightes have the ensigne of honour, Rather by the leafe than the floure?"

"Soothly, doughter," quod she, "this is the trouth:---

For knightes ever should be persevering.
To seeke honour without femine or slouts.
Fro wele to better in all manner thinge;
In signe of which, with leaves are lastinge,
They be rewarded after their degre,
Whose lusty grene may not appaired be,

"But ale keping their beaute fresh and greene;

For there his storme that may hem deface, Haile nor snow, winde nor frostes kene; Wherfore they have this property and grace And for the floure, within a little space Wolle be lost, so simple of nature They be, that they no greevance may endure;

"And every storme will blowe them some awaye,

No they laste not but for a sesone; That is the cause, the very trouth to saye, That they may not, by no way of resone, Be put to no such occupation."

"Madame," quoth L "with al mine who't servise

I thanke you now, in my most humble wise

"For now I am ascertained thurghly,
Of every thing that I desired to knowe."
"I am right glad that I have said, sothly

Ought to your pleasure, if yo wille me trowe,"
Quod she ayen, "but to whom do ye owe
Your service? And which wille ye honoure,
Tel me I pray, this yere, the Leafe or the
Floure?"

"Madame," quoth I. "though I be least worthy,

Unto the Leafe I owe mine observaunce:"
"That is," quod she, "right wel done certainly;

And I pray God to honour you And kepe you fro the wicked Of Malebouche, and all his er And alle that good and well

"For here may I no lenger to I must followe the great comp That ye may see youder befor And forth, as I couth, most h I tooke my leve of her, as she After them as faste as ever sh And I drow homeward, for it

And put al that I had seene in writing,
Under support of them that lust it to rede.
O little booke, thou art so uncoming,
How darst thou put thy self in prees for drede?
It is wonder that thou wexest not rede!
Bith that thou wost ful lite who shall behold
Thy rude langage, ful boistously unfold.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

DESCRIPTION OF SPRING.

The scote season, that bud and bloom forth brings,

With green hath clad the fall, and eke the vale:

The nightingale with feathers new she sings;
The turtle to her make hath told her tale.
Summer is come, for every spray now springs;
The hart hath hung his old head on the pale.

The fishes flete with new repaired scale;
The adder all her slough aw re y she flings;
The swift swallow pursue to the flies smale;

The busy bee her honey now she mings;
Winter is worn that was the flowres' hi
And thus I see among these pleasant thin
Each care decays, and yet my sorrow sprin

THE AIRS OF SPRING.

Sweetly breathing, vernal air,
That with kind warmth doth repair
Winter's ruins; from whose breast
All the gums and spice of th' East
Borrow their perfumes; whose eye
Gilds the morn, and clears the sky;
Whose disheveled tresses shed
Pearls upon the violet bed;
On whose brow, with calm smales do
The haleyon sits and builds her nest
Beauty, youth, and endless spring.
Dwell upon thy rosy wing!

Thou, if stormy Boreas throws
Down whole forests when he blows,
With a pregnant, flowery birth,
Canst refresh the teeming earth.
If he mp the early bud;
If he blast what's fair or good.
If he scatter our choice flowers;
If he shake our halls or bowers.
If his rude breath threaten us,
Thou canst stroke great Æolus,
And from him the grace obtain,
To bind him in an iron chain.

Тпомав Сля

RETURN OF SPRING.

God shield ye, heralds of the spring, Ye faithful swallows, fleet of wing,

Houps, cuckoos, nightingules, Turtles, and every wilder bird, That make your hundred chirpings h Through the green woods and d

God shield ye, Easter daisies all, Fair roses, huds, and blossoms smali he whom erst the gore and Narciss did print, thyme, anise, balm, and mint, dcome ye once more.

ld ye, bright embroidered train flies, that on the plain, ach sweet herblet sip; new swarms of bees, that go he pink flowers and yellow grow, hiss them with your lip.

ed thousand times I call
welcome on ye all:
season how I love—
ry din on every shore—
s and storms, whose sullen roar
ade my steps to rove.

PIERRE ROSSARD (French).
Translation.

SPRING

o upon the northern shore, et new year, delaying long; loest expectant nature wrong, long; delay no more.

ys thee from the clouded noons, reetness from its proper place? ouble live with April days, ss in the summer moons?

this, bring the fox-glove spire, tle speedwell's darling blue, ulips dashed with flery dew, ns, dropping-wells of fire.

st the sorrow in my blood, ongs to burst a frozen bud, I a fresher throat with song.

urgeons every maze of quick the flowering squares, and thick roots the violets blow.

s the woodland loud and long, tance takes a lovelier hue, And drowned in yonder living blue. The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea, The flocks are whiter down the vale, And milkier every milky sail, On winding stream or distant sea;

Where now the seamew pipes, or dives
In yonder greening gleam, and fly
The happy birds, that change their sky
To build and brood, that live their lives

From land to land; and in my breast
Spring wakens too: and my regret
Becomes an April violet,
And buds and blossoms like the rest.
ALFRED TEXATSON.

"WHEN THE HOUNDS OF SPRING."

When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,

The mother of months in meadow or plain. Fills the shadows and windy places

With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain; And the brown bright nightingale amorous Is half assuaged for Itylus,

For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces; The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.

Come with bows bent and with emptying of quivers,

Maiden most perfect, lady of light, With a noise of winds and many rivers,

With a clamor of waters, and with might; Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet, Over the splendor and speed of thy feet! For the faint east quickens, the wan west

For the faint east quickens, the wan west shivers,

Round the feet of the day and the feet of the night.

Where shall we find her, how shall we sing to her,

Fold our hands round her knees and cling? Oh that man's heart were as fire and could spring to her,

Fire, or the strength of the streams that spring!

For the stars and the winds are unto her As raiment, as songs of the harp-player;
For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,
And the south-west wind and the west wind sing.

And all the season of snows and sins;
The days dividing lover and lover,
The light that loses, the night that wins;
And time remembered is grief forgotten,
And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,
And in green underwood and cover
Blossom by blossom the spring begins.

The full streams feed on flower of rushes,
Ripe grasses trammel a travelling foot,
The faint fresh flame of the young year flushes
From leaf to flower and flower to fruit;
And fruit and leaf are as gold and fire,
And the oat is heard above the lyre,
And the hoofed heel of a satyr crushes
The chestnut-husk at the chestnut-root.

And Pan by noon and Bacchus by night,
Fleeter of foot than the fleet-foot kid,
Follows with dancing and fills with delight
The Mænad and the Bassarid;
And soft as lips that laugh and hide,
The laughing leaves of the trees divide,
And screen from seeing and leave in sight
The god pursuing, the maiden hid.

The ivy falls with the Bacchanal's hair

Over her eyebrows shading her eyes;

The wild vine slipping down leaves bare

Her bright breast shortening into sighs;

The wild vine slips with the weight of its leaves,

But the berried ivy catches and cleaves
To the limbs that glitter, the feet that scare
The wolf that follows, the fawn that flies.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINDURNE.

MARCH.

The cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
I'be green field sleeps in the sun;

The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the stronges
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one

Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The ploughboy is whooping—an
There's joy on the mountains
There's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone!

WILLIAM WO

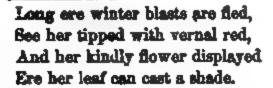
APRIL.

LESSONS sweet of Spring returnit Welcome to the thoughtful he May I call ye sense or learning, Instinct pure, or heaven-taugh Be your title what it may, Sweet and lengthening April da While with you the soul is free, Ranging wild o'er hill and lea;

Soft as Memnon's harp at morni
To the inward ear devout,
Touched by light with heavenly
Your transporting chords ring
Every leaf in every nook,
Every wave in every brook,
Chanting with a solemn voice,
Minds us of our better choice.

Needs no show of mountain hose Winding shore or deepening a Where the landscape in its glor: Teaches truth to wandering n Give true hearts but earth and a And some flowers to bloom and Homely scenes and simple view Lowly thoughts may best infuse

See the soft green willow spring Where the waters gently pass Every way her free arms flingin O'er the moss and reedy gras



Though the rudest hand assail her,
Patiently she droops awhile,
But when showers and breezes hail her,
Wears again her willing smile.
Thus I learn contentment's power
From the slighted willow bower,
Ready to give thanks and live
On the least that Heaven may give.

If, the quiet brooklet leaving,
Up the stormy vale I wind,
Hapky half in fancy grieving
For the shades I leave behind,
By the dusty wayside dear,
Nightingales with joyous cheer
Sing, my sadness to reprove,
Giadlier than in cultured grove.

Where the thickest bows are twining
Of the greenest, darkest tree,
There they plunge, the light declining—
All may hear, but none may see.
Fearless of the passing hoof,
Hardly will they fleet aloof;
So they live in modest ways,
Trust entire, and ceaseless praise.

Jone Kunta

ALMOND BLOSSOM.

Blossom of the almond-trees,
April's gift to April's bees,
Birthday ornament of spring,
Flora's fairest daughterling;—
Coming when no flowerets dare
Trust the cruel outer air;
When the royal king-cup bold
Dares not don his coat of gold;
And the sturdy blackthorn spray
Keeps his silver for the May;—
Coming when no flowerets would,
Bave thy lowly sisterhood,
Early violets, blue and white,
Dying for their love of light.

Almond blossom, sent to teach us.
That the spring-days soon will reach us.
Lest, with longing over-tried,
We die as the violets died—
Blossom, clouding all the tree
With thy crimson broidery,
Long before a leaf of green
On the bravest bough is seen;
Ah! when winter winds are swinging
All thy red bells into ringing,
With a bee in every bell,
Almond bloom, we greet thee well.

EDWAR ARROLD.

SPRING.

Benoud the young, the rosy Spring,
Gives to the breeze her scented wing,
While virgin graces, warm with May,
Fling roses o'er her dewy way.
The murmuring billows of the deep
linve languished into silent sleep;
And mark! the flitting sea-birds lave
Their plumes in the reflecting wave;
While cranes from hoary winter fly
To flutter in a kinder sky.
Now the genial star of day
Dissolves the murky clouds away,
And cultured field and winding stream
Are freshly glittering in his beam.

Now the earth prolific swells With leafy buds and flowery bells; Gemming shoots the Olive twine; Clusters bright festoon the vine; All along the branches creeping, Through the velvet foliage peoping, Little infant fruits we see Nursing into luxury.

Translation of THOMAS MOORE,

ANAGRMON

SONG: ON MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger, Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her

The flowery May, who from her green hap throws

The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose

Hail, bounteous May, that doth inspire Mirth, and youth, and warm desire; Woods and groves are of thy dressing, Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing. Thus we salute thee with our early song, And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

JOHN MILTON.

A DROP OF DEW.

See how the orient dew, Shed from the bosom of the morn Into the blowing roses, (Yet careless of its mansion new For the clear region where 'twas born' Round in itself incloses, And in its little globe's extent Frames, as it can, its native element. How it the purple flower does slight, Scarce touching where it lies; But gazing back upon the skies, Shines with a mornful light, Like its own tear, Recause so long divided from the sphere; Restless it rolls, and unsecure, Trembling, lest it grow impure; Till the warm sun pities its pain, And to the skies exhales it back again. So the soul, that drop, that ray, Of the clear fountain of eternal day, Could it within the human flower be seen. Remembering still its former height, Shuns the sweet leaves and blossoms green, And, recollecting its own light, Does, in its pure and circling thoughts, express The greater heaven in a heaven less. In how coy a figure wound,

Every way it turns away; So the world excluding round, Yet receiving in the day. Dark beneath, but bright above; Here disdaining, there in love. How loose and easy hence to go! How girt and ready to ascend! Moving but on a point below, It all about does upwards bend. Such did the manna's sacred dew distil, White and entire, although congealed and chillCongealed on earth, but does, dissolving, ru Into the glories of the Almighty sun.

ANDREW MARVELL

SONG.

Phoebus, arise, And paint the sable skies With azure, white, and red, Rouse Memnon's mother from her Tythou That she thy career may with roses spread, The nightingales thy coming each where sin Make an eternal spring. Give life to this dark world which lieth dead Spread forth thy golden hair In larger locks than thou was wont before, And, emperor-like, decore With diadem of pearl thy temples fair: Chase hence the ugly night,

Which serves but to make dear thy gloriou light. This is that happy morn,

That day, long-wished day,

Of all my life so dark, (If cruel stars have not my ruin work, And fates my hopes betray,) Which, purely white, deserves An everlasting diamond should it mark. This is the morn should bring unto this grow My love, to hear, and recompense my love. Fair king, who all preserves, But show thy blushing beams,

And thou two sweeter eyes Shalt see than those which by Peneus' stream Did once thy heart surprise:

Nay, suns, which shine as clear As thou when two thou didst to Rome appear Now, Flora, deck thyself in fairest guise. If that ye winds would hear A voice surpassing, far, Amphion's lyre, Your furious chiding stay;

Let Zephyr only breathe, And with her tresses play, Kissing sometimes those purple ports of death The winds all silent are, And Phœbus in his chair Ensaffroning sea and air,

Makes vanish every star: Night like a drunkard reels fields with flowers are decked in every hue,
clouds with orient gold spangle their blue:
s is the pleasant place,
nothing wanting is, save she, alas!
WILLIAM DEUMMOND.

SPRING.

Now the lusty Spring is seen;
Golden yellow, gaudy blue,
Daintily invite the view.

Everywhere, on every green,
Roses blushing as they blow,
And enticing men to pull;
Lilies whiter than the snow;
Woodbines of sweet honey full—
All love's emblems, and all cry:
Ladies, if not plucked, we die!

Braumont and Fletcher.

MAY.

IL a newer life in every gale;
The winds that fan the flowers,
with their welcome breathings fill the sail,
Tell of serener hours,—
'hours that glide unfelt away
neath the sky of May.

e spirit of the gentle south-wind calls

From his blue throne of air,

where his whispering voice in music falls,

Beauty is budding there;

e bright ones of the valley break

eir slumbers, and awake.

waving verdure rolls along the plain, And the wide forest weaves, elcome back its playful mates again, A canopy of leaves; Id from its darkening shadow floats gush of trembling notes.

r and brighter spreads the reign of May; The tresses of the woods the light dallying of the west-wind play, And the full-brimming floods, As gladly to their goal they run, Hail the returning sun.

JAMES GATES PERGIVAL

SONG TO MAY.

May! queen of blossoms,
And fulfilling flowers,
With what pretty music
Shall we charm the hours?
Wilt thou have pipe and reed,
Blown in the open mead?
Or to the lute give heed
In the green bowers?

Thou hast no need of us,
Or pipe or wire,
That hast the golden bee
Ripened with fire;
And many thousand more
Songsters, that thee adore,
Filling earth's grassy floor
With new desire.

Thou hast thy mighty herds,

Tame, and free livers;

Doubt not, thy music too

In the deep rivers;

And the whole plumy flight,

Warbling the day and night—

Up at the gates of light,

See, the lark quivers!

When with the jacinth

Coy fountains are tressed:
And for the mournful bird

Greenwoods are dressed,
That did for Tereus pine;
Then shall our songs be thine,
To whom our hearts incline:

May, be thou blessed!

LORD THURLOW.

SUMMER LONGINGS.

Las mañanas floridas De Abril y Mayo. CALDEBON.

An! my heart is weary waiting—
Waiting for the May—
Waiting for the pleasant rambles,
Where the fragrant hawthorn brambles

With the woodbine alternating,
Scent the dewy way.

Ah! my heart is weary waiting—
Waiting for the May.

Ab' my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May—
Longing to escape from study,
To the young face fair and ruddy,
And the thousand charms belonging
To the summer's day.
Ab' my heart is sick wit
Longing for the May.

Al. 'my heart is solo wi Sigling for the May— Sighing for their sure return When the summer beams will the winter lay. All the winter lay. Ah! my heart is sore will Sighing for the May.

Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing,
Throbbing for the May—
Throbbing for the sea-side billows,
Or the water-wooing willows;
Where in laughing and in sobbing,
Glide the streams away.
Ah! my heart, my heart is throbbing,
Throbbing for the May.

Waiting sad, dejected, weary,
Waiting for the May:
Spring goes by with wasted warnings—
Moonlit evenings, sunbright mornings—
Summer comes, yet dark and dreary
Life still ebbs away;
Man is ever weary, weary,
Waiting for the May!

Denna Florence McCarthy.

NIGHT IS NIGH GONE.

Hey, now the day's dawning;
The jolly cock's crowing;
The castern sky's glowing;
Stars fade one by one;
The thistle-cock's crying

On lovers long lying, Cease vowing and sighing. The night is nigh gone.

The fields are o'erflowing
With gowans all glowing,
And white lilies growing,
A thousand as one;
The sweet ring-dove cooing,
His love notes renewing,
Now moaning, now suing;
The night is nigh gone.

The season excelling,
In scented flowers smelling,
To kind love compelling
Our hearts every one;
With sweet ballads moving
The maids we are loving,
Mid musing and roving
The night is nigh gone.

Of war and fair women
The young knights are dreaming
With bright breastplates gleaming
And plumed belinets on:
The barbed steed neighs lordly,
And shakes his mane proudly,
For war-trumpets loudly
Say night is nigh gone.

I see the flags flowing.
The warriors all glowing,
And, snorting and blowing.
The steeds rushing on;
The lances are crashing,
Out broad blades come flashing
Mid shouting and dashing—
The night is nigh gone.

ALEXANDER MONTGOW

Version of Allan Cunningham.

MORNING IN LONDON.

Earth has not anything to show more f Dull would be of soul who could pass A sight so touching in its majesty: This city now doth, like a garment, wear The beauty of the morning; silent, bare Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temp the fields, and to the sky,
and glittering in the smokeless sir.
sun more beautifully steep,
splendor, valley, rock, or hill;
I, never felt, a calm so deep!
clideth at his own sweet will;
the very houses seem asleep;
at mighty heart is lying still!

WHALAH WORDSWORTH.

E SABBATH MORNING.

t awe I hail the sacred morn,

wakes while all the fields are still;
calm on every breeze is borne;
nurmur gurgles from the rill;
unswers softer from the hill;
sings the linnet from the thorn:
k warbles in a tone less shrill,
serene! hail, sacred Sabbath morn!
float silent by in airy drove;
blacid yellow lustre throws;
hat lately sighed along the grove,
ed their downy wings in dead re-

ig rack of clouds forgets to move he day when the first morn arose! John Laydes.

OME! THE MERRY SUMMER MONTHS.

- :! the merry summer months of , song, and flowers;
- ! the gladsome months that bring eafiness to howers.
- r heart! and walk abroad; fling nd care aside;
- hills, or rest thyself where peaceters glide;
- teath the shadow vast of patri-
- gh its leaves the cloudless sky in anquillity.
- soft, its velvet touch is grateful hand:
- e kiss of maiden love, the breeze and bland;

The daisy and the butteroup are nodding courteously;

It stirs their blood with kindest love, to bless and welcome thee;

And mark how with thine own thin looks-they now are silvery gray--

That blissful breeze is wantoning, and whispering, "Be gay!"

There is no cloud that sails along the ocean of you sky,

But hath its own winged mariners to give it melody;

Thou seest their glittering fans outspread, all gleaming like red gold;

And hark! with shrill pipe musical, their merry course they hold.

God bless them all, those little ones, who, far above this earth,

Can make a scoff of its mean joys, and vest a nobler mirth.

But soft! mine ear upcaught a sound,—from youder wood it came!

The spirit of the dim green glade did breathe his own glad name:—

Yes, it is ho! the hermit bird, that, apart from all his kind,

Slow spells his beads monotonous to the soft western wind;

Cuckoo! Cuckoo! he sings again.—his notes are void of art;

But simplest strains do soonest sound the deep founts of the heart.

Good Lord! it is a gracious boon for thoughterazed wight like me,

To smell again these summer flowers beneath this summer tree!

To suck once more in every breath their little souls away,

And feed my fancy with fond dreams of youth's bright summer day,

When, rushing forth like untamed colt, the reckless, truant boy

Wandered through greenwoods all day long, a mighty heart of joy!

I'm sadder now—I have had cause; but O!
I'm proud to think

That each pure joy-fount, loved of yore, I 30 delight to drink;—

Leaf, 11 ssom hale, hill, valley, stream, the calm, inclouded sky,

Still mangle maste with my dreams, as in the days got e by

When sommer's loveliness and light fall round me dark and cold,

I'll be ir indeed bie's beaviest curse,—a heart that hath waxed old!

WILLIAM MOTHERWEIL

MORNING.

Hank—hark! the lark at heav And Phob is 'gans arise, His steeds to water at those sp On clotheed flowers that a And waking Mary-bads begin To ope their good in eyes; With every thing that pretty l My lady sweet, arise; Arise, arise;

TO THE SKYLARK.

Hart to thee, blithe spirit!

Bird thou never wert,

That from beaven, or near it,

Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher,
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever
singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the setting sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run;
Like an embodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale, purple even
Melts around thy flight,
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight,
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and
is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;

What is most like thee!

From rainbow-clouds there flow

Drops so bright to see,

As from thy presence showers a second of the presence of the pre

In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it
not:

Like a poet hidden

Like a high-born maiden.
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which ov
her bower;

Like a glow-worm golden,
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its atrial hue
Among the flowers and grass which so
from the view.

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these
winged thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and fresh, and clear, thy mus
surpass.

THE LARK

Teach us sprite or bird

What sweet thoughts are thine:

I have never heard

Praise of love or wine

Lat panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphant chant,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt—
I thing wherein we feel there is some hidden
want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
That love of thine own kind? what ignorance
of pain?

With thy clear, keen joyance
Languor cannot be;
Shades of annoyance
Never come near thee;
hou lovest, but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking, or asleep,

Thou of death must deem

Things more true or deep

Than we mortals dream;

how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn

Hate, and pride, and fear;

If we were things born

Not to shed a tear,

I knew not how thy joy we ever should come

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound;
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Ony skill to poet were, thou scorner of the
ground!

Teach me half the gladness

That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness

From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listen ing now.

Proof Brank Samuel.

THE LARK.

Birn of the wilderness,

Blithesome and cumberless,

Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and les!

Emblem of happiness,

Blest is thy dwelling-place—

Oh to abide in the desert with thee!

Wild is thy lay, and loud,

Far in the downy cloud;

Love gives it energy—love gave it birth!

Where, on thy dewy wing—

Where art thou journeying?

Thy lay is in heaven—thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!
Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
Oh to abide in the desert with thee!

James Hoea

SONG.

The sweet to hear the merry lark,

That bids a blithe good-morrow;

But sweeter to bark, in the twinkling dark

To the sootlang song of sorrow.

O nightingale! What doth she ail?

And is she sad or jolly?

For ne'er on earth was sound of mirth

So like to melancholy.

The merry lark, he soars on high, No worldly thought o'ertakes him: He sings aloud to the clear blue sky,
And the daylight that awakes him.
As sweet a lay, as lend, as gay,
The nightingale is trilling;
With feeling bliss, no less than his,
Her little heart is thrilling.

Yet ever and anon, a sigh
Peers through her lavish mirth;
For the lark's bold song is of the sky.
And hers is of the earth.
By might and day, she tunes
To drive away all sorrow;
For blass, alas! to-night mus
And wee may come to-me

SONG.

Pack clouds away, and welce
With night we banish sort
Sweet air, blow soft; mount,
To give my love good-morrow
Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow:
Bird, prune thy wing; nightingale, sing,
To give my love good-morrow.
To give my love good-morrow,
Notes from them all I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin redbreast,
Sing, birds, in every furrow;
And from each hill let music shrill
Give my fair love good-morrow.
Blackbird and thrush in every bush,
Stare, linnet, and cock sparrow,
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves,
Sing my fair love good-morrow.
To give my love good-morrow,
Sing, birds in every furrow.

THOMAS HEYWOOD

THE ANGLER'S TRYSTING-TREE.

Sixo, sweet thrushes, forth and sing!

Meet the morn upon the lea;

Are the emeralds of the spring

On the angler's trysting-tree?

Tell, sweet thrushes, tell to me!

Are there buds on our willow-tree!
Buds and birds on our trysting-tree!

Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing!
Have you met the honey-bee,
Circling upon rapid wing,
'Round the angler's trysting-tree!
Up, sweet thrushes, up and see!
Are there bees at our willow-tree?
Birds and bees at the trysting-tree.

g, sweet thrushes, forth and sing! are the fountains gushing free? he south wind wandering brough the angler's trysting-tree? bp, sweet thrushes, tell to me! there wind up our willow-tree? Find or calm at our trysting-tree?

yile us with a merry glee;
the flowery haunts of spring—
'o the angler's trysting-tree.
Tell, sweet thrushes, tell to me!
Are there flowers 'neath our willow-tree
Spring and flowers at the trysting-tree
Thomas Top Stoppart

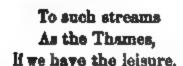
THE ANGLER.

On! the gallant fisher's life,
It is the best of any:
'T is full of pleasure, void of strife,
And 't is beloved by many;
Other joys
Are but toys,

Are but toys,
Only this
Lawful is;
For our skill
Breeds no ill,
But content and pleasure.

In a morning, up we rise,
Ere Aurora's peeping;
Drink a cup to wash our eyes,
Leave the sluggard sleeping;

Then we go, To and fro, With our knacks At our backs,



When we please to walk abroad
For our recreation;
In the fields is our abode,
Full of delectation,
Where, in a brook,
With a hook—
Or a lake,—
Fish we take;
There we sit,
For a bit,
Till we fish entangle.

We have gentles in a horn,
We have paste and worms too;
We can watch both night and morn,
Suffer rain and storms too;

None do here
Use to swear
Oaths do fray
Fish away;
We sit still,
Watch our quill:
Fibers must not wrangle.

If the san's excessive heat
Make our bodies swelter,
To an osier hedge we get,
For a friendly shelter;
Where—in a dyke,
Perch or pike,
Roach or daice,
We do chase,
Bleak or gudgeon,
Without grudging;
We are still contented.

Or. we sometimes pass an hour Inder a green willow, I hat defends us from a shower, Making earth our pillow; Where we may Think and pray, Before death Stops our breath;

Other joys

Are but toys,

And to be lamented.

JOHN CHARRIES.

VERSES IN PRAISE OF ANGLING.

QUIVERING fears, heart-tearing cares,
Anxious sighs, untimely tears,
Fly, fly to courts,
Fly to fond worldlings' sports,
Where strained sardonic smiles are glosing still
And grief is forced to laugh against her will,
Where mirth's but nummery,
And sorrows only real be.

Fly from our country pastimes, fly,
Sad troops of human misery,
Come, serene looks,
Clear as the crystal brooks,
Or the pure azured heaven that smiles to see
The rich attendance on our poverty;
Peace and a secure mind,
Which all men seek, we only find.

Abused mortals! did you know
Where joy, heart's ease, and comforts grow,
You'd scorn proud towers
And seek them in these bowers,
Where winds, sometimes, our woods perhaps
may shake,
But blustering care could never tempest make,

Nor marmurs e'er come nigh us, Saving of fountains that glide by us.

Here's no fantastic mask nor dance,
But of our kids that frisk and prance;
Nor wars are seen,
Unless upon the green
Two harmless lambs are butting one the other,
Which done, both bleating run, each to his
mother;
And wounds are never found,
Save what the ploughshare gives the

Here are no entrapping baits
To hasten to too hasty fates;
Unless it be
The fond credulity
Of silly fish, which (worldling like) still look
Upon the bait, but never on the hook;
Nor envy, 'less among
The birds, for price of their sweet song.

ground.

Go, let the diving negro seek

For goms, hid in some forlorn creek:

We all pearls scorn
Save what the dewy .aorn
Congeals upon each little spire of grass,
Which careless shepherds peat down as they
pass,

And gold ne'er here appears, Save what the yellow Ceres bears.

Blest silent groves, oh, may you be,
For ever, a inth's best marsery?

May pure contents

For ever pitch their ter

Upon these downs, takes mes

these mountains;

And peace still slumber by

fountains,

Which we may every y

Meet, when we come a

THE ANGLER'S W

I in these flowery meads would be,
These crystal streams should solace me;
To whose harmonious bubbling noise
I, with my angle, would rejoice,
Sit here, and see the turtle-dove
Court his chaste mate to acts of love;

Or, on that bank, feel the west wind
Breathe health and plenty; pleaso my mind,
To see sweet dew-drops kiss these flowers,
And then washed off by April showers;
Here, hear my kenna sing a song.
There, see a blackbird feed her young,

Or a laverock build her nest; Here, give my weary spirits rest, And raise my low-pitched thoughts above Earth, or what poor mortals love.

Thus, free from lawsuits, and the noise Of princes' courts, I would rejoice;

Or, with my Bryan and a book, Loiter long days near Shawford brook; There sit by him, and eat my meat; There see the sun both rise and set; There bid good morning to next day; There meditate my time away;

And angle on; and beg to have
A quiet passage to a welcome grave.

IMAR WALTON.

THE BOBOLINK.

BOBOLENK! that in the meadow, Or beneath the orchard's shadow, Keepest up a constant rattle Joyous as my children's prattle, Welcome to the north again! Welcome to mine ear thy strain, Welcome to mine eye the sight Of thy buff, thy black and white. Brighter plames may greet the sun By the banks of Amazon: Sweeter tones may weave the spall Of enchanting Philomel; But the tropic bird would fail, And the English nightingale, If we should compare their worth With thine endless, gushing mirth.

When the ides of May are past,

June and Summer nearing fast,

While from depths of blue above

Comes the mighty breath of love,

Calling out each bud and flower

With resistless, secret power,—

Waking hope and fond desire,

Kindling the crotic fire,—

Filling youths' and maidens' dreams

With mysterious, pleasing themes;

Then, amid the sanlight clear

Floating in the fragrant air,

Thou dost fill each heart with pleasur

By thy glad cestatic measure.

A single note, so sweet and low, Like a full heart's overflow, Forms the prelude; but the strain Gives no such tone again. For the wild and saucy song Leaps and skips the notes among, With such quick and sportive play, Ne'er was madder, merrier lay.

Gayest songster of the Spring!
Thy melodies before me bring
Visions of some dream-built land,
Where, by constant zephyrs fanned,
I might walk the hydrong day,
Embosomed in perpetual May.
Nor care nor fear thy bosom knows;
For thee a tempest never blows;

But when our northern Summer's o'er, By Delaware's or Schuylkill's shore The wild rice lifts its airy head, And royal feasts for thee are spread. And when the Winter threatens there, Thy tireless wings yet own no fear, But bear thee to more southern coasts, Far beyond the reach of frosts.

Bobolink! still may thy gladness
Take from me all taints of sadness;
Fill my soul with trust unshaken
In that Being who has taken
Care for every living thing,
In Summer, Winter, Fall, and Spring.
THOMAS HILL

TO THE CUCKOO.

Han, beauteous stranger of the grove!
Thou messenger of Spring!
Now heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

Soon as the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear.
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful vistant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy, wandering through the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, thy most curious voice to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No Winter in thy year!

Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Attendants on the Spring.

JOHN LOGAN.

TO THE CUCKOO.

O BLITHE new-comer! I have heard, I hear thee and rejoice.
O Cuckoo! shall I call thee bird.
Or but a wandering voice?

While I am lying on the grass, Thy twofold shout I hear; From hill to hill it seems to pass, At once far off, and near.

Though babbling only to the vale, Of sunshine and of flowers, Thou bringest unto me a tale Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring Even yet thou art to me No bird, but an invisible thing, A voice, a mystery;

The same that in my school-boy days
I listened to—that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways,
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green;
And thou wert still a hope, a love—
Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet; Can lie upon the plain And listen till I do beget That golden time again.

O blessed bird! the earth we pace, Again appears to be An unsubstantial, facry place, That is fit home for thee!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTL

THE CUCKOO AND THE NIGHTIN GALE.

I.

The God of Love,—ah benedicite!

How mighty and how great a lord is he!

For he of low hearts can make high; of hi

He can make low, and unto death bring nig

And hard hearts, he can make them kind a

free.

II.

Within a little time, as hath been found, He can make sick folk whole and fresh and sound:

Them who are whole in body and in mind, He can make sick; bind can he and unbind All that he will have bound, or have unbound.

Ш.

To tell his might my wit may not suffice;
Foolish men he can make them out of wise—
For he may do all that he will devise;
Loose livers he can make abate their vice,
And proud hearts can make tremble in a trice.

IV.

In brief, the whole of what he will he may;
Against him dare not any wight say nay;
To humble or afflict whome'er he will,
To gladden or to grieve, he hath like skill;
But most his might he sheds on the eve of
May.

v.

For every true heart, gentle heart and free,
That with him is, or thinketh so to be,
Now, against May, shall have some stirring,—
whether

To joy, or be it to some mourning; never, At other time, methinks, in like degree.

VI.

For now, when they may hear the small birds' song,

And see the budding leaves the branches throug,

This unto their remembrance doth bring All kinds of pleasure, mixed with sorrowing; And longing of sweet thoughts that ever long.

VII.

And of that longing heaviness doth come, Whence oft great sickness grows of heart and home;

Sick are they all for tack of their desire; And thus in May their hearts are set on fire, So that they burn forth in great martyrdom.

VIII.

In sooth, I speak from feeling; what though now
Old am I, and to genial pleasure slow;

Yet have I felt of sickness through the M Both hot and cold, and heart-aches e day,— How hard, alas! to bear, I only know.

TT.

Such shaking doth the fever in me keep Through all this May, that I have little sle And also 't is not likely unto me, That any living heart should sleepy be, In which Love's dart its fiery point doth st

X.

But tossing lately on a sleepless bed,
I of a token thought, which lovers heed.
How among them it was a common tale.
That it was good to hear the nightingale
Ere the vile cuckoo's note be uttered.

XI

And then I thought anon, as it was day, I gladly would go somewhere to essay If I perchance a nightingale might hear; For yet had I heard none, of all that year And it was then the third night of the Ma

III,

And soon as I a glimpse of day espied, No longer would I in my bed abide; But straightway to a wood, that was hard Forth did I go, alone and fearlessly, And held the pathway down by a brook-

XIII.

Till to a lawn I came, all white and green I in so fair a one had never been:

The ground was green, with daisy powder over;

Tall were the flowers, the grove a lofty co All green and white, and nothing else seen.

XIV.

There sat I down among the fair, flowers,

And saw the birds come tripping from to bowers,

Where they had rested them all night; they,

Who were so joyful at the light of day, Began to honor May with all the'r power



THE OUCKOO AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

XY.

they know that service all by rote; was many and many a lovely note iging loud, as if they had complained; h their notes another manner feigned; ie did sing all out with the full throat.

XVL

med themselves, and made themselves t gay.

and lesping light upon the spray; r two and two together were, e as they had chosen for the year, int Valentine's returning day.

XVIL

ile the stream, whose bank I sat upon, ting such a noise as it ran on, at to the sweet birds' harmony; that it was the best melody ver to man's ear a passage won.

XYIIL.

delight, but how I never wot, umber and a swoon was caught, isleep and yet not waking wholly; I lay, the Cuckoo, bird unhely, leace, or I heard him in my thought.

XII

t was right upon a tree fast by,
o was then ill satisfied but I?
d. quoth I, that died upon the rood,
ee and thy base throat keep all that's
d;

e joy have I now of thy cry.

XX.

I with the Cuckoo thus 'gan chide, ext bush that was me fast beside, the lusty Nightingale so sing, clear voice made a loud rioting, through all the greenwood wide.

III,

d sweet Nightingale! for my heart's ir,
ast thou stayed a little while too long;
have had the sorry Cuckoo here,
hath been before thee with her song;
t on her! she hath done me wrong.

EXIL.

But hear you now a wondrous thing, I pray;
As long as in that swooning-fit I lay,
Methought I wist right well what these birds
meant,
And had good knowing both of their intent,

And had good knowing both of their intent, And of their speech, and all that they would say.

KKIII.

The Nightingale thus in my hearing spake:—Good Cuckoo, seek some other bush or brake, And, prithee, let us, that can sing, dwell here; For every wight eschews thy song to hear, Such uncouth singing verily dost thou make.

XXIV.

What I quoth she then, what is 't that ails thee now?

It seems to me I sing as well as thou;
For mine's a song that is both true and
plain,—

Although I cannot quaver so in vain As thou dost in thy throat, I wot not how.

TXV

All men may understanding have of me, But, Nightingale, so may they not of thee; For thou hast many a foolish and quaint cry:—

Thou sayest Osee, Osee, then how may I Have knowledge, I thee pray, what this may be?

XXVI.

Ah! fool, quoth she, wist thou not what it is! Oft as I say Oses, Oses, I wis,
Then mean I, that I should be wondrous fain
That shamefully they one and all were slain,
Whoever against Love mean aught amiss.

XXVU,

And also would I that they all were dead, Who do not think in love their life to lead, For who is loth the God of Love to obey Is only fit to die, I dare well say; And for that cause Oses I cry; take heed!

XXVIII.

Ay, quoth the Cuckoo, that is a quaint law— That all must love or die; but I withdraw, And take my leave of all such company, For my intent it neither is to die, Nor ever while I live Love's yoke to draw.

XXIX.

For lovers, of all folk that be alive,
The most disquiet have, and least do thrive;
Most feeling have of sorrow, woe, and care,
And the least welfare cometh to their share;
What need is there against the truth to
strive?

XXX.

What! quoth she, thou art all out of thy mind, That, in thy churlishness, a cause canst find To speak of Love's true servants in this mood; For in this world no service is so good, To every wight that gentle is of kind.

XXXI.

For thereof comes all goodness and all worth; And gentiless and honor thence come forth; Thence worship comes, content, and true heart's pleasure.

And full-assured trust, joy without measure, And jollity, fresh cheerfulness, and mirth;

XXXII.

And bounty, lowliness, and courtesy,
And seemliness, and faithful company,
And dread of shame that will not do amiss;
For he that faithfully Love's servant is,
Rather than be disgraced, would chuse to die.

XXXIII.

And that the very truth it is which I
Now say,—in such belief I'll live and die;
And, Cuckoo, do thou so, by my advice.
Then, quoth she, let me never hope for bliss,
If with that counsel I do e'er comply.

XXXIV.

Good Nightingale! thou speakest wondrous fair,

Yet, for all that, the truth is found elsewhere; For Love in young folk is but rage, I wis, And Love in old folk a great dotage is; Who most it useth, him 't will most impair.

XXXV.

For thereof come all contraries to gladness;
Thence sickness comes, and overwhelming sadness,

Mistrust and jealousy, despite, debate, Dishonor, shame, envy importunate, Pride, anger, mischief, poverty, and ma

XXXVI.

Loving is aye an office of despair,
And one thing is therein which is not if
For whose gets of love a little bliss,
Unless it always stay with him, I wis
He may full soon go with an old man's

XXXVII.

And therefore, Nightingale! do thoungh;

For, trust me well, in spite of thy quair If long time from thy mate thou be, or Thou'lt be as others that forsaken are; Then shalt thou raise a clamor as do L

XXXVIII.

Fie, quoth she, on thy name, bird ill be The God of Love afflict thee with all to For thou art worse than mad a thousand For many a one hath virtues manifold, Who had been naught, if Love had never

XXXIX.

And he from every blemish them defer And maketh them to burn, as in a fire, In loyalty and worshipful desire; And, when it likes him, joy enough sendeth.

For evermore his servants Love amend

XL.

Thou Nightingale! the Cuckoo said, be For Love no reason both but his own to For to th' untrue he oft gives ease and True lovers doth so bitterly annoy, He lets them perish through that griev

XLL.

With such a master would I never be, For he, in sooth, is blind, and may not And knows not when he hurts and wheals;

Within his court full seldom truth avail So diverse in his wilfulness is he.

XLIL.

Then of the Nightingale did I take not How from her inmost heart a sigh she br



THE OUCKOO AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

id: Alas that ever I was born!
e word have I now, I'm so forlorn:
th that word, she into tears burst out.

YLIII.

las! my very heart will break,
she, to hear this churlish bird thus
eak
e, and of his holy services;
lod of Love! thou help me in some
ise,
suggestice on this Cuckoo I may wreak.

XLIV.

the brook I ran and got a stone, at the Cuckoo hardily I cast, a for dread did fly away full fast; ad, in sooth, was I when he was gone.

XLV.

the flew, the Cuckoo, ever and aye, rying: "Farewell!—farewell, Popin-

scornful mockery of me;
I hunted him from tree to tree,
was far, all out of sight, away.

XLVI.

raightway came the Nightingale to me, sid: Forsooth, my friend, do I thank se, sou wert near to rescue me; and now

non wert near to rescue me; and now he God of Love I make a vow, I this May I will thy songstress be.

ELVII,

misfied, I thanked her; and she said:
smishap no longer be dismayed,
h thou the Cuckoo heard, ere thou
ard'st me;
I live it shall amended be,
next May comes, if I am not afraid.

KLVIII.

ne thing will I counsel thee also:
ckee trust not thou, nor his Love's saw;
t he said is an outrageous lie,
ething shall me bring thereto, quoth I,
we said it hath done me mighty wee.

XI.IX.

Yea, hath it? Use, quoth she, this medicine:
This May-time, every day before thou dine,
Go look on the fresh daisy; then say I,
Although, for pain, thou mayst be like to die,
Thou wilt be eased, and less wilt droop and
pine.

L

And mind always that thou be good and true, And I will sing one song, of many new, For love of thee, as loud as I may cry. And then did she begin this song full high, "Beshrew all them that are in love untrue."

IJ.

And soon as she had sung it to an end, Now farewell, quoth she, for I hence must wend;

And, God of Love, that can right well and may,

Send unto thee as mickle joy this day, As ever he to lover yet did send.

LIL.

Thus takes the Nightingale her leave of me; I pray to God with her always to be, And joy of love to send her evermore; And shield us from the Cuckoo and her lore, For there is not so false a bird as she.

Ш

Forth then she flew, the gentle Nightingale, To all the birds that lodged within that dale, And gathered each and all into one place, And them besought to hear her doleful case; And thus it was that she began her tale:

ЦV,

The Cuckoo,—'t is not well that I should hide

How she and I did each the other chide, And without ceasing, since it was daylight; And now I pray you all to do me right Of that false bird, whom Love cannot abide.

LV.

Then spake one bird, and full assent all gave:
This matter asketh counsel good as grave;
For birds we are—all here together brought;
And, in good sooth, the Cuckoo here is not;
And therefors we a Parliament will have.

LVL

And thereat shall the Eagle be our Lord,
And other Peers whose names are on record.
A summons to the Cackoo shall be sent,
And judgment there be given; or, that intent
Failing, we finally shall make accord.

LVU.

And all this shall be done, without a nay,
The morrow after Saint Valentine's day,
Under a maple that is well b
Before the chamber-window
At Woodstock, on the me
gay.

LVIII.

She thanked them; and the took,
And flew into a hawthorn b
And there she sat and sung,
"For term of life Love she
me," So loudly, that I with that s

Unlearned Book and rude, as well I know,—
For beauty thou hast none, nor eloquence,—
Who did on thee the hardiness bestow
To appear before my Lady? But a sense
Thou surely hast of her benevolence,
Whereof her hourly bearing proof doth give;
For of all good sho is the best alive.

Alas, poor Book! for thy unworthiness
To show to her some pleasant meanings, writ
In winning words, since through her gentiless
Thee she accepts as for her service fit!
Oh! it repents me I have neither wit
Nor leisure unto thee more worth to give;
For of all good she is the best alive.

Beseech her meekly with all lowliness,
Though I be far from her I reverence,
To think upon my truth and steadfastness;
And to abridge my sorrow's violence
Caused by the wish, as known your sapience,
She of her liking proof to me would give;
For of all good she is the best alive.

L'ENVOY.

Pleasure's Aurora, day of gladsomeness! Luna by night, with heaven'y influence Illumined! root of beauty and goodness!
Write, and allay, by your beneficence,
My sighs breathed forth in silence,—op
give!

Since of all good you are the best alive.

Version of WILLIAM WORDSWCHTH,

SONG.

GROFFERT CHAR

See, oh see!

How every tree,

Every bower,

Every flower,

A new life gives to others' joys:

While that I

Grief-stricken lie,

Nor can meet

With any sweet

But what faster mine destroys.

What are all the senses' pleasures,

When the mind has lost all measure

Hear, oh hear!
How sweet and clear
The nightingale
And water's fall
In concert join for others' ear,
While to me,
For harmony,
Every air
Echoes despair,
And every drop provokes a tear.
What are all the senses' pleasures.
When the soul has lost all measures.
Lord Bar

THE GREEN LINNET.

BENEATH these fruit-tree boughs, that sl Their snow-white blossoms on my head With brightest sunshine round me sprea

Of Spring's unclouded weather— In this sequistered nook, how sweet To sit upon my orchard-seat! And birds and flowers once more to gre My last year's friends together.

One have I marked, the happiest guest In all this covert of the blest; As he followed the light
Of the fleet nymph's flight
To the brink of the Dorian deep.

"Oh, save me! Oh, guide me! And bid the deep hide me, For he grasps me now by the hair!" The loud Ocean heard, To its blue depth stirred. And divided at her prayer; And under the water The Earth's white daughter Fled like a sunny beam; Behind her descended Her billows unblended With the brackish Dorian stream. Like a gloomy stain On the emerald main, Alpheus rushed behind,-As an eagle pursuing A dove to its ruin Down the streams of the cloudy wind.

Under the bowers Where the ocean powers Sit on their pearled thrones; Through the coral woods Of the weltering floods, Over heaps of unvalued stones; Through the dim beams Which amid the streams Weave a network of colored light. And under the caves, Where the shadowy waves Are as green as the forest's night— Outspeeding the shark, And the sword-fish dark. Under the ocean foam; And up through the rifts Of the mountain clifts They passed to their Dorian home.

And now from their fountains
In Enna's mountains,
Down one vale where the morning basks
Like friends once parted,
Grown single-hearted,
They ply their watery tasks.
At sunrise they leap
From their cradles steep
In the cave of the shelving hill;

At noontide they flow
Through the woods below,
And the meadows of asphodel;
And at night they sleep
In the rocking deep
Beneath the Ortygian shore;
Like spirits that lie
In the azure sky,
When they love but live no more.

PERCY BYSSER SE

THE FOUNTAIN.

Into the sunshine,
Full of light,
Leaping and flashing
From morn till night;

Into the moonlight,
Whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like,
When the winds blow!

Into the starlight,
Rushing in spray,
Happy at midnight—
Happy by day!

Ever in motion,

Blithesome and cheery,

Still climbing heavenward,

Never aweary;

Glad of all weathers,
Still seeming best,
Upward or downward,
Motion thy rest:

Full of a nature

Nothing can tame,

Changed every moment—

Ever the same;

Ceaseless aspiring,
Ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine,
Thy element;

Glorious fountain!

Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
Jpward, like thee!

JAMES BUREAU L



LITTLE STREAMS.

treams are light and shadow; through the pasture meadow, by the green way-side, the forest dim and wide, the hamlet still and small—cottage, by the hall, min'd abbey still; here and there a mill, tribute to the river—reams, I love you ever.

music is there flowing—
ag plants in them are growing;
ife is in them all,
es innocent and small;
rds come down to drink,
of their leafy brink;
rees beside them grow,
ag them with branches low;
tween, the sunshine, glancing
little waves, is dancing.

reams have flowers a many, if and fair as any; strong, and green bur-reed; herb, with cotton-seed; head, with eye of jet; a water-violet, he flowering-rush you meet, a plumy meadow-sweet; a places deep and stilly, like, the water-lily.

treams, their voices cheery,
forth welcomes to the weary,

g on from day to day,
it stint and without stay;
spon their flowery bank,
old time pilgrims drank—
ave seen, as now, pass by,
isher, and dragon-fly;
bright things that have their dwelling,
the little streams are welling.

in valleys green and lowly, tring not and gliding slowly; mountain-hollows wild, Fretting like a peevish child;
Through the hamlet, where all day
In their waves the children play;
Running west, or running east,
Doing good to man and beast—
Always giving, weary never,
Little streams, I love you ever.

MARY Howset,

THE WATER! THE WATER!

The Water! the Water!

The joyous brook for me,

That tuneth through the quiet night

Its ever-living glee.

The Water! the Water!

That sleepless, merry heart,

Which gurgles on unstintedly,

And loveth to impart,

To all around it, some small measure

Of its own most perfect pleasure.

The Water! the Water!

The gentle stream for me,

That gushes from the old gray stone,

Beside the alder-tree.

The Water! the Water!

That ever-bubbling spring

I loved and looked on while a child,

In deepest wondering,—

And asked it whence it came and went,

And when its treasures would be spent.

The Water! the Water!
The merry, wanton brook
That bent itself to pleasure me,
I ike mine old shepherd crook.
The Water! the Water!
That sang so sweet at noon,
And sweeter still all night, to win
Smiles from the pale, proud moon,
And from the little fairy faces
That gleam in heaven's remotest places.

The Water! the Water!
The dear and blessed thing,
That all day fed the little flowers
On its banks blossoming.

The Water! the Water!

That murmured in my ear

Hymns of a saint-like purity,

That angels well might hear,

And whisper in the gates of heaven,

How meek a pilgrim had been shriven.

The Water! the Water!

Where I have shed salt tears,
In loneliness and friendliness,
A thing of tender years.

The Water! the Water!

Where I have happy been,
And showered upon its bosom flowers

Culled from each meadow green;
And idly hoped my life would be
So crowned by love's idolatry.

The Water! the Water!

My heart yet burns to think

How cool thy fountain sparkled forth,

For parched lip to drink.

The Water! the Water!

Of mine own native glen—

The gladsome tongue I oft have heard,

But ne'er shall hear again,

Though fancy fills my ear for aye

With sounds that live so far away!

The Water! the Water!

The mild and glassy wave,

Upon whose broomy banks I 've longed

To find my silent grave.

The Water! the Water!

O, blest to me thou art!

Thus sounding in life's solitude

The music of my heart,

And filling it, despite of sadness,

With dreamings of departed gladness.

The Water! the Water!

The mournful, pensive tone
That whispered to my heart how soon
This weary life was done.
The Water! the Water!

That rolled so bright and free,
And bade me mark how beautiful
Was its soul's purity;
And how it glanced to heaven its wave,
As, wandering on, it sought its grave.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL

SONG OF THE BROOK.

I come from haunts of coot and her I make a sudden sally And sparkle out among the fern, To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges;
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may g
But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles:
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret By many a field and fallow, And many a fairy foreland set. With willow-weed and mallow.

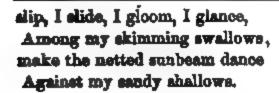
I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may ge
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel,
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel;

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may ge
But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots;
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.



murmur under moon and stars In brambly wildernesses: linger by my shingly bars; I loiter round my cresses;

and out again I curve and flow To join the brimming river: for men may come and men may go, But I go on for ever.

Ацяви Тинитион.

THE QUESTION.

Amen that, as I wandered by the way, Winter was changed suddenly to Spring, gentie odors led my steps astray, d with the sound of waters murmuring, g a shelvy bank of turf, which lay r a copee, and hardly dared to fling ven arms round the bosom of the stream. issed it and then fled, as thou mightest n a dream.

a grew pied wind-flowers and violets, es-those pearled Arcturi of the earth, constellated flower that never sets; t oxlips; tender blue-bells, at whose birth

sod scarce heaved; and that tall flower

nother's face with heaven-collected tears, the low wind, its playmate's voice, it DOLLER.

d in the warm hedge grew bush-eglantine, we cow-bind and the moonlight-colored May:

d cherry-blossoms, and white caps whose Wine

the bright dew yet drained not by the day :

4 ≡ild roses, and ivy serpentine

th in dark bade and leaves wandering

And flowers azure, black and streaked with gold,

Fairer than any wakened eyes behold.

And nearer to the river's trembling edge, There grew broad flag-flowers, purple prankt with white:

And starry river buds among the sedge And floating water-lilies, broad and bright, Which lit the oak that overhung the hedge With moonlight beams of their own watery light;

And bulrushes, and reeds of such deep green As soothed the dazzled eye with sober sheen.

Methought that of these visionary flowers I made a nosegay, bound in such a way That the same hoes, which in their natural bowers

Were mingled or opposed, the like array Kept these imprisoned children of the Hours Within my hand—and then, elate and gay, I hastened to the spot whence I had come, That I might there present it! Oh to whom?

PERCY BYMER SHALLEY.

NATURE.

THE bubbling brook doth leap when I come by, Because my feet find measure with its call; The birds know when the friend they love is nigh.

For I am known to them, both great and

The flower that on the lonely hill-side grows Expects me there when Spring its bloom has given;

And many a tree and bush my wanderings

And e'en the clouds and silent stars of hea-

For he who with his Maker walks aright, Shall be their lord as ADAM was before; His car shall catch each sound with new delight,

Each object wear the dress that then it wore: And he, as when crect in soul he stood, Hear from his Father's lips that all is good.

JOKES YEST

TO THE SMALL CELANDINE.

Pansies, lilies, kingcups, daisies;
Let them live upon their praises;
Long as there's a sun that sets,
Primroses will have their giory;
Long as there are violets,
They will have a place in story:
There's a flower that shall be mine,
'T is the little Celandine.

Eyes of some men travel far
For the finding of a star;
Up and down the heavens they go,
Men that keep a mighty rout!
I'm as great as they, I trow,
Since the day I found thee out,
Little flower!—I'll make a stir,
Like a sage astronomer.

Modest, yet withal an elf
Bold, and lavish of thyself;
Since we needs must first have met,
I have seen thee, high and low,
Thirty years or more, and yet
'T was a face I did not know;
Thou hast now, go where I may,
Fifty greetings in a day.

Ere a leaf is on a bush,
In the time before the thrush
Has a thought about her nest,
Thou wilt come with half a call,
Spreading out thy glossy breast
Like a careless prodigal;
Telling tales about the sun,
When we've little warmth, or none.

Poets, vain men in their mood,
Travel with the multitude;
Never heed them; I aver
That they all are wanton wooers;
But the thrifty cottager,
Who stirs little out of doors,
Joys to spy thee near at home;
Spring is coming, thou art come!

Comfort have thou of thy merit, Kindly, unassuming spirit! Careless of thy neighborhood,
Thou dost show thy pleasant face
On the moor, and in the wood,
In the lane;—there's not a place,
Howsoever mean it be,
But 'tis good enough for thee.

Ill befall the yellow flowers,
Children of the flaring Hours!
Buttercups, that will be seen,
Whether we will see or no;
Others, too, of lofty mien;
They have done as worldlings do,
Taken praise that should be thine
Little, humble Celandine.

Prophet of delight and mirth,
Ill-requited upon earth;
Herald of a mighty band,
Of a joyous train ensuing;
Serving at my heart's command,
Tasks that are no tasks renewing,
I will sing, as doth behoove,
Hymns in praise of what I love!

WILLIAM WORDSY

TO VIOLETS.

Welcome, maids of honor,
You do bring
In the Spring,
And wait upon her.

She has virgins many,
Fresh and fair;
Yet you are
More sweet than any.

Y' are the Maiden Posies,
And so graced,
To be placed,
'Fore damask roses.

Yet though thus respected,
By and by
Ye do lie,
Poor girls, neglected.

Bounn Ht



TO PRIMROSES.

FILLED WITH MOUNTRG DEW.

do ye weep, sweet babes? Can tears
Speak grief in you,
Who were but born
Just as the modest morn
Teemed her refreshing dew?
s! ye have not known that shower
That mars a flower;
Nor felt th' unkind
Breath of a blasting wind;
Nor are ye worn with years;
Or warped, as we,
Who think it strange to see
pretty flowers, like to orphans young,
ting by tears before ye have a tongue.

c, whimpering younglings, and make known

The reason why
Ye droop and weep.
Is it for want of sleep,
Or childish lullaby?
that ye have not seen as yet
The violet?
Or brought a kiss
From that sweetheart to this?
No, no; this sorrow, shown
By your tears shed,
Would have this lecture read:—
t things of greatest, so of meanest worth,

brought forth."

BOBERT HERRICK.

eived with grief are, and with tears

TO BLOSSOMS.

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past
But you may stay yet here awhile
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What! were ye born to be An hour or half's delight, And so to bid good-night? 'T is pity Nature brought ye forth, Merely to show your worth, And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we May read how soon things have Their end, though ne'er so brave; And, after they have shown their pride Like you awhile, they glide, Into the grave.

Возиве Навизок

TO DAFFODILS.

Fair daffodils! we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attained his noon:
Stay, stay
Until the hastening day
Has run
But to the even-song;
And, having prayed together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you,
We have as short a Spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or any thing:
We die,
As your hours do; and dry
Away
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning dew,
Ne'er to be found again.
ROBERT HERRICK

DAFFODILS.

I wandered, lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd—
A host of golden daffodils
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine And twinkle on the milky way, They stretched in never-ending line Along the margin of a bay: Ten thousand saw I, at a glance, Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a joeund company;
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie, In vacant or in pensive mood, They flash upon that inward eye Which is the liss of solitude, And then my heart with pleasur And dances with the daffolds.

WILLIAM WOL

TRAILING ARBUTUS.

Damings of the forest!
Blossoming, alone,
When Earth's grief is sorest
For her jewels gone—

Ere the list snow-drift melts, your tenderbuds have blown.

Tinged with color faintly,
Like the morning sky,
Or, more pale and saintly,
Wrapped in leaves ye lie—
Even as children sleep in faith's simplicity

There the wild wood-robin, Hymns your solitude; And the rain comes solbing Through the budding wood,

While the low south wind sighs, but dare not be more rude.

Were your pure lips fashioned
Out of air and dew—
Starlight unimpassioned,
Dawn's most tender hue,
And scented by the woods that gathered
sweets for you?

Fairest and most lonely, From the world apart; Made for beauty only, Veiled from Nature's heart
With such unconscious grace as makes the
dream of Art!

Were not mortal sorrow
An immortal shade,
Then would I to-morrow
Such a flower be made,

And live in the dear woods where my less childhood played.

Born Tange.

THE RHODORA.

ON BEING ASKED, WHENCE IS THE FLOWER?

r, when sea-winds pierced our selltudes,

the fresh Rhodora in the woods

ng its leafless blooms in a damp nook
se the desert and the sluggish brook
rple petals fallen in the pool

Made the black waters with their beauty

Here might the red-bird come his plumes & cool,

And court the flower that cheapens his array.

Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the marsh and sky
Dear, tell them, that if eyes were made for
seeing.

Then beauty is its own excuse for being.

Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose:

I never thought to ask; I never knew, But in my simple ignorance suppose

The selfsame Power that brought me there brought you.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOYOU IN APRIL 1786.

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush among the stoure
Thy slender stem:
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet
Wi' speckled breast,
When upward-springing, blithe, to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm—
Scarce reared above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun
shield;
But thou, beneath the random bield

O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histic stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,

Sweet floweret of the rural shade!

By love's simplicity betrayed,

And guileless trust,

Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid

Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starred;
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Sach fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven,
By human pride or cunning driven
To misery's brink,
Till, wrenched of every stay but Heaven,
He, ruined, sink!

Even thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern ruin's ploughshare drives elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight
Shall be thy doom!
ROBERT BURGS

TO A DAISY.

THERE is a flower, a little flower With silver crest and golden eye, That welcomes every changing hour, And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field, In gay but quick succession shine; Race after race their honors yield, They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to Nature dear, While moons and stars their courses run. Enwreathes the circle of the year, Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May, To sultry August spreads its charm, Lights pale October on his way, And twines December's arm.

The purple heath and golden broom, On moory mountains catch the gale; O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume, The violet in the vale.

But this bold floweret climbs the hill, Hides in the forest, haunts the glen, Plays on the margin of the rill, Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round It shares the sweet carnation's bed; And blooms on consecrated ground In honor of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem; The wild bee murmurs on its breast; The blue-fly bends its pensile stem, Light o'er the skylark's nest. "Tis Flora's page—in every place, In every season, fresh and fair; It opens with perennial grace, And blossoms every where.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain, Its humble buds unheeded rise; The rose has but a summer reign; The Daisy never dies!

JAMES MOSTSCHEET.

TO THE DAY

Her divine skill taught
That from every thing
I con d some instructio
And tause pacasare to t
The and the remeat of any
Or the least longh's ru
By a daisy whose leav
Shut when Titan goes a...,
Or a shady bush or tree,
She could more infuse in me,
Than all Nature's beauties can
in some other wiser man.

GRORGE WITHER.

In youth from rock to rock I went, From hill to hill, in discontent Of pleasure high and turbulent—

Most pleased when most uneasy; But now my own delights I make, My thirst at every rdl can slake, And gladly Nature's love partake, Of thee, sweet Daisy!

Thee, Winter in the garland wears
That thinly decks his few gray hairs;
Spring parts the clouds with softest airs,

That she may sun thee;
Whole summer-fields are thine by right;
And Autumn, melancholy wight,
Doth in thy crimson head delight
When rains are on thee.

In shoals and bands, a morrice train, Thou greet'st the traveller in the lane; Pleased at his greeting thee again,

Yet nothing dannted Nor grieved, if thou be set at naught; And oft alone in nooks remote

We meet thee, like a pleasant thought
When such are wanted.

Be violets in their sacred mews
The flowers the wanton zephyrs choose
Proud be the rose, with rains and dew
Her head impearling;
Thou liv'st with less ambitious aum,
Yet hast not gone without thy fame;
'hou art indeed by many a claim
The poet's darling.

I to a rock from rains he fly,

It, some bright day of April sky,
mprisoned by hot sunshine, lie

Near the green holly,

Ind wearily at length should fare;

Ie needs but look about, and there
Thou art!—a friend at hand, to scare

His melancholy.

A hundred times, by rock or bower.

Ere thus I have lain couched an hour.

Have I derived from thy sweet power.

Some apprehension;

Some steady love; some brief delight.

Some memory that had taken flight.

Some chime of fancy, wrong or right.

Or stray invention.

If stately passions in me burn,
And one chance look to thee should to
I drink out of an humbler urn
A lowher pleasure;
The homely sympathy that heeds
The common life our nature breeds.
A wisdom fitted to the needs
Of hearts at leisure.

Fresh-smitten by the morning ray,
When thou art up, alert and gay,
Then, cheerful flower! my spirits pla
With kindred gladness;
And when, at dusk, by dews opprest,
Thou sink'st, the image of thy rest
Hath often cased my pensive breast
Of careful sadness.

And all day long I number yet,
All seasons through, another debt,
Which I, wherever thou art met,
To thee am owing;
An instinct call it, a blind sense;
A happy, genial influence,
Coming one knows not how, nor whence,
Nor whither going.

Child of the year! that round dost run
Thy pleasant course,—when day 's begun,
As ready to salute the sun
As lark or leveret—
Thy long-lost praise thou shalt regain,
Nor be less dear to future men
Than in old time;—thou not in vain
Art Nature's favorite.

TO THE SIME FLOWER.

With little here to do or see
Of things that in the great world be
Daisy! again I talk to thee,
For thou art worthy;—
Thou unassuming commonplace
Of Nature, with that homely face,
And yet with something of a grace,
Which love makes for thee!

Oft on the dappled turf at ease
I sit, and play with similes—
Loose types of things through all degrees,
Thoughts of thy raising;
And many a fond and idle name
I give to thee, for praise or blame,
As is the humor of the game,
While I am gazing.

A nun demure, of lowly port;
Or sprightly maiden of Love's court,
In thy simplicity the sport
Of all temptations;
A queen in crown of rubies drest;
A starveling in a scanty vest;
Are all, as seems to suit thee best,
Thy appellations.

A little cyclops with one eye
Staring to threaten and defy,
That thought comes next,—and instantly
The freak is over;
The shape will vanish,—and behold
A silver shield with boss of gold
That spreads itself, some fairy bold
In fight to cover.

I see thee glittering from afar,—
And then thou art a pretty star;
Not quite so fair as many are
In heaven above thee!
Yet like a star, with glittering crest,
Self-poised in air thou seem'st to rest;—
May peace come never to his nest,
Who shall reprove thee!

Bright flower! for by that name at last,
When all my reveries are past,
I call thee, and to that cleave fast,—
Sweet, silent creature!
That breath'st with me in sun and air,
Do thou, as thou art wont, repair
My heart with gladness and a share
Of thy meek nature!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTLL

SONG OF SPRING.

Laud the first Spring daisies;
Chaunt aloud their praises;
Send the children up
To the high hill's top;
Tax not the strength of their young hands
To increase your lands.
Gather the primroses,
Make handfuls into posies;
Take them to the little girls who are at work
in mills:
Pluck the violets blue,—
Ah, pluck not a few!
Knowest thou what good thoughts from Hea

Give the children holidays, (And let these be jolly days,

ven the violet instils?

Grant freedom to the children in this joyous! Are ready to be woven into garlands for the Spring; Better men, hereafter, Shah we Lave, for laughter Freely shouted to the woods, till all the echoes ring. Send the children up To the high hill's top, Or deep into the wood's recesses, To woo Spring's caresses.

See, the birds together, In this splendid weather, Worship God (for Le is Go well as men): And each feathered neighbor Enters on his labor,-Sparrow, robin, redpole, fine and the wren. As the year advances, Trees their naked branches Clothe, and seck your pleasure apparel.

Insect and wild beast Keep no Lent, but feast; Spring breathes upon the earth, and their joy 's increased, And the rejoicing birds break forth in one loud carol.

Ah, come and woo the Spring: List to the birds that sing; Pluck the primroses; pluck the violets: Pluck the daisies, Sing their praises; Friendship with the flowers some noble thought begets. Come forth and gather these sweet elves, (More witching are they than the fays of Come forth and gather them yourselves; Learn of these gentle flowers whose worth is more than gold.

Come, come into the wood; Pierce into the bowers Of these gentle flowers, Which, not in solitude Dwell, but with each other keep society: And with a sumple piety,

good. Or, upon summer earth, To die, in virgin worth; Or to be strewn before the bride, And the bridegroom, by her side.

Come forth on Sundays; Come forth on Mondays: Come forth on any day; Children, come forth to play :-

ship the God of Nature in your edit hip Him at your tasks with best 4 leavor; hip Him in your sports; worship 🗓 Mp Bim in the wildwood; hip Him amidst the flowers; s greenwood bowers; t the buttercups, and raise voices in His praise!

EDWARD YOU

THE BROOM-FLOWER.

On the Broom, the yellow Broom, The ancient poet sung it, And dear it is on summer days To lie at rest among it.

I know the realms where people sny The flowers have not their fellow: I know where they shine out like suns,

The crimson and the yellow.

I know where ladies live enchained In luxury's silken fetters, And flowers as bright as glittering gema Are used for written letters.

But ne'er was flower so fair as this, In modern days or olden; It groweth on its nodding stem Like to a garland golden.

And all about my mother's door Shine out its glittering bushes, And down the glen, where clear as light The mountain-water gushes.

Take all the rest; but give me this, And the bird that nestles in it; I love it, for it loves the Broom— The green and yellow linnet.

Well, call the rose the queen of flowers, And boast of that of Sharon, Of lilies like to marble cups, And the golden rod of Aaron:

I care not how these flowers may be Beloved of man and woman; The Broom it is the flower for me, That groweth on the common.

Oh the Broom, the yellow Broom,

The ancient poet sung it,

And dear it is on summer days

To lie at rest among it.

MARY HOWITT.

THE BRAMBLE FLOWER.

Thy fruit full well the schoolboy knows,
Wild bramble of the brake!
So, put thou forth thy small white rose;
I love it for his sake.
Though woodbines flaunt and roses glow
O'er all the fragrant bowers,
Thou need'st not be ashamed to show
Thy satin-threaded flowers;

For dull the eye, the heart is dull,

That cannot feel how fair,

Amid all beauty beautiful,

Thy tender blossoms are,

How delicate thy gauzy frill,

How rich thy branchy stem,

How soft thy voice when woods are still,

And thou sing'st hymns to them;

While silent showers are falling slow,
And, 'mid the general hush,
A sweet air lifts the little bough,
Lone whispering through the bush!

The primrose to the grave is gone;
The hawthorn flower is dead;
The violet by the mossed gray stone
Hath laid her weary head;

In all their beauteous power,
The fresh green days of life's fair Spring,
And boyhood's blossomy hour.
Scorned bramble of the brake! once more
Thou bidd'st me be a boy,
To gad with thee the woodlands o'er,
In freedom and in joy.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

But thou, wild bramble! back dost bring,

THE WILD HONEYSUCKLE.

FAIR flower, that dost so comely grow,
Hid in this silent, dull retreat,
Untouched thy honeyed blossoms blow,
Unseen thy little branches greet:
No roving foot shall crush thee here,
No busy hand provoke a tear.

By Nature's self in white arrayed,
She bade thee shun the vulgar eye,
And planted here the guardian shade,
And sent soft waters murmuring by
Thus quietly thy summer goes—
Thy days declining to repose.

I grieve to see your future doom;
They died—nor were those flowers more gay—
The flowers that did in Eden bloom;
Unpitying frosts and Autumn's power
Shall leave no vestige of this flower.

At first thy little being came:
If nothing once, you nothing lose,
For when you die you are the same;
The space between is but an hour,
The frail duration of a flower.

PHILIP FREARAU.

THE BRIER.

My brier that smenedst sweet,
When gentle Spring's first heat
Ran through thy quiet veins;
Thou that couldst injure none,
But wouldst be left alone,
Alone thou leavest me, and nought of thine
remains.

What, hath no poet's lyre

O'er thee, sweet- reathing !

Hung fondly, ill or well !

And yet, methanks, with the

A poet's sympathy,

Whether in weal or wee, it life

laight dwell.

Hard usage both must bear,

Few hands your your! will r

Few boson's cherish you;

Your tender prime must bleed

Ere you are sweet; but, freed

From life, you then are prized, thus prized

are poets too.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

TO THE DANDELION.

DEAR common flower, that grow'st beside the way,

Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold!

First pledge of blithesome May,

Which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold—

High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they

An Eldorado in the grass have found,

Which not the rich earth's ample round May match in wealth +--thou art more dear to me

Than all the prouder summer-blooms may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow

Through the primeval hush of Indian seas;
Nor wrinkled the lean brow
Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease.

'T is the Spring's largess, which she scatters as To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand;

Though most hearts never understand To take it at God's value, but pass by The offered wealth with unrewarded and

Thou art my tropics and mine Italy;
To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;

The eyes thou givest me
Are in the heart, and heed not space or time
Not in mid June the golden-cuirassed be

m mid June the golden-cuiraesed be more summer-like, warm ravishment the white lily's breezy tent, conquered Sybaris, than I, whou first the dark green thy yellow circulars

think I of deep shadows on the graze, down where in sun the cattle graze, Where, as the breezes pass, saming rushes lean a thousand ways; saves that slumber in a cloudy man, item in the wind; of waters blue,

That from the distance sparkle through Some wood, and gap; and of a sky above, Wicre one whose cloud like a stray large doth move.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are linke with thee:

The sight of thee calls back the robin's song.
Who, from the dark old tree

Beside the door, sang clearly all day tong;

And I, secure in childish piety, Listened as if I heard an angel sing

With news from heaven, which he do

Fresh every day to my untainted ears, When birds and flowers and I were happ; peers.

How like a prodigal doth nature seem, When thou, for all thy gold, so common art Thou teachest me to deem

More sacredly of every human heart,

Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam Of heaven, and could some wondrous secre show,

Did we but pay the love we owe, And with a child's undoubting wisdom loo On all these living pages of God's book.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

THE VIOLET.

O! faint, delicious, spring-time violet;
Thine odor, like a key,
Turns noiselessly in memory's wards to let
A thought of sorrow free.

The breath of distant fields upon my brow
Blows through that open door
The sound of wind-borns bells, more sweet
and low,
And sadder than of yore

And that beloved hour,

And that beloved hour,

When life hung ripening in love's golden
grace,

Like grapes above a bower.

A spring goes singing through its reedy grass;
The lark sings o'er my head,
Drowned in the sky—O pass, ye visions, pass!
I would that I were dead!—

Why hast thou opened that forbidden door
From which I ever flee!

U vanished Joy! O Love, that art no more,
Let my vexed spirit be!

O violet! thy odor through my brain

Hath searched, and stung to grief

This sunny day, as if a curse did stain

Thy velvet leaf.

William W. Stony.

FLOWERS.

I want not have the mad Clytic,
Whose head is turned by the sun;
The tulip is a courtly quean,
Whom, therefore, I will shun;
The cowelip is a country weach
The violet is a nun;—
But I will woo the dainty rose,
The queen of every one.

The pea is but a wenton witch, in too much haste to wed, And clasps her rings on every hand; The wolfsbane I should dread:—

Nor will I dreary resemanye, That always mourns the cond;— But I will woo the dainty rose, With her cheeks of tender red.

The lily is all in white, like a saint,
And so is no mate for me—
And the daisy's check is tipped with a blush
She is of such low degree;
Jamnine is sweet, and has many loves,
And the broom's betrothed to the bee;—
But I will plight with the dainty rose,
For fairest of all is she.

THOMAS HOSE.

THE ROSE.

Go, lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;
Bld her come forth—
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die, that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee—
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.
EDMUND WALLEN

OANZONET.

Flowers are fresh, and bushes green,
Oheerily the linnets sing;
Winds are soft, and skies serene;
Time, however, soon shall throw
Winter's snow
O'er the buxom breast of Spring)

Hope, that buds in lover's heart,
Lives not through the scorn of years;
Time makes love itself depart;
Time and scorn congeal the mind—
Looks unkind
Freeze affection's warmest tears.

Time shall make the bushes green;
Time dissolve the winter snow;
Winds be soft, and skies serene;
Linnets sing their wonted strain.
But again
Blighted love shall never
Lub be Canon.
Freestation of Lord Strangroup.

CHORUS OF FLOY

WE are the sweet flowe Born of sunny showers,

(Think, whene'er you see us, what our beauty saith;)

Utterance, mute and bright, Of some unknown delight,

We fill the air with pleasure, by our simple breath:

All who see us love us— We befit all places;

Unto sorrow we give smiles—and unto graces, races.

Mark our ways, how noiseless
All, and sweetly voiceless,
Though the March-winds pipe to make our

passage clear;

Not a whisper tells

Where our small seed dwells,

Nor is known the moment green when our tips appear.

We thread the earth in silence, In silence build our bowers—

And leaf by leaf in silence show, till we laugh a-top, sweet flowers.

The dear lumpish baby,
Humming with the May-bee,
Hails us with his bright star, stumbling
through the grass;

The honey-dropping moon,
On a night in June,
Kisses our pale pathway leaves, that felt to
bridegroom pass.

Age, the withered alinger, On us mutely gazes,

And wraps the thought of his last bed in l childhood's daisies.

See (and scorn all duller
Taste) how Heaven loves color;
great Nature, clearly, joys in red a
green;

What sweet thoughts she thinks Of violets and pinks,

a thousand flushing hues made solely be seen :

See her whitest lilies . Ohill the silver showers,

what a red mouth is her rose, the wom of her flowers.

Usclessness divinest, Of a use the finest,

Painteth us, the teachers of the end of use Travelers, weary-eyed,

Bless us, far and wide; Unto sick and prisoned thoughts we give so

den truce; Not a poor town window

Loves its sickliest planting, But its wall speaks loftier truth than Baby nian vaunting.

Sagest yet the uses
Mixed with our sweet juices,
Whether man or May-fly profit of the bala
As fair fingers healed
Knights from the olden field,
We hold cups of mightiest force to give t

We hold cups of mightiest force to give t wildest calm. Even the terror, poison,

Hath its plea for blooming;
Life it gives to reverent lips, though death
the presuming.

And oh! our sweet soul-taker,
That thief, the honey-maker,
What a house hath he, by the thymy glen
In his talking rooms
How the feasting fumes

I the gold cups overflow to the mouths of men!

The butterflies come aping
Those fine thieves of ours,
ad flutter round our rifled tops, like tickled
flowers with flowers.

See those tops, how beauteous!
What fair service duteous
and some idol waits, as on their lord the
Nine.

Elfin court 't would seem,
And taught, perchance, that dream
hich the old Greek mountain dreamt, upon
nights divine.

To expound such wonder

Human speech avails not,

t there dies no poorest weed, that such a
glory exhales not.

Think of all these treasures,

Matchless works and pleasures,

one a marvel, more than thought can
say.

Then think in what bright showers

We thicken fields and bowers,

ad with what heaps of sweetness half stifle

wanton May;

Think of the mossy forests

By the bee-birds haunted,

and all those Amazonian plains, lone lying

as enchanted.

Trees themselves are ours;
Fruits are born of flowers;
each, and roughest nut, were blossoms in the Spring;

The lusty bee knows well

The news, and comes pell-mell,

nd dances in the gloomy thicks with darksome antheming;

Beneath the very burden
Of planet-pressing ocean,
'E wash our smiling cheeks in peace—a
thought for meek devotion.

Tears of Phœbus—missings
Of Cytherea's kissings,
ave in us been found, and wise men find
them still;

Drooping grace unfurls Still Hyacinthus' curls,

Thy red lip, Adonis,

And Narcissus loves himself in the selfish rill;

Still is wet with morning;
And the step that bled for thee 'he rosy brier adorning.

Oh! true things are fables,

Fit for sagest tables,

And the flowers are true things—yet no fables they;

Fables were not more
Bright, nor loved of yore -

Yet they grew not, like the florers, by every old pathway;

Grossest hand can test us— Fools may prize us never—

Yet we rise, and rise—marvels sweet for ever.

Who shall say that flowers

Dress not heaven's own bowers?

Who its love, without us, can fancy—or sweet floor?

Who shall even dare
To say we sprang not there—

And came not down, that Love might bring one piece of heaven the more?

Oh! pray believe that angles

From those blue dominions

Brought us in their white laps down, 'twixt
their golden pinions.

LEIGH HUNT.

FLOWERS.

SPAKE full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and
golden,
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.

Stars they are, wherein we read our history.
As astrologers and seers of eld;
Yet not wrapped about with awful mystery,

Like the burning stars which they beheld

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous, God hath written in those stars above; But not less in the bright flowerets under us Stands the revelation of his love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation,
Writ all over this great world of ours—
Making evident our own creation,
In these stars of earth, these golden flowers.

And the poet, faithful and far-seeing,
Sees, alike in stars and flowers, a part
Of the self-same, universal being
Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.

Gorgeous flowerets in the sunlight shining,
Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,
Tremulous leaves, with soft and silver lining,
Buds that open only to decay;

Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous tissues,
Flaunting gayly in the golden light;
Large desires, with most uncertain issues,
Tender wishes, blossoming at night;

These in flowers and men are more than seeming;

Workings are they of the self-same powers Which the poet, in no idle dreaming, Seeth in himself and in the flowers.

Everywhere about us are they glowing— Some, like stars, to tell us Spring is born; Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing, Stand, like Ruth, amid the golden corn.

Not alone in Spring's armorial bearing,
And in Summer's green-emblazoned field,
But in arms of brave old Autumn's wearing,
In the centre of his brazen shield;

Not alone in meadows and green alleys,
On the mountain-top, and by the brink
Of sequestered pools in woodland valleys,
Where the slaves of Nature stoop to drink;

Not alone in her vast dome of glory,

Not on graves of bird and beast alone,
But in old cathedrals, high and hoary,
On the tombs of heroes, carved in stone;

In the cottage of the rudest peasant; In ancestral homes, whose crumbling ers.

Speaking of the Past unto the Present, Tell us of the ancient Games of Flower

In all places, then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul
wings,

Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons How akin they are to human things.

And with childlike, credulous affection,
We behold their tender buds expand—
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGIELLS

HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.

DAY-STARS! that ope your eyes with to twinkle

From rainbow galaxies of earth's cres
And dew-drops on her lonely altars spri
As a libation!

Ye matin worshippers! who bending lo Before the uprisen sun—God's lidless e Throw from your chalices a sweet and l Incense on high!

Ye bright mosaics! that with storied be The floor of Nature's temple tessellate What numerous emblems of instructive of Your forms create!

'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell swingeth

And tolls its perfume on the passing a Makes sabbath in the fields, and ever rin A call to prayer.

Not to the domes where crumbling arch

Attest the feebleness of mortal hand, But to that fane, most catholic and soler Which God hath plan



NATURE AND THE POETS,

athedral, boundless as our wonder, quenchless lamps the sun and moon pply—

the winds and waves, its organ under.

Its dome the sky.

a in solitude and shade I wander th the green sisles, or, stretched upon e sod,

the silence, reverently ponder The ways of God—

iceless lips, O Flowers, are living eachers,

up a pulpit, and each leaf a book, g to my fancy numerous teachers From loneliest nook.

postles! that in dewy splendor p without woe, and blush without a ime,"

deeply learn, and ne'er surrender, Your lore sublime!

cert not, Solomon! in all thy glory, ed," the lilies cry, "in robes like urs:

your grandeur! Ah, how transitory
Are human flowers!"

seet-scented pictures, Heavenly Art-

which thou paintest Nature's wideread hall,

lelightful lesson thou impartest Of love to all.

es are ye, Flowers! though made r pleasure:

ing o'er field and wave, by day and aht.

ery source your sanction bids me

Harmless delight.

ral sages! what instructors heary ich a world of thought could furnish sope!

ing calyx a memento mori, Yet fount of hope. Posthumous glories! angel-like collection!

Upraised from seed or bulb interred in earth.

Ye are to me a type of resurrection, And second birth,

Were I, O God, in churchless lands remain ing.

Far from all voice of teachers or divines, My soul would find, in flowers of thy ordaining,

Priests, sermons, shrines!

HORAGE SHITE.

NATURE AND THE POETS.

I sroop tiptoe upon a little hill,
The air was cooling, and so very still,
That the sweet buds, which with a modest
pride

Pull droopingly, in clanting curve aside,
Their scanty-leaved and finely-tapering stems,
Had not yet lost their starry diadems
Caught from the early sobbing of the morn.
The clouds were pure and white as flocks
new-sborn,

And fresh from the clear brook; sweetly they slept

On the blue fields of heaven, and then there crept

A little noiseless noise among the leaves, Born of the very sigh that silence heaves; For not the faintest motion could be seen Of all the shades that slanted o'er the green. There was wide wandering, for the greediest eye

To peer about upon variety-

Far round the horizon's crystal air to skim,
And trace the dwindled edgings of its brim—
To picture out the quaint and curious bending

Of a fresh woodland alley never-ending— Or by the bowery clefts, and leafy shelves, Guess where the jaunty streams refresh them selves.

I gazed awhile, and felt as light and free As though the fanning wings of Mercury Had played upon my heels: I was lighthearted,

And many pleasures to my vision started;

So I straightway began to pluck a posy, Of luxuries bright, milky, soft and rosy:

A bush of May-flowers with the bees about them;

Ah, sure no tasteful nook could be without them!

And let a lush laburnum oversweep them, And let long grass grow round the roots, to keep them

Moist, cool, and green; and shade the violets, That they may bind the moss in leafy nets.

A filbert-hedge with wild brier overtwined, And clumps of woodbine, taking the soft wind

Upon their summer thrones; there too should be

The frequent chequer of a youngling tree,
That with a score of light green brethren
shoots

From the quaint mossiness of aged roots, Round which is heard a spring-head of clear waters,

Babbling so wildly of its lovely daughters,
The spreading blue-bells: it may haply mourn
That such fair clusters should be rudely torn
From their fresh beds, and, scattered thoughtlessly

By infant hands, left on the path to die.

Open afresh your round of starry folds, Ye ardent marigolds!

Dry up the moisture from your golden lids, For great Apollo bids

That in these days your praises should be sung

On many harps, which he has lately strung; And when again your dewiness he kisses, Tell him, I have you in my world of blisses: So, haply, when I rove in some far vale, His mighty voice may come upon the gale.

Here are sweet peas, on tiptoe for a flight—With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white, And taper fingers catching at all things, To bind them all about with tiny rings.

Linger awhile upon some bending planks
That lean against a streamlet's rushy banks, And watch intently Nature's gentle doings:
They will be found softer than ring-doves' cooings.

How silent comes the water round that be Not the minutest whisper does it send To the o'erhanging sallows: blades of gra-Slowly across the chequer'd shadows pass Why you might read two sonnets, ere the reach

To where the hurrying freshnesses are pre-A natural sermon o'er their pebbly beds; Where swarms of minnows show their liheads,

Staying their wavy bodies 'gainst the street
To taste the luxury of sunny beams
Townsered with coolness How they

Tempered with coolness. How they wrestle

With their own sweet delight, and nestle

Their silver bellies on the pebbly sand!
If you but scantily hold out the hand,
That very instant not one will remain;
But turn your eye, and they are there as

The ripples seem right glad to reach the cresses,

And cool themselves among the emetresses;

The while they cool themselves, they frances give,

And moisture, that the bowery green may lead to be soon
Sometimes goldfinches one by one will d From low-hung branches; little space stop,

But sip, and twitter, and their feathers sk Then off at once, as in a wanton freak: Or perhaps, to show their black and go

wings,

Pausing upon their yellow flutterings.

Were I in such a place, I sure should protect That nought less sweet might call my thou away,

Than the soft rustle of a maiden's gown Fanning away the dandelion's down; Than the light music of her nimble toes Patting against the sorrel as she goes. How she would start and blush, thus to

caught

Playing in all her innocence of thought'



NATURE AND THE POETS.

e lead her gently o'er the brook, her half-emiling lips and downward k:

e for one moment touch her wrist; one moment to her breathing list; she leaves me, may she often turn r eyes looking through her locks aun.

ext? a tuft of evening primroses, sich the mind may hover till it dozes; hich it well might take a pleasant ep,

't is ever startled by the leap i into ripe flowers; or by the flitting rs moths, that aye their rest are quitg:

he moon lifting her silver rim a cloud, and with a gradual swim into the blue with all her light.

r of sweet poets! dear delight fair world and all its gentle livers; r of clouds, halo of crystal rivers, with leaves, and dew, and tumbling cams:

of lovely eyes to lovely dreams; floneliness, and wandering, st eye, and tender pondering!

ust I praise above all other glories
alle us on to tell delightful stories.
at has made the sage or poet write,
fair paradise of Nature's light?
alm grandeur of a sober line,
the waving of the mountain pine;
en a tale is beautifully staid,
the safety of a hawthorn glade;
t is moving on luxurious wings,
I is lost in pleasant smotherings;
wy roses brush against our faces,
wering laurels spring from diamond
es;

d we see the jasmine and sweeter.

oomy grapes laughing from green

it our feet, the voice of crystal bub-

us at once away from all our trou-

So that we feel uplifted from the world, Walking upon the white clouds wreathed and curied.

So felt he who first told how Psyche went On the smooth wind to realms of wonderment;

What Psyche felt, and Love, when their full lips

First touched; what amorous and fondling nips

They gave each other's cheeks—with all their sighs,

And how they kist each other's tremulous eyes;

The silver lamp—the ravishment—the wonder—

The darkness—loneliness—the fearful thunder:

Their woes gone by, and both to heaven up flown,

To bow for gratitude before Jove's throne.

So did he feel, who pulled the boughs aside,
That we might look into a forest wide,
To catch a glimpse of Fauns, and Dryades
Coming with softest rustle through the trees;
And garlands woven of flowers wild, and
sweet,

Upheld on ivory wrists, or sporting feet:
Telling us how fair trembling Syrinx fled
Arcadian Pan, with such a fearful dread.
Poor Nymph,—poor Pan,—how did he weep
to find

Nought but a lovely sighing of the wind Along the reedy stream! a half-heard strain, Full of sweet desolation—balany pain,

What first inspired a bard of old to sing Narcissus pining o'er the untainted spring f In some delicious ramble he had found A little space, with boughs all woven round; And in the midst of all, a clearer pool Than e'er reflected in its pleasant cool The blue sky here and there serenely peeping,

Through tendril wreaths funtastically creeping.

And on the bank a lonely flower he spied, A meek and forlorn flower, with nought of pride. Drooping its beauty o'er the watery clearness,

To woo its own sad image into nearness.

Deaf to light Zephyrus it would not move;

But still would seem to droop, to pine, to love.

So while the poet stood in this sweet spot, Some fainter gleamings o'er his fancy shot; Nor was it long ere he had told the tale Of young Narcissus, and sad Echo's bale.

Where had he been, from whose warm head outflew

That sweetest of all songs, that ever knew That aye refreshing, pure deliciousness, Coming ever to bless

The wanderer by moonlight—to him bringing

Shapes from the invisible world, unearthly singing

From out the middle air, from flowery nests, And from the pillowy silkiness that rests Full in the speculation of the stars? Ah! surely he had burst our mortal bars; Into some wondrous region he had gone, To search for thee, divine Endymion!

He was a poet, sure a lover too, Who stood on Latmos' top, what time there blew

Soft breezes from the myrtle vale below; And brought, in faintness solemn, sweet, and slow,

A hymn from Dian's temple; while upswelling,

The incense went to her own starry dwelling.

But though her face was clear as infants' eyes,

Though she stood smiling o'er the sacrifice,
The poet wept at her so piteous fate,
Wept that such beauty should be desolate.
So in fine wrath some golden sounds he
won,

And gave meek Cynthia her Endymion.

Queen of the wide air; thou most lovely queen

Of all the brightness that mine eyes have seen!

As thou exceedest all things in thy shine. So every tale does this sweet tale of thine O for three words of honey, that I might Tell but one wonder of thy bridal night!

Where distant ships do seem to show the keels,

Phæbus awhile delayed his mighty wheel And turned to smile upon thy bashful eye Ere he his unseen pomp would solemnize. The evening weather was so bright, and clear That men of health were of unusual cheer Stepping like Homer at the trumpet's call Or young Apollo on the pedestal;

And lovely women were as fair and warm.
As Venus looking sideways in alarm.

The breezes were ethereal, and pure,
And crept through half-closed lattices to a
The languid sick: it cool'd their fever'd ale
And soothed them into slumbers full a
deep.

Soon they awoke clear-eyed; nor but with thirsting,

Nor with hot fingers, nor with temples but

Nor with hot fingers, nor with temples but

And springing up, they met the wonder sight

Of their dear friends, nigh foolish with light,

Who feel their arms and breasts, and k and stare,

And on their placid foreheads part the har Young men and maidens at each other god With hands held back, and motion amazed

To see the brightness in each other's eyes. And so they stood, filled with a sweet a prise,

Until their tongues were loosed in poesy. Therefore no lover did of anguish die;
But the soft numbers, in that moment encl

But the soft numbers, in that moment spok Made silken ties that never may be broke

Cynthia! I cannot tell the greater blisses
That follow'd thine, and thy dear shepher
kisses:

Was there a poet born?—But now no more My wandering spirit must no farther some Jour Knas

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

NIGHTINGALE, that on you bloomy spray Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still.

Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill.

Thile the jolly hours lead on propitious May.

Thy liquid notes, that close the eye of day,

First heard before the shallow cuckoo's

bill.

Portend success in love. Oh if Jove's will Have linked that amorous power to thy soft lay,

Foretell my hopeless doom in some grove nigh;

As thou from year to year hast sung too late

for my relief, yet hadst no reason why.

Whether the Muse or Love call thee his mate,

Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

John Milton.

ADDRESS TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

As it fell upon a day, In the merry month of May, Sitting in a pleasant shade Which a grove of myrtles made, Beasts did leap, and birds did sing, Trees did grow, and plants did spring; Every thing did banish moan, Save the nightingale alone. She, poor bird, as all forlorn, Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn; And there sung the dolefull'st ditty That to hear it was great pity. Fie, fie, fie! now would she cry; Teru, teru, by-and-by; That, to hear her so complain, Scarce I could from tears refrain; For her griefs, so lively shown, Made me think upon mine own. Ah! (thought I) thou mourn'st in vain; None takes pity on thy pain;

Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee; Ruthless bears, they will not cheer thee; King Pandion, he is dead; All thy friends are lapped in lead: All thy fellow-birds do sing, Careless of thy sorrowing! Whilst as fickle Fortune smiled, Thou and I were both beguiled, Every one that flatters thee Is no friend in misery. Words are easy, like the wind; Faithful friends are hard to find. · Every man will be thy friend Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend; But, if stores of crowns be scant, No man will supply thy want. If that one be prodigal, Bountiful they will him call; And, with such-like flattering, "Pity but he were a king." If he be addict to vice, Quickly him they will entice; But if Fortune once do frown. Then farewell his great renown: They that fawned on him before, Use his company no more. He that is thy friend indeed, He will help thee in thy need; If thou sorrow, he will weep, If thou wake, he cannot sleep. Thus, of every grief in heart, He with thee doth bear a part. These are certain signs to know Faithful friend from flattering foe.

RICHARD BARNFIELD.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

DEAR chorister, who from those shadows sends—

Ere that the blushing morn dare show her light—

Such sad lamenting strains, that night attends,

Become all ear, stars stay to hear thy plight; If one whose grief even reach of thought transcends,

Who ne'er (not in a dream) did taste delight, May thee importune who like case pretends,

And seems to joy in woe, in woe's despite;
Tell me (so may thou fortune milder try,
And long, long sing!) for what thou thus
complains,

Since Winter's gone, and sun in dappled sky Enamored smiles on woods and flowery plains?

The bird, as if my questions did her move, With trembling wings sighed forth, "I love, I love."

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbress pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk;
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-ward had sunk.
T is not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thy happiness,
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of Summer in full-throated ease.

Oh for a draught of vintage
Cooled a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,

Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-burned mirth!

Oh for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth—

That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,

And with thee fade away into the forest dim.

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never
known—

The weariness, the fever, and the fret;
Here, where men sit and hear each other
groan—

Where palsy shakes a few sad, last gray hairs—

Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies—

Where but to think is to be full of sor And leaden-eyed despairs—

Where beauty cannot keep her le

Or new love pine at them beyond to-m

Away! away! for I will fly to thee!

Not charioted by Bacchus and his p
But on the viewless wings of poesy,

Though the dull brain perplexes a

Already with thee tender is the night, And haply the queen-moon is on her to Clustered around by all her starry fay

tards:

But here there is no light, Save what from heaven is with the

blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding
ways.

I can not see what flowers are at my Nor what soft incense hangs up boughs;

But, in embalmed darkness guess each Wherewith the seasonable month en The grass, the thicket, and the friedle:

White hawthorn and the pastoral egl Fast-fading violets, covered up in leav And mid-May's oldest child,

The coming musk-rose, full of dew.
The murmurous haunt of bees on seves.

Darkling I listen; and for many a tin I have been half in love with easeful Called him soft names in many a rhyme,

To take into the air my quiet breat Now, more than ever, seems it rich to To cease upon the midnight, with r While thou art pouring forth thy soul In such an ecstasy!

Still wouldst thou sing, and I have vain—

To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immort No hungry generations tread thee of The voice I hear this passing night was In ancient days by emperor and clo



THE NIGHTINGALE.

the self-same song that found a path igh the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick or home, od in tears amid the alien corn:
The same that oft-times hath med magic casements opening on the oam ous seas, in fairy lands forlors.

! the very word i. like a bell, li me back from thee to my sole self! the Fancy can not cheat so well is famed to do, deceiving elf. adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades the near meadows, over the still tream.

hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep n the next valley-glades: it a vision or a waking dream? that music—do I wake or sleep? Jons Krate.

PHILOMELA.

ah, the Nightingale! 'ny-throated! from that moonlit cedar what a burst! iumph! hark-what pain! erer from a Grecian shore, fter many years, in distant lands rishing in thy bewildered brain ild, unquer thed, deep-sunken, oldrki pain ay, will it never heal? ı this fr**a**grant lawn, cool trees, and night, : sweet, tranquil Thames, onshine, and the dew, maked heart and brain ifford no balm?

Nost thou to-night behold, trough the moonlight on this English re, riendly palace in the Thracian wild? Nost thou again peruse, a cheeks and seared eyes, clear web, and thy dumb sister's me?

Dost thou once more essay

Thy flight; and feel come over thee,

Poor fugitive, the feathery change;

Once more; and once more make resound,

With love and hate, triumph and agony,

Lone Daulis, and the high Cephisian vale?

Listen, Eugenia—

How thick the bursts come crowding through
the leaves!

Again—thou hearest!

Eternal passion!

Eternal pain!

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE DOVE

O NIGHTINGALE! thou surely art A creature of a "fiery heart"; These notes of thine,—they pierce and pierce: Tumultuous harmony and fierce! Thou sing 'st as if the god of wine llad helped thee to a valentine— A song in mockery, and despite Of shades, and dews, and silent night, And steady bliss, and all the loves Now sleeping in these peaceful groves. I heard a stock-dove sing or say His homely tale, this very day; His voice was buried among trees, Yet to be come at by the breeze: He did not cease; but coold—and cool: And somewhat pensively he wooed: He sang of love, with quiet blending, Slow to begin, and never ending; Of serious faith, and inward glee; That was the song, the song for me!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTS.

THE NIGHTINGALE,

No cloud, no relict of the sunken day
Distinguishes the West; no long thin slip
Of sullen light, no obscure trembling hues.
Come, we will rest on this old mossy bridge.
You see the glimmer of the stream beneath,
But hear no murmuring; it flows silently

O'er its soft bed of verdure. All is still; A balmy night! and though the stars be dim, Yet let us think upon the vernal showers That gladden the green earth, and we shall find

A pleasure in the dimness of the stars. And mark! the Nightingale begins its song-"Most masical, anost melancholy "bird! A malamakely surd! On, idle thought! In Nature there is nothing melancholy. But some rag t wandering man, wl was pierces.

With the repembrance of a grievou Or slow distemper, or neglected love. (And so, poor wretch! filled all this b meed,

And raide ad gentle spands tell back Of his own sorrow ,- he, and such as First hansel these notes a richarche And many a poct of oes the concel Post who hata been building up the When he had better for have stret 111119

Beside a brook in mossy forest-dell, By sun or moonlight; to the influxes Of shapes, and sounds, and shifting elements, Surrendering his whole spirit, of his song And of his fame forgetful! so his fame Should share in Nature's immortality— A venerable thing!—and so his song Should make all Nature lovelier, and itself. Be loved like Nature! But 'twill not be so; And youths and maidens most poetical, Who lose the deepening twilights of the Spring

In ball-rooms and hot theatres, they still, Full of meek sympathy, must heave their sighs

O'er Philomela's pity-pleading stralay.

My friend, and thou, our sister! we have

A different lore: we may not thus profane Nature's sweet voices, always full of love And jovance! This the merry Nightingale That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates With fist thick warble his delicious notes, As he were fearful that an April night Would be too short for him to utter forth His love-claut, and disburthen his full soul Of all its music!

And I know a grove Of large extent, hard by a castle huge, Which the great lord inhabits not; and and This grove is wild with tangling underwor And the trim walks are broken up; and go Thin grass and kingeups grow within the pall But never elsewhere in one place I knew ; So many nightingales. And far and near In wood and thicket, over the wide grow They answer and provoke each other's a

> kirmish and capricious passagings, drmurs musical and swift jug jug, so low piping sound more sweet the the sir with such a harmony, iould you close your eyes, you mi it was not day! On moon-lit bud dewy leaflets are but half discloss y perchance behold them on the twi

bright, bright eyes, their eyes bi

ght and full, Glistening, while many a glowworm in 🛍 shade

Lights up her love-torch.

A most gentle maid,

Who dwelleth in her hospitable home Hard by the castle, and at latest eve. (Even like a lady vowed and dedicate To something more than Nature in the grove,] Glides through the pathways—she knows all their notes,

That gentle maid! and oft, a moment's space. What time the moon was lost behind a cloud Hath heard a pause of silence; till the moon Emerging, hath awakened earth and sky With one sensation, and these wakeful birds Have all burst forth in choral minstrelsy, As if some sudden gale had swept at once A hundred airy harps!

And she hath watched

Many a nightingale perched giddily On blossomy twig still swinging from the

And to that motion tune his wanton song, Like tipsy Joy that reels with tossing head.

Farewell, O warbler! till to-morrow eve; And you, my friends! farewell, a short fare well!

Say a thousand mournful things To the wind, which, on its wings, From I er to the guardian of the sky, Bore her melancholy cry-Bore ler tender tears. Sle spake As if her fond heart would break: One while, it is said, sweet note, Gurgled from her straining throat, She enforced her pited is tale, Mourtiful prayer, and plaintive wail ; One while, with the shrill disp Quite outwearied, she was mul Then afresh, for her dear brook Her harmor tons shricks renewe New size winged it round and Now slic -kimmed along the gr Now, from Lough to be 1gh, in The delights d robber chased, And, al ght ag in his path, Seemed to say, 'twixt grief and 6 ve me back, herce rustic r Give me back my prefty brood And I saw the rustle still Answere I, "That, I never will!"

Estevas Mascel de Villegas, Spanish) Franslation of Thomas Rosce E.

THE NIGHTINGALE'S DEPARTURE,

Sweet poet of the woods—a long adieud
Farewell soft constrel of the early year!
Ah! "t will be long ore thou shalt a ng anew.
And pour thy mose on "the inght's dull ear."

Whether on Spring thy wandering flights await,

Or whether silent in our groves you dwell, The pensive Muse shall own thee for her mate,

And still protect the song she loves so well. With cautious step the love-lorn youth shall glade

Through the long brake that shades thy mossy nest;

And shepherd girls from eyes profane shall hide

The gentle bird who sings of pity best:
For still thy voice shall soft affections move,
And still be dear to sorrow, and to love!

CHARLOTTE SHITH.

TO A WATERFOWL

WHITHER, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps day,

Far, through their rosy depths, dost the pursue

Thy solitary way?

aly the fowler's eye ark thy distant flight to do the rong, ly painted on the crimson sky. figure floats along.

c'st thou the plashy brink
y lake, or marge of river wide.
e the rocking billows rise and sink
the chafed ocean side?

re is a power whose care

Teaches thy way along that pathless coast, The desert and illimitable air, Lone wandering, but not lost

All day thy wings have fanned.

At that far beight, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome hand,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end; Scon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,

And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,

Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart

Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given, And shall not soon depart:

He who, from zone to zone, Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,

In the long way that I must tread alone, Will lead my steps aright.

WILLIAM COLLER SETARS



THE VOICE OF THE GRASS.

By the dusty roadside,
On the sunny hill-side,
Close by the noisy brook,
In every shady nook,
me creeping, creeping every where.

All round the open door,
Where sit the aged poor;
Here where the children play,
In the bright and merry May,
one creeping, creeping every where.

In the noisy city street

In the noisy city street

My pleasant face you'll meet,
Cheering the sick at heart
Toiling his busy part—

muly creeping, creeping every where.

You cannot see me coming,

Nor hear my low sweet humming;

For in the starry night,

And the glad morning light,

me quietly creeping every where.

* I come creeping, creeping every where;
More welcome than the flowers
In Summer's pleasant hours;
The gentle cow is glad,
And the merry bird not sad,
the two creeping, creeping every where.

When you're numbered with the dead in your still and narrow bed, in the happy Spring I'll come And deck your silent home...

I come creeping, creeping every where;
My humble song of praise
Most joyfully I raise
To Him at whose command
I beautify the land,
whing, silently creeping every where.

SARAH ROBERTS.

JULY.

Lown is the Summer's busy song,
The smallest breeze can find a tongue,
While insects of each tiny size
Grow teasing with their melodies,
Till noon burns with its blistering breath
Around, and day lies still as death.

The busy noise of man and brute
Is on a sudden lost and mute;
Even the brook that leaps along,
Seems weary of its bubbling song,
And, so soft its waters creep,
Tired silence sinks in sounder aleep;

The cricket on its bank is dumb;
The very flies forget to hum;
And, save the wagon rocking round,
The landscape sleeps without a sound.
The breeze is stopped, the lazy bough
Hath not a leaf that danceth now;

The taller grass upon the hill,
And spider's threads, are standing still;
The feathers, dropped from moorhen's wing
Which to the water's surface cling.
Are steadfast, and as heavy seem
As stones beneath them in the stream;

Hawkweed and groundsel's fanny downs
Unrufiled keep their seedy crowns;
And in the over-heated air
Not one light thing is floating there,
Save that to the earnest eye
The restless heat seems twittering by.

Noon swoons beneath the heat it made, And flowers e'en within the shade; Until the sun slopes in the west. Like weary traveller, glad to rest On pillowed clouds of many hues. Then Nature's voice its joy renews,

And checkered field and grassy plain Hum with their summer songs again, A requiem to the day's decline, Whose setting sunbeams coolly shine As welcome to day's feeble powers As falling dews to thirsty flowers.

JOHN CLASS.

SONG.

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy
But Winter and rough we

Who doth ambition
And loves to live i'
Seeking the food he
And pleased with w
Come Lither, come lither,
Here shall he s
No enemy
But Winter and rough wes

THE GREENWOOD.

1.1 when 'tis summer weather, and the yellow bee, with fairy sound, 'he waters clear is humming round, and the cuckoo sings unseen, and the leaves are waving green—

Oh! then 't is sweet,
In some retreat,
'o hear the murmuring dove,
Fith those whom on earth alone we love,
and to wind through the greenwood together.

And crosses grieve,
And friends deceive,
And ram and sleet
The lattice beat,—
Oh! then 'tis sweet
To sit and sing
If the friends with whom, in the days of
Spring,
We roamed through the greenwood together.

William Liber Bowles.

COME TO THESE SCENES OF PEA

Come to these scenes of peace,
Where, to rivers murmuring,
The sweet birds all the Summer sing,
Where cares, and toil, and sadness com
Stranger, does thy heart deplore
Friends whom thou wilt see no more!
Does thy wounded spirit prove

gs of hopeless, severed love?

b, the stream that gushes clear—

c, the birds that carol near

l soothe, as silent thou dost lie

dream of their wild lullsby;

to bless these scenes of peace,

are cares, and tool, and sadness cen

WILLIAM LIBER BOWS

THE GARDEN.

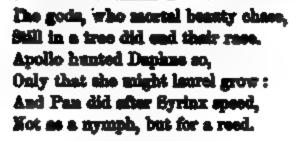
How vainly men themselves amaze,
To win the palm, the oak, or bays.
And their incessant labors see
Crowned from some single herb, or tree,
Whose short and narrow-verged shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid;
While all the flowers, and trees, do close
To weave the garlands of repose.

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence, thy sister dear?
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men.
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow
Secrety is all but rude
To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen So amorous as this lovely green. Fond lovers, cruel as their flame, Cut in these trees their mistress' name Little, alas! they know or heed, How far these beauties her exceed! Fair trees! where'er your barks I woun No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our passion's heat, Love hither makes his best retreat.





What wondrous life in this I lead!

Kipe apples drop about my head;

The luccious clusters of the vine

Upon my mouth do crush their wine;

The nectarine, and curious peach,

Into my hands themselves do reach;

Stambling on melone, as I pass,

Inneared with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind from pleasure less Withdraws into its happiness. The mind, that ocean where each kind Does straight its own resemblance find; Yet it creates, transcending these, Far other worlds and other seas; Annihilating all that's made To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot, Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root; Casting the body's vest aside, My soul into the boughs does glide; There, like a bird, it sits and sings, Then whete and claps its silver wings, And, till prepared for longer flight, Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was the happy garden state,
While man there walked without a mate:
After a place so pure and sweet,
What other help could yet be meet!
But 't was beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there:
Two paradises are in one,
To live in paradise alone.

How well the skilful gardener drew
Of flowers, and herbs, this dial new!
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run.
And, as it works, th' industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we.
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
the reckoned, but with herbs and flowers?

ARPERW MARVELL

THE GARDEN.

HAPPY art thou, whom God does bless,
With the full choice of thine own happiness
And happier yet, because thou 'rt blest
With prudence, how to choose the best:
In books and gardens thou hast placed arigh
(Things, which thou well dost understand
And both dost make with thy laborious hand
Thy noble, innocent delight;

And in thy virtuous wife, where thou again

Both pleasures more refined and sweet;
The fairest garden in her looks,
And in her mind the wisest books.
Oh, who would change these soft, yet soli joys,

For empty shows and senseless noise;
And all which rank ambition breeds,
Which seems such beauteous flowers, and ar
such poisonous weeds?

When God did man to his own likeness make
As much as clay, though of the purest kind.
By the great potter's art refined,
Could the divine impression take,
He thought it fit to place him, where
A kind of Heaven too did appear,
As far as Earth could such a likeness bear:
That man no happiness might want,
Which Earth to her first master could affore
He did a garden for him plant
By the quick hand of his omnipotent word.
As the chief help and joy of human life,
He gave him the first gift; first, even befor
a wife.

For God, the universal architect
'T had been as easy to erect
A Louvre or Escurial, or a tower
That might with Heaven communication hole
As Babel vainly thought to do of old:
He wanted not the skill or power;
In the world's fabric those were shown,
And the materials were all his own.
But well he knew, what place would be

With innocence and with felicity;
And we elsewhere still seek for them in vair
If any part of either yet remain,

If any part of either we expect,
This may our judgment in the search direct;
God the first garden made, and the first city
Cain.

O blessed shades! O gentle cool retreat
From all th' immoderate heat,
In which the frantic world does burn and
sweat!

This does the Lion-star, ambition's rage;
This avarice, the Dog-star's thirst, assuage;
Every where else their fatal power we see;
They make and rule man's wretched destiny:
They neither set, nor disappear,
But tyrannize o'er all the year;
Whilst we ne'er feel their flame or influence here.

The birds that dance from bough to bough,
And sing above in every tree,
Are not from fears and cares more free
Than we, who lie, or sit, or walk, below,
And should by right be singers too.
What prince's choir of music can excel
That, which within this shade does dwell?

To which we nothing pay or give;
They, like all other poets, live
Without reward, or thanks for their obliging
pains;

'T is well if they become not prey.

The whistling winds add their less artful strains,

And a grave bass the murmuring fountains play;

Nature does all this harmony bestow,

But to our plants, art's music too,

The pipe, theorbo, and guitar, we owe;

The lute itself, which once was green and mute,

When Orpheus strook th' inspired lute, The trees danced round, and understood By sympathy the voice of wood.

These are the spells, that to kind sleep invite,
And nothing does within resistance make,
Which yet we moderately take;
Who would not choose to be awake,
While he's encompast round with such delight,
To th' ear, the nose, the touch, the taste, and

sight?

When Venus would her dear Ascanius I A prisoner in the downy bands of sleep, The odorous herbs and flowers beneath spread,

As the most soft and sweetest bed; Not her own lap would more have characteristics his head.

Who, that has reason and his smell,
Would not among roses and jarmine dwo
Rather than all his spirits thoke,
With exhalations of dirt and smoke,

And all th' uncleanness which does dr In pestilential clouds, a populous town? The earth itself breathes better peri here.

Than all the female men, or women, the Not without cause, about them bear.

Wher. Epicurus to the world had taugh
That pleasure was the chiefest good,
(And was, perhaps, i' th' right, if right)
derstood)

His life he to his doctrine brought, And in a garden's shade that sovereign sure sought:

Whoever a true epicure would be,
May there find cheap and virtuous luxu
Vitellius's table, which did hold
As many creatures as the ark of old;
That fiscal table, to which every day
All countries did a constant tribute pay
Could nothing more delicious afford

Than Nature's liberality,
Helped with a little art and industry,
Allows the meanest gardener's board.
The wanton taste no fish or fowl can cl
For which the grape or melon she a
lose;

Though all th' inhabitants of sea and ai Be listed in the glutton's bill of fare, Yet still the fruits of earth we see Placed the third story high in all her la

But with no sense the garden does com None courts, or flatters, as it does, the When the great Hebrew king did a strain

The wondrous treasures of his wealtl brain,

His royal southern guest to entertain:

Though she on silver fleers did tread, With bright America expets on them spread, To hide the metal's poverty; Though she looked up to room of gold, And nought around her could behold But silk, and rich embroidery, And Babyionish tapestry, And wealthy Hiram's princely dye; Though Ophir's starry stones met every where her eye; Though she herself and Lar gay host were drest With all the ahining glories of the East; When lavish Art her costly work had done, The honor and the prize of bravery Was by the garden from the palace won And every rose and lily there did stand Better attired by Nature's hand. The case thus judged against the king we see. By one, that would not be so rich, though

Nor does this happy place only dispense Sech various pleasures to the sense;

wiser far than he.

Here health itself does live,
I tat salt of life which does to all a relish give,
ste standing pleasure and intrinsic wealth,
The body's virtue and the soul's good-fortune, health.

The tree of life, when it in Eden stood, Did its immortal head to Heaven rear; It lasted a tall cedar, till the flood; Now a small thorny shrub it does appear;

Nor will it thrive too every where:
It always here is freshest seen
'Tis only here an evergreen.
If, through the strong and beauteous fence

Of temperance and innocence,

And wholesome labors, and a quiet mind, Any diseases passage find, They must not think here to assail

A land unarmed or without a guard; They must fight for it, and dispute it hard, Before they can prevail:

Scarce any plant is growing here, Which against death some weapon does not

Let cities boast that they provide For life the ornaments of pride; But 'tis the country and the field, That furnish it with staff and skield.

0-000

Where does the wisdom and the power divin In a more bright and sweet reflection shine Where do we finer strokes and colors see Of the Creator's real poetry,

Than when we with attention look Upon the third day's volume of the book? If we could open and intend our eye,

We all, like Moses, should espy
Even in a bush the radiant Deity.
But we despise these, his inferior ways,
(Though no less full of miracle and praise.)

Upon the flowers of Heaven we gaze;
The stars of Earth no wonder in us raise;
Though these perhaps do, more than they

The life of mankind away.

Although no part of mighty Nature be
More stored with beauty, power and mystery
Yet, to encourage human industry,
God has so ordered, that no other part
Such space and such dominion leaves for Art

We nowhere Art do so triumphant see,

As when it grafts or buds the tree.

In other things we count it to excel,
If it a docile scholar can appear
To Nature, and but imitate her well;
It over-rules and is her master, here.
It imitates her Maker's power divine,
And changes her sometimes, and sometimes
does refine.

It does, like grace, the fallen tree restore
To its blest state of Paradise before.
Who would not joy to see his conquering hand
O'er all the vegetable world command?
And the wild giants of the wood receive

What law he's pleased to give? He bids th' ill-natured crab produce The gentle apple's winy juice,

The golden fruit that worthy is
Of Galatea's purple kiss.
He does the savage hawthorn teach
To hear the medlar and the pear;
He bids the rustic plum to rear
A noble trunk, and be a peach.
Ev'n Daphne's coyness he does mock,
And weds the cherry to her stock,
Though she refused Apollo's suit;
Even she, that chaste and virgin tree,
Now wonders at herself, to see
That she's a mother made, and blushes in
fruit.

Methinks I see great Dioclesian walk In the Salonian garden's noble shade, Which by his own imperial hands was made. I see him smile, methinks, as he does talk With the ambassadors, who come in vain

T' entice him to a throne again.
"If I, my friends," (said he,) "should to you show

All the delights which in these gardens grow, Tis likelier, much, that you should with me stay,

Than 'tis that you should carry me away; And trust me not, my friends, if every day,

I walk not here with more delight
Than ever, after the most happy sight,
In triumph to the Capitol I rode
To thank the gods, and to be thought myself
almost a god."

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

INSCRIPTION IN A HERMITAGE.

Beneath this stony roof reclined,
I soothe to peace my pensive mind;
And while, to shade my lowly cave,
Embowering elms their umbrage wave:
And while the maple dish is mine—
The beechen cup, unstained with vine—
I scorn the gay licentious crowd,
Nor heed the toys that deck the proud.

Within my limits, lone and still,
The black-bird pipes in artless trill;
Fast by my couch, congenial guest,
The wren has wove her mossy nest;
From busy scenes, and brighter skies,
To lurk with innocence, she flies,
Here hopes in safe repose to dwell,
Nor aught suspects the sylvan cell.

At morn I take my customed round,
To mark how buds you shrubby mound,
And every opening primrose count,
That trimly paints my blooming mount;
Or o'er the sculptures, quaint and rude,
That grace my gloomy solitude,
I teach in winding wreaths to stray
Fantastic ivy's gadding spray.

At eve, within yon studious nook,
I ope my brass-embossed book,
Portrayed with many a holy deed
Of martyrs, crowned with heavenly n
Then, as my taper waxes dim,
Chant, ere I sleep, my measured hym
And at the close, the gleams behold
Of parting wings, be-dropt with gold.

While such pure joys my bliss create, Who but would smile at guilty state? Who but would wish his holy lot In calm oblivion's humble grot? Who but would cast his pomp away. To take my staff, and amice gray; And to the world's tumultuous stage Prefer the blameless hermitage?

THOMAS WAR

THE RETIREMENT.

FAREWELL, thou busy world, and may
We never meet again;
Here I can eat, and sleep, and pray,
And do more good in one short day,
Than he who his whole age out-wear
Upon the most conspicuous theatres,
Where nought but vanity and vice appe

Good God! how sweet are all things How beautiful the fields appear!

How cleanly do we feed and lie! Lord! what good hours do we keep! How quietly we sleep!

What peace, what unanimity!

How innocent from the lewd fashion.

Is all our business, all our recreation!

Oh, how happy here's our leisure!
Oh, how innocent our pleasure!
O ye valleys! O ye mountains!
O ye groves, and crystal fountains!
How I love, at liberty,
By turns to come and visit ye!

Dear solitude, the soul's best friend, That man acquainted with himself doet And all his Maker's wonders to inte With thee I here converse at will,
And would be glad to do so still,
For is it thou alone that keep'st the soul
awaks.

How calm and quiet a delight
Is it, alone
To read, and meditale, and write,
By none offended, and offending none!
To walk, ride, sit, or aloop at one's own
ease:

And, pleasing a man's self, none other to displease.

O my beloved nymph, fair Dove,
Princess of rivers, how I love
Upon thy flowery banks to lie,
And view thy silver stream,
When gilded by a Summer's beam!
And in it all thy wanton fry
Playing at liberty,

And, with my angle, upon them, The all of treachery I ever learned industriously to try!

sick streams Rome's yellow Tiber cannot show,

The Iberian Tagus, or Ligurian Po;
The Masse, the Danube, and the Rhine,
Are puddle-water, all, compared with thine;
And Loire's pure streams yet too polluted are
With thine, much purer, to compare;
The rapid Garonne and the winding Seine

Are both too mean, Beloved Dove, with thee To vie priority;

Nay, Tame and Isis, when conjoined, submit, And lay their trophies at thy silver feet.

O my beloved rocks, that rise
To awe the earth and brave the skies!
From some aspiring mountain's crown
How dearly do I love,
Giddy with pleasure, to look down;
And, from the vales, to view the noble heights
above;
O my beloved caves! from dog-star's heat,
And all envisties way sefe retreet:

O my beloved caves! from dog-star's heat, And all anxieties, my safe retreat; What safety, privacy, what true delight, In the artificial night Your gloomy entrails make,
Have I taken, do I take!
How oft, when grief has made me fly,
To hide me from society
E'en of my degreet friends, have I,
In your recesses' friendly shade,
All my sorrows open laid,
And my most secret woes intrusted to you
privacy!

Lord! would men let me alone,
What an over-happy one
Should I think myself to be—
Might I in this desert place,
(Which most men in discourse diagrace,)
Live but undisturbed and free!
Here, in this despised recess,
Would I, maugre Winter's cold,
And the Summer's worst excess,
Try to live out to sixty full years old:
And, all the while,

Without an envious eye
On any thriving under Fortune's smile,
Contented live, and then contented die.

CHARLES COTTON.

THE USEFUL PLOUGH.

A country life is sweet!
In moderate cold and heat,
To walk in the air, how pleasant and fair!
In every field of wheat,

The fairest of flowers adorning the bowers

And every mesdow's brow;

So that I say, no courtier may Compare with them who clothe in gray, And follow the useful plough.

They rise with the morning lark, And labor till almost dark;

Then folding their sheep, they hasten to sleep;

While every pleasant park

Next morning is ringing with birds that are singing,

On each green, tender bough.

With what content and merriment

Their days are spent, whose minds are bent To follow the useful plough!

AMOREMOUS.

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a force

.....



Above her, as she steals the mystery from thy keeping.

Thou art to me like my beloved maiden, So frankly coy, so full of trembly confidences; Thy shadow scarce seems shade; thy pattering leaflets

Sprinkle their gathered aunahine o'er my senses.

And Nature gives me all her summer confidences.

Whether my heart with he ble,
Thou sympathizest still; v I fling me down, thy ripple Flows valleyward where by it

My heart is floated down quiet.

JAM

SONG OF WOOD-LA

Come here, come here, and dwell
In forest deep!
Come here, come here, and tell
Why thou dost weep!
Is it for love (sweet pain!)
That thus thou dar'st complain
Unto our pleasant shades, our summer leaves.
Where nought else grieves?

Come here, come here, and lie
By whispering stream!
Here no one dares to die
For love's sweet dream;
But health all seek, and joy,
And shun perverse annoy,
And race along green paths till close of day,
And laugh—alway!

Or else, through half the year,
On rushy floor,
We lie by waters clear,
While sky-larks pour
Their songs into the sun!
And when bright day is done,
We hide 'neath bells of flowers or nodding
corn

And dream--till morn!

BARRY CORNWALL

SUMMER WOODS.

Come ye into the summer woods;
There entereth no annoy;
All greenly wave the chestnut leaves
And the earth is full of joy.

I cannot tell you half the sights
Of beauty you may see,
The bursts of golden sunshine,
And many a shady tree.

There, lightly swung, in bowery glad.

The honey-suckles twine;

There blooms the rose-red campion,

And the dark-blue columbine.

There grows the four-leaved plant, love,"

In some dusk woodland spot:

In some dusk woodland spot; There grows the enchanter's night-sh And the wood forget-me-not.

And many a merry bird is there, Unscared by lawless men; The blue-winged jay, the woodpecker And the golden-crested wren.

Come down, and ye shall see them d
The timid and the bold;
For their sweet life of pleasantness,
It is not to be told.

And far within that summer wood, Among the leaves so green, There flows a little gurgling brook, The brightest e'er was seen.

There come the little gentle birds.

Without a fear of ill;

Down to the murmuring water's edge

And freely drink their fill!

And dash about and splash about, The merry little things; And look askance with bright black and flirt their dripping wings.

I've seen the freakish squirrels dop Down from their leafy tree, The little squirrels with the old,— Great joy it was to me!







. .

And down unto the running brook,

I've seen them nimbly go;

And the bright water seemed to speak

A welcome kind and low,

The nodding plants they bowed their heads
As if in heartsome cheer:
They spake unto these little things,
"'T is merry living here!"

Oh, how my heart ran o'er with joy!
I saw that all was good,
And how we might glean up delight
All round us, if we would!

And many a wood-mouse dwelleth there,
Beneath the old wood shade,
And all day long has work to do,
Nor is of aught afraid.

The green shoots grow above their heads, And roots so fresh and fine Beneath their feet; nor is there strife 'Mong them for mine and thine.

There is enough for every one,
And they lovingly agree;
We might learn a lesson, all of us,
Beneath the green-wood tree.

MARY HOWITT.

WILLOW SONG.

Willow! in thy breezy moan
I can hear a deeper tone;
Through thy leaves come whispering low
Faint sweet sounds of long ago—
Willow, sighing willow!

Many a mournful tale of old
Heart-sick Love to thee hath told,
Gathering from thy golden bough
Leaves to cool his burning brow—
Willow, sighing willow!

Many a swan-like song to thee
Hath been sung, thou gentle tree;
Many a lute its last lament
Down thy moonlight stream hath sent—
Willow, sighing willow!

Therefore, wave and murmur on,
Sigh for sweet affections gone,
And for tuneful voices fled,
And for Love, whose heart hath bled—
Ever, willow, willow!
Felicia Dorothea Hemare.

THE BELFRY PIGEON.

On the cross-beam under the Old South bell The nest of a pigeon is builded well. In summer and winter that bird is there, Out and in with the morning air; I love to see him track the street, With his wary eye and active feet; And I often watch him as he springs, Circling the steeple with easy wings, Till across the dial his shade has passed, And the belfry edge is gained at last; 'T is a bird I love, with its brooding note, And the trembling throb in its mottled throat; There's a human look in its swelling breast, And the gentle curve of its lowly crest; And I often stop with the fear I feel— He runs so close to the rapid wheel.

Whatever is rung on that noisy bell—Chime of the hour, or funeral knell—The dove in the belfry must hear it well. When the tongue swings out to the midnight moon,

When the sexton cheerly rings for noon, When the clock strikes clear at morning light,

When the child is waked with "nine at night,"

When the chimes play soft in the Sabbath air, Filling the spirit with tones of prayer,—
Whatever tale in the bell is heard,
He broods on his folded feet unstirred,
Or, rising half in his rounded nest,
He takes the time to smooth his breast,
Then drops again, with filmed eyes,
And sleeps as the last vibration dies.

Sweet bird! I would that I could be A hermit in the crowd like thee!
With wings to fly to wood and glen,
Thy lot, like mine, is cast with men;
And daily, with unwilling feet,
I tread, like thee, the crowded street,
But, unlike me, when day is o'er,

Thou canst dismiss the world, and soar; Or, at a half-felt wish for rest, Canst smooth the feathers on thy breast, And drop, forgetful, to thy nest.

I would that, in such wings of gold,
I could my weary heart upfold;
I would I could look down unmoved
(Unloving as I am unloved),
And while the world throngs on beneath,
Smooth down my cares and calmly breathe;
And never sad with others' sadness,
And never glad with others' gladness,
Listen, unstirred, to knell or chime,
And, lapped in quiet, bide my time.
NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

TO MY NOBLE FRIEND MR. CHARLES COTTON.
ODE.

O THOU, that swing'st upon the waving ear
Of some well-filled oaten beard,
Drunk every night with a delicious tear
Dropped thee from heaven, where now
thou'rt reared;

The joys of air and earth are thine entire,

That with thy feet and wings dost hop and
fly;

And when thy poppy works, thou dost retire To thy carved acorn-bed to lie.

Up with the day, the sun thou welcom'st then; Sport'st in the gilt plats of his beams, And all these merry days mak'st merry men, Thyself, and melancholy streams.

But ah! the sickle! golden ears are cropt; Ceres and Bacchus bid good-night; Sharp frosty fingers all your flowers have topt, And what scythes spared, winds shave off quite.

Poor verdant fool! and now green ice, thy joys

Large and as lasting as thy perch of grass, Bid us lay in 'gainst winter ram, and poise Their floods with an o'erflowing glass.

Thou best of men and friends! we will create A genuine summer in each other's breast; And spite of this cold time and Thaw us a warm seat to our 1

Our sacred hearths shall burn et As vestal flames; the north v Shall strike his frost-stretched v and fly This Ætna in epitome.

Dropping December shall come Bewail th' usurping of his rei But when in showers of old Gre Shall cry he hath his crown

Night as clear Hesper shall our From the light casements who And the dark hag from her black And stick there everlasting d

Thus richer than untempted kir That asking nothing, nothing Though lord of all what seas em That wants himself, is poor in RICH.

THE GRASSHOPPI

HAPPY insect, what can be In happiness compared to the Fed with nourishment divine. The dewy morning's gentle w Nature waits upon thee still, And thy verdant cup does fill 'T is filled wherever thou dost Nature self 's thy Ganymede. Thou dost drink, and dance, a Happier than the happiest kin All the fields which thou dost All the plants belong to thee; All the summer hours produc Fertile made with early juice. Man for thee does sow and pl Farmer he, and landlord thou Thou dost innocently enjoy; Nor does thy luxury destroy. The shepherd gladly heareth More harmonious than he. Thee country hinds with glad Prophet of the ripened year! Thee Phœbus loves, and does Phæbus is himself thy sire.

To thee, of all things upon earth,
Life is no longer than thy mirth.
Happy insect! happy thou,
Dost neither age nor winter know;
But when thou'st drunk, and danced, and sung

Thy fill, the flowery leaves among, 'Voluptuous and wise withal, Epicurean animal!)
Sated with thy summer feast,
Thou retir'st to endlest rest.

ANAOREON. (Greek.)

franslation of Abraham Cowley.

A SOLILOQUY.

OCCASIONED BY THE CHIRPING OF A GRASSHOPPER.

Happy insect! ever blest
With a more than mortal rest,
Rosy dews the leaves among,
Humble joys, and gentle song!
Wretched poet! ever curst
With a life of lives the worst,
Sal despondence, restless fears,
Endiess jealousies and tears.

In the burning summer thou Warblest on the verdant bough, Meditating cheerful play, Mindless of the piercing ray; Scorched in Cupid's fervors, I Ever weep and ever die.

Proud to gratify thy will,
Ready Nature waits thee still;
Balmy wines to thee she pours,
Weeping through the dewy flowers,
Rich as those by Hebe given
To the thirsty sons of heaven.

Yet alas, we both agree.

Miserable thou like me!

Each, alike, in youth rehearses

Gentle strains and tender verses;

Ever wandering far from home,

Mindless of the days to come

(Such as aged Winter brings

Trembling on his icy wings),

Both alike at last we die;

Thou art starved, and so am I!

WALTER HARTE.

ON THE GRASSHOPPER.

HAPPY songster, perched above, On the summit of the grove, Whom a dewdrop cheers to sing With the freedom of a king; From thy perch survey the fields, Where prolific Nature yields Nought that, willingly as she, Man surrenders not to thee. For hostility or hate None thy pleasures can create. Thee it satisfies to sing Sweetly the return of Spring; Herald of the genial hours, Harming neither herbs nor flowers. Therefore man thy voice attends Gladly—thou and he are friends; Nor thy never-ceasing strains Phœbus or the Muse disdains As too simple or too long, For themselves inspire the song. Earth-born, bloodless, undecaying, Ever singing, sporting, playing, What has nature else to show Godlike in its kind as thou?

ANAGREON. (Grek.)

Translation of WILLIAM COWPER.

ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET.

The poetry of earth is never dead:
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown
mead.

That is the grasshopper's—he takes the lead In summer luxury,—he has never done With his delights; for, when tired out with fun,

He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
The poetry of earth is ceasing never.

On a lone winter evening, when the frost Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills

The Oricket's song, in warmth increasing ever. And seems, to one in drowsiness half lost, The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

JOHN KBATS

THE GRASSHOPPER AND ORIUKET.

Green little vaulter in the sunny grass, Catching your heart up at the feel of June— Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon When even the bees lag at the summoning brase:

And you, warm little housekeeper, who class With these who think the candles come too soon,

Loving the fire, and with your Mick the glad silent moments

O sweet and tany cousins, that
One to the fields, the other to
Both have your sunshine, but
are strong
At your clear hearts; and I
to earth
To sing in thoughtful cars this
In doors and out, summer and

TO THE HUMBLE-BEE.

Bum r, dozing humble-bee!
Where thou art is clime for me;
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats through seas to seek —
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid zone!
Zig-zag steerer, desert cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lines;
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines.

Insect lover of the sun,
Joy of thy dominion!
Sailor of the atmosphere;
Swimmer through the waves of air.
Voyager of light and noon,
Epicurean of June!
Wait, I prithee, till I come
Within earshot of thy hum,—
All without is martyrdom,

When the south wind, in May days, With a net of shining haze Silvers the horizon wall; And, with softness touching all, Tints the human countenance
With the color of romance;
And infusing subtle heats
Turns the sod to violeta,—
Thou in sunny solitudes,
Rover of the underwoods,
The green silence dost displace
With thy mellow breezy bass.

Hot Midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone
Tells of countless sunny hours,
Long days, and solid banks of flower
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound,
In Indian wildernesses found;
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean
Hath my insect never seen;
But violets, and bilberry bella,
Maple sap, and daffodels,
Grass with green fiag half-mast high
Succery to match the sky,
Columbine with horn of honey,
Scented fern, and agrimony,
Clover, catchfly, adder's-tongue,
And brier-roses, dwelt among:
All beside was unknown waste,
All was picture as he passed.
Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breeched philosopher,
Seeing only what is fair,

Sipping only what is sweet, Thou dost mock at fate and care,

Leave the chaff and take the whea When the fierce north-western blast Cools sea and land so far and fast.— Thou already slumberest deep; Woe and want thou canst outsleep; Want and woe, which torture us, Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

RALPH WALSO BRESS

THE

FROM fruitful beds and Parcelled to wasteful? Where state grasps me And wholesome ner



THE BEE.

'ild woods I will be gone, coarse meals of great Saint John.

oth and piety are missed, the rulers and the priest; ty is not cold but dead, rich eat the poor like bread; ctious heads, with open coile se, first make, then share the spoile; b then Elias goes, he desert grows the rose.

urystal fountaines and fresh shades, to proud look invades, worldling hunts away retirer all the day! appy, harmless solitude! stuary from the rude raful world: the calm recess and hope, and holiness! nething still like Eden looks; woods, juleps in brooks; vers, whose rich, unrifled sweets haste kiss the cool dew greets, ne toils of the day are done, tired world sets with the sun. ing winds and flowing wells wise, watchful hermit's bells 1-sie murmurs all the night e or prayer do invite; h an awful sound arrest, usly employ his breast.

ol, fresh spirits the air brush.
straight get up; flewers peep and
end;
hisper praise, and bow the head;
om the shades of night released,
und about, then quit the nest,
th united gladness sing
ry of the morning's King.
mit hears, and with meek voice
is own up, and their, joyes;
nys that all the world might be
ith as sweet an unity.

: the East the dawn doth blush,

n storms the day invade, ick about him to the shade, wisely they expect the end, the tempest time to spend; And hard by shelters on some bough Hilarion's servant, the sage crow.

Oh, purer years of light and grace!
Great is the difference, as the space,
'Twixt you and us, who blindly run
After false fires, and leave the sun.
Is not fair nature of herself
Much richer than dull paint and pelf?
And are not streams at the spring head
More sweet than in carved stone or lead?
But fancy and some artist's tools
Frame a religion for fools.

The truth, which once was plainly taught,
With thorns and briars now is fraught.
Some part is with bold fable spotted,
Some by strange comments wildly blotted;
And discord, old corruption's crest,
With blood and shame have stained the rest.
So snow, which in its first descents
A whiteness like pure heaven presents,
When touched by man is quickly soiled,
And after trodden down and spoiled.

Oh, lead me where I may be free,
In truth and spirit to serve Thee!
Where undisturbed I may converse
With Thy great Self; and there rehearse
Thy gifts with thanks; and from Thy store,
Who art all blessings, beg much more.
Give me the wisdom of the bee,
And her unwearied industrie!
That, from the wild gourds of these days,
I may extract health, and Thy praise,
Who canst turn darkness into light,
And in my weakness shew Thy might.

Suffer me not in any want
To seek refreshment from a plant
Thou didst not set; since all must be
Plucked up, whose growth is not from Thoe,
T is not the garden and the bowers,
Nor sense and forms, that give to flowers
Their wholesomeness; but Thy good will,
Which truth and pureness purchase still.

Then since corrupt man hath driven hence.
Thy kind and saving influence,
And balm is no more to be had
In all the coasts of Gilead;

Go with me to the shade and cell,
Where Thy best servants ence did dwell.
There let me know Thy will, and see
Exiled religion owned by Thee;
For Thou caust turn dark grots to halls,
And make hills blossome like the vales,
Decking their untilled heads with flowers,
And fresh delights for all sad hours;
Till from them, like a laden bee,
I may fly home, and hive with Thee.

HENEY VARORAN,

THE FLY.

OCCASIONED BY A FLY DRINKING OUT ATTHOR'S CUP.

Bosy, curious, thirsty fly!
Drink with me, and drink as II
Free y welcome to my cup,
Couldst thou slp and sip it up:
Make the most of life you may;
Life is short and wears away!

Both alike, both mine and thine,
Historique's to their decline!
Thine's a summer; mine no more,
Though repeated to threescore!
Threescore summers, when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one!

VINCEST BOURNE.

THE SPICE TREE.

The Space-Tree lives in the garden green; Beside it the fountain flows; And a fair bird sits the boughs between. And sings his melodious woes.

No greener garden e'er was known Within the bounds of an earthly king; No lovelier skies have ever shone Than those that illumine its constant Spring.

That coil-bound stem has branches three, On each a thousand blossoms grow; And, old as aught of time can be, The root stands fast in the rocks below.

In the sprey shade ne'er seems to tire. The fount that builds a silvery dome; And flakes of purple and ruby fire. Bush out, and sparkle amid the foam.

The fair white bird of flaming crest,
And azure wings bedropt with gold,
Ne'er has he known a pause of rest,
But sings the lament that he framed of old?

"O Princess bright! how long the night
Since thou art sunk in the waters clear!
How sadly they flow from the depth belowHow long must I sing and thou wilt a
hear?

sters play, and the flowers are gay, skies are sunny above; that all could fade and fall, oo, cease to mourn my love.

may a year, so wakeful and drear, surrowed and watched, beloved, as a comes no breath from the chamber eath, to lifeless fount gushes under the tree.

The skies grow dark, and they glare with red;

The tree shakes off its spicy bloom; The waves of the fount in a black pool spread; And in thunder tounds the garden's doom.

Down springs the bird with a long shrill cry, Into the sable and angry flood; And the face of the pool, as he falls from high,

Curdles in circling stains of blood.

But sudden again upswells the fount; Higher and higher the waters flow— In a glittering diamond arch they mount, And round it the colors of morning glow.

Finer and finer the watery mound Softens and melts to a thin-spun veil, And tones of music circle around, And bear to the stars the fountain's tale.

And swift the eddying Falls in down on the Under the Spice Sits by her low

E ARAB TO THE PALM.

see, O fair gazelle, ree girl, beloved so well;

stness shall bear me again to thee;

both, I love the Palm,
 leaves of beauty, his fruit of balm;

both, I love the tree stering shadow wraps us three t, and silence, and mystery!

is many, our poets vie under the Arab sky; can sing of the Paim but I.

de minarets that begen tadel-diadem o light as his alender stem.

is leaves in the sunbeam's glance, lamens lift their arms in dance—

rous motion, a passionate sign, ge in the cells of the blood like wine.

ession and sorrow is he, where the beloved may be.

a the warm south winds arise, nea his longing in fervid sighs,

ag odors, klases of balm, p in the lap of his chosen palm.

may flame, and the sands may stir, weath of his passion reaches her.

f Love, by that love of thine, how I shall soften mine!

the secret of the sun, the wood is ever won!

a king, O stately Tree, as, glorious as might be, part of my palace I'd build for thee

baft of aliver, burnished bright, us of beryl and malachite; With spikes of golden bloom a-blaze, And fruits of topaz and chrysoprase.

And there the poets, in thy praise, Should night and morning frame new lays-

New measures sung to tunes divine; But none, O Palm, should equal mine!

BATARD TAYLOR.

THE TIGER.

Tioer! Tiger! burning bright, In the forest of the night; What immortal hand or eye Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burned the ardor of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art, Could twist the sinews of thy heart? And when thy heart began to heat, What dread hand forged thy dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain? In what furnace was thy brain? What the anvil! What dread grasp Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars throw down their spears, And watered heaven with their tears, Did he smile his work to see? Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright, In the forest of the night; What immortal hand or eye Daro frame thy fearful symmetry?

WILLIAM BLANK

THE LION'S RIDE.

The lion is the desert's king; through his domain so wide

Right swiftly and right royally this night he means to ride.

By the sedgy brink, where the wild herds drink, close conches the grim chief;

The trembling sycamore above whispers with every leaf.

At evening, on the Table Mount, when ye can see no more

The changeful play of signals gay; when the gloom is speckled o'er

With kram fires, when the Caffre wends home through the ione karroo;

When the boshbok in the thicket sleeps, and by the stream the gnu;

Then bend your gaze across the waste -what see ye? The giraffe,

Majestic, stalks towards the lagoon, bid lymph to quaff;

With outstretched neck and tongue kneels him down to cool

His hot thirst with a welcome drau the foul and brackish pool.

A rustling sout 1 -a roar—a boundsits astride

Upon his giant courser's back. Did (so ride?

Had ever king a steed so rare, caparisons or

To match the dappled skin whereon that rider sits elate?

In the muscles of the neck his teeth are plunged with ravenous greed;

His tawny mane is tossing round the withers of the steed.

Up leaping with a hollow yell of anguish and surprise,

Away, away, in wild dismay, the camel-leopard flies.

His feet have wings; see how he springs across the moonlit plain!

As from their sockets they would burst, his glaring eyeballs strain;

In thick black streams of purling blood, full fast his life is fleeting;

The stillness of the desert hears his heart's turnultuous beating.

Like the cloud that, through the wilderness, the path of Israel traced-

Like an airy phantom, dull and wan, a spirit of the waste-

From the sandy see uprising, as the water spout from ocean,

A whirling cloud of dust keeps pace with a courser's fiery motion.

Croaking companion of their flight, the water whire on high;

Below, the terror of the fold, the panta

And hyense foul, round graves that profoin in the horrid race;

foot-prints wet with gore and ewen

th fear, the while laws of steel he tears piecemeal which's painted pile.

I no pause, no rest, giraffe, while is a strength remain!

ed by such a rider backed, may makings in vain.

Recling upon the desert's verge, he falls, and breathes his last;

The courser, stained with dust and foain, if the rider's fell repast.

O'er Madagascar, eastward far, a faint flush is descried.—

Thus nightly, o'er his broad domain, the kim of beasts doth ride.

FERDINAND FREILIGEATE, (German.)
Anonymous translation.

THE LION AND GIRAFFE.

Worldst thou view the lion's den?
Search afar from haunts of men—
Where the reed-encircled rill
Oozes from the rocky hill,
By its verdure far descried
'Mid the desert brown and wide.

Close beside the sedgy brim,
Couchant, lurks the lion grim;
Watching till the close of day
Brings the death-devoted prey.
Heedless at the ambushed brink
The tall giraffe stoops down to drink;

Jpon him straight, the savage springs With cruel joy. The desert rings With clanging sound of desperate strife— The prey is strong, and he strives for life. Plunging off with frantic bound To shake the tyrant to the ground, He shricks—he rushes through the waste, With glaring eye and headlong haste In vain!—the spoiler on his prize Rides proudly—tearing as he flies. For life—the victim's utmost speed Is mustered in this hour of need. For life—for life—his giant might He strains, and pours his soul in flight; And mad with terror, thirst, and pain, Spurns with wild hoof the thundering plain. T is vain; the thirsty sands are drinking His streaming blood—his strength is sinking; The victor's fangs are in his veins— His flanks are streaked with sunguine stains; His panting breast in foam and gore is bathed—he reels—his race is o'er. He falls—and, with convulsive throe, Resigns his throat to the ravening foe! - And lo! ere quivering life is fled, Ine sultures, wheeling overhead, swoop down, to watch in gaunt array, lill the gorged tyrant quits his prey.

THOMAS PRINGLE.

AFAR IN THE DESERT.

AFAR in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side,
When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,
And, sick of the present, I cling to the past;
When the eye is suffused with regretful tears,
From the fond recollections of former years;
And shadows of things that have long since
fled

Flit over the brain, like the ghosts of the dead:

Bright visions of glory that vanished too soon;

Day-dreams, that departed ere manhood's noon;

Attachments by fate or falsehood reft; Companions of early days lost or left— And my native land—whose magical name Thrills to the heart like electric flame; The home of my childhood; the haunts of my prime;

All the passions and scenes of that rapturou time

When the feelings were young, and the world was new,

Like the fresh bowers of Eden unfolding to view;

All—all now forsaken—forgotten—foregone!

And I—a lone exile remembered of none—

My high aims abandoned,—my good act undone—

Aweary of all that is under the sun—
With that sadness of heart which no strange
may scan,

I fly to the desert afar from man.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side.
When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life
With its scenes of oppression, corruption, and
strife—

The proud man's frown, and the base man' fear—

The scorner's laugh, and the sufferer's tear—And malice, and meanness, and falsehood and folly,

Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy; When my bosom is full, and my thoughts are high,

And my soul is sick with the bondman sigh—

Oh! then there is freedom, and joy, and pride,

Afar in the desert alone to ride!

There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,

And to bound away with the eagle's speed, With the death-fraught firelock in my hand—The only law of the Desert Land!

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side.
Away—away from the dwellings of men,
By the wild deer's haunt, by the buffolo's glen
By valleys remote where the oribi plays,
Where the gazelle, and the harte

d recline

Where the elephant browses at peace in his wood,

And the river-horse gambols unscared in the flood,

And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will In the fen where the wild ass is drinking his fill.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bash-boy alone by my side.
O'er the brown karroo, where the identing

Of the springbok's fawn sounds plated And the timorous quagga's shrill neigh

Is heard by the fountain at twilight Where the zebra wantonly tosses h With wild hoof scouring the desols. And the fleet-footed ostrich over the Speeds like a horseman who trave. Hiering away to the home of her re Where she and her mate have soonest.

Far hid from the pitiless plunderer's view In the pathless depths of the parched karroo.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side.
Away—away— in the wilderness vast
Where the white man's foot hath never
passed,

And the quivered Coranna or Bechuan
Hath rarely crossed with his roving clan:
A region of emptiness, howling and drear,
Which man hath abandoned from famme and
fear:

Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone, With the twilight bat from the yawning stone;

Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes root, Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot; And the bitter-melon, for food and drink, Is the pilgrim's fare by the salt-lake's brink; A region of drought, where no river glides, Nor ripping brook with osiered sides; Where sedgy pool, nor bubbling fount, Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount, Appears, to refresh the aching eye; But the barren earth and the burning sky, And the blank horizon, round and round, Spread—void of living eight or sound.

And here, while the night-winds round and high,

And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,

As I sit apart by the desert stone

As I sit apart by the desert stone,
Like Elijah at Horeb's cave, alone,
"A still small voice" comes through the wall
(Like a father consoling his fretful child),
Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear;
Saying—Man is distant, but God is pear!

Тиомав Ризиций

THE BLOOD HORSE.

ma is a dainty steed,
, black, and of a noble breed,
'fire, and full of bone,
Il his line of fathers known;
is nose, his nostrils thin,
own abroad by the pride with in!

And his eyes like a river flowing.

And his eyes like embers glowing
In the darkness of the night,

And his pace as swift as light.

Look—how 'round his straining throat
Grace and shifting beauty float;
Sinewy strength is in his reins.
And the red blood gallops through his veins
Richer, redder, never ran
Through the boasting heart of man.
He can trace his lineage higher
Than the Bourbon dare aspire,—
Douglas, Guzman, or the Guelph,
Or O'Brien's blood itself!

Here, upon a red March morn;
But his famous fathers dead
Were Arabs all, and Arab bred,
And the last of that great line
Trod like one of a race divine!
And yet,—he was but friend to one,
Who fed him at the set of sun,
By some lone fountain fringed with green:
With him, a roving Bedouin,
He lived (none else would he obey
Through all the hot Arabian day),—



SUMMER RAIN.

d untained upon the sands

Salkh amidst the desert stands!

BARRY CORNWALL

CATION TO RAIN IN SUMMER.

true, gentle summer rain,
. not the silver lily pine,
trooping lily pine in vain
feel that dewy touch of thine—
ink thy freshness once again,
ttle, gentle summer rain!

at the landscape quivering lies; e cattle pant beneath the tree; agh parching air and purple skies e earth looks up, in vain, for thee; hee—for thee, it looks in vain, atle, gentle summer rain!

, thou, and brim the meadow streams, d soften all the hills with mist, ing dew! from burning dreams thee shall herb and flower be kissed; Earth shall bless thee yet again, atle, gentle summer rain!

W. C. BREEFE.

RAIN ON THE ROOF.

nex the humid shadows hover
)ver all the starry spheres,
d the melancholy darkness
Jently weeps in rainy tears,
s a joy to press the pillow
)f a cottage chamber bed,
d to listen to the patter
)f the soft rain overhead.

ery tinkle on the shingles
Has an echo in the heart;
d a thousand dreamy fancies
Into busy being start,
d a thousand recollections
Weave their bright rays into woof,
I listen to the patter
If the rain upon the roof.

Now in fancy comes my mother
As she used to, years agone,
To survey her darling dreamers,
Ere she left them till the dawn.
Oh! I see her bending o'er me,
As I list to this refrain
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.

Then my little scraph sister,
With her wings and waving hair,
And her bright-eyed cherub brother—
A screne, angelic pair—
Glide around my wakeful pillow
With their praise or mild reproof,
As I listen to the murmur
Of the soft rain on the roof.

And another comes to thrill me
With her eyes, delicious blue,
And forget I, gazing on her,
That her heart was all untrue!
I remember but to love her
With a rapture kin to pain,
And my heart's quick pulses vibrate
To the patter of the rain.

There is nought in Art's bravuras

That can work with such a spell
In the spirit's pure, deep fountains,
Whence the holy passions well,
As that melody of Nature,
That subdued, subduing strain
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.

THE CLOED

I man fresh showers for the thirsting flowers.

From the sees and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid

in their noon-day dreams.

From my wings are shaken the dews that

waken

The sweet birds every one,

When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,

As she dances about the sun.

I wield the flail of the lashing hail,

And whiten the green plains under;

And then again I dissolve it in rain; And laugh as I pass in thunder.

And all the might, 't is my pillow white,

While I sleep in the arms of the blast.

Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers Lightning, my pilot, sits;

In a cavern under, is fettered the thunder; It struggles and howls at fits,

Over earth and ocean, with gentle m This polot is guiding me,

Lured by the love of the genii that n
In the depths of the purple sea;

Over the rills, and the crags, and the Over the lakes and the plains.

Wherever he dream, under mon stream,

The spirit ho loves, remains;

And I all the while bask in heav
smile,

Whilst he is dissolving in rains,

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes, And his burning plumes outspread, Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,

When the morning star shines dead.

As, on the jag of a mountain crag Which an earthquake rocks and swings,

An eagle, alit, one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings;

And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath.

Its ardors of rest and of love,

And the crimson pall of eve may fall

From the depth of heaven above,

With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest,

As still as a brooding dove.

That orbed maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor
By the midnight breezes strewn;

And, wherever the best of her unseen feet, Which only the angels hear,

May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,

The stars peep behind her and peer; And I laugh to see them whirl and flee, Like a swarm of golden bees.

When I widen the rent in my wind-built ten

Till the calm river, lakes, and seas,

Like strips of the sky fallen through me chigh,

Are each paved with the muon and the

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone.

And the moon's with a girdle of pearl.

The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reci

swim,
ten the whirlwinds my banner unfine
tpe to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
or a torrent sea,
a proof, I hang like a roof,
a mountains its columns be.
taphal arch, through which I march
th hurricane, fire, and snow,
he powers of the air are chained to
my chair,
he million-colored bow;

while the moist earth was laughing be

I am the daughter of the earth and water,
And the nurseling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and

shores;
I change, but I cannot die.

For after the rain, when, with never a stain, The pavilion of heaven is bare,

And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,

Build up the blue dome of air—
I silently laugh at my own cenetaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,

Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,

I rise and upbuild it again.

PERCY BYSSUS SERLLY:.

DRINKING.

The thirsty earth soaks up the rain, And drinks, and gapes for drink again; The plants suck in the earth, and are, With constant drinking, fresh and fair; The sea itself (which one would think Should have but little need to drink), Drinks twice ten thousand rivers up, So filled that they o'erflow the cup. The busy sun (and one would guess By 's drunken flery face no less), Drinks up the sea, and, when he 'as done, The moon and stars drink up the sun: They drink and dance by their own light; They drink and revel all the night. Nothing in nature's sober found, But an eternal "health" goes round. Fill up the bowl then, fill it high— Fill all the glasses there; for why Should every creature drink but I; Why, man of morals, tell me why?

Anagreon. (Greek.)

Translation of ABRAHAN COWLEY.

THE MIDGES DANCE ABOON THE BURN.

THE midges dance aboon the burn;
The dews begin to fa';
The pairtricks down the rushy holm
Set up their e'ening ca'.
Now loud and clear the blackbird's sang
Rings through the briery shaw,
While flitting gay, the swallows play
Around the castle wa'.

Beneath the golden gloamin's ky
The mavis mends her lay;
The red-breast pours his sweetest strains,
To charm the ling'ring day;
While weary yeldrins seem to wail
Their little nestlings torn,
The merry wren, frae den to den,
Gaes jinking through the thorn.

The roses fauld their silken leaves,
The foxglove shuts its bell;
The honey-suckle and the birk
Spread fragrance through the dell.
Let others crowd the giddy court
Of mirth and revelry,
The simple joys that Nature yields
Are dearer far to me.

ROBERT TANNAHILL

SONG OF THE SUMMER WINDS.

Up the dale and down the bourne, O'er the meadow swift we fly; Now we sing, and now we mourn, Now we whistle, now we sigh.

By the grassy-fringed river,

Through the murmuring reeds we sweep.

Mid the lily-leaves we quiver,

To their very hearts we creep.

Now the maiden rose is blushing
At the frolic things we say,
While aside her cheek we're rushing,
Like some truant bees at play.

Through the blooming groves we rustle,
Kissing every bud we pass,—
As we did it in the bustle,
Scarcely knowing how it was.

Down the glen, across the mountain, O'er the yellow heath we roam, Whirling round about the fountain, Till its little breakers foam.

Bending down the weeping willows,
While our vesper hymn we sigh;
Then unto our rosy pillows
On our weary wings we hie.

There of idlenesses dreaming,
Scarce from waking we refrain,
Moments long as ages deeming
Till we're at our play again.

GEORGE DANLES

THE WANDERING WIND.

THE Wind, the wandering Wind
Of the golden summer eves—
Whence is the thrilling magic
Of its tones amongst the leaves?
Oh! is it from the waters,
Or, from the long tall grass?
Or is it from the hollow rocks
Through which its breathings pass?

Or is it from the voices
Of all in one combined.
That it wins the tone of mastery?
The Wind, the wandering Wind!
No, no! the strange, sweet accents
That with it come and go,
They are not from the osiers,
Nor the fir-trees whispering low.

They are not of the waters,

Nor of the caveracd hill:

T is the human love within the

That gives them power to thril

They touch the links of memory

Around our spirits twined,

And we start, and weep, and tr

To the Win I, the wandering

Frizma Dobothma

ODE TO THE WEST WIND

Τ.

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,

Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead

Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing-

Yellow, and black, and pale, and heetic red. Pestilence-stricken multitudes! O thou, Who chariotest to their dark, wintry bed The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low.

Each like a corpse within its grave, until Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow

Her ciarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill (Driving sweet buds, like flocks, to feed in air)

With living frues and odors, plain and hill.

Wild spirit, which art moving everywhere. Destroyer and preserver; hear, O hear!

П.

Thou, on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,

Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed.

Shook from the tangled boughs of heaven an ocean.

Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread On blue surface of thine airy surge, Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Manad, even from the dis

Of the horizon to the zenith's height, The locks of the approaching storm. The

lirge

tying year, to which this closing night the dome of a vast sephulchro with all thy congregated might

es; from whose solid atmosphere ain, and fire, and hail, will burst: hear!

ш.

ho didst waken from his some

The blue Mediterranean, where he lay, Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams, Beside a pumice isle in Baiæ's bay, And saw in sleep old palaces and towers, Quivering within the waves' intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers So sweet the sense faints picturing them Thou

For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while, far be low,

The sea-blooms, and the oozy woods which wear

The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear And tremble and despoil themselves: (hear!

ıv.

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;——
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;—
A wave to pant beneath thy power and share
The impulse of thy strength—only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed
Scarce seemed a vision, I would ne'er have
striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.

Oh! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!

I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed

One too like thee—tameless, and swift, and proud.

V.

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is. What if my leaves are falling like its own! The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both adeep autumnal tone— Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, spirit fierce,

My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe, Like withered leaves, to quicken a new birth; And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind! Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O wind, If winter comes, can spring be far behind?

PRECY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

THE SEA.

The sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

.'m or the sea! I'm on the sea!

I am where I would ever be;

With the blue above, and the blue below,

And silence wheresoe'er I go;

If a storm should come and awake the deep,

What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, oh how I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the sou'west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
And a mother she was, and is, to me;
For I was born on the open sea!

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the ocean-child!

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers, a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend, and power to range,
But never have sought nor sighed for change;
And Death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wild, unbounded sea!

BARRY CORNWALL

THE STORMY PETREL.

A THOUSAND miles from land are we,
Tossing about on the stormy sea—
From billow to bounding billow cast,
Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast.
The sails are scattered abroad like weeds;
The strong masts shake like quivering reeds;
The mighty cables and iron chains;
The hull, which all earthly strength disdains,—
They strain and they crack; and hearts like stone
Their natural, hard, proud strength disown.

Up and down!—up and down!
From the base of the wave to the billow's crown,
And amidst the flashing and feathery foam,

The stormy petrel finds a home

15

A home, if such a place may be
For her who lives on the wide, wide sea,
On the craggy ice, in the frozen air,
And only seeketh her rocky lair
To warm her young, and to teach them to
spring

At once o'er the waves on their stormy wing!

O'er the deep!—o'er the deep!

Where the whale, and the shark, and the sword-fish sleep—

Outflying the blast and the driving rain,

The petrel telleth her tale—in vain;

For the mariner curseth the warning bird

Which bringeth him news of the storm un-

Ah! thus does the prophet of good or ill

Meet hate from the creatures he serveth still;

Yet he ne'er falters—so, petrel, spring

Once more o'er the waves on thy stormy

wing!

heard!

BARRY CORNWALL

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

A wer sheet and a flowing sea—
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast—
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

Oh for a soft and gentle wind!

I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze,
And white waves heaving high—
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free;
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in you horned moon,
And lightning in you cloud;
And hark the music, mariners!
The wind is piping loud—

The wind is piping loud, my boy
The lightning flashing free;
While the hollow oak our palace
Our heritage the sea.

ALLAH CUMP

TWILIGHT.

The twilight is sad and cloudy;
The wind blows wild and free;
And like the wings of sea-birds
Flash the white caps of the sea.

But in the fisherman's cottage
There shines a ruddier light,
And a little face at the window
Peers out into the night;

Close, close it is pressed to the win As if those childish eyes Were looking into the darkness. To see some form arise.

And a woman's waving shadow
Is passing to and fro,
Now rising to the ceiling,
Now bowing and bending low.

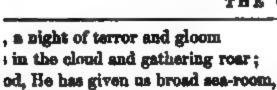
What tale do the roaring ocean
And the night-wind, bleak and v
As they beat at the crazy casement
Tell to that little child?

And why do the roaring ocean,
And the night-wind, wild and bl
As they beat at the heart of the me
Drive the color from her cheek?

HENRY WADSWORTE LONG.

STORM SONG.

The clouds are scudding across the m A misty light is on the sea; The wind in the shrouds has a wintr. And the foam is flying free.



usand miles from shore.

ith the hatches on those who sleep! ild and whistling deck have we; tch, my brothers, to-night we'll keep, the tempest is on the sea!

he rigging shrick in his terrible grip, to naked spars be snapped away, the helm, we'll drive our ship teeth of the whelming spray!

how the surges o'erleap the deck! how the pitiless tempest raves! ght will look upon many a wreck g over the desert waves.

age, brothers! we trust the wave, ied above us, our guiding chart. her to harbor or ocean-grave, all with a cheery heart!

BATARD TAYLOR.

, MOAN, YE DYING GALES.

AX, moan, ye dying gales!
e saddest of your tales
Is not so sad as life;
r have you e'er began
theme so wild as man,
Or with such sorrow rife.

II, fail, thou withered leaf!
Itumn sears not like grief,
Nor kills such levely flowers;
ore terrible the storm,
ore mournful the deform,
When dark misfortune lowers.

ash! hush! thou trembling lyre, lence, ye vocal choir, And thou, mellifluous lute, For man soon breathes his last, And all his hope is past, And all his music mute.

Then, when the gale is sighing,
And when the leaves are dying,
And when the song is o'er,
Oh, let us think of those
Whose lives are lost in ween,
Whose cup of grief runs o'er.

HANRY MURIO.

SEAWEED.

When descends on the Atlantic
The gigantic
Storm-wind of the equinox,
Landward in his wrath he scourges
The toiling surges,
Laden with seaweed from the rocks;

From Bermuda's reefs; from edges
Of sunken ledges
In some far-off, bright Azore;
From Bahama, and the dashing,
Silver-flashing
Surges of San Salvador;

From the tumbling surf that buries

The Orkneyan skerries,

Answering the hoarse Hebrides;

And from wrecks of ships, and drifting

Spars, uplifting

On the desolate, rainy seas;—

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
On the shifting
Currents of the restless main;
Till in sheltered coves, and reaches
Of sandy beaches,
All have found repose again.

So when storms of wild emotion Strike the ocean Of the poet's soul, ere long, From each cave and rocky fastness
In its vastness,
Floats some fragment of a song:

From the far-off isles enchanted

Heaven has planted

With the golden fruit of truth;

From the flashing surf, whose vision

Gleams elysian

In the tropic clime of Youth;

From the strong will, and the endeavor
That for ever
Wrestles with the tides of fate;
From the wreck of hopes far-scattered,
Tempest-shattered,
Floating waste and desolate;—

On the shifting
On the shifting
Currents of the restless heart;
Till at length in books recorded,
They, like hoarded
Household words, no more depart.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

GULF-WEED.

A weary weed, tossed to and fro,
Drearily drenched in the ocean brine,
Soaring high and sinking low,
Lashed along without will of mine;
Sport of the spoom of the surging sea;
Flung on the foam, afar and anear,
Mark my manifold mystery,—
Growth and grace in their place appear.

I bear round berries, gray and red,
Rootless and rover though I be;
My spangled leaves, when nicely spread,
Arboresce as a trunkless tree;
Corals curious coat me o'er,
White and hard in apt array;
'Mid the wild waves' rude uproar,
Gracefully grow I, night and day.

Hearts there are on the sounding s
Something whispers soft to me,
Restless and roaming for evermore
Like this weary weed of the sea
Bear they yet on each beating brea
The eternal type of the wondrous
Growth unfolding amidst unrest,
Grace informing with silent soul
Cornelius Grores 1

THE SEA-IN CALM.

Look what immortal floods the sunse Upon us—Mark! how still (as the dreams

Bound) the once wild and terribl seems!

How silent are the winds! no billow
But all is tranquil as Elysian shores.
The silver margin which are runneth
The moon-enchanted sea, hath here no
Even Echo speaks not on these radian
What! is the giant of the ocean dead
Whose strength was all unmatched
the sun?

No: he reposes! Now his toils are More quiet than the babbling brooks So mightiest powers by deepest calms And sleep, how oft, in things that gen

BARRY Co

THE LITTLE BEACH-BIR

I.

Thou little bird, thou dweller by the
Why takest thou its melancholy vo
And with that boding cry
O'er the waves dost thou fly?
Oh! rather, bird, with me
Through the fair land rejoice!

п.

Thy flitting form comes ghostly dim at As driven by a beating storm at so Thy cry is weak and scared,
As if thy mates had shared
The doom of us. Thy wail—
What does it bring to me?



HAMPTON BEACH.

IIL.

along the sand, and hannt'st the

ed sad; as if, in strange accord a motion and the roar a that drive to shore, d ye urge ry—the Word.

IV.

thou both sepulchre and pall,
art! A requiem o'er the dead
thy gloomy cells
f mourning tells—
s wee and fail,
glory fled.

V.

ee, little bird, and take thy flight a complaining sea shall sadness

it never more.
uit with me the shore, and the light
Is of summer sing.

RICHARD HENRY DANA.

E CORAL GROVE.

wave is a coral grove, urple mullet and gold-fish rove; sea-flower spreads its leaves of

t and changeful beauty shine the green and glassy brine. of sand, like the mountain drift, rl-shells spangle the flinty snow; ocks the sea-plants lift s, where the tides and billows

calm and still below, is and waves are absent there, ids are bright as the stars that

gless fields of upper air.

There, with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush, like a banner bathed in slaughter.
There, with a light and easy motion,
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear, deep
sea:

And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea.
And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe, when the wrathful spirit of storms
Has made the top of the wave his own.
And when the ship from his fury flies,
Where the myriad voices of ocean roar,
When the wind-god frowns in the murky
skies,

And demons are waiting the wreck on shore; Then, far below, in the peaceful sea, The purple mullet and gold-fish rove Where the waters murmur tranquilly, Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

JAMES GATES PRECIVAL

HAMPTON BEACH.

Tax sunlight glitters keen and bright,
Where, miles away,
Lies stretching to my dazzled sight
A luminous belt, a misty light,
Beyond the dark pine bluffs and wastes of
sandy gray.

The tremulous shadow of the sea!

Against its ground

Of silvery light, rock, hill, and tree,

Still as a picture, clear and free,

With varying outline mark the coast for

miles around.

On—on—we tread with loose-flung rein
Our seaward way,
Through dark-green fields and blossoming
grain,

Where the wild brier-rose skirts the lane, And bends above our heads the floweringlocust spray. Ha! like a kind hand on my brow
Comes this fresh breeze,
Cooling its dull and feverish glow,
While through my being seems to flow
The breath of a new life—the healing of the seas!

Now rest we, where this grassy mound

His feet hath set
In the great waters, which have bound
His granite ankles greenly round
With long and tangled moss, and weeds with
cool spray wet.

Good-bye to pain and care! I take
Mine ease to-day;
Here, where these sunny waters break,
And ripples this keen breeze, I shake
All burdens from the heart, all weary
thoughts away.

I draw a freer breath; I seem

Like all I see—

Waves in the sun—the white-winged gleam
Of sea-birds in the slanting beam—

And far-off sails which flit before the south wind free.

So when Time's veil shall fall asunder,
The soul may know
No fearful change, nor sudden wonder,
Nor sink the weight of mystery under,
But with the upward rise, and with the vastness grow.

And ail we shrink from now may seem

No new revealing—
Familiar as our childhood's stream,
Or pleasant memory of a dream,
The loved and cherished Past upon the new life stealing.

Serene and mild, the untried light

May have its dawning;

And, as in Summer's northern light

The evening and the dawn unite,

The sunset hues of Time blend with the soul's new morning.

I sit alone; in foam and spray
Wave after wave
Breaks on the rocks which, stern an
Beneath like fallen Titans lay,
Or murmurs hoarse and strong through
cleft and cave.

What heed I of the dusty land
And noisy town?
I see the mighty deep expand
From its white line of glimmering at
To where the blue of heaven on bluer
shuts down!

In listless quietude of mind,

I yield to all

The change of cloud and wave and
And passive on the flood reclined,
I wander with the waves, and with th
and fall.

But look, thou dreamer!—wave and
In shadow lie;
The night-wind warns me back once
To where my native hill-tops o'er
Bends like an arch of fire the glowing
sky!

So then, beach, bluff, and wave, far
I bear with me
No token stone nor glittering shelt,
But long and oft shall Memory tell
Of this brief, thoughtful, hour of mu
the sea.

JOHN GREENLEAF WH

TO SENECA LAKE.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake,
The wild swan spreads his snowy sa
And round his breast the ripples breal
As down he bears before the gale

On thy fair bosom, waveless stream,
The dipping paddle echoes far,
And flashes in the moonlight gleam,
And bright reflects the polar ster.



YARROW.

es along thy pebbly shore, we the north-wind, heave their foam I around the dashing oar, e the boatman hies him home.

eet, at set of sun, to view olden mirror spreading wide, the mist of mantling blue round the distant mountain's side.

ight hour, as shines the moon, et of silver spreads below, ift she cuts, at highest noon, clouds, like wreaths of purest snow.

fair bosom, silver lake, could ever sweep the oar, arly birds at morning wake, evening tells us toil is o'er.

JAMES GATHS PERCIVAL.

YARROW UNVISITED.*

tirling castle we had seen

zy Forth unravelled;

d the banks of Clyde and Tay,
th the Tweed had travelled;
en we came to Clovenford,
id my "winsome marrow:"
e'er betide, we'll turn aside,
the brace of Yarrow."

arrow folk, frae Selkirk town, we been buying, selling, k to Yarrow; 't is their own—aiden to her dwelling! row's banks let herons feed, ouch, and rabbits burrow! will downward with the Tweed, m aside to Yarrow.

's Galla Water, Leader Haughs, ing right before us; yborough, where with chiming Tweed twhites sing in chorus;

se various poems, the scene of which is laid upon a of the Tarrow; in particular, the exquisite Hamilton, on page 430 of this volume, begin-

ink ye, bank ye, my bomby, bomby Bride, ink ye, bank ye, my winsome Marrow!" There's pleasant Teviot-dale, a land Made blithe with plough and harrow: Why throw away a needful day To go in search of Yarrow?

"What's Yarrow but a river bare,
That glides the dark hills under?
There are a thousand such elsewhere,
As worthy of your wonder."
Strange words they seemed, of slight and
scorn;

My true-love sighed for sorrow, And looked me in the face, to think I thus could speak of Yarrow!

"Oh, green," said I, " are Yarrow's holms. And sweet is Yarrow flowing!
Fair hange the apple frac the rock,
But we will leave it growing.
O'er hilly path, and open strath,
We'll wander Scotland thorough;
But, though so near, we will not turn
Into the dale of Yarrow.

"Let beeves and homebred kine partake
The sweets of Burn-mill meadow;
The swan on still St. Mary's Lake
Float double, swan and shadow!
We will not see them; will not go
To-day, nor yet to-morrow;
Enough, if in our hearts we know
There's such a place as Yarrow.

"Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown!
It must, or we shall rue it:
We have a vision of our own:
Ah! why should we undo it?
The treasured dreams of times long past,
We'll keep them winsome Marrow!
For when we're there, although 'tis fair,
'T will be another Yarrow!

"If care with freezing years should come,
And wandering seem but folly,—
Should we be loth to stir from home,
And yet be melancholy,—
Should life be dull, and spirits low,
'T will soothe us in our sorrow,
That earth has something yet to show—
The bonny holms of Yarrow!"

WILLIAM WORDSWORTS

YARROW VISITED.

And is this—Yarrow?—This the stream Of which my tancy cherished, So faithfully, a waking dream? An image that hath perished! O that some minstrel's harp were near, To utter notes of gladness, And chase this silence from the air, That fills my heart with sadness!

Yet why?—a silvery cur With uncontrolled mean Nor have these eyes by a Been soothed, in all my a And, through her depths Is visibly delighted; For not a feature of thos Is in the mirror slighted

A blue sky bends o'er Y.
Save where that pearly v
Is round the rising sun dimused—
A tender, hazy brightness;
Mild dawn of promise! that excludes
All profitless dejection;
Though not unwilling here to admit
A pensive recollection.

Where was it that the famous Flower
Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding?
His bed perchance was you smooth mound
On which the herd is feeding;
And haply from this crystal pool,
Now peaceful as the morning,
The water-wraith ascended thrice,
And gave his doleful warning.

Delicious is the lay that sings
The hands of happy lovers—
The path that leads them to the grove,
The leafy grove that covers;
And pity sanctifies the verse
That paints, by strength of sorrow,
The unconquerable strength of love:
Bear witness, rueful Yarrow!

But thou, that didst appear so fair To fond imagination,
Dost rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation.

Meek loveliness is round thee spread-A softness still and holy, The grace of forest charus decayed, And pastoral melancholy.

That region left, the vale unfolds
Rich groves of lofty stature,
With Yarrow winding through the po
Of cultivated nature;
And, rising from those lofty groves.
Behold a ruin hoary!
The shattered front of Newark's town
Renowned in border story.

Fair scenes for childhood's opening he for sportive youth to stray in;
For manhood to enjoy his strength, and age to wear away in!
Fon cottage seems a bower of blins, a covert for protection
If tender thoughts, that nestle there. The brood of chaste affection.

How sweet, on this autumnal day,
The wild-wood fruits to gather,
And on my true love's forehead plant
A crest of blooming heather!
And what if I inwreathed my own!
'T were no offence to reason;
The sober hills thus deck their brows
To meet the wintry season.

I see,—but not by sight alone,
Loved Yarrow, have I won thee;
A ray of fancy still survives,—
Her sunshine plays upon thee!
Thy ever-youthful waters keep
A course of lively pleasure;
And gladsome notes my lips can brea
Accordant to the measure.

The vapors linger round the heights; They melt, and soon must vanish; One hour is theirs, nor more is mine Sad thought, which I would banish But that I know, where'er I go, Thy genuine image, Yarrow.

Will dwell with me, to heighten joy, And cheer my mind in sorrow.

WILLIAM WORDSWC



YARROW.

YARROW REVISITED.

owing situates are a memorial of a day passed Falter Scott and other friends, visiting the banks grow under his guidance—immediately before are from Abbotsford, for Naples,

lant youth, who may have gained,
eks, a "winsome marrow,"
t an infant in the lap
i first I looked on Yarrow;
ore, by Newark's castle-gate—
left without a warder,
looked, listened, and with thee,
t Minstrel of the Border!

houghts ruled wide on that sweet day,
dignity installing
be become, while sere leaves
on the bough, or falling;
exes played, and sunshine gleamed,
orest to embolden;
ed the fiery hues, and shot
sparence through the golden.

by thoughts, the stream flowed on amy agitation; pt in many a crystal pool quiet contemplation. dic and no private care freeborn mind enthralling, de a day of happy hours, happy days recalling.

Fouth appeared, the morn of youth, a freaks of graceful folly,—
comparate moon, her sober eve, night not melancholy;
wesent, future, all appeared armony united,
nests that meet, and some from far, pordial love invited.

os Yarrow, through the woods down the meadow ranging, set us with unaltered face, tgh we were changed and changing—

If, then, some natural shadows spread.
Our inward prospect over,
The soul's deep valley was not slow.
Its brightness to recover.

Eternal blessings on the Muse,
And her divine employment!
The blameless Muse, who trains her sons
For hope and calm enjoyment;
Albeit sickness, lingering yet,
Has o'er their pillow brooded;
And care waylays their steps,—a sprite
Not easily eluded.

For thee, O Scott! compelled to change Green Eildon Hill and Cheviot For warm Vesuvio's vine-clad slopes; And leave thy Tweed and Teviot For mild Sorrento's breezy waves; May classic fancy, linking With native fancy her fresh aid, Preserve thy heart from sinking!

O, while they minister to thee,
Each vying with the other,
May health return to mellow age,
With strength, her venturous brother;
And Tiber, and each brook and rill
Renowned in song and story,
With unimagined beauty shine,
Nor lose one ray of glory!

For thou, upon a hundred streams,
By tales of love and sorrow,
Of faithful love, undaunted truth,
Hast shed the power of Yarrow;
And streams unknown, hills yet unseen,
Wherever they invite thee,
At parent Nature's grateful call
With gladness must requite thee.

A gracious welcome shall be thine—
Such looks of love and honor
As thy own Yarrow gave to me
When first I gazed upon her—
Beheld what I had feared to see,
Unwilling to surrender
Dreams treasured up from early days
The holy and the tender.

And what, for this frail world, were all That mortals do or suffer, Did no responsive harp, no pen, Memorial tribute offer? Yea, what were mighty Nature's self-Her festures, could they win us, Unhelped by the poetic voice That hourly speaks within us?

Nor deem that localized romance Plays false with our affections: Unsanctifies our tears. -made For fanciful dejections. Ah, no' the visions of the pas Sustain the heart in feeling Life as she is,—our changeful With friends and kindred d

Bear w thess, ye, whose thou; In Yarrow's groves were ce Who through the silent portal Of moundering Newark enta And clomb the winding stair to Too tanidly was mounted By the "last Minstrel" (not the last!), Ere he his tale recounted!

Flow on for ever, Yarrow stream! Fulfil thy pensive duty, Well pleased that future bards should chant For simple hearts thy beauty; To dream-light dear while yet unseen, Dear to the common saushine, And dearer still, as now I feel, To memory's shadowy moonshine!

A SONG FOR SEPTEMBER,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTE.

September strews the woodland o'er With many a brilliant color; The world is brighter than before— Why should our hearts be duller? Sorrow and the scarlet leaf, Sad thoughts and sunny weather! Ah me! this glory and this grief Agree not well together.

This is the parting season—this The time when friends are flying; And lovers now, with many a king, Their long farewells are sighing. Why is Earth so gayly drest? This pomp, that Autumn beareth, A funeral seems, where every guest A bridal garment weareth.

Each one of us, perchance, may here, On some blue morn hereafter, Return to view the gaudy year, But not with boyish laughter. We shall then be wrinkled men, Our brows with silver laden, And thou this glen mayet seek again, But nevermore a maiden!

Nature perhaps foresees that Spring Will touch her teeming bosom, And that a few brief months will be The bird, the bee, the blossom: Ah! these forests do not know---Or would less brightly wither-The virgin that adorns them so Will never more come hither!

THOMAS WILLIAM PARSO

ROBIN REDBREAST.

GOOD-BYE, good-bye to Summer! For Summer's nearly done; The garden smiling faintly, Cool breezes in the sun; Our thrushes now are silent, Our swallows flown away,-But Robin's here in coat of brown, And scarlet breast-knot gay. Robin, robin redbreast, O Robin dearl Robin sings so sweetly In the falling of the year.

Bright yellow, red, and orange, The leaves come down in hosts: The trees are Indian princes, But soon they'll turn to ghosts; The leathery pears and apples Hang russet on the bough; It's autumn, autumn, autumn late. "I will soon be winter now.

Robin, robin redbreast,
O Robin dear!
And what will this poor robin do?
For pinching days are near.

The fire-side for the cricket,

The wheat-stack for the mouse,

When trembling night-winds whistle

And moan all round the house.

The frosty ways like iron,

The branches plumed with snow,—

Alas! in winter dead and dark,

Where can poor Robin go?

Robin, robin redbreast,

O Robin dear!

And a crumb of bread for Robin,

His little breast to cheer.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

FIDELITY.

A marking sound the shepherd hears,
A cry as of a dog or fox;
He halts,—and searches with his eyes
Among the scattered rocks;
And now at distance can discern
A stirring in a brake of fern;
And instantly a dog is seen,
Glancing through that covert green.

The dog is not of mountain breed; Its motions, too, are wild and shy— With something, as the shepherd thinks, Unusual in its cry; Nor is there any one in sight All round, in hollow or on height; Nor shout nor whistle strikes his ear. What is the creature doing here? It was a cove, a huge recess, That keeps, till June, December's snow; A lofty precipice in front, A silent tarn below! Far in the bosom of Helvellyn, Remote from public road or dwelling, Pathway, or cultivated land,— From trace of human foot or hand.

There sometimes doth a leaping fish Send through the tarn a lonely cheer; The crags repeat the raven's croak In symphony austere; Thither the rainbow comes, the cloud, And mists that spread the flying shroud; And sunbeams; and the sounding blast, That, if it could, would hurry past; But that enormous barrier holds it fast.

Not free from boding thoughts, awhile
The shepherd stood; then makes his way
O'er rocks and stones, following the dog
As quickly as he may;
Nor far had gone before he found
A human skeleton on the ground.
The appalled discoverer with a sigh
Looks round, to learn the history.

From those abrupt and perilous rocks
The man had fallen, that place of fear!
At length upon the shepherd's mind
It breaks, and all is clear.
He instantly recalled the name,
And who he was, and whence he came;
Remembered, too, the very day
On which the traveller passed this way.

But hear a wonder, for whose sake
This lamentable tale I tell!
A lasting monument of words
This wonder merits well.
The dog, which still was hovering nigh,
Repeating the same timid cry,
This dog had been through three months
space
A dweller in that savage place.

Yes, proof was plain that, since the day
When this ill-fated traveller died,
The dog had watched about the spot,
Or by his master's side.
How nourished here through such long time
He knows who gave that love sublime,
And gave that strength of feeling, great
Above all human estimate!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTIL

TO MEADOWS.

Ye have been fresh and green;
Ye have been filled with flowers;
And ye the walks have been
Where maids have spent their hours.

Ye have beheld where they
With wicker arks did come,
To kiss and bear away
The richer cowslips home;

You've heard them sweetly sing, And seen them in a round; Each virgin, like the Spring, With honeysuckles crowned.

But now we see none hers
Whose silvery feet did tree
And with dishevelled hair
Adorned this smoother ma

Like unthrifts, having spent Your stock, and needy gro You're left here to lament Your poor estates alone.

Rc

THE HUSBANDMA

Earrn, of man the bounteous mother, Feeds him still with corn and wine; He who best would aid a brother, Shares with bun these gifts divine.

Many a power within her bosom, Noiseless, hidden, works beneath; Hence are seed, and leaf, and blossom, Golden ear and clustered wreath.

These to swell with strength and beauty
Is the royal task of man;
Man's a king; his throne is duty,
Since his work on earth began.

Bud and harvest, bloom and vintage— These, like man, are fruits of earth; Stamped in clay, a heavenly mintage, All from dust receive their birth.

Barn and mill, and wine-vat's treasures, Earthly goods for earthly lives— These are Nature's ancient pleasures; These her child from her derives.

What the dream, but vain rebelling,
If from earth we sought to flee?
T is our stored and ample dwelling;
T is from it the skies we see.

Wind and frost, and hour and season, Land and water, sun and shade— Work with these, as bids thy reason, For they work thy toil to aid.

Sow thy seed, and reap in gladness!

Man himself is all a seed;

Hope and hardship, joy and sadness—

Slow the plant to ripeness lead.

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN.

blesom, bright with autumn dew, colored with the heaven's own blue, openest when the quiet light eds the keen and frosty night;

comest not when violets lean wandering brooks and springs unseen dumbines, in purple dressed, y'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged Year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye Look through its fringes to the sky, Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see The hour of death draw near to me, Hope, blossoming within my heart, May look to heaven as I depart.

WILLIAM CULTEN BRYART

CORNFIELDS.

When on the breath of autumn breeze
From pastures dry and brown,
Goes floating like an idle thought
The fair white thistle-down,
Oh then what joy to walk at will
Upon the golden harvest hill!

What joy in dreamy ease to lie
Amid a field new shorn,
And see all round on sun-lit slopes
The piled-up stacks of coru;

And send the fancy wandering o'er All pleasant harvest-fields of yore.

I feel the day—I see the field,
The quivering of the leaves,
And good old Jacob and his house
Binding the yellow sheaves;
And at this very hour I seem
To be with Joseph in his dream.

I see the fields of Bethlehem,
And reapers many a one,
Bending unto their sickles' stroke—
And Boaz looking en;
And Ruth, the Moabite so fair,
Among the gleaners stooping there.

Again I see a little child,
His mother's sole delight,—
God's living gift of love unto
The kind good Shunammite;
To mortal pangs I see him yield,
And the lad bear him from the field.

The sun-bathed quiet of the hills,
The fields of Galilee,
That eighteen hundred years ago
Were full of corn, I see;
And the dear Saviour takes His way
'Mid ripe ears on the Sabbath day.

Oh, golden fields of bending corn,

How beautiful they seem!
The reaper-folk, the piled-up sheaves,

To me are like a dream.
The sunshine and the very air
Seem of old time, and take me there.

MARY HOWITT.

AUTUMN FLOWERS.

Those few pale Autumn flowers,
How beautiful they are!
Than all that went before,
Than all the Summer store,
How lovelier 1ar!

And why?—They are the last!
The last! the last! the last!
Oh! by that little word
How many thoughts are stirred
That whisper of the past!

Pale flowers! pale perishing flowers!
Ye're types of precious things;
Types of those bitter moments,
That flit, like life's enjoyments,
On rapid, rapid wings:

Last hours with parting dear ones
(That Time the fastest spends)
Last tears in silence shed,
Last words half uttered,
Last looks of dying friends.

Who but would fain compress
A life into a day,—
The last day spent with one
Who, ere the morrow's sun,
Must leave us, and for aye?

O precious, precious moments!

Pale flowers! ye re types of those;

The saddest, sweetest, dearest,

Because, like those, the nearest

To an eternal close.

Pale flowers! pale perishing flowers!

I woo your gentle breath—
I leave the Summer rose
For younger, blither brows;
Tell me of change and death!

CAROLINE BOWLES SOUTHEY.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,

Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere.

Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead;

They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.

The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,

And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flow ers that lately sprang and stood

In brighter light, and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?

Alasi they

raves; the gentle

Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.

The rain is falling where they lie; but the cold November rain

Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,

And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;

But on the hill the golden-rod in the wood,

And the yellow sun-flower by autumn beauty stood,

Till fell the frost from the element as falls the plague on to

And the brightness of their st from upland, glade, and

And now, when comes the calstill such days will com

To call the squirrel and the bee winter home;

When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,

And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,

The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,

And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,

The fair meck blossom that grew up and faded by my side.

In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forests cast the leaf,

And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief;

Yet not unsneet it was that one like that young friend of ours,

30 gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

T IS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

Tis the last rose of Summer Left blooming alone; All her levely companions Are faded and gone; No flower of her kindred, No resebud is nigh, To reflect back her blushes, Or give sigh for sigh!

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

THOMAS MOR

THE HUNTER OF THE PRAIRIES

Ay, this is freedom —these pure skies

Were never stained with village smoke;
The fragrant wind, that through them flies
Is breathed from wastes by plough unbro
Here, with my rifle and my steed,
And her who left the world for me,
I plant me where the red deer feed
In the green desert—and am free.

For here the fair savannas know

No barriers in the bloomy grass;

Wherever breeze of heaven may blow,

Or beam of heaven may glauce, I pass.

In pastures, measureless as air.

The bison is my noble game;

The bounding elk, whose antiers tear

The branches, falls before my aim.

Mine are the river-fowl that scream
From the long stripe of waving sedge;
The bear that marks my weapon's gleam
Hides vainly in the forest's edge;
In vain the she-wolf stands at bay;
The brinded catamount, that lies
High in the boughs to watch his prey,
Even in the act of springing dies.

free growth the elm and plane sir huge arms across my way and cumbered with a train , as huge, and old, and gray! the lucid streams, and find in these fresh lawns and shades; ; the flowers that scent the wind ever scythe has swept the glades.

fire, when frost-winds sere

7y herbage of the ground,
3 annual harvest here—

1 ring like the battle's sound,
1 ing flames that sweep the plain,
1 ing flames with flames again,
1 ny door they cower and die.

dim woods, the aged Past
olemnly; and I behold
less Future in the vast
ely river, seaward rolled.
its founts with rain and dew?
ves, I ask, its gliding mass,
the bordering vines whose blue
lusters tempt me as I pass?

these streams—my steed obeys, and bears me through the tide: hese woods—I thread the maze stems, nor ask a guide. day's last glimmer dies ody vale and grassy height; the voice and glad the eyes lcome my return at night.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

ART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

in the Highlands, my heart is not;
in the Highlands a-chasing the;
wild deer, and following the roe,
in the Highlands wherever I go.
the Highlands, farewell to the
h,
ace of valor, the country of worth;
wander, wherever I rove,
the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow;

Farewell to the straths and green valleye below;

Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;

Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,

My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;

Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe, My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go. ROBERT BURNS.

THE HUNTER'S SONG.

Rise! Sleep no more! 'T is a noble morn.
The dews hang thick on the fringed thorn,
And the frost shrinks back, like a beaten
hound,

Under the steaming, steaming ground.
Behold, where the billowy clouds flow by,
And leave us alone in the clear gray sky!
Our horses are ready and steady.—So, ho!
I'm gone, like a dart from the Tartar's bow.

Hark, hark!—Who calleth the maiden Morn
From her sleep in the woods and the stubble
corn?

The horn,—the horn!
The merry, sweet ring of the hunter's horn.

Now, through the copse where the fox is found,

And over the stream at a mighty bound,
And over the high lands, and over the low,
O'er furrows, o'er meadows, the hunters go!
Away!—as a hawk flies full at his prey,
So flieth the hunter, away,—away!
From the burst at the cover till set of sun,
When the red fox dies, and—the day is done
Hark, hark!—What sound on the wind is
borne?

'T is the conquering voice of the hunter's horn:

The horn,—the horn!

The merry, bold voice of the hunter's horn.

Sound! Sound the horn' To the hunter good? What's the guily deep or the roaring flood? Right over he bounds, as the wild stag bounds, At the heets of his swift, sure, silent hounds. Oh, what delight can a mortal lack, When he once is firm on his horse's back, With his stirrups short, and his smaffle strong, And the blast of the horn for his morning song?

Hark, hark!-Now, home! and dream till morn

Of the bold, sweet sound of the hun The horn,—the horn! Oh, the sound of all sounds is the hun! BARRY C

TO AUTUMN.

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfu

Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun!

Conspiring with him how to load and bless

With fruit the vines that round the thatchcaves run—

To bend with apples the mossed cottage trees, And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core— To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells

With a sweet kernel—to set budding, more And still more, later flowers for the bees, Until they think warm days will never cease, For Summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,

Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind; Or on a half-resped furrow sound asleep,

Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook

Spaces the next swath and all its twined thowers;

And sometime like a gleaner thou dost keep Steady thy laden head across a brook;

Or by a cider-press, with patient look,

Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring! Ay, who are they?

Think not of them—thou hast thy man

While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying des And touch the stubble-plains with rosy has Then in a wailful choir the small guats mountained Among the river sallows, borne sluft

Or sinking, as the light wind lives or die And full-grown lambs loud bleat from bill

> bourn; e-crickets sing; and now with trell soft

ed-breast whistles from a garden-croid gathering swallows twitter in a skies.

JOHN KRASS

AUTUMN-A DIRGE.

rup sun is failing; the bleak wind; iling;

The bare boughs are sighing; the pale flower are dying;

And the Year

On the earth, her death-bed, in shroud of leaves dead,

Is lying.
Come, months, come away,
From November to May;
In your saddest array
Follow the bier

Of the dead, cold Year,

And like dim shadows watch by her sepulchre.

The chill rain is falling; the nipt worm is crawling;

The rivers are swelling; the thunder is knelling

For the Year;

The blithe swallows are flown, and the lizards each gone

To his dwelling;
Come, months, come away;
Put on white, black, and gray;
Let your light sisters play—
Ye, follow the bier
Of the dead, cold Year,

And make her grave green with tear on tear
Panor Brenze Summe Summer

AUTUMN.

THE Autumn is old;
The sere leaves are flying;
He hath gathered up gold,
And now he is dying:
Old age, begin sighing!

The vintage is ripe;
The harvest is heaping;
But some that have sowed
Have no riches for reaping:—
Poor wretch, fall a-weeping!

The year's in the wane;
There is nothing adorning;
The night has no eve,
And the day has no morning;
Cold winter gives warning.

The rivers run chill;
The red sun is sinking;
And I am grown old,
And life is fast shrinking;
Here's enow for sad thinking!
THOMAS HOOD.

THE LATTER RAIN.

He latter rain,—it falls in anxious haste pon the sun-dried fields and branches bare, cosening with searching drops the rigid waste

is if it would each root's lost strength repair; but not a blade grows green as in the Spring; swelling twig puts forth its thickening leaves;

be robins only mid the harvests sing, ecking the grain that scatters from the sheaves;

te rain falls still,—the fruit all ripened drops,

pierces chestnut-burr and walnut-shell; he furrowed fields disclose the yellow crops; ach bursting pod of talents used can tell; and all that once received the early rairs beclare to man it was not sent in vain

SOME PER T-

AUTUMN'S SIGHING.

AUTUMN's sighing,
Moaning, dying;
Clouds are flying
On like steeds;
While their shadows
O'er the meadows
Walk like widows
Decked in weeds.

Red leaves trailing,
Fall unfailing,
Dropping, sailing,
From the wood,
That, unpliant,
Stands defiant,
Like a giant
Dropping blood.

Winds are swelling
Round our dwelling,
All day telling
Us their woe;
And at vesper
Frosts grow crisper,
As they whisper
Of the snow.

From th' unseen land
Frozen inland,
Down from Greenland
Winter glides,
Shedding lightness
Like the brightness
When moon-whiteness
Fills the tides.

Now bright Pleasure's
Sparkling measures
With rare treasures
Overflow!
With this gladness
Comes what sadness!
Oh, what madness!
Oh, what woe!

Even merit
May inherit
Some bare garret,
Or the ground:

Or, a worse ill,
Beg a morsel
At some door sill,
Like a hound!

Storms are trailing;
Winds are wailing,
Howling, railing
At each door.
'Midst this trailing,
Howling, railing,
List the wailing
Of the poor!

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

THE IVY GREEN.

On! a dainty plant is the Ivy green,

That creepeth o'er ruins old!

Of right choice food are his meals I ween,

In his cell so lone and cold.

The walls must be crumbled, the stones decayed,

To pleasure his dainty whim;

And the mouldering dust that years have made

Is a merry meal for him.

Creeping where no life is seen,

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,

A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

And a staunch old heart has he!

How closely he twineth, how tight he clings
To his friend, the huge oak tree!

And slyly he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves,

And he joyously twines and hugs around
The rich mould of dead men's graves.

Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Whole ages have fled, and their works decayed,

And nations scattered been;
But the stout old Ivy shall never fade
From its hale and hearty green.

The brave old plant in its lonely days
Shall fatten upon the past;
For the stateliest building man can raise
Is the Ivy's food at last.

Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green
CHARLES DIGS

NOVEMBER.

The mellow year is hasting to its close;
The little birds have almost sung their later mall notes twitter in the dreary black that shrill-piped harbinger of early snow that patient beauty of the scentless rose Oft with the morn's hoar crystal quantities.

Hangs, a pale mourner for the summer; And makes a little summer where it grown In the chill sunbeam of the faint brief d. The dusky waters shudder as they shine. The russet leaves obstruct the straggling Of oozy brooks, which no deep banks do And the gaunt woods, in ragged, scant a Wrap their old limbs with sombre ivy to

HARTLEY COLES

GRONGAR HILL.

SILENT nymph, with curious eye! Who, the purple evening, lie On the mountain's lonely van, Beyond the noise of busy man— Painting fair the form of things, While the yellow linnet sings, Or the tuneful nightingale Charms the forest with her tale— Come, with all thy various hues, Come, and aid thy sister Muse. Now, while Phœbus, riding high, Gives lustre to the land and sky, Grongar Hill invites my song— Draw the landscape bright and strong Grongar, in whose mossy cells Sweetly musing Quiet dwells; Grongar, in whose silent shade, For the modest Muses made,



GRONGAR HILL.

have, the evening still, fountain of a rill, n a flowery bed, y hand beneath my head, trayed my eyes o'er Towy's flood, ead and over wood, ouse to house, from hill to hill, ntemplation had her fill. .t his checkered sides I wind, eve his brooks and meads behind, oves and grottoes where I lay, tas shooting beams of day. nd wider spreads the vale, es on a smooth canal. untains round, unhappy fate! or later, of all height, aw their summits from the skies, sen as the others rise. prospect wider spreads, thousand woods and meads; widens, widens still, iks the newly-risen hill. I gain the mountain's brow; . landscape lies below! ids, no vapors intervene ; a gay, the open scene ie face of Nature show he hues of heaven's bow! welling to embrace the light, 3 around beneath the aight. castles on the cliffs arise, y towering in the skies; ig from the woods, the spires rom hence ascending fires; is beams Apollo sheds : vellow mountain-heads the fleeces of the flocks, litters on the broken rocks. w me trees unnumbered rise. ıful ın various dyes: loomy pine, the poplar blue, ellow beech, the sable yew, lender fir that taper grows, turdy oak with broad-spread boughs; seyond, the purple grove, t of Phyllis, queen of love! r as the opening dawn, long and level lawn, bich a dark hill, steep and high, and charms the wandering ove; ire his feet jo Ton y & though

His sides are clothed with waving wood; And ancient towers crown his brow, That cast an awful look below; Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps, And with her arms from falling keeps: So both, a safety from the wind In mutual dependence find, 'T is now the raven's bleak abode: Tis now th' apartment of the toad; And there the fox securely feeds: And there the poisonous adder breeds. Concealed in ruins, moss, and weeds; While, ever and anon, there fall Huge heaps of hoary, mouldered wall. Yet Time has seen—that lifts the low And level lays the lofty brow— Has seen this broken pile complete, Big with the vanity of state. But transient is the smile of Fate! A little rule, a little sway, A sunbeam in a winter's day. Is all the proud and mighty have Between the cradle and the grave.

And see the rivers, how they run
Through woods and meads, in shade and su.
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow.
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life to endless sleep!
Thus is Nature's vesture wrought
To instruct our wandering thought;
Thus she dresses green and gay
To disperse our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river's flow;
The woody valleys, warm and low;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky;
The pleasant scat, the ruined tower,
The pleasant scat, the ruined tower,
The naked rock, the shady bower;
The town and village, dome and farm—
Each gives each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Ethiop's arm.

See on the mountain's southern side.

Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide,
How close and small the hedges lie;
What streaks of meadow cross the eye!
A step, methinks, may pass the stream,
So little distant dangers seem;

So we mistake the Future's face, Eyed through Hope's deluding glass; As you summits, soft and fair, Clad in colors of the air, Which to those who journey near, Barren, brown, and rough appear; Still we tread the same coarse way— The present's still a cloudy day.

Oh may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see;
Content me with an humble shade,
My passions tamed, my wishes laid;
For while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul.
T is thus the busy beat the air,
And misers gather wealth and care.

Now, even now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain turf I lie;
While the wanton Zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings;
While the waters murmur deep;
While the shepherd charms his sheep;
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with music fill the sky,
Now, even now, my joys run high.

Be full, ye courts; be great who will;
Search for Peace with all your skill;
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor.
In vain you search; she is not here!
In vain you search the domes of Care!
Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
On the meads and mountain-heads,
Along with Pleasure—close allied,
Ever by each other's side;
And often, by the murmuring rill,
Hears the thrush, while all is still
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

JOHN DYER

FOLDING THE FLOCKS.

SHEPHERDS all, and maidens fair,
Fold your flocks up; for the air
'Gins to thicken, and the sun
Already his great course hath run.
See the dew-drops, how they kiss
Every little flower that is:

Hanging on their velvet heads, Like a string of crystal beads. See the heavy clouds low falling And bright Hesperus down callin The dead night from under groun At whose rising, mists unsound, Damps and vapors, fly apace, And hover o'er the smiling face Of these pastures; where they co Striking dead both bud and bloor Therefore from such danger lock Every one his loved flock; And let your dogs lie loose with Lest the wolf come as a scout From the mountain, and ere day, Bear a lamb or kid away: Or the crafty, thievish fox, Break upon your simple flocks. To secure yourself from these, Be not too secure in ease; So shall you good shepherds prov And deserve your master's love. Now, good night! may sweetest sl And soft silence fall in numbers On your eyelids. So farewell: Thus I end my evening knell.

BEAUMONT AND FLI

BUGLE SONG.

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story
The long light shakes across the lak
And the wild cataract leaps in gle
Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild eche
ing;

Blow, bugle; answer, echoes—dying, dying!

Oh hark, oh hear! how thin and clea And thinner, clearer, further goir O sweet and far, from cliff and scar, The horns of Elfland faintly blow Blow! let us hear the purple glens ing;

Blow, bugle; answer, echoes—dying, dying!

re, they die in yon rich sky;
ey faint on hill or field or river:
echoes roll from soul to soul,
id grow for ever and for ever.
iugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying,
iswer, echoes, answer—dying, dying,
lying!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE EVENING WIND.

hat breathest through my lattice! thou cool'st the twilight of the sultry day! ally flows thy freshness round my prow;

hast been out upon the deep at play, all day the wild blue waves till now, thening their crests, and scattering high their spray,

relling the white sail. I welcome thee scorched land, thou wanderer of the sea!

alone—a thousand bosoms round le thee in the fulness of delight; nguid forms rise up, and pulses bound lier, at coming of the wind of night; nguishing to hear thy welcome sound, the vast inland, stretched beyond the sight.

th into the gathering shade; go forth—blessing breathed upon the fainting earth!

ck the little wood-bird in his nest; the still waters, bright with stars; and rouse

de, old wood from his majestic rest, moning, from the innumerable boughs, ange deep harmonies that haunt his preast.

ant shall be thy way where meekly ows

tting flower, and darkling waters pass, ere the o'ershadowing branches sweep erass.

Stoop o'er the place of graves, and softly sway
The sighing herbage by the gleaming stone;
That they who near the churchyard willows
stray,

And listen in the deepening gloom, alone,
May think of gentle souls that passed away,
Like thy pure breath, into the vast unknown,
Sent forth from heaven among the sons of
men,

And gone into the boundless heaven again_

The faint old man shall lean his silver head To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,

And dry the moistened curls that overspread His temples, while his breathing grows more deep;

And they who stand about the sick man's bed
Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,
And softly part his curtains to allow
Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.

Go—but the circle of eternal change,
Which is the life of Nature, shall restore,
With sounds and scents from all thy mighty
range,

Thee to thy birth-place of the deep once more.

Sweet odors in the sea air, sweet and strange, Shall tell the home-sick mariner of the shore;

And, listening to thy murmur, he shall deem He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

EVENING.

Sweet after showers, ambrosial air,
That rollest from the gorgeous gloom
Of evening over brake and bloom
And meadow, slowly breathing bare

The round of space, and rapt below,

Through all the dewy-tasselled wood,

And shadowing down the '

In ripples—fan my brows

POEMS OF NATURE.

The full new life that feeds thy breath Throughout my frame, till Doubt and Death,

Ill brethren, let the fancy fly

From belt to belt of crimson seas, On lengues of odor streaming far, To where, in yonder orient star, A hundred spirits whisper "Peace: "

ALTER TREETON.

ODE TO E

Ir aught of oaten stop, c May hope, chaste Eve, t Like thy own braw Thy springs, and dy

O Nymph reserved, wl haired Sun

Sits in you western tent, whose cloudy skirts, With brede ethereal wove, O'erhang his wavy bed.

Now air is hushed, save where the weakeyed bat

With short shrill shrick flits by on leathern wing;

> Or where the beetle winds His small but sullen horn.

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path, Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum; Now teach me, maid composed, To breathe some softened strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale,

May not unseemly with its stillness suit; As, musing slow, I hail Thy genial, loved return !

For when thy folding star arising shows His paly circlet, at his warning large p The fragrant Hours, and elves Who slept in buds the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes h with sedge,

And sheds the freshening dew; and still,

> The pensive pleasures sweet, Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and

Or find some ruin, 'midst its dreary of Whose walls more awful nod By thy religious gleams.

Ir, if chill blustering winds, or drivi revent my willing feet, be mine the That, from the mountain's side, Views wilds, and swelling floods

and hamlets brown, and dim dis spires;

and hears their simple bell, and ma

Thy dewy fingers draw The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his shower he wont,

And bathe thy breathing tresses, meck While Summer loves to sport Beneath thy lingering light;

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with Or Winter, yelling through the troub-Affrights thy shrinking train, And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule, Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, Peace,

Thy gentlest influence own, And love thy favorite name! **Т**илия (

TO THE EVENING STAR

STAR that bringest home the bee. And sett'st the weary laborer free If any star shed peace, 'tis thou, That send'st it from above, Appearing W Nea Heaven's breath Are sweet as hers we love.



e to the luxuriant skies, ist the landscape's odors rise, ist, far off, lowing herds are heard, ad songs when toil is done, a cottages whose smoke unstirred arls yellow in the sun.

of love's soft interviews, ed lovers on thee muse; r remembrancer in Heaven 'thrilling vows thou art, delicious to be riven, r absence, from the heart.

THOMAS CAMPBRILL.

EVENING IN THE ALPS.

golden Evening! in the west wone the storm-dispelling sun, t the triple rainbow rest all the mountain-tops. 'Tis done; mpest ceases; bold and bright, rainbow shoots from hill to hill; sinks the sun; on presses night; t Blanc is lovely still!

take thy stand, my spirit;—spread world of shadows at thy feet; mark how calmly, overhead, stars, like saints in glory, meet. hid in solitude sublime, hinks I muse on Nature's tomb, ear the passing foot of Time through the silent gloom.

s moment, crash on crash, m precipice to precipice slanche's ruins dash wh to the nethermost abyss, ble; the ear alone sees the uproar till it dies; to echo, groan for groan, m deep to deep replies.

the again the darkness seals, these that may be felt;—but soon liver-clouded east reveals saidnight spectre of the moon.

In half-eclipse she lifts her horn,
Yet o'er the host of heaven supreme
Brings the faint semblance of a morn,
With her awakening beam.

Ah! at her touch, these Alpine heights
Unreal mockeries appear;
With blacker shadows, ghastlier lights,
Emerging as she climbs the sphere;
A crowd of apparitions pale!
I hold my breath in chill suspense—
They seem so exquisitely frail—
Lest they should vanish hence.

I breathe again, I freely breathe;
Thee, Leman's Lake, once more I trace,
Like Dian's crescent far beneath,
As beautiful as Dian's face:
Pride of the land that gave me birth!
All that thy waves reflect I love,
Where heaven itself, brought down to earth.
Looks fairer than above.

Safe on thy banks again I stray;
The trance of poesy is o'er,
And I am here at dawn of day,
Gazing on mountains as before,
Where all the strange mutations wrought
Were magic feats of my own mind:
For, in that fairy land of thought,
Whate'er I seek, I find.

Yet, O ye everlasting hills!

Buildings of God, not made with hands,
Whose word performs whate'er He wills,
Whose word, though ye shall perish, stands;
Can there be eyes that look on you,
Till tears of rapture make them dim,
Nor in his works the Maker view,
Then lose his works in Him?

By me, when I behold Him not,
Or love Him not when I behold,
Be all I ever knew forgot—
My pulse stand still, my heart grow cold;
Transformed to ice, 'twixt earth and sky,
On yonder cliff my form be seen,
That all may ask, but none reply,
What my offence bath been.

TARE MOREOGREEG

TO NIGHT.

Swiftly walk over the western wave,
Spirit of night!
Out of the misty eastern cave,
Where, all the long and lone daylight,
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear
Which make thee terrible and dear—
Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
Star-inwrought;
Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day,
Kiss her until she be wearied out;
Then wander o'er city and sea and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand—
Come, long-sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn,
I sighed for thee;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turned to her rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest,
I sighed for thee?

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
"Wouldst thou me?"
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmured like a noontide bee,
"Shall I nestle near thy side?
Wouldst thou me?"—And I replied,
"No, not thee!"

Death will come when thou art dead,
Soon, too soon—
Sleep will come when thou art fled:
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, beloved Night—
Swift be thine approaching flight,
Come soon, soon!

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

TO CYNTIIIA.

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep:
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright!

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear when day did
Bless us, then, with wished sight,
Goddess excellently bright!

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal-shining quiver
Give unto thy flying hart
Space to breathe, how short so
Thou that makest a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright!

Bux .

MOONRISE.

What stands upon the highland!
What walks across the rise,
As though a starry island
Were sinking down the skies!

What makes the trees so golden?

What decks the mountain side

Like a veil of silver folden

Round the white brow of a bri

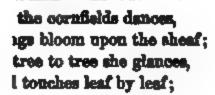
The magic moon is breaking,
Like a conqueror, from the eas
The waiting world awaking
To a golden fairy feast.

She works, with touch ethereal,
By changes strange to see,
The cypress, so funereal,
To a lightsome fairy tree;

Black rocks to marble turning,
Like palaces of kings;
On ruin windows burning,
A festal glory flings;

The desert halls uplighting,
While falling shadows glance,
Like courtly crowds uniting
For the banquet or the dance;

With ivory wand she numbers
The stars along the sky;
And breaks the billows' slumbers
With a love-glance of her eye;



s birds that aleep in shadows; ough their half-closed eyelids gleams; her white torch through the meadows its the shy deer to the streams.

agic moon is breaking, s a conqueror, from the east, he joyous world partaking ser golden fairy feast.

Exercise Journ.

SONNET.

meon Moon, uprising from the sea, rge delight foretells the harvest near. therds, now prepare your melody, t the soft appearance of her sphere!

e a page, enamored of her train, r of evening glimmers in the west: iso, ye shepherds, your observant strain.

of the Great Shepherd here are blest!

ils are full with the time-ripened grain, eyards with the purple clusters swell; den splendor glimmers on the main, the and mountains her bright glory tell.

ng, ye shepherds! for the time is come we must bring the enriched harvest home.

LORD THURLOW.

TO THE HARVEST MOON.

Cum ruit imbriferum ver ; es jam campis cum mensis inhorruit, et cum menta in viridi stipuis lactentis turgent,

eta tibi Cererem pubas agrestia adoret.

Vincia.

os of Harvest, herald mild Plenty, rustic labor's child, ill oh hail! I greet thy beam, nooft it trembles o'er the stream, and gilds the straw-thatched hamlet wide, there innocence and Peace reside! 'T is thou that gladd'st with joy the rustle throng, Promptest the tripping dance, the exhibitat-

ing song.

Moon of Harvest, I do love
O'er the uplands now to rove,
While thy modest ray serene
Gilds the wide surrounding scene;
And to watch thee riding high
In the blue vault of the sky,
Where no thin vapor intercepts thy ray,
But in unclouded majesty then walkest on
thy way.

Pleasing 't is, O modest Moon!

Now the night is at her noon,
'Neath thy sway to musing lie,
While around the zephyre sigh,
Fanning soft the sun-tanned wheat,
Ripened by the summer's heat;
Picturing all the rustic's joy
When boundless plenty greets his eye,
And thinking soon,
O modest Moon!

How many a female eye will roam
Along the road,
To see the load,
The last dear load of harvest-home.

Storms and tempests, floods and rains,
Stern despoilers of the plains,
Hence, away, the season flee,
Foes to light-heart jollity!
May no winds careering high
Drive the clouds along the sky,
But may all Nature smile with aspect boon,
When in the heavens thou show'st thy face,
O harvest Moon!

'Neath you lowly roof he lies,
The husbandman, with sleep-scaled eyes:
He dreams of crowded barns, and round
The yard he hears the flail resound;
Oh! may no hurricane destroy
His visionary views of joy!
God of the winds! oh, hear his humble prayer,
And while the Moon of Harvest shines, thy
blustering whirlwind spare.

Sons of luxury, to you Leave I Sleep's dull power to woo; Press ye still the downy bed,
While feverish dreams surround your head;
I will seek the woodland glade,
Penetrate the thickest shade,
Wrapped in Contemplation's dreams,
Musing high on holy themes,
While on the gale
Shall softly sail
The nightingale's enchanting tune,
And oft my eyes
Shall grateful rise
To thee, the modest Harvest Moon!
HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

NIGHT SONG.

The moon is up in splendor,
And golden stars attend her;
The heavens are calm and bright;
Trees cast a deepening shadow,
And slowly off the meadow
A mist is rising silver-white.

Night's curtains now are closing
Round half a world reposing
In calm and holy trust.
All seems one vast, still chamber,
Where weary hearts remember
No more the sorrows of the dust.

MATTHIAS CLAUDIUS, (German.)
Translation of C. T. Brooks.

TO NIGHT.

MYSTERIOUS Night! when our first parent knew

Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,

Thee from report divine, and heard thy name, Did he not tremble for this lovely frame, This glorious canopy of light and blue? Yet 'neath the curtain of translucent dew, Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame, Hesperus with the host of heaven came, And lo! creation widened in man's view. Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed

Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find, While fly, and leaf, and insect lay revealed, That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind!

Why do we, then, shun Death with a strife?—

If Light can thus deceive, wherefore IC

BLANCO 1

SONG.—THE OWL.

When cats run home and light is co And dew is cold upon the ground And the far-off stream is dumb, And the whirring sail goes round And the whirring sail goes round Alone and warming his five wi The white owl in the belfry sit

When merry milkmaids click the lat And rarely smells the new-mown And the cock hath sung beneath the Twice or thrice his roundelay, Twice or thrice his roundelay; Alone and warming his five with The white owl in the belfry sit

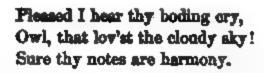
SECOND SONG-TO THE SAME.

The tuwhits are lulled, I wot,
Thy tuwhoos of yesternight,
Which, upon the dark affoat,
So took echo with delight,
So took echo with delight,
That her voice, untuneful grov
Wears all day a fainter tone.

I would mock thy chaunt anew;
But I cannot mimic it;
Not a whit of thy tuwhoo,
Thee to woo to thy tuwhit,
Thee to woo to thy tuwhit,
With a lengthened loud halloo
Tuwhoo, tuwhit, tuwhit, tuwhit

THE OWL

While the moon, with sudden gles. Through the clouds that cover he Darts her light upon the stream, And the poplars gently stir;



While the maiden, pale with care,
Wanders to the lonely shade,
Sighs her sorrows to the air,
While the flowerets round her fade,—
Shrinks to hear thy boding cry;
Owl, that lov'st the cloudy sky,
To her it is not harmony.

While the wretch with mournful dole, Wrings his hands in agony, Praying for his brother's soul, Whom he pierced suddenly,—Shrinks to hear thy boding cry; Owl, that lov'st the cloudy sky, To him it is not harmony.

AFONTMOUS.

THE CRICKET.

Larrie inmate, full of mirth,
Chirping on my kitchen hearth,
Wheresoe'er be thine abode
A.ways harbinger of good,
Pay me for thy warm retreat
With a song more soft and sweet;
In return thou shalt receive
Such a strain as I can give.

Thus the praise shall be expressed, Inoffensive, welcome guest! While the rat is on the scout, And the mouse with curious shout, With what vermin else infest Every dish, and spoil the best; Frisking thus before the fire, Thou hast all the heart's desire.

Though in voice and shape they be Formed as if akin to thee, Ihou surpassest, happier far, Happiest grasshoppers that are; Theirs is but a summer's song—Ihine endures the winter long, Unimpaired, and shrill, and clear, Melody throughout the year.

WILLIAM COWPER

TO A CRICKET.

Voice of Summer, keen and shrill,
Chirping round my winter fire,
Of thy song I never tire,
Weary others as they will;
For thy song with Summer's filled—
Filled with sunshine, filled with June;
Firelight echo of that noon
Heard in fields when all is stilled
In the golden light of May,
Bringing scents of new-mown hay,
Bees, and birds, and flowers away:
Prithee, haunt my fireside still,
Voice of Summer, keen and shrill!
William C. Bernett.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE SWALLOW

And is the swallow gone?

Who beheld it?

Which way sailed it?

Farewell bade it none?

No mortal saw it go:

But who doth hear
Its summer cheer
As it flitteth to and fro?

So the freed spirit flies!

From its surrounding clay
It steals away
Like the swallow from the skies.

Whither? wherefore doth it go?
'T is all unknown;
We feel alone
That a void is left below.

WILLIAM HOWITZ

A DOUBTING HEART.

Wiere are the swallows fied?

Frozen and dead

Perchance upon some bleak and stormy shore

O doubting heart!

Far over purple seas,

They wait, in sunny ease,

The balmy southern breeze

To bring them to their northern homes once
more.

Why must the flowers die?

Prisoned they lie
In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.

O doubting heart!

They only sleep below

The soft white ermine snow

While winter winds shall blow,

To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

The sun has hid its rays

These many days;

Will dreary hours never leave the earth?

O doubting heart!

The stormy clouds on high

Veil the same sunny sky

That soon, for Spring is nigh,

Shall wake the Summer into golden mirth.

Fair hope is dead, and light
Is quenched in night;
What sound can break the silence of despair?
O doubting heart!
The sky is overcast,
Yet stars shall rise at last,
Brighter for darkness past,
And angels' silver voices stir the air.

_ _

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

FANCY.

Ever let the Fancy roam; Pleasure never is at home: At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth Like to bubbles when rain pelteth; Then let winged Fancy wander Through the thought still spread beyond her; Open wide the mind's cage-door— She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar. O sweet Fancy! let her loose! Summer's joys are spoilt by use, And the enjoying of the Spring Fades as does its blossoming. Autumn's red-lipped fruitage too, Blushing through the mist and dew, Cloys with tasting. What do then? Sit thee by the ingle, when The sear faggot blazes bright, Spirit of a winter's night; When the soundless earth is muffled, And the caked snow is shuffled

From the ploughboy's heavy shoon; When the Night doth meet the Noon In a dark conspiracy To banish Even from her sky. Sit thee there, and send abroad, With a mind self-overawed, Fancy, high-commissioned;—send her! She has vassals to attend her: She will bring, in spite of frost, Beauties that the earth hath lost;— She will bring thee, all together, All delights of summer weather; All the buds and bells of May, From dewy sward or thorny spray; All the heaped Autumn's wealth;—-With a still, mysterious stealth; She will mix these pleasures up Like three fit wines in a cup, And thou shalt quaff it,—thou shalt hes Distant harvest-carols clear— Rustle of the reaped corn; Sweet birds antheming the morn; And, in the same moment—hark! T is the early April lark,— Or the rooks, with busy caw, Foraging for sticks and straw. Thou shalt, at one glance, behold The daisy and the marigold; White-plumed lilies, and the first Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst Shaded hyacinth, alway Sapphire queen of the mid-May; And every leaf, and every flower Pearled with the self-same shower. Thou shalt see the field-mouse peep Meagre from its celled sleep: And the snake, all winter-thin, Cast on sunny bank its skin; Freckled nest-eggs thou shalt see Hatching in the hawthorn-tree, When the hen-bird's wing doth rest Quiet on her mossy nest; Then the hurry and alarm When the bee-hive casts its swarm; Acorns ripe down-pattering While the autumn breezes sing.

Oh sweet Fancy! let her loose! Every thing is spoilt by use; Where's the cheek that doth not face.



sch gazed at ? Where 'e the maid lip mature is ever new ! 's the eye, however blue, ot weary? Where's the face mid meet in every place? 's the voice, however soft, mild hear so very oft! ach sweet Pleasure melteth bubbles when rain pelteth. en, winged Fency find mistress to thy mind: eyed as Ceres' daughter god of Torment taught her frown and how to chide; waist and with a side ■ Hebe's when her zone s golden clasp, and down r kirtle to her feet, the held the goblet sweet, we grew languid .-- Break the mesh Fancy's silken leash; break her prison-string, ch joys as these she'll bring.winged Fancy roam; e never is at home.

JOHN KRATE

THE WINDY NIGHT.

Allow and aloof,
Over the roof,
e midnight tempests how!!
a dreary voice, like the dismal tune
olves that bny at the desert moon;
Or whistle and shrick
Through limbs that creak.
"Tu-who! Tu-whit!"
They cry, and flit,
ait! Tu-who!" like the solemn owl!

Alow and aloof,
Over the roof,
the moaning winds amain,
And wildly dash
The elm and ash,
ang on the window sash
With a clatter and patter
Like hall and rain,
That well nigh shatter
The dasky pane!

Alow and aloof,
Over the roof,
How the tempests swell and roar!
Though no foot is astir,
Though the cat and the cur
Lie dozing along the kitchen floor,
There are feet of air
On every stair—
Through every hall!
Through each gusty door
There's a jostle and bustle,
With a silken rustle,
Like the meeting of guests at a festival!

Alow and aloof,
Over the roof,
How the stormy tempests swell!
And make the vane
On the spire complain;
They heave at the steeple with might and main,
And burst and sweep
Into the belfry, on the bell!
They smite it so hard, and they smite it so well.
That the sexton tosses his arms in sleep,
And dreams he is ringing a funeral knell!

Thomas Buchanan Read.

THE MIDNIGHT WIND.

MOURNFULLY! oh, mournfully
This midnight wind doth sigh,
Like some sweet, plaintive melody
Of ages long gone by!
It speaks a tale of other years,—
Of hopes that bloomed to die,—
Of sunny smiles that set in tears,
And loves that mouldering lie!

Mournfully! oh, mournfully
This midnight wind doth moan!
It stirs some chord of memory
In each dull, heavy tone;
The voices of the much-loved dead
Seem floating thereupon,—
All, all my fond heart cherished
Ere death had made it lone.

Mournfully! oh, mournfully
This midnight wind doth swell
With its quaint, pensive minstrelsy,—
Hope's passionate farewell

To the dreamy joys of early years,
Ere yet grief's canker fell
On the heart's ! loom, -ay! well may tears
Start at that parting knell!

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND.

Brow, blow, thou winter wind—
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude,
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be r
Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto
holly:

Most friendship is feigning, most k. folly;

Then, heigh 1 o! the holly!
This life is most jolly!

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky-Thou dost not bite so night As benefits forgot; Though then the waters warp, Thy sting is not so sharp As friend remembered not.

Heigh ho' sing heigh ho! unto the green holly.

Most friendship is foigning, most loving mere folly;

Then, heigh ho! the holly! This life is most jolly!

Suarespears.

THE HOLLY-TREE.

O READER! hast thou ever stood to see
The holly-tree!
The eye that contemplates it well, perceives
Its glossy leaves
Ordered by an intelligence so wise
As might confound the atheist's sophistries.

Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen Wrinkled and keen;

No grazing cattle, through their prickly round, Can reach to wound;

But as they grow where nothing is to fear, Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear. I love to view these things with curious of And moralizo; And in this wisdom of the holly-tree

Can emblems see Wherewith, perchance, to make a please rhyme,

One which may profit in the after-time.

Thus, though abroad, perchance, I mis

Harsh and austere—

no who on my leisure would intro
Reserved and rude;

at home amid my friends I'd be,
ne high leaves upon the holly-tree.

Some harshness show,
n asperities I, day by day,
Would wear away,
smooth temper of my age should it
is high leaves upon the holly-tree.

And as, when all the summer trees are seen So bright and green,

The holly-leaves their fadeless hues display Less bright than they;

But when the bare and wintry woods we see What then so cheerful as the holly-tree?

So, serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng;
So would I seem, amid the young and gay,
More grave than they:

That in my age as cheerful I might be As the green winter of the holly-tree.

ROBURT SOUTHER.

WOODS IN WINTER.

When winter winds are piercing chill,
And through the hawthorn blows the gale
With solemn feet I tread the hill
That overbrows the lonely vale.

O'er the bare upland, and away
Through the long reach of desert woods.
The embracing sunbeams chastely play.
And gladden these deep solitudes

twisted round the barren oak, number vine in beauty clung, nmer winds the stillness broke, rystal icicle is hung.

from their frozen urns, mute springs out the river's gradual tide, the skater's iron rings voices fill the woodland side.

ow changed from the fair scene i birds sang out their mellow lay, ands were soft, and woods were green, the song ceased not with the day.

I, wild music is abroad, desert woods! within your crowd; thering winds, in hourse accord, I the vocal reeds pipe loud.

re and wintry winds! my ear pown familiar with your song; t in the opening year, m, and it cheers me long.

HENET WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

NORTH WIND.

ind! strong wind! sweeping o'er the nountains;

rind! free wind! blowing from the

rth thy vials like torrents from air

s of life to me.

ind! cold wind! like a northern giant, wightly threading thy cloud-driven sair.

g the blank night with thy voice deiant-

neet thee there!

ind! bold wind! like a strong-armed mgel

me and kiss me with thy kisses livine!

in this dulled ear thy secret, sweet wangel,... ad only mine!

Fierce wind! mad wind! howling o'er the nations!

Knew'st thou how leapeth my heart as thou goest by,

Ah! thou wouldst pause awhile in sudden patience,

Like a human sigh!

Sharp wind! keen wind! cutting as word arrows.

Empty thy quiver-full! Pass by! what is 'I to thee,

That in some mortal eyes life's whole bright circle narrows

To one misery?

Loud wind! strong wind I stay thou in the mountains;

Fresh wind! free wind! trouble not the sea!
Or lay thy deathly hand upon my heart's
warm fountains

That I hear not thee!

DINAR MARIA MULOCK.

THE SNOW-STORM.

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow; and, driving o'er the fields
Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the
heaven.

And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.

The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet

Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit

Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed In a tamultuous privacy of storm.

Come see the north wind's masonry.
Out of an unseen quarry, evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roo
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
So fanciful, so savage; nought cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly,
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreathes
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
Maugre the farmer's sighs; and at the gate
A tapering turret overtops the work.

And when his hours are numbered, and the world

Is all his own, retiring as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

WINTER SONG.

S. MMFR joys are o'er;
Flowerets bloom no more,
Wintry win is are sweeping;
Through the snow-drifts, per
Cheerful evergreen
Rarely now is seen.

Now no plumed throng Charms the wood with son Ice-bound trees are glittering Merry snow-birds, twittering, Fondly strive to cheer Scenes so cold and drear.

Winter, still I see

Many charms in thee—
Love thy chilly greeting,
Snow-storms fiercely beating,
And the dear delights
Of the long, long nights.

Lubwie Höltt. (German.)

Translation of C. T. BROOKS,

SONNET

TO A BIRD THAT HAUNTED THE WATERS OF LAAKEN IN THE WINTER,

O MELANCHOLY bird, a winter's day
Thou standest by the margin of the pool,
And, taught by God, dost thy whole being
school

To patience, which all evil can allay.

God has appointed thee the fish thy prey,
And given thyself a lesson to the fool
Unthrifty, to submit to moral rule,
And his unthinking course by thee to weigh.
There need not schools nor the professor's
chair,

Though these be good, true wisdom to impart
He who has not enough for these to spen
Of time or gold, may yet amend his heart.
And teach his soul by brooks and rive
fair—

Nature is always wise in every part.

Loan Tucuage

TO THE REDBREAST.

bird! that sing'st away the emboure ters past or coming, void of care; leased with delights which present are asons, budding sprays, aweet-smellightwers—
its, to springs, to rills, from lease bowers
by Creator's goodness dust declare, hat dear gifts on thee He did not specified to human sense in ain that lowers oul can be so sick which by thy some

(Attired in sweetness) sweetly is not driven Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,

And lift a reverend eye and thought to Heaven!

Sweet, artless songster! thou my mind dost raise

To airs of spheres—yes, and to angels' lays.
WILLIAM DECIMONA

AFTERNOON IN FEBRUARY.

The day is ending, The night is descending; The marsh is frozen, The river dead.

Through clouds like ashes
The red sun flashes
On village windows
That glimmer red.

The snow recommences;
The buried fences
Mark no longer
The road o'er the plain;



WINTER.

arough the meadows, rful shadows, passes eral train.

is pealing, ry feeling ne responds a dismal knell;

s are trailing,
t is bewalling
ing within
t funeral bell.
HET WARROWSHE LONGFELLOW.

OR THE SEASONS.

ry lark doth gild
g the summer hours,
the swallows build
and tops of towers,
broom-flower burns
waste,
May returns
v haste,
merry are the times!
er times! the Spring times!

the ashy stone
idnight cricket crieth,
birds are flown,
am of pleasure dieth;
blue, laughing sky
gray,
rivers sigh,
vay!
solemn are the times!
r times! the Night times!

all around
no vast change revolving;
ho lately frowned,
awn dissolving;
t her fetters strange,
g grow free;
ne world will change,
ve for thee!
hopeful are all times!
Baser Cornwall.

DIRGE FOR THE YEAR.

ORPHAN Hours, the Year is dead,
Come and sigh, come and weep!
Merry Hours, smile instead,
For the Year is but saleep:
See, it smiles as it is sleeping,
Mocking your untimely weeping.

As an earthquake rocks a corse
In its coffin in the clay,
So white Winter, that rough nurse,
Rocks the dead-cold Year to-day;
Solemn Hours! wail aloud
For your mother in her shroud.

As the wild air stirs and sways

The tree-swung cradle of a child,
So the breath of these rude days
Rocks the Year. Be calm and mild,
Trembling Hours; she will arise
With new love within her eyes,

January gray is here,

Like a sexton by her grave;

February bears the bier;

March with grief doth howl and rave.

And April weeps—but, O ye Hours!

Follow with May's fairest flowers.

PERCY BYSONE SHELLEY.

INFLUENCE OF NATURAL OBJECTS

IN CALLING FORTH AND STRENGTHENING THE IMAGINATION IN BOYHOOD AND YOUTH.

Wishow and Spirit of the universe!
Thou Soul, that art the eternity of thought!
And giv'st to forms and images a breath
And everlasting motion! not in vain,
By day or star-light, thus from my first dawn
Of childhood didst thou intertwine for me
The passions that build up our human soul—
Not with the mean and vulgar works of Man,
But with high objects, with enduring things,
With Life and Nature; purifying thus
The elements of feeling and of thought,
And sanctifying by such discipline
Both pain and fear,—until we recognize
A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.

Nor was this fellowship vouchsafed to me With strated kindness. In November days, When vapors rolling down the valleys made A lonely scene more lonesome; among woods At noon; and 'mid the calm of summer nights,

When, by the margin of the trembling lake, Beneath the gloomy hills, homeward I went In solitude, such intercourse was mine. Mine was it in the fields both day and night, And by the waters, all the Summe And in the frosty season, when the Was set, and, visible for many a market of the cottage windows through the blazed,

I heeded not the summons. Happy It was indeed for all of us; for me It was a time of rapture! Clear a The village-clock tolled six; I whe Proud and exulting I ke an untired. That cares not for his home. All steel.

We hissed along the polished ice, in games Contribute, imitative of the chase And woodland pleasures, -the resounding

The pack loud chiming, and the hunted bare. So through the darkness and the cold we flew, And not a voice was idle. With the din Smitten, the precipices rang aloud;
The leafless trees and every key crag Tinkled like iron; while far-distant hills Into the turn it sent an alien sound Of melancholy, not unnoticed; while the stars, Eastward, were sparkling clear, and in the west

The orange sky of evening died away.

Not seldom from the uproar I retired
Into a silent bay, or sportively
Glanced sideway, leaving the tumultuous throng,

To cut across the reflex of a star—
Image, that, flying still before me, gleamed
Upon the glassy plain. And oftentimes,
When we had given our bodies to the wind,
And all the shadowy banks on either side
Came sweeping through the darkness, spinning still

The rapid line of motion, then at once Have I, reclining back upon my heels, Stopped short; yet still the solitary cliffs Wheeled by me,—even as if the Earth rolled

With visible motion her diurnal round!
Behind me did they stretch in solemn train
Feebler and feebler; and I stood and water
Till all was tranquil as a summer sea.

WILLIAM WORDSWOM

HYMN

S SUNRISE, IN THE VALE OF CHAMOS

thou a charm to stay the morning of teep course? So long he seems pause y bald, awful head, O sovereign Blantve and Arveiron at thy base beaselessly; but thou, most awful For from forth thy silent sea of pines.

An ebon mass. Methinks then piercest it, As with a wedge! But when I look again, It is thine own calm home, thy cryst shrine.

Thy habitation from eternity!
O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon the
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought. Entranced a
prayer

I worshipped the Invisible alone,

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody, So sweet we know not we are listening to a Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending will my thought—

Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy-Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused, Into the mighty vision passing—there, As in her natural form, swelled vast ' Heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears. Mute thanks and secret cestasy! Awake, Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heat awake!

Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymu



HYMN IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

first and chief, sole sovereign of the ale!

ggling with the darkness all the night, ted all night by troops of stars, a they climb the sky or when they nk—

ion of the morning-star at dawn, Earth's rosy star, and of the dawn d—wake, oh wake, and utter praise! It thy sunless pillars deep in earth! ed thy countenance with rosy light! de thee parent of perpetual streams!

on, ye five wild torrents flercely glad! led you forth from night and utter eath.

sk and icy caverns called you forth, tose precipitous, black, jagged rocks, shattered and the same for ever? w you your invulnerable life, rength, your speed, your fury, and pur joy,

g thunder and eternal foam?
commanded (and the silence came),
the billows stiffen, and have rest?

-falls! ye that from the mountain's

enormous ravines alope amain—
, methinks, that heard a mighty sice.

pped at once amid their maddest

sa torrents! silent cataracts!
ade you glorieus as the gates of
leaven

the keen full moon? Who bade

you with rainbows? Who, with liv-

Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?

God!—let the torrents, like a shout of nations,

Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
God! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice!

Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!

And they too have a voice, you piles of snow. And in their parilous fall shall thunder, God!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!

Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

Thou too, hoar Mount! with thy skypointing peaks,

Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard, Shoots downward, glittering through the pur serene,

Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast— Thou too again, stupendous Mountain! thou That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low In adoration, upward from thy base Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with

Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,
To rise before me—Rise, oh ever rise!
Rise like a cloud of incense, from the Earth!
Thou kingly Spirit through among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from Earth to Heaven.
Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell you rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God

SAMUEL TATLOR COLEREDGE.

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PART II.

POEMS OF CHILDHOOD

Piping songs of pleasant glee, On a cloud I saw a child, And he, laughing, said to me

- "Pipe a song about a lamb,"
 So I piped with merry cheer,
 'Piper, pipe that song again."
 So I piped; he wept to hear.
- "Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe, Sing thy songs of happy cheer." So I sung the same again, While he wept with joy to hear.
- "Piper, sit thee down and write, In a book, that all may read."— So he vanished from my sight, And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen ;
And I stained the water clear
And I wrote my happy souge
Every child may joy to hear
William Blank

		•



POEMS OF CHILEHOOD.

BABY MAY.

soft as July peaches; e dewy scarlet teaches aleness; round large eyes t with new surprise; lled with shadeless gladness; ist as brimmed with sadness; iles and wailing cries; I laughs and tearful eyes; l shadows, swifter born vind-swept autumn corn; e new tiny notion, ery limb all motion; up of legs and arms; s back and small alarms; tingers; straightening jerks; eet whose each toe works; up and straining risings; ever new surprisings; wants and looks all wonder ngs the heavens under; ns of smiled reprovings more of love than lovings; done with such a winning that we prize such sinning; dire of plates and glasses; small at all that passes; of all that's able ght from tray or table; -mall meditations houghts of cares for nations into wisest speeches ne that nothing teaches; loughts of whose possessing rooed to light by guessing;

Slumbers—each sweet angel-seemings
That we'd ever have such dreamings;
Till from sleep we see thee breaking,
And we'd always have thee waking;
Wealth for which we know no measure;
Pleasure high above all pleasure,
Gladness brimming over gladness;
Joy in care; delight in sadness;
Loveliness beyond completeness;
Sweetness distancing all sweetness;
Beauty all that beauty may be;
That's May Bennett; that's my baby.
William C. Benners.

LULLABY.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western see!
Over the rolling waters go;
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one,
sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest;
Father will come to thee soon.
Rest, rest on mother's breast;
Father will come to thee soon.
Father will come to his babe in the nest;
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon;
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

CHOOSING A NAME.

I have got a new-born sister;
I was nigh the first that kissed her.
When the nursing-woman brought her
To papa, his infant daughter,
How papa's dear eyes did glisten!—
She will shortly be to christen;
And papa has made the offer,
I shall have the naming of her.

Now I wonder what would please ber-Charlotte, Julia, or Lousia? Ann and Mary, they're too common; Joan's too formal for a woman; Jane's a prettier name beside; But we had a Jane that died. They would say, if 't was Rebecca, That she was a little Quaker. Edith's pretty, but that looks Better in old English books; Ellen's left off long ago; Blanche is out of fashion now. None that I have named as yet Are so good as Margaret. Emily is neat and fine; What do you think of Caroline? How I'm puzzled and perplexed What to choose or think of next! I am in a little fever Lest the name that I should give her Should disgrace her or defame her;— I will leave papa to name her.

MARY LAMB.

THE CHRISTENING.

Arrayrd—a half-angelic sight—
In vests of pure baptismal white,
The mother to the Font doth bring
The little helpless, nameless thing
With hushes soft and mild caressing,
At once to get—a name and blessing.
Close by the babe the priest doth stand,
The cleansing water at his hand
Which must assoil the soul within
From every stain of Adam's sin.
The infant eyes the mystic scenes,
Nor knows what all this wonder means;

"I am a Christian made this day;" Now frighted clings to nurse's hold, Shrinking from the water cold, Whose virtues, rightly understood, Are, as Bethesda's waters, good. Strange words—The World, The Flesh, T Devil— Poor babe, what can it know of evil? But we must silently adore Mysterious truths, and not explore. Enough for him, in after-times, When he shall read these artless rhymes. If, looking back ppon this day With quiet conscience, he can say, "I have in part redeemed the pledge Of my baptismal privilege; And more and more will strive to flee All which my sponsors kind did then

And now he smiles, as if to say,

WILLIE WINKIE.

CHARLES LAWS

nounce for me."

Wee Willie Winkie rins through the town, Up stairs and doon stairs, in his nicht-gows Tirlin' at the window, cryin' at the lock, "Are the weans in their bed?—for it's not ten o'clock."

Hey, Willie Winkie! are ye comin' ben!
The cat's singin' gay thrums to the sleepihen,

The doug's speldered on the floor, and disagie a cheep;

But here's a waukrife laddie, that winns asleep.

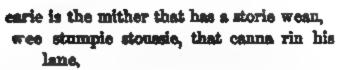
Ony thing but sleep, ye rogue!—glow'rin' li
the moon,

Rattlin' in an airn jug wi' an airn spoon, Rumblin', tumblin' roun' about, crawin' li a cock,

Skirlin' like a kenna-what—wauknin' sleep folk!

Hey, Willie Winkie! the wean's in a creek
Waumblin' aff a bodie's knee like a vera ex
Ruggin' at the cat's lug, and ravellin' a' l
thrums:

Hey, Willie Winkie!—See, there he comes



- at has a battle sye wi' sleep, before he'll close an ee;
- t a kiss frae aff his rosy lips gies strength anew to me.

WHERE MILLION.

TO FERDINAND SEYMOUR.

Rose child, with forehead fair,
Coral lip, and shining hair,
In whose mirthful, clever eyes
Such a world of gladness lies;
As thy loose curls idly straying
O'er thy mother's cheek, while playing,
Bland her soft lock's shadowy twine
With the glittering light of thine,—
Who shall say, who gazes now,
Which is fairest, she or thou?

In sweet contrast are ye met,
Such as heart could ne'er forget:
Thou art brilliant as a flower,
Orinsoning in the sunny hour
Merry as a singing-bird,
In the green wood sweetly heard;
Restless as if fluttering wings
Bore thee on thy wanderings:
Ignorant of all distress,
Full of childhood's carelessness.

She is gentle; she hath known Something of the echoed tone forrow leaves, where'er it goes, In this world of many woes. On her brow such shadows are As the faint cloud gives the star, Veiling its most holy light, Though it still be pure and bright; And the color in her cheek To the hue on thine is weak, Save when finshed with sweet surprise, Sudden welcomes light her eyes; And her softly chiselled face (But for living, moving grace) Looks like one of those which beam in th' Italian nainter's dream,-

Some beloved Madonna, bending O'er the infant she is tending: Holy, bright, and undefiled Mother of the Heaven-born child; Who, though painted strangely fair, Seems but made for holy prayer, Pity, tears, and sweet appeal, And fondness such as angels feel; Baffling earthly passion's sigh With serenest majesty!

Oh! may those enshrouded years
Whose fair dawn alone appears,—
May that brightly budding life,
Knowing yet nor sin nor strife,—
Bring its store of hoped-for joy,
Mother, to thy laughing boy!
And the good thou dost impart
Lie deep-treasured in his heart,
That, when he at length shall strive
In the bad world where we live,
Thy sweet name may still be blest
As one who taught his soul true rest!

CAROLINE NORTOR.

PHILIP, MY KING.

"Who bears upon his baby brow the round And top of sovereignty."

Look at me with thy large brown eyes,

Philip, my king!

For round thee the purple shadow lies

Of babyhood's royal dignities.

Lay on my neck thy tiny hand

With Love's invisible sceptre laden;

I am thine Esther, to command

Till thou shalt find thy queen-handmaiden,

Philip, my king!

Oh, the day when thou goest a-wooing.

Philip, my king!

When those beautiful lips 'gin suing.

And, some gentle heart's bars undoing,

Thou dost enter, love-crowned, and there

Sittest love-glorified!—Rule kindly,

Tenderly over thy kingdom fair;

For we that love, ah! we love so blindly,

Philip, my king!

I gaze from thy sweet mouth up to thy brow,
Philip, my king!
The spirit that there lies sleeping now,
May rise like a giant, and make men bow
As to one Heaven-chosen amongst his peers.
My Saul, than thy brethren higher and

fairer,
Let me behold thee in future years!
Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,
Philip, my king—

A wreath, not of gold, but palm. One day,
Philip, my king!
Thou too must tread, as we trod, a way
Thorny, and cruel, and cold, and gray;
Rebels within thee, and foes without
Will snatch at thy crown. But march on,

glorious,

Martyr, yet monarch! till angels shout,

As thou sitt'st at the feet of God victorious,

"Philip, the king!"

DINAH MARIA MULOCE.

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

A superstition of great beauty prevails in Ireland, that, when a child smiles in its sleep, it is "talking with angels."

A BABY was sleeping;
Its mother was weeping;
For her husband was far on the wild raging sea;

And the tempest was swelling
Round the fisherman's dwelling;
And she cried, "Dermot, darling, oh come
back to me!"

Her beads while she numbered,
The baby still slumbered,
And smiled in her face as she bended her
knee:

"Oh blest be that warning,
My child, thy sleep adorning,
For I know that the angels are whispering
with thee.

"And while they are keeping
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
Oh, pray to them softly, my baby, with me!

And say thou wouldst rather
They'd watch o'er thy father!
For I know that the angels are whisp
to thee."

The dawn of the morning

Saw Dermot returning,
And the wife wept with joy her babe's
to see;
And closely caressing
Her child with a blessing,
Said, "I knew that the angels were
pering with thee."

SAMUEL LO

THE CHILD AND THE WATCHE

SLEEP on, baby on the floor, Tired of all thy playing-Sleep with smile the sweeter for That you dropped away in; On your curls' fair roundness stand Golden lights serenely; One check, pushed out by the hand, Folds the dimple inly— Little head and little foot Heavy laid for pleasure; Underneath the lids half-shut Plants the shining azure; Open-souled in noonday sun, So, you lie and slumber; Nothing evil having done, Nothing can encumber.

I, who cannot sleep as well,
Shall I sigh to view you?
Or sigh further to foretell
All that may undo you?
Nay, keep smiling, little child,
Ere the fate appeareth!
I smile, too; for patience mild
Pleasure's token weareth.
Nay, keep sleeping before loss;
I shall sleep, though losing!
As by cradle, so by cross,
Sweet is the reposing.

And God knows, who sees us twain,
Child at childish leisure,
I am all as tired of pain
As you are of pleasure.

Very soon, too, by His grace,
Gently wrapt around me,
I shall show as calm a face,
I shall sleep as soundly—
Differing in this, that you
Clasp your playthings sleeping,
While my hand must drop the few
Given to my keeping—

Differing in this, that I,
Sleeping, must be colder,
And, in waking presently,
Brighter to beholder—
Differing in this beside
(Sleeper, have you heard me?
Do you move, and open wide
Your great eyes toward me?)
That while I you draw withal
From this slumber solely,
Me, from mine, an angel shall,
Trumpet-tongued and holy!

ELEMABETE BARRETT BROWNING.

THE CHILD ASLEEP.

SWEET babe! true portrait of thy father's face.

Sleep on the bosom that thy lips have pressed!

Sleep, little one; and closely, gently place Thy drowsy eyelid on thy mother's breast.

Upon that tender eye, my little friend, Soft sleep shall come, that cometh not to me!

I watch to see thee, nourish thee, defend;
'T is sweet to watch for thee—alone for thee!

His arms fall down; sleep sits upon his brow; His eye is closed; he sleeps, nor dreams of harm.

Wore not his cheek the apple's ruddy glow, Would you not say he slept on Death's cold arm?

Awake, my boy!—I tremble with affright!

Awake, and chase this fatal thought!—

Unclose

Thine eye but for one moment on the light! Even at the price of thine, give me repose! Sweet error!—he but slept—I breathe again. Come, gentle dreams, the hour of sleep beguile!

Oh! when shall he, for whom I sigh in vain,
Beside me watch to see thy waking smile?

CLOTILDE DE SURVILLE. (French.)

Translation of H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE KITTEN AND FALLING LEAVES

THAT way look, my infant, lo! What a pretty baby-show! See the kitten on the wall, Sporting with the leaves that fall— Withered leaves,—one, two, and three,— From the lofty elder-tree! Through the calm and frosty air Of this morning bright and fair, Eddying round and round, they sink Softly, slowly; one might think, From the motions that are made, Every little leaf conveyed Sylph or fairy hither tending, To this lower world descending, Each invisible and mute In his wavering parachute. —But the Kitten, how she starts, Crouches, stretches, paws, and darts! First at one, and then its fellow Just as light and just as yellow; There are many now,—now one,— Now they stop, and there are none. What intenseness of desire In her upward eye of fire! With a tiger-leap! Half-way Now she meets the coming prey, Lets it go as fast, and then Has it in her power again; Now she works with three or four, Like an Indian conjurer; Quick as he in feats of art, Far beyond in joy of heart. Were her antics played in the eye Of a thousand standers-by, Clapping hands with shout and stare, What would little Tabby care For the plaudits of the crowd? Over happy to be proud,

Over wealthy in the treasure Of her own exceeding pleasure!

'T is a pretty baby treat, Nor, I deem, for me unmeet; Here for neither Babe nor me Other playmate can I see. Of the countless living things That with stir of feet and wings (In the sun or under shade, Upon bough or grassy blade), And with busy revellings, Chirp, and song, and murmurings, Made this orchard's narrow space, And this vale, so blithe a place; Multitudes are swept away, Never more to breathe the day. Some are sleeping; some in bands Travelled into distant lands; Others slunk to moor and wood, Far from human neighborhood; And, among the kinds that keep With us closer fellowship, With us openly abide, All have laid their mirth aside.

Where is he, that giddy sprite, Blue-cap, with his colors bright, Who was blest as bird could be, Feeding in the apple-tree— Made such wanton spoil and rout, Turning blossoms inside out— Hung, head pointing towards the ground, Fluttered, perched, into a round Bound himself, and then unbound— Lithest, gaudiest Harlequin! Prettiest tumbler ever seen! Light of heart, and light of limb— What is now become of him? Lambs, that through the mountains went Frisking, bleating merriment, When the year was in its prime, They are sobered by this time. If you look to vale or hill, If you listen, all is still, Save a little neighboring rill That from out the rocky ground Strikes a solitary sound. Vainly glitter hill and plain, And the air is calm in vain; Vainly Morning spreads the lure

Of a sky serene and pure; Creature none can she decoy Into open sign of joy. Is it that they have a fear Of the dreary season near? Or that other pleasures be Sweeter even than gayety?

Yet, whate'er enjoyments dwell In the impenetrable cell Of the silent heart which Nature Furnishes to every creature— Whatsoe'er we feel and know Too sedate for outward show— Such a light of gladness breaks, Pretty Kitten! from thy freaks,— Spreads with such a living grace O'er my little Dora's face— Yes, the sight so stirs and charms Thee, Baby, laughing in my arms, That almost I could repine That your transports are not mine, That I do not wholly fare Even as ye do, thoughtless pair! And I will have my careless season Spite of melancholy reason, Will walk through life in such a way That, when time brings on decay, Now and then I may possess Hours of perfect gladsomeness. Pleased by any random toy— By a kitten's busy joy, Or an infant's laughing eye Sharing in the ecstasy— I would fare like that or this, Find my wisdom in my bliss, Keep the sprightly soul awake, And have faculties to take, Even from things by sorrow wrough Matter for a jocund thought— Spite of care, and spite of grief, To gambol with Life's falling leaf. WILLIAM WORDS

THE CHILD IN THE WILDERN

Enconcrured in a twine of leaves—
That leafy twine his only dress—
A lovely boy was plucking fruits
In a moonlight wilderness.

The moon was bright, the air was free,
And fruits and flowers together grew,
And many a shrub, and many a tree:
And all put on a gentle hue,
Hanging in the shadowy air
Like a picture rich and rare.
It was a climate where they say
The night is more beloved than day.
But who that beauteous boy beguiled—
That beauteous boy!—to linger here!
Alone by night, a little child,
In place so silent and so wild—
Has he no friend, no loving mother near?

Samuel Taylor Columber.

ON THE PICTURE OF AN INFANT PLAYING NEAR A PRECIPICE.

Wenz on the cliff with calm delight she kneels,

And the blue vales a thousand joys recall, See, to the last, last verge her infant steals!

Oh fly—yet stir not, speak not, lest it fall.—
Far better taught, she lays her bosom bare,
And the fond boy springs back to nestle there.

LEONIDAS of Alexandria, (Greek.)
Translation of Samuel Rogers.

THE GIPSY'S MALISON.

"Suck, baby, suck! mother's love grows by giving;

Drain the sweet founts that only thrive by wasting:

Black manhood comes, when riotous guilty living

Hands thee the cup that shall be death in tasting.

Kisa, baby, kiss! mother's lips shine by kisses;

Choke the warm breath that else would fall in blessings:

Black manhood comes, when turbulent guilty blisses

Tend thee the kiss that poisons 'mid caressings.

Hang, baby, hang! mother's love loves such forces;

Strain the fond neck that bends still to the clinging:

Black manhood comes, when violent lawles courses

Leave thee a spectacle in rude air swinging.

So sang a withered beldam energetical,
And banned the ungiving door with lips prophetical.

CHARLES LAMB.

TO A CHILD

EMBRACING HIS MOTHER.

I.

Love thy mother, little one!
Kiss and clasp her neck again,—
Hereafter she may have a son
Will kiss and clasp her neck in vain.
Love thy mother, little one!

**

Gaze upon her living eyes,
And mirror back her love for thee,—
Hereafter thou mayst shudder sighs
To meet them when they cannot see.
Gaze upon her living eyes!

ш.

Press her lips the while they glow
With love that they have often told,—
Hereafter thou mayst press in woe,
And kiss them till thine own are cold.
Press her lips the while they glow!

IV.

Oh, revere her raven hair!
Although it be not silver-gray—
Too early Death, led on by Care,
May snatch save one dear lock away.
Oh, revere her raven hair!

٣.

Pray for her at eve and morn,
That Heaven may long the stroke defer.
For thou mayst live the hour forlorn
When thou wilt ask to die with her.

Pray for her at eve and morn!

GOOH BANGET

TO J. H.

FOUR YEARS OLD :-- A NURSERY SONG.

• . . . Pien d'amori, Pien di canti, e pien di flori.

FRUGCHL

Full of little loves of ours, Full of songs, and full of flowers.

Aн, little ranting Johnny, For ever blithe and bonny, And singing nonny, nonny, With hat just thrown upon ye; Or whistling like the thrushes, With a voice in silver gushes; Or twisting random posies With daisies, weeds, and roses; And strutting in and out so, Or dancing all about so; With cock-up nose so lightsome, And sidelong eyes so brightsome, And cheeks as ripe as apples, And head as rough as Dapple's, And arms as sunny shining As if their veins they'd wine in, And mouth that smiles so truly Heaven seems to have made it newly— It breaks into such sweetness With merry-lipped completeness; Ah Jack, ah Gianni mio, As blithe as Laughing Trio! —Sir Richard, too, you rattler, So christened from the Tattler, My Bacchus in his glory, My little Cor-di-fiori, My tricksome Puck, my Robin, Who in and out come bobbing, As full of feints and frolics as That fibbing rogue Autolycus, And play the graceless robber on Your grave-eyed brother Oberon,— Ah Dick, ah Dolce-riso, How can you, can you be so!

One cannot turn a minute,
But mischief—there you're in it:
A-getting at my books, John,
With mighty bustling looks, John,
Or poking at the roses,
In midst of which your nose is;
Or climbing on a table,

No matter how unstable, And turning up your quaint eye And half-shut teeth, with "May n' Or else you're off at play, John, Just as you'd be all day, John, With hat or not, as happens; And there you dance, and clap has Or on the grass go rolling, Or plucking flowers, or bowling, And getting me expenses With losing balls o'er fences; Or, as the constant trade is, Are fondled by the ladies With "What a young rogue this is Reforming him with kisses; Till suddenly you cry out, As if you had an eye out, So desperately tearful, The sound is really fearful; When lo! directly after, It bubbles into laughter.

Ah rogue! and do you know, John Why 'tis we love you so, John? And how it is they let ye Do what you like and pet ye, Though all who look upon ye, Exclaim, "Ah, Johnny, Johnny!" It is because you please 'em Still more, John, than you teaze 'e Because, too, when not present, The thought of you is pleasant; Because, though such an elf, John, They think that if yourself, John, Had something to condemn too, You'd be as kind to them too; In short, because you're very Good-tempered, Jack, and merry; And are as quick at giving As easy at receiving; And in the midst of pleasure Are certain to find leisure To think, my boy, of ours, And bring us lumps of flowers.

But see, the sun shines brightly; Come, put your hat on rightly, And we'll among the bushes, And hear your friends, the thrushe And see what flowers the weather Has rendered fit to gather; And, when we home must jog, you Shall ride my back, you rogue you,—Your hat adorned with fine leaves, Horse-chestnut, oak, and vine-leaves, And so, with green o'erhead, John, Shall whistle home to bed, John.

LEIGH HUNT.

THE FAIRY CHILD.

THE summer sun was sinking
With a mild light, calm and mellow;
It shone on my little boy's bonny cheeks,
And his loose locks of yellow.

The robin was singing sweetly,
And his song was sad and tender;
And my little boy's eyes, while he heard the
song,
Smiled with a sweet soft splendor.

My little boy lay on my bosom
While his soul the song was quaffing;
The joy of his soul had tinged his cheek,
And his heart and his eye were laughing.

l sate alone in my cottage,
The midnight needle plying;
I feared for my child, for the rush's light
In the socket now was dying!

There came a hand to my lonely latch,
Like the wind at midnight moaning;
I knelt to pray, but rose again,
For I heard my little boy groaning.

I crossed my brow and I crossed my breast,
But that night my child departed—
They left a weakling in his stead,
And I am broken-hearted!

Oh! it cannot be my own sweet boy,
For his eyes are dim and hollow;
My little boy is gone—is gone,
And his mother soon will follow

The dirge for the dead will be sung for me,
And the mass be chanted meetly,
And I shall sleep with my little boy,
In the moonlight churchyard sweetly.

JOHN ANSTER.

TO A CHILD, DURING SICKNESS.

SLEEP breathes at last from out thee,
My little patient boy;
And balmy rest about thee
Smooths off the day's annoy.
I sit me down, and think
Of all thy winning ways;
Yet almost wish, with sudden shrink,
That I had less to praise.

Thy sidelong pillowed meekness,

Thy thanks to all that aid,
Thy heart, in pain and weakness,
Of fancied faults afraid;
The little trembling hand
That wipes thy quiet tears:
These, these are things that may demand
Dread memories for years.

Sorrows I've had, severe ones,
I will not think of now;
And calmly, midst my dear ones,
Have wasted with dry brow;
But when thy fingers press
And pat my stooping head,
I cannot bear the gentleness—
The tears are in their bed.

Ah, first-born of thy mother,
When life and hope were new;
Kind playmate of thy brother,
Thy sister, father too;
My light, where'er I go;
My bird, when prison-bound,
My hand-in-hand companion—No,
My prayers shall hold thee round.

To say "He has departed"—

"His voice"—"his face"—is gone,
To feel impatient-hearted,
Yet feel we must bear on—
Ah, I could not endure
To whisper of such woe,
Unless I felt this sleep ensure
That it will not be so.

Yes, still he 's fixed, and sleeping!
This silence too the while—
Its very hush and creeping
Seem whispering us a smile

Something divine and dim
Seems going by one's ear,
Like parting wings of cherubim,
Who say, "We 've finished here."

LEIGH HUNT.

TO H. C.

SIX YEARS OLD.

O THOU whose fancies from afar are brought; Who of thy words dost make a mock appare., And fittest to unutterable thought The breeze-like motion and the self-born carol,

Thou fairy voyager! that dost float
In such clear water, that thy boat
May rather seem
To brood on air than on an earthly stream—
Suspended in a stream as clear as sky,
Where earth and heaven do make one imagery;

O blessed vision! happy child!
Thou art so exquisitely wild,
I think of thee with many fears
For what may be thy lot in future years.

I thought of times when Pain might be thy guest,

Lord of thy house and hospitality;
And Grief, uneasy lover, never rest
But when she sat within the touch of thee.
O too industrious folly!
O vain and causeless melancholy!
Nature will either end thee quite;
Or, lengthening out thy season of delight,
Preserve for thee, by individual right,
A young lamb's heart among the full-grown flocks.

What hast thou to do with sorrow,
Or the injuries of to-morrow?
Thou art a dew-drop, which the morn brings
forth,

Ill fitted to sustain unkindly shocks,
Or to be trailed along the soiling earth;
A gem that glitters while it lives,
And no forewarning gives,
But, at the touch of wrongs, without a strife,
Slips in a moment out of life.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH,

TO A SLEEPING CHILD.

Arr thou a thing of mortal birth,
Whose happy home is on our earth?
Does human blood with life imbue
Those wandering veins of heavenly blue,
That stray along that forehead fair,
Lost mid a gleam of golden hair?
Oh! can that light and airy breath
Steal from a being doomed to death;
Those features to the grave be sent
In sleep thus mutely eloquent;
Or, art thou, what thy form would seem,
A phantom of a blessed dream?

A human shape I feel thou art—
I feel it at my beating heart,
Those tremors both of soul and sense
Awoke by infant innocence!
Though dear the forms by Fancy wove,
We love them with a transient love;
Thoughts from the living world intrude
Even on her deepest solitude:
But, lovely child! thy magic stole
At once into my inmost soul,
With feelings as thy beauty fair,
And left no other vision there.

To me thy parents are unknown;
Glad would they be their child to own!
And well they must have loved before,
If since thy birth they loved not more.
Thou art a branch of noble stem,
And, seeing thee, I figure them.
What many a childless one would give,
If thou in their still home wouldst live!
Though in thy face no family line
Might sweetly say, "This babe is mine!"
In time thou wouldst become the same
As their own child,—all but the name.

How happy must thy parents be
Who daily live in sight of thee!
Whose hearts no greater pleasure seek
Than see thee smile, and hear thee speak,
And feel all natural gricfs beguiled
By thee, their fond, their duteous child.
What joy must in their souls have stirred
When thy first broken words were heard
Words, that, inspired by Heaven, express
The transports dancing in thy breast!
And for thy smile!—thy lip, cheek, brow
Even while I gaze, are kindling now

ed thee duteous; am I wrong? th, I feel, is in my song: , thy heart's still beatings move to Nature, and to love! !—for thou, a harmless child, pt his temple undefiled; ire!—for thy tears and sighs one her mysteries; l—for fiends of hate might see rell'st in love, and love in thee. onder then, though in thy dreams with mystic meaning beams! :hat my spirit's eye could see burst those gleams of ecstasy! ht of dreaming soul appears from thoughts above thy years; illest as if thy soul were soaring en, and heaven's God adoring. o can tell what visions high ss an infant's sleeping eye? ighter throne can brightness find on, than an infant's mind, destroy, or error dim, y of the seraphim? ow thy changing smiles express ble happiness. y soul thy soul partake. ief, if thou wouldst now awake! fants happy as thyself e bound, a playful elf; ou art a darling child, thy playmates bold and wild; re thee well; thou art the queen ieir sports, in bower or green; hou livest to woman's height, will friendship, love, delight. ive thou surely must; thy life ю spiritual for the strife al pain; nor could disease art to prey on smiles like these. on wilt be an angel bright e thou lovest, a saving light f of age, the help sublime g youth, and stubborn prime; en thou goest to heaven again, ishing be like the strain harp—so soft the tone scarce knows when it is gone! e blessed he whose stars design it pure to lean on thine, tchful share, for days and years,

Thy sorrows, joys, sighs, smiles, and !ears!
For good and guiltless as thou art,
Some transient griefs will touch thy heart—
Griefs that along thy altered face
Will breathe a more subduing grace
Than even those looks of joy that lie
On the soft cheek of infancy.
Though looks, God knows, are cradled there
That guilt might cleanse, or soothe despair.

O vision fair! that I could be
Again as young, as pure, as thee!
Vain wish! the rainbow's radiant form
May view, but cannot brave, the storm;
Years can bedim the gorgeous dyes
That paint the bird of Paradise;
And years, so Fate hath ordered, roll
Clouds o'er the summer of the soul.
Yet, sometimes, sudden sights of grace,
Such as the gladness of thy face,
O sinless babe, by God are given
To charm the wanderer back to heaven.

No common impulse hath me led
To this green spot, thy quiet bed,
Where, by mere gladness overcome,
In sleep thou dreamest of thy home.
When to the lake I would have gone,
A wondrous beauty drew me on—
Such beauty as the spirit sees
In glittering fields and moveless trees,
After a warm and silent shower
Ere falls on earth the twilight hour.
What led me hither, all can say
Who, knowing God, his will obey.

Thy slumbers now cannot be long;
Thy little dreams become too strong
For sleep—too like realities;
Soon shall I see those hidden eyes.
Thou wakest, and starting from the ground,
In dear amazement look'st around;
Like one who, little given to roam,
Wonders to find herself from home!
But when a stranger meets thy view,
Glistens thine eye with wilder hue.
A moment's thought who I may be,
Blends with thy smiles of courtesy.

Fair was that face as break of dawn,
When o'er its beauty sleep was drawn,
Like a thin veil that half concealed
The light of soul, and half revealed.
While thy hushed heart with visions wrought
Each trembling eye-lash moved with thought

And things we dream, but ne'er can speak, Like clouds came floating o'er thy cheek— Such summer-clouds as travel light, When the soul's heaven lies calm and bright-Till thou awokest; then to thine eye Thy whole heart leapt in ecstasy! And lovely is that heart of thine, Or sure those eyes could never shine With such a wild, yet bashful glee, Gay, half-o'ercome timidity! Nature has breathed into thy face A spirit of unconscious grace— A spirit that lies never still, And makes thee joyous 'gainst thy will: As, sometimes o'er a sleeping lake Soft airs a gentle rippling make, Till, ere we know, the strangers fly, And water blends again with sky.

O happy sprite! didst thou but know
What pleasures through my being flow
From thy soft eyes! a holier feeling
From their blue light could ne'er be stealing;
But thou wouldst be more loth to part,
And give me more of that glad heart.
Oh! gone thou art! and bearest hence
The glory of thy innocence.
But with deep joy I breathe the air
That kissed thy cheek, and fanned thy hair,
And feel, though fate our lives must sever,
Yet shall thy image live for ever!

John Wilson,

OHILDREN.

Children are what the mothers are. No fondest father's fondest care

Can fashion so the infant heart

As those creative beams that dart,

With all their hopes and fears, upon

The cradle of a sleeping son.

His startled eyes with wonder see
A father near him on his knee,
Who wishes all the while to trace
The mother in his futureface;
But 't is to her alone uprise
His wakening arms; to her those eyes
Open with joy and not surprise.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

TO A CHILD.

Dear child! whom sleep can hardly tame. As live and beautiful as flame,
Thou glancest round my graver hours. As if thy crown of wild-wood flowers. Were not by mortal forehead worn,
But on the summer breeze were borne,
Or on a mountain streamlet's waves.
Came glistening down from dreamy cave.

With bright round cheek, amid whose given Delight and wonder come and go; And eyes whose inward meanings play, Congenial with the light of day; And brow so calm, a home for Thought Before he knows his dwelling wrought; Though wise indeed thou seemest not, Thou brightenest well the wise man's lot

That shout proclaims the undoubting min That laughter leaves no ache behind; And in thy look and dance of glee, Unforced, unthought of, simply free, How weak the schoolman's formal art Thy soul and body's bliss to part! I hail thee Childhood's very Lord, In gaze and glance, in voice and word.

In spite of all foreboding fear,
A thing thou art of present cheer;
And thus to be beloved and known,
As is a rushy fountain's tone,
As is the forest's leafy shade,
Or blackbird's hidden serenade.
Thou art a flash that lights the whole-A gush from Nature's vernal soul.

And yet, dear child! within thee lives
A power that deeper feeling gives,
That makes thee more than light or air.
Than all things sweet and all things rair;
And sweet and fair as aught may be,
Diviner life belongs to thee,
For 'mid thine aimless joys began
The perfect heart and will of Man.

Thus what thou art foreshows to me How greater far thou soon shalt be;



THE MOTHER'S HOPE.

tile amid thy garlands blow ads that warbling come and go, ithin, not loud but clear, the murmur fills the ear, ys that every human birth liscloses God to earth.

JOHN STERLING.

THE MOTHER'S HOPE.

when the winds are singing
e happy summer time—
be raptured air is ringing
arth's music heavenward springing,
thirp, and village chime—
to of the sounds that float
ingly, a single note
sweet, and clear, and wild,
laughter of a child?

and be now delighted:

hath touched her golden strings;

and Sky their vows have plighted;

d Light are reunited,

d countless carollings;

dicious as they are,

at makes the heart rejoice

han all,—the human voice!

finer, deeper, clearer, h it be a stranger's tone he winds or waters dearer, nchanting to the hearer, it answereth to his own. 'all its witching words, are sweetest, bubbling wild the laughter of a child.

nies from time-touched towers, ated strains from rivulets, I bees among the flowers, g leaves, and silver showers,—e, ere long, the ear forgets; mine there is a sound; on the whole year round—leep laughter that I heard child could speak a word.

Ah! 't was heard by ear far purer, Fondlier formed to catch the strain— Ear of one whose love is surer— Hers, the mother, the endurer

Of the deepest share of pain;
Hers the deepest bliss to treasure
Memories of that cry of pleasure;
Hers to hoard, a life-time after,
Echoes of that infant laughter.

'T is a mother's large affection

Hears with a mysterious sense—

Breathings that evade detection,

Whisper faint, and fine inflation,

Thrill in her with power intense.
Childhood's honeyed words untaught
Hiveth she in loving thought—
Tones that never thence depart;
For she listens—with her heart.

LAMAN BLANCHARD.

THE MOTHER'S HEART.

When first thou camest, gentle, shy, and fond,

My eldest born, first hope, and dearest treasure,

My heart received thee with a joy beyond All that it yet had felt of earthly pleasure; Nor thought that any love again might be So deep and strong as that I felt for thee.

Faithful and true, with sense beyond thy years,

And natural piety that leaned to heaven;
Wrung by a harsh word suddenly to tears,
Yet patient to rebuke when justly given—
Obedient—easy to be reconciled—
And meekly cheerful; such wert thou, my
child!

Not willing to be left—still by my side, Haunting my walks, while summer-day was dying; Nor leaving in thy turn, but pleased to glide Through the dark room where I was sadly lying;

Or by the couch of pain, a sitter meek, Watch the dim eye, and kiss the fevered cheek.

O boy! of such as thou are oftenest made Earth's fragile idols; like a tender flower, No strength in all thy freshness, prone to fade,

And bending weakly to the thundershower;

Still, round the loved, thy heart found force to bind,

And clung, like woodbine shaken in the wind!

Then thou, my merry love—bold in thy glee, Under the bough, or by the firelight dancing,

With thy sweet temper, and thy spirit free— Didst come, as restless as a bird's wing glancing,

Full of a wild and irrepressible mirth, Like a young sunbeam to the gladdened earth!

Thine was the shout, the song, the burst of joy,

Which sweet from childhood's rosy lip resoundeth;

Thine was the eager spirit naught could cloy, And the glad heart from which all grief reboundeth;

And many a mirthful jest and mock reply Lurked in the laughter of thy dark-blue eye.

And thine was many an art to win and bless, The cold and stern to joy and fondness warming;

The coaxing smile—the frequent soft caress— The earnest tearful prayer all wrath disarming!

Again my heart a new affection found, But thought that love with thee had reached its bound.

At length THOU camest—thou, the least,

Nick-named "the Emperor" by the ing brothers—

Because a haughty spirit swelled thy And thou didst seek to rule and others—

Mingling with every playful infant v A mimic majesty that made us smile

And oh! most like a regal child wer An eye of resolute and successful s Fair shoulders—curling lips—and brow—

Fit for the world's strife, not f dreaming;

And proud the lifting of thy stately And the firm bearing of thy conscio

Different from both! yet each s claim

I, that all other love had been for Forthwith admitted, equal and the s Nor injured either by this love's co Nor stole a fraction for the newer ca But in the mother's heart found room

CAROLINE

TO GEORGE M——.

Yes, I do love thee well, my child Albeit mine 's a wandering mind; But never, darling, hast thou smile Or breathed a wish that did not fi A ready echo in my heart.

What hours I 've held thee on my Thy little rosy lips apart!

Or, when asleep, I 've gazed on th And with old tunes sung thee to: Hugging thee closely to my bosor For thee my very heart hath bles My joy, my care, my blue-eyed bl

THOMA

MOTHER'S LOVE.

Hr sang so wildly, did the boy,
That you could never tell
If 't was a madman's voice you heard,
Or if the spirit of a bird
Within his heart did dwell—
A bird that dallies with his voice
Among the matted branches;
Or on the free blue air his note,
To pierce, and fall, and rise, and float,
With bolder utterance launches.
None ever was so sweet as he,
The boy that wildly sang to me;
Though toilsome was the way and long,
He led me, not to lose the song.

But when again we stood below
The unhidden sky, his feet
Grew slacker, and his note more slow,
But more than doubly sweet.
He led me then a little way
Athwart the barren moor,
And there he stayed, and bade me stay,
lleside a cottage door;
I could have stayed of my own will,
In truth, my eye and heart to fill
With the sweet sight which I saw there,
At the dwelling of the cottager.

A little in the doorway sitting,
The mother plied her busy knitting;
And her cheek so softly smiled.
You might be sure, although her gaze
Was on the meshes of the lace,
Yet her thoughts were with her child.

But when the boy had heard her voice,
As o'er her work she did rejoice,
His became silent altogether;
And slyly creeping by the wall,
He seized a single plume, let fall
By some wild bird of longest feather;
And all a-tremble with his freak,
He touched her lightly on the cheek.

Oh what a loveliness her eyes Gather in that one moment's space, While peeping round the post she spies Her darling's laughing face! Oh mother's love is glorifying, On the cheek like sunset lying; In the eyes a moistened light, Softer than the moon at night!

THOMAS BURBIDGE.

THE PET LAMB.

A PASTORAL.

THE dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink;

I heard a voice; it said, "Drink, pretty creature, drink!"

And, looking o'er the hedge, before me I espied

A snow-white mountain-lamb with a maiden at its side.

Nor sheep nor kine were near; the lamb was all alone,

And by a slender cord was tethered to a stone;

With one knee on the grass did the little maiden kneel,

While to that mountain-lamb she gave its evening meal.

The lamb, while from her hand he thus his supper took,

Seemed to feast with head and ears; and his tail with pleasure shook.

"Drink, pretty creature, drink!" she said, in such a tone

That I almost received her heart into my own.

'T was little Barbara Lewthwaite, a child of beauty rare!

I watched them with delight: they were a lovely pair.

Now with her empty can the maiden turned away;

But ere ten yards were gone, her footsteps did she stay.

Right towards the lamb she looked; and from a shauy place

I unobserved could see the workings of her face.

If nature to her tongue could measured numhers bring,

Thus, thought I, to her lamb that little maid might sing :-

"What ails thee, young one? what! Why pull so at thy cord?

Is it not well with thee? well both and board?

Thy plot of grass is soft, and green can be;

Rest, little young one, rest; what mileth thee?

"What is it thou wouldst seek? wanting to thy heart?

Thy limbs, are they not strong? As tilul thou art.

This grass is tender grass; these flowers they have no peers;

And that green corn all day is rustling in thy ears!

"If the san be shining hot, do but stretch thy woollen chain-

This beech is standing by, its covert thou canst gain.

For rain and mountain storins—the like thou need'st not fear;

The rain and storm are things that scarcely can come here.

*Rest, little young one, rest; thou hast forgot the day

When my father found thee first in places far away;

Many flocks were on the hills, but thou wert owned by none,

And thy mother from thy side for evermore was gone.

'He took thee in his arms, and in pity brought thee home: A blessed day for thee! Then whither would thou rosm?

A faithful nurse thou hast—the dam that d thee yean

Upon the mountain-tops no kinder con have been.

"Thou know'st that twice a day I he brought thee in this can

Why Fresh water from the brook, as clear as ever ran;

wice in the day, when the ground wet with dew,

thee draughts of milk—warm milk is, and new.

imbs will shortly be twice as stout they are now;
"Il yoke thee to my cart like a part

'll yoke thee to my cart like a pos in the plough,

ymate thou shalt be; and when a wind is cold,

Our hearth shall be thy bed, our house shall be thy fold.

"It will not, will not rest!—Poor creature can it be

That 't is thy mother's heart which is work ing so in thee?

Things that I know not of belike to thee are dear,

And dreams of things which thou canst neither see nor hear.

"Alas, the mountain-tops that look so green and fair!

I've heard of fearful winds and darkness that come there;

The little brooks, that seem all pastime and all play,

When they are angry roar like lions for their prey.

"Here thou need'st not dread the raven is the sky;

Night and day thou art safe—our cottage is hard by.



TO MY DAUGHTER.

and at break of day I will come to thee again!"

omeward through the lane I went with lazy feet, og to myself did I oftentimes repeat; seemed, as I retraced the ballad line by line, it balf of it was hers, and one-half of it was mine.

and once again, did I repeat the song;
'said I, "more than half to the damsel must belong,
e looked with such a look, and she
spake with such a tone,
almost received her heart into my
own."

WELLIAM WOEDSWORTEL

TO MY DAUGHTER,

ON HER BIRTHDAY.

L

r Fanny! nine long years ago,
le yet the morning sun was low,
rosy with the eastern glow
le landscape smiled;
let lowed the newly-wakened herds—
et as the early song of birds,
and those first, delightful words,
Thou hast a child!"

Π.

g with that uprising dew
s glistened in my eyes, though few,
all a dawning quite as new
me, as Time:
s not sorrow—not annoy—
ike a happy maid, though coy,
grief-like welcome, even Joy
restalls its prime.

Ш.

So may'st thou live, dear! many years,
In all the bliss that life endears,
Not without smiles, nor yet from tears,
Too strictly kept.
When first thy infant littleness
I folded in my fond caress,
The greatest proof of happiness
Was this—I wept.
Thomas Hoop

LITTLE CHILDREN.

SPORTING through the forest wide; Playing by the waterside; Wandering o'er the beathy fells; Down within the woodland della: All among the mountains wild, Dwelleth many a little child! In the baron's hall of pride; By the poor man's dull fireside: 'Mid the mighty, 'mid the mean, Little children may be seen, Like the flowers that spring up tair, Bright and countless everywhere! In the far isles of the main: In the desert's lone domain; In the savage mountain-glen, 'Mong the tribes of swarthy men: Wheresoe'er a foot hath gone; Wheresoe'er the sun bath shone On a league of peopled ground, Little children may be found! Blessings on them! they in me Move a kindly sympathy. With their wishes, hopes, and fears: With their laughter and their tears: With their wonder so intense, And their small experience! Little children, not alone On the wide earth are ye known, 'Mid its labors and its cares, 'Mid its sufferings and its spares; Free from sorrow, free from strife, In the world of love and life, Where no sinful thing hath trod-In the presence of your God, Spotless, blameless, glorified— Little children, ye abide!

MARY HOWITH

THE IDLE SHEPHERD BOYS.

A PASTORAL.

The valley rings with mirth and joy;
Among the hills the echoes play
A never, never-ending song,
To welcome in the May.
The magpie chatters with delight;
The mountain raven's youngling brood
Have left the mother and the nest;
And they go rambling east and west
In search of their own food;
Or through the glittering vapors dart
In very wantonness of heart.

Beneath a rock, upon the grass,
Two boys are sitting in the sun;
Their work, if any work they have,
Is out of mind,—or done.
On pipes of sycamore they play
The fragments of a Christian hymn;
Or with that plant which in our dale
We call stag-horn, or fox's tail,
Their rusty hats they trim:
And thus, as happy as the day,
Those shepherds wear the time away.

Along the river's stony marge
The sand-lark chants a joyous song;
The thrush is busy in the wood,
And carols loud and strong.
A thousand lambs are on the rocks,
All newly born! both earth and sky
Keep jubilee, and more than all,
Those boys with their green coronal;
They never hear the cry,
That plaintive cry! which up the hil.
Comes from the depth of Dungeon-Ghyll.

Said Walter, leaping from the ground, "Down to the stump of yon old yew We'll for our whistles run a race."
——Away the shepherds flew;
They leapt—they ran—and when they came Right opposite to Dungeon-Ghyll,
Seeing that he should lose the prize,
"Stop!" to his comrade Walter cries.
James stopped with no good will.
Said Walter then, exulting, "Here
You'll find a task for half a year.

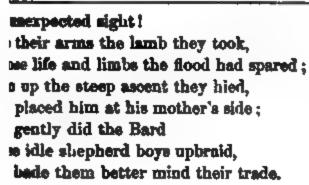
"Cross, if you dare, where I shall cross,—Come on, and tread where I shall tread"
The other took him at his word,
And followed as he led.
It was a spot which you may see
If ever you to Langdale go;
Into the chasm a mighty block
Hath fallen, and made a bridge of rock.
The gulf is deep below;
And, in a basin black and small,
Receives a lofty waterfall.

With staff in hand across the cleft
The challenger pursued his march;
And now, all eyes and feet, hath gained
The middle of the arch.
When list! he hears a piteous moan.
Again!—his heart within him dies;
His pulse is stopped, his breath is lost,
He totters, pallid as a ghost,
And, looking down, espies
A lamb, that in the pool is pent
Within that black and frightful rent.

The lamb had slipped into the stream,
And safe without a bruise or wound
The cataract had borne him down
Into the gulf profound.
Ilis dam had seen him when he fell—
She saw him down the torrent borne;
And, with all a mother's love,
She from the lofty rocks above
Sent forth a cry forlorn;
The lamb, still swimming round and round
Made answer in that plaintive sound.

When he had learnt what thing it was
That sent this rueful cry, I ween
The boy recovered heart, and told
The sight which he had seen.
Both gladly now deferred their task;
Nor was there wanting other aid:
A Poet, one who loves the brooks
Far better than the sages' books,
By chance had hither strayed;
And there the helpless lamb he found
By those huge rocks encompassed round.

He drew it from the troubled pool, And brought it forth into the light; The shepherds met him with his charge.



WILLIAM WOODSWORTS.

THE SHEPHERD BOY.

Like some vision olden
Of far other time,
When the age was golden,
In the young world's prime,
Is thy soft pipe ringing,
O lonely shepherd boy:
What song art thou singing,
In thy youth and joy?

Or art thou complaining
Of thy lowly lot,
And thine own disdaining,
Dost ask what thou hast not?
Of the future dreaming,
Weary of the past,
For the present scheming—
All but what thou hast.

No, thou art delighting
In thy summer home;
Where the flowers inviting
Tempt the bee to roam;
Where the cowslip, bending
With its golden bells,
Of each glad hour's ending
With a sweet chime tells.

All wild creatures love him
When he is alone;
Every bird above him
Sings its softest tone.
Thankful to high Heaven,
Humble in thy joy,
Much to thee is given,
Lewly abspherd boy.

Legeria Reseabling Landon.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

When the corn-fields and meadows
Are pearled with the dew,
With the first sunny shadow
Walks little Boy Blue.

Oh the Nymphs and the Graces
Still gleam on his eyes,
And the kind fairy faces
Look down from the skies;

And a secret revealing
Of life within life,
When feeling meets feeling
In musical strife;

A winding and weaving
In flowers and in trees,
A floating and heaving
In sunlight and breeze;

A striving and soaring,
A gladness and grace,
Make him kneel half adoring
The God in the place.

Then amid the live shadows
Of lambs at their play,
Where the kine scent the meads ws
With breath like the May,

He stands in the splendor
That waits on the morn,
And a music more tender
Distils from his horn;

And he weeps, he rejoices, He prays; nor in vain, For soft loving voices Will answer again;

And the Nymphs and the Graces
Still gleam through the dew,
And kind fairy faces
Watch little Boy Blue.

ANONYMORE.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

Come back, come back together,
All ye fancies of the past,
Ye days of April weather,
Ye shadows that are cast
By the haunted hours before!
Come back, come back, my Childhood;
Thou art summoned by a spell
From the green leaves of **

From beside the charms
For Red Riding Hood,
The flower of fairy ic

The fields were covered or

With colors as she went

Daisy, buttercup, and clor

Below her footsteps ber

Summer shed its shir

She was happy as she pre

Beneath her little feet;

She plucked them and caressed them;

They were so very sweet,

They had never seemed so sweet before,

To Red Riding Hood, the darling,

The flower of fairy lore.

How the heart of childhood dances
Upon a sunny day!
It has its own romances,
And a wide, wide world have they!
A world where Phantasie is king,
Made all of eager dreaming;
When once grown up and tall—
Now is the time for scheming—
Then we shall do them all!
Do such pleasant fancies spring
For Red Riding Hood, the darling,
The flower of fairy lore!

She seems like an ideal love,

The poetry of childhood shown,
And yet loved with a real love,
As if she were our own—
A younger sister for the heart;
Like the woodland pheasant,

Her hair is brown and bright;
And her smile is pleasant,

With its rosy light.

Never can the memory part

With Red Riding Hood, the darling.

The flower of fairy lore.

Did the painter, dreaming
In a morning hour,
Catch the fairy seeming
Of this fairy flower?
Winning it with eager eyes
From the old enchanted stories,
Lingering with a long delight
a the unforgotten glories
Of the infant sight?
Giving us a sweet surprise
In Red Riding Hood, the darling,
The flower of fairy lore?

oo long in the meadow staying,
Where the cowalip bends,
Ith the buttercups delaying
As with early friends,
Did the little maiden stay.
Sorrowful the tale for us;
We, too, loiter mid life's flowers,
A little while so glorious,
So soon lost in darker hours.
All love lingering on their way,
Like Red Riding Hood, the darling,
The flower of fairy lore.

Latitia Edizabete i (v)

THE GAMBOLS OF CHILDREN

Down the dimpled green-sward danci Bursts a flaxen-headed bevy— Bud-lipt boys and girls advancing, Love's irregular little levy.

Rows of liquid eyes in laughter,

How they glimmer, how they quive Sparkling one another after,

Like bright ripples on a river

Tipsy band of rubious faces,
Flushed with Joy's ethereal spirit,
Make your mocks and sly grimaces
At Love's self, and do not fear it.
GROND DAI



THE PIED PIPER OF HAMBLIN.

PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

ı

tin Town's in Brunswick,
ous Hanover city;
iver Weser, deep and wide,
ses its wall on the southern side;
meanter spot you never spied;
hen begins my ditty,
set five hundred years ago,
se the townsfolk suffer so
ermin, was a pity.

П.

ught the dogs, and killed the cats, bit the babies in the cradles, e the cheeses out of the vats, licked the soup from the cook's own ladles.

pen the kegs of salted sprats, tests inside men's Sunday hats, ten spoiled the women's chats, y drowning their speaking ith shricking and squeaking different sharps and flats.

111.

the people in a body
he Town Hall came flocking:
clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a
moddy;
has for our Corporation—shocking
ak we buy gowns lined with ermine
the that can't or won't determine
best to rid us of our vermin!
ope, because you're old and obese,
lin the furry civic robe ease?
up, Sirs! Give your brains a racking
the remedy we're lacking,
e as fate, we'll send you packing!"
the Mayor and Corporation
I with a mighty consternation.

₽¥.

ngth the Mayor broke silence:
guilder I'd my ermine gown sell;
th I were a mile hence!
y to bid one rack one's brain—
w my poor head aches again.

I 've scratched it so, and all in vain.
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap!
"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that!"
(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little though wondrous fat;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister
Than a too-long-opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
For a plate of turtle, green and glutinous,)
"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat!
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"

₹.

"Come in!"—the Mayor cried, looking bigger;

And in did come the strangest figure:
His queer long coat from beel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red;
And he himself was tall and thin;
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin;
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin;
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in—
There was no guessing his kith and kin!
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.
Quoth one: "It's as my great-grandsire,
Starting up at the trump of doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tombstone!"

Ŧī.

He advanced to the council-table:
And, "Please your honours," said he, "I'm
able,

By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm—
The mole, and toad, and newt, and viper—
And people call me the Pied Piper."
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the self same
check;

And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;

And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying As if impatient to be playing

Upon this pape, as low it dangled Over his vesture so old-fangled.)

Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am, In Tartary I freed the Cham, Last June, from his huge swarm of gnats; I eased in Asia the Nizam Of a monstrous broad of vampire-bats: And, as for what your brain bewilders -If I can rid your town of rats, Will you give me a thousand guilde "One? fifty thousand?" -was the ex Of the astonished Mayor and Corps

VII.

Into the street the Piper stept, Smiling first a little smile, As if he knew what magic slept In his quiet pipe the while; Then, like a masical adept, To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled, And green and I lue his sharp eyes twinkled, Like a candle dame where salt is sprinkled, And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered, You heard as if an army muttered, And the muttering grew to a grumbling; And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;

And out of the Louses the rats came turn-

Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats, Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats, Grave old (lod lers, gay young friskers,

Fathers, mothers, uncles, consins, Cocking tolls and pricking whiskers; Families by tens and dozens, Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives-Followed the Piper for their lives. From street to street he piped advancing, And step for step they followed dancing, Until they came to the river Weser Wherein all plunged and perished -Save one who, stout as Julius Cosar, Swam across and lived to carry (As he the manuscript he cherished) To Rat-land home his commentary, Which was: "At the first shrill notes of the pipe,

I heard a sound as of scraping *ripe,

And putting applea, wondrous ripe, Into a cider-press's gripe— And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards, And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards, And a drawing the corks of train-oil-flasks And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks; And it seemed as if a voice (Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery Is breathed) called out, O rats, rejoice! The world is grown to one vast drysaltery So munch en, crunch on, take your nunches

> st, supper, dinner, ancheon! at as a bulky sugar-puncheon, ly staved, like a great sun shone s, scarce an inch before me. methought it said, Come, bore me! id the Weser rolling o'er me."

ould have heard the Hamelin people the bells till they rocked the steeple. wied the Mayor, "and get long pole

. JAO Out the nests and block up the holes? Consult with carpenters and builders, An I leave in our town not even a trace Of the rats!"-when suddenly, up the face Of the Piper perked in the market-place, With a, "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked Mue:

So did the Corporation too.

For council dinners made rare havock With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock: And half the money would replenish Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish. To pay this sum to a wandering follow

With a gipsy coat of red and yellow I "Beside," quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink,

"Our business was done at the river's brink; We saw with our eyes the vermin sink, And what's dead can't come to life, I think. So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink From the duty of giving you something for

And a matter of money to put in your poke; But, as for the guilders, what we spoke Of them, as you very well know, was in joke



THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

our losses have made us thrifty; and guilders! Come, take fifty!"

I.

er's face fell, and he cried,
fling! I can't wait! beside,
mised to visit by dinner time
and accept the prime
read cook's pottage, all he 's rich in,
ing left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
t of scorpion's no survivor—
n I proved no bargain-driver;
u, don't think I'll bate a stiver!
is who put me in a passion
I me pipe to another fashion."

II.

" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I'll rook
orse treated than a cook?
by a lazy ribald
e pipe and vesture piebald?
eaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
or pipe there till you burst!"

XII.

re he stept into the street; o his lips again long pipe of smooth straight cane; re he blew three notes (such sweet es as yet musician's cunning gave the enraptured air) as a rustling that seemed like a busy crowds justling at pitching and ostling; attering, ands clapping, and little tongues nattering; e fowls in a farm-yard when barley scattering, e the children running: ittle boys and girls, y cheeks and flaxen curls, kling eyes and teeth like pearls, and skipping, ran merrily after aderful music with shouting and aghier.

щ,

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood As if they were changed into blocks of wood, Unable to move a step, or cry To the children merrily skipping by— And could only follow with the eye That joyous crowd at the Piper's back. But how the Mayor was on the rack, And the wretched Conneil's bosoms beat, As the Piper turned from the High Street To where the Weser rolled its waters Right in the way of their sons and daughters! However, he turned from South to West, And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed, And after him the children pressed; Great was the joy in every breast. "He never can cross that mighty top! He's forced to let the piping drop, And we shall see our children stop ! " When, lo, as they reached the mountain's side. A wondrous portal opened wide, As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed; And the Piper advanced and the children followed;

And when all were in, to the very last,
The door in the mountain side shut fast.
Did I say all? No! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say,—
"It's dull in our town since my playmater
left!

I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me;
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And overy thing was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks

And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles' wings;
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped and I stood still,
And found myself outside the Hill,
Left alone against my will.

To go now limping as before, And never hear of that country more!"

XIV.

Alas, alas for Hamelin!

There came into many a burgher's pate A text which says, that Heaven's gate Opes to the rich at as easy rate As the nee lle's eye takes a camel in I The Mayor sent East, West, N South,

To offer the piper by word of mot Wherever it was men's lot to fir Silver and gold to his Leart's conte If he'd only return the way he we And bring the children behind 1 But when they saw 'twas a lost or And tiper and dancers were gone They made a decree that lawyers I Should think their records dated

If, after the day of the month and ; These words did not as well appear, "And so long after what happened here On the Twenty-second of July, Thirteen Hundred and Seventy-six." And the better in memory to fix The place of the Children's last retreat They called it the Pied P.per's Street -Where any one playing on pipe or tabor Was sure for the future to lose his labor. Nor suffered they hostelry or tavera-

To shock with mirth a street so solemn; But opposite the place of the cavern

They wrote the story on a column, And on the Great Church window painted The same, to make the world acquainted How their children were stolen away; And there it stands to this very day. And I must not omit to say That in Transylvania there's a tribe Of alien people that ascribe The outlandish ways and dress On which their neighbors lay such stress To their fathers and mothers having risen Out of some subterranean prison Into which they were trepanned Long time ago, in a mighty band, Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land, But how or why, they don't understand,

IT.

So, Willy, let you and me be wipers Of scores out with all men -especially pipers And, whether they pipe us free from rate or from mice,

If we've promised them aught, let us keep our promise.

ROBBET BROWNING

VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

he night before Christmas, when brough the house cature was stirring, not even a moust kings were hung by the chimney will s that St. Nicholas soon would ldren were nestled all snug in the isions of sugar-plums danced in the

heads; And Mamma in Ler kerchief, and I in my

Had just settled our brains for a long winter's

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,

I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.

Away to the window I flew like a flash, Tore of en the shutters and threw up the sash. The moon, on the breast of the new-failer snow,

Gave a lustre of mid-day to objects below; When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,

But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reis

With a little old driver, so lively and quick, I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick. More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,

And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name;

"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!

On! Comet, on! Cupid, on! Donder and Blitzen-

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

An me! full sorely is my heart forlorn,

To think how modest worth neglected lies,

While partial Fame doth with her blasts

adorn

Such deeds alone as pride and pomp disguise; Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprise. Lend me thy clarion, goddess! let me try To sound the praise of merit, ere it dies, Such as I oft have chaunced to espy, Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.

In every village marked with little spire, Embowered in trees, and hardly known to Fame,

There dwells, in lowly shed and mean attire, A matron old, whom we Schoolmistress name,

Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame;
They grieven sore, in piteous durance pent,
Awed by the power of this relentless dame;
And ofttimes, on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or task unconned, are sorely shent.

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree, Which Learning near her little dome did stow,

Whilom a twig of small regard to see,
Though now so wide its waving branches flow,
And work the simple vassals mickle woe;
For not a wind might curl the leaves that
blew,

But their limbs shuddered, and their pulse beat low;

And as they looked, they found their horror grew,

And shaped it into rods, and tingled at the view.

So have I seen (who has not, may conceive)
A lifeless phantom near a garden placed;
So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave,
Of sport, of song, of pleasure, of repast;
They start, they stare, they wheel, they look
aghast;

Sad servitude! such comfortless annoy May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taste! No superstition clog his dance of joy, No vision empty, vain, his native bliss desire

Near to this dome is found a patch so greated On which the tribe their gambols do display And at the door imprisoning-board is seen, Lest weakly wights of smaller size shows stray,

Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day!
The noises intermixed, which thence reson
Do Learning's little tenement betray;
Where sits the dame, disguised in look perfound,

And eyes her fairy throng, and turns is wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow, Emblem right meet of decency does yield. Her apron dyed in grain, as blue, I trowa, As is the hare-bell that adorns the field; And in her hand for sceptre, she does wis Tway birchen sprays, with anxious fears twined,

With dark distrust, and sad repentance and And stedfast hate, and sharp affliction joint And fury uncontrolled, and chastisement whind.

Few but have kenned, in semblance meet potrayed,

The childish faces of old Eol's train;
Libs, Notus, Auster; these in frowns arrays
How then would fare or earth, or sky,
main,

Were the stern god to give his slaves to

And were not she rebellious breasts to que And were not she her statutes to maintain. The cot no more, I ween, were deemed to cell,

Where comely peace of mind and dece order dwell.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders throw A russet kirtle fenced the nipping air; 'T was simple russet, but it was her own; 'T was her own country bred the flock fair;

'T was her own labor did the fleece prepar And, sooth to say, her pupils, ranged arou Through pious awe did term it passing ran



THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

gaping wonderment abound, no doubt, she been the greatest at on ground!

attery did corrupt her truth,
s title did debauch her ear;
d-woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,
se sole additions she did hear;
te challenged, these she held right;

steem him act as mought behove, I not honored eld with these re-

itle yet so mean could prove, was eke a mind which did that love.

t hen she took delight to feed,

ig pattern of the busy dame;

r and anou, impelled by need,

hool, begirt with chickens, came!

did her past deportment claim;

lect had lavished on the ground

f bread, she would collect the same;

he knew, and quaintly could ex
id,

 were to waste the smallest crumb found.

she knew, and well of each could k,

 garden sipped the silvery dew, vain flower disclosed a gaudy ak;

for use and physic not a few,
nown, within these borders grew;
basil, pun-provoking thyme,
and marygold of cheerful hue,
gill, that never dares to climb;
I fain would sing, disdaining here
hyme.

sy may not be left unsung,
dim eyes to wander leagues
and;

nt radish, biting infant's tongue; in ribbed, that heals the reaper's ad;

ram sweet, in shepherd's posie d;

And lavender, whose spikes of azure bloom
Shall be erewhile in arid bundles bound,
To lurk amid the labors of her loom,
And crown her kerchiefs clean with mickle
rare perfume.

And here trim resemarine, that whilese crowned

The daintiest garden of the proudest peer,
Ere, driven from its envied site, it found
A sacred shelter for its branches here;
Where edged with gold its glittering skirts
appear.

Oh wassel days! O customs meet and well! Ere this was banished from its lofty sphere! Simplicity then sought this humble cell, Nor ever would she more with thane and lordling dwell.

Here oft the dame, on Sabbath's decent eve, Hymned such psalms as Sternhold forth did mete.

If winter 't were, she to her hearth did cleave,

But in her garden found a summer-seat;
Sweet melody! to hear her then repeat
How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,
While taunting foemen did a song entreat,
All for the nonce untuning every string,
Uphung their useless lyres—small heart had
they to sing.

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore, And passed much time in truly virtuous deed; And in those elfin ears would oft deplore The times when truth by Popish rage did bleed,

And tortnous death was true devotion's meed,

And simple Faith in iron chains did mourn.

That nould on wooden image place her creed;

And lawny saints in smouldering flames did burn;

Ah, dearest Lord, forefend thilk days should e'er return !

In elbow-chair, like that of Scottish stem
By the sharp tooth of cankering eld defaced
In which, when he receives his diadem,
Our sovereign prince and hefest liege is
placed,

The matron sate, and some with rank she She meditates a prayer to set him free; graced, Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny

(The source of children's and of courtiers' pride!)

Redressed affronts, for vile affronts there passed;

And warned them not the fretful to deride, But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

Right well she knew each temper to deserv: To thwart the proud, and the spraise,

Some with vile copper-prize exalt c And some entice with pittance praise;

And other some with baleful sprig E'en absent, she the reins of power While with quaint arts the giddy a sways;

Forewarded if little bird their pract "T will whisper in her ear and all unfold.

Lo! now with state she utters the command. Eftwoons the urchars to their tasks repair; Their books of stature small they take in hand.

Which with pellicid horn secured are, To save from fingers wet the letters fair; The work so gay, that on their back is seen, St. George's high achievements doth declare; On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been, Kens the forthcoming red—unpleasing sight,

I ween!

Ah luckless he, and born beneath the beam
Of evil star! it irks me while I write;
As cost the bard by Mulla's salver stream,
Oft as he told of deadly, dolorous plight,
Sighed as he sung, and did in tears indite.
For, brandishing the rod, she doth begin
To loose the brogues, the stripling's late delight!

And down they drop; appears his dainty skin,

Fair as the furry coat of whitest emilin.

O ruthful scene i when from a nook obscure, His little sister doth his peril see; All playful as she sate, she grows demure; She finds full soon her wonted spirits fice; She moditates a prayer to set him free;
Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny,
(If gentle pardon could with dames agree)
To her sad grief, which swells in either end
And wrings her so that all for pity she could
die.

No longer can she now her shricks comment And hardly she forbears, through awful for To rushen forth, and with presumption

hand

harsh justice in his mid-career.

s she calls, on thee, her parent dear

oo remote to ward the shameful blood

s no kind domestic visage near;

on a flood of tears begins to flow,

ves a loose at last to unavailing work

. I what pen his piteous plight manual in the device his loud laments explain?

m uncouth of his disguised face?

The plenteous shower that does his check distain?

When he in abject wise implores the dame, Ne hopeth aught of sweet reprieve to gain; Or when from high she levels well her sim. And through the thatch his cries each falling stroke proclaim.

The other tribe, aghast, with sore dismay, Attend, and con their tasks with mickle care: By turns, astonied, every twig survey,

And from their fellow's hateful wounds beware,

Knowing, I wis, how each the same may share,

Till fear has taught them a performance meet.

And to the well-known chest the dame repair,

Whence oft with sugared cates she doth then greet,

And ginger-bread y-rare; now, certes, doubly sweet.

See to their seats they hie with merry giee, And in beseemly order sitten there; All but the wight of burn y-galled; he Abhorreth bench, and stool, and fourm, and chair,



THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

1 in mouth y-fixed, that rends his r;)

with snubs profound, and heaving

us intermitting, doth declare us wrong, his dame's unjust behest; a her offered love, and shuns to be seed.

esprent with liquid crystal shines, ing face that seems a purple flower, w to earth its drooping head detes.

ed and sullied by a vernal shower.

'd become of despotic power!

t she, the author of his shame,

t she, regret this mournful hour;

the youth, and hence the flower

Il claim,

em aright, transcending worth and so.

me door, in melancholy thought,
of food, he, dreary caitiff! pines;
if fellows' joyaunce careth aught,
wind all merriment resigns;
is it shame if he to peace inclines;
y a sullen look askance is sent,
t his dame's annoyance he designs;
he more to pleasure him she's bent,
doth he perverse, her'haviour past
ent.

how much I fear lest pride it be!

t pride it be, which thus inspires,
re dames, with nice discernment see,
h not too the sparks of noble fires.
er far than all the Muses' lyres,
rd arts, is valor's generous heat;
fixt breast which fit and right reires,
non's patriot soul! more justly great

non's patriot soul! more justly great t that pimps for ill or flowery false ceit.

ed with skill, what dezzling fruits

sagacious Foresight points to show each of heedless bishops here, a chancellor in embryo, Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so, As Milton, Shakespeare, names that ne'es shall die!

Though now he crawl along the ground so low,

Nor weeting how the Muse should soar on high,

Wisheth, poor starveling elf! his paper kite may fly.

And this perhaps, who, censuring the design, Low lays the house which that of cards doth build,

Shall Dennis be 1 if rigid Fate incline,
And many an epic to his rage shall yield;
And many a poet quit th' Aonian field,
And, sourced by age, profound he shall appear,

As he who now with 'edsinful fury thrilled Surveys mine work; and levels many a sneer, And furls his wrinkly front, and cries, "What stuff is here?"

And now Dan Phoebus gains the middle skic,
And Liberty unbars her prison-door;
And like a rushing torrent out they fly,
And now the grassy cirque had covered o'er
With boisterous revel-rout and wild uproar;
A thousand ways in wanton rings they run;
Heaven shield their short-lived pastimes, I
implore!

For well may freedom erst so dearly won, Appear to British elf more gladsome than the sun.

Enjoy, poor imps! enjoy your sportive trade, And chase gay flies, and cull the fairest flowers,

For when my bones in grass-green sods are laid;

For never may ye taste more careless hours
In knightly castles, or in ladies' howers.
Oh vain to seek delight in earthly thing!
But most in courts where proud Ambition
towers;

Deluded wight! who weens fair peace can spring

Beneath the pompous dome of kesar or of king.

See in each sprite some various bent appear!
These rudely carol most incondite lay;
Those sauntering on the green, with jocund leer

Salute the stranger passing on his way;
Some builden fragile tenements of clay;
Some to the standing lake their courses bend,
With pebbles smooth at duck and drake to
play;

Thilk to the hunter's savory cottage tend, In pastry kings and queens th' allotted mite to spend.

Here, as each season yields a different store, Each season's stores in order ranged been; Apples with cabbage-net y-covered o'er, Galling full sore th' unmoneyed wight, are seen;

And goose-b'rie clad in livery red or green;
And here of lovely dye, the catharine pear,
Fine pear! as lovely for thy juice, I ween:
O may no wight e'er pennyless come there,
Lest smit with ardent love he pine with
hopeless care!

See! cherries here, ere cherries yet abound, With thread so white in tempting posies ty'd, Scattering like blooming maid their glances round,

With pampered look draw little eyes aside;
And must be bought, though penury betide.
The plumb all azure and the nut all brown,
And here each season do those cakes abide.
Whose honored names th' inventive city
own,

Rendering through Britain's isle Salopia's praises known.

Admired Salopia! that with venial pride

Eyes her bright form in Severn's ambient

wave,

Famed for her loyal cares in perils tried, Her daughters lovely, and her striplings brave;

Ah! midst the rest, may flowers adorn his grave,

Whose art did first these dulcet cates display! A motive fair to Learning's imps he gave, Who cheerless o'er her darkling region stray, Till Reason's morn arise, and light them on their way.

WILLIAM SHERETONE.

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ET COLLEGE.

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade;
And ye that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights the expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose for

Wanders the hoary Thames along His silver winding way:

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields beloved in vain!—
Where once my careless childhood stray
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As, waving fresh their gladsome wing
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race,
Disporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleasure trace;
Who foremost now delight to cleave,
With pliant arm, thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthrall?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While some, on urgent business bent,
Their murmuring labors ply
'Gainst graver hours that bring constrain
To sweeten liberty;
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry;
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind.
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed, Less pleasing when possest; forgot as soon as shed,
nahine of the breast:
nxom health, of rosy hue,
, invention ever new,
vely cheer, of vigor born;
ightless day, the easy night,
its pure, the slumbers light,
ly the approach of morn.

gardless of their doom,
the victims play!
have they of ills to come,
are beyond to-day;
how all around them wait
sters of human fate,
lack misfortune's baleful train!
v them where in ambush stand,
their prey, the murderous band!
ll them, they are men!

all the fury passions tear, iltures of the mind, il anger, pallid fear, me that skulks behind; ing love shall waste their youth, asy, with rankling tooth, nly gnaws the secret heart; y wan, and faded care, aged, comfortless despair, orrow's piercing dart.

a this shall tempt to rise,
whirl the wretch from high,
scorn a sacrifice,
rinning infamy;
gs of falsehood those shall try,
d unkindness' altered eye,
nocks the tears it forced to flow;
a remorse, with blood defiled,
ody madness, laughing wild
severest woe.

he vale of years beneath
ily troop are seen,
iful family of death,
hideous than their queen;
ks the joints, this fires the veins,
iry laboring sinew strains,
in the deeper vitals rage:
erty, to fill the band,

That numbs the soul with icy hand, And slow-consuming age.

To each his sufferings: all are men,
Condemned alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
The unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah! why should they know their fate!
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies,
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more:—where ignorance is bliss,
'T is folly to be wise!

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

Now ponder well, you parents dear,
The words which I shall write;
A doleful story you shall hear,
In time brought forth to light:
A gentleman, of good account,
In Norfolk lived of late,
Whose wealth and riches did surmount
Most men of his estate.

Sore sick he was, and like to die,

No help then he could have;

His wife by him as sick did lie,

And both possessed one grave.

No love between these two was lost,

Each was to other kind;

In love they lived, in love they died,

And left two babes behind:

The one a fine and pretty boy,

Not passing three years old;
The other a girl, more young than he,

And made in beauty's mould.

The father left his little son,

As plainly doth appear,

When he to perfect age should come,

Three hundred pounds a year—

And to his little daughter Jane
Five hundred pounds in gold,
To be paid down on marriage-day,
Which might not be controlled;
But if the children chanced to die
Ere they to age should come,
Their uncle should possess their wealth,
For so the will did run.

"Now, brother," said the dying man,
"Look to my children dear;
Be good unto my boy and girl,
No friends else I have here;
To God and you I do commend
My children, night and day;
But little while, be sure, we have,
Within this world to stay.

"You must be father and mother both,
And uncle, all in one;
God knows what will become of them
When I am dead and gone."
With that bespake their mother dear,
"O brother kind," quoth she,
"You are the man must bring our babes
To wealth or misery.

"And if you keep them carefully,
Then God will you reward;
If otherwise you seem to deal,
God will your deeds regard."
With lips as cold as any stone,
She kissed her children small:
"God bless you both, my children dear,"
With that the tears did fall.

These speeches then their brother spake
To this sick couple there:
"The keeping of your children dear,
Sweet sister, do not fear;
God never prosper me nor mine,
Nor aught else that I have,
If I do wrong your children dear,
When you are laid in grave."

Their parents being dead and gone,
The children home he takes,
And brings them home unto his house,
And much of them he makes.
He had not kept these pretty babes
A twelvemonth and a day,
But, for their wealth, he did devise
To make them both away.

He bargained with two ruffians strong,
Which were of furious mood,
That they should take these children young,
And slay them in a wood.
He told his wife, and all he had,
He did the children send
To be brought up in fair London,
With one that was his friend.

Away then went these pretty babes,
Rejoicing at that tide,
Rejoicing with a merry mind,
They should on cock-horse ride;
They prate and prattle pleasantly,
As they rode on the way,
To those that should their butchers be
And work their lives' decay,

So that the pretty speech they had,
Made Murder's heart relent;
And they that undertook the deed
Full sore they did repent.
Yet one of them, more hard of heart,
Did vow to do his charge,
Because the wretch that hired him
Had paid him very large.

The other would not agree thereto,
So here they fell at strife;
With one another they did fight,
About the children's life;
And he that was of mildest mood,
Did slay the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood;
While babes did quake for fear.

He took the children by the hand
When tears stood in their eye,
And bade them come and go with him
And look they did not cry;
And two long miles he led them on,
While they for food complain:
"Stay here," quoth he, "I'll bring you
When I do come again."

These pretty babes, with hand in hand.

Went wandering up and down,

But never more they saw the man,

Approaching from the town.

Their pretty lips, with black-berries,

Were all besmeared and dyed,

And, when they saw the darksome nig

They sate them down and cried.

Thus wandered these two pretty babes.

Till death did end their grief;
In one another's arms they died,

As babes wanting relief.

No burial these pretty babes

Of any man receives,

Till robin redbreast, painfully,

Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrath of God
Upon their uncle fell;
Yea, fearful flends did haunt his house,
His conscience felt an hell.
His barns were fired, his goods consumed,
His lands were barren made;
His cattle died within the field,
And nothing with him stayed.

And, in the voyage of Portugal,

Two of his sons did die;

And, to conclude, himself was brought

To extreme misery.

He pawned and mortgaged all his land

Ere seven years came about;

And now, at length, this wicked act

Did by this means come out:

The fellow that did take in hand
These children for to kill,
Was for a robber judged to die,
As was God's blessed will;
Who did confess the very truth,
The which is here expressed;
Their uncle died while he, for debt,
In prison long did rest.

You that executors be made,
And overseers eke;
Of children that be fatherless.
And infants mild and meek,
Take you example by this thing,
And yield to each his right,
Lest God, with such like misery,
Your wicked minds requite.

Anoxymous.

LADY ANN BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe;
If thou'st be silent, I'se be glad,
Thy maining maks my heart ful sad.
Balow, my boy, thy mither's joy!
Thy father breides me great annoy.

Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

When he began to court my luve, And with his sugred words to muve, His faynings fals, and flattering cheire,
To me that time did not appeire:
Rut now I see, most cruell hee,
Cares neither for my babe nor mee.

Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

Ly stil, my darlinge, sleipe awhile, And when thou wakest sweitly smile: But smile not, as thy father did, To cozen maids; nay, God forbid! But yette I feire, thou wilt gae neire, Thy fatheris hart and face to beire.

Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

I cannae chuse, but ever will Be luving to thy father stil: Whair-eir he gae, whair-eir he ryde, My luve with him maun stil abyde: In weil or wae, whair-eir he gae, Mine hart can neir depart him frae.

Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!
It grieves me sair to see thee weips.

But doe not, doe not, prettie mine,
To faynings fals thine hart incline;
Be loyal to thy luver trew,
And nevir change hir for a new;
If gude or faire, of hir have care,
For women's banning 's wonderous sair.

Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

Bairne, sin thy cruel father is gane,
Thy winsome smiles mann eise my paine;
My babe and I'll together live,
He'll comfort me when cares doe grieve;
My babe and I right saft will ly,
And quite forget man's cruelty.

Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleips!
It grieves me sair to see thee weips.

Fareweil, fareweil, thou falsest youth
That ever kist a woman's mouth!
I wish all maids be warned by mee,
Nevir to trust man's curtesy;
For if we doe but chance to bow,
They'll use us than they care not how.

Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

ANUNTMOTE.

DANĀE.

Whilst, around her lone ark sweeping, Wailed the winds and waters wild, Her young cheeks all wan with weeping, Danüe clasped her sleeping child; And "Alas," (cried she,) "my dearest, What deep wrongs, what woes, are mine! But nor wrongs nor woes thou fearest, In that sinless rest of thine. Faint the moonbeams break above thee, And, within here, all is gloom; But fast wrapt in arms that love thee, Little reck'st thou of our doom. Not the rude spray round thee flying, Has e'en damped thy clustering hair,-On thy purple mantlet lying, O mine Innocent, my Fair! Yet, to thee were sorrow sorrow, Thou would'st lend thy little ear, And this heart of thine might borrow Haply yet a moment's cheer. But no; slumber on, Babe, slumber; Slumber, Ocean-waves; and you, My dark troubles, without number,— Oh, that ye would slumber too! Though with wrongs they've brimmed my chalice. Grant Jove, that, in future years,

Grant Jove, that, in future years, This boy may defeat their malice, And avenge his mother's tears!"

SIMONIDES. (Greek.)

Translation of WILLIAM PETER.

BOYHOOD.

An, then how sweetly closed those crowded days!

That fade upon a summer's eve.

But oh! what charm, or magic numbers
Can give me back the gentle slumbers
Those weary, happy days did leave?

When by my bed I saw my mother kneel,
And with her blessing took her nightly kiss;
Whatever Time destroys, he cannot this—
E'en now that nameless kiss I feel.

Washington Allston.

HER EYES ARE WILD.

I.

Here eyes are wild, her head is bare. The sun has burnt her coal-black here eyebrows have a rusty stain, and she came far from over the meshe had a baby on her arm, Or else she were alone; and underneath the hay-stack war and on the greenwood stone, she talked and sung the woods amand it was in the English tongue.

II.

"Sweet babe! they say that I am!
But nay, my heart is far too glad;
And I am happy when I sing
Full many a sad and doleful thing.
Then, lovely baby, do not fear!
I pray thee have no fear of me;
But safe as in a cradle, here,
My lovely baby! thou shalt be.
To thee I know too much I owe;
I cannot work thee any woe.

111.

"A fire was once within my brain, And in my head a dull, dull pain; And fiendish faces, one, two, three, Hung at my breast, and pulled at n But then there came a sight of joy It came at once to do me good: I waked, and saw my little boy, My little boy of flesh and blood; Oh joy for me that sight to see! For he was here, and only he.

IV

"Suck, little babe, oh suck again! It cools my blood; it cools my brai Thy lips, I feel them, baby! they Draw from my heart the pain away Oh press me with thy little hand! It loosens something at my chest; About that tight and deadly band I feel thy little fingers prest. The breeze I see is in the tree—It comes to cool my babe and me.



THE ADOPTED CHILD.

W.

me, love me, little boy!
thy mother's only joy;
ot dread the waves below,
r the sea-rock's edge we go;
orag cannot work me harm,
ng torrents when they how!;
I carry on my arm,
for me my precious soul;
py lie; for blest am I;
oe my sweet babe would die.

VI.

not fear, my boy! for thee lion will I be; always be thy guide, ollow snows and rivers wide. In Indian bower; I know that make the softest bed; m me thou wilt not go, true till I am dead, thing! then thou shalt sing s the birds in Spring.

VII.

r cares not for my breast, sweet baby, there to rest; se own!—and if its hue, that was so fair to view, ough for thee, my dove! little child, is flown, at live with me in love; my poor cheek be brown? me thou canst not see ad wan it else would be.

VIII.

their taunts, my little Life; her's wedded wife; sath the spreading tree live in honesty, boy he could forsake, never would have stayed, harm my babe can take; man, is wretched made; ty we two will pray 's gone and far away.

Ľĸ.

"I'll teach my boy the sweetest things:
I'll teach him how the owlet sings.
My little babe! thy lips are still,
And thou hast almost sucked thy fill.

—Where art thou gone, my own dear child
What wicked looks are those I see!
Alas! alas! that look so wild,
It never, never came from me.
If thou art mad, my pretty lad,
Then I must be for ever sad.

I.

"Oh smile on me, my little lamb!
For I thy own dear mother am.
My love for thee has well been tried."
I've sought thy father far and wide.
I know the poisons of the shade;
I know the earth-nuts fit for food.
Then, pretty dear, be not afraid;
We'll find thy father in the wood.
Now laugh and be gay, to the woods away!
And there, my babe, we'll live for aye."

WILLIAM WORDSWOMTH

THE ADOPTED CHILD.

"Why would'st thou leave me, oh gentle child?

Thy home on the mountain is bleak and wild— A straw-roofed cabin, with lowly wall; Mine is a fair and pillared hall, Where many an image of marble gleams, And the sunshine of pictures for ever streams.'

"Oh! green is the turf where my brothers play,

Through the long bright hours of the sum mer's day;

They find the red cup-moss where they climb, And they chase the bee o'er the scented thyme.

And the rocks where the heath-flower blooms they know;

Lady, kind lady! oh let me go,"

"Content thee, boy! in my bower to dwell Here are sweet sounds which thou lovest well: Flutes on the air in the stilly noon, Harps which the wandering breezes tune, And the silvery wood-note of many a bird Whose voice was ne'er in thy mountain heard."

"Oh! my mother sings at the twilight's fall, A song of the hills far more sweet than all; She sings it under our own green tree. To the babe half slumbering on her knee; I dreamt last night of that the Lady, kind lady! oh, let me

"Thy mother is gone from She hath taken the babe of Thou would'st meet her fo more.

Nor hear her song at the c Come then with me to the And we'll pluck the gradye."

"Is my mother gone from her home away?— But I know that my brothers are there at play—

I know they are gathering the fox-glove's bell.

Or the long forn leaves by the sparkling well; Or they launch their boats where the bright streams flow—

Lady, kind lady! oh, let me go."

"Fair child, thy brothers are wanderers now; They sport no more on the mountain's brow; They have left the fern by the spring's green side.

And the streams where the fairy barks were tied.

Be thou at peace in thy brighter lot, For the cabin home is a lonely spot."

'Are they gone, all gone from the sunny bull?—

But the bird and the blue-fly rove o'er it still; And the red-deer bound in their gladness free, And the heath is bent by the singing bee, And the waters leap, and the fresh winds blow, Lady, kind hady! oh, let me go."

PELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

LUCY GRAY;

OR, BOLITUDE.

OFF I had heard of Lucy Gray;
And, when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see, at break of day
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew: She dwelt on a wide moor,— The sweetest thing that ever grew Beside a human door.

You yet may spy the fawn at play, The hare upon the green; But the sweet face of Lucy Gray Will never more be seen.

"To-night will be a stormy night,—You to the town must go;
And take a lantern, Child, to light
Your mother through the snow."

"That, Father! will I gladly do;
'T is scarcely afternoon,—
The minster-clock has just struck tw
And yonder is the moon."

At this the father raised his hook, And snapped a faggot-band. He plied his work;—and Lucy took The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe— With many a wanton stroke Her feet disperse the powdery snow That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time;
She wandered up and down;
And many a hill did Lucy climb,
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night Went shouting far and wide; But there was neither sound nor sig To serve them for a guide.

At daybreak on the hill they stood That overlooked the moor; And thence they saw the bridge of A furlong from their door.



THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

spt,—and, turning homeward, cried, neaven we all shall meet; " a the snow the mother spied print of Lucy's feet.

ownwards from the steep hill's edge reacked the footmarks small; rough the broken hawthorn-hedge, by the low stone-wall;

hen an open field they crossed marks were still the same zacked them on, nor ever lost; I to the bridge they came.

ollowed from the snowy bank to footmarks, one by one, to middle of the plank; I further there were none!

is a living child;
ou may see sweet Lucy Gray
on the lonesome wild.

ough and smooth she trips along, never looks behind; ugs a solitary song t whistles in the wind.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTS.

CHILDHOOD.

or mind it is most sweet to muse days gone by; to act in thought ons o'er, and be again a child; fancy on the turf-clad slope sich the child would roll; to pluck y flowers, sees in the sun, which the child's ad offended soon, soon reconciled) brow sway, and straight take up sun,

Then fling them to the winds, and o'er the lawn

Bound with so playful and so light a foot,

That the pressed daisy scarce declined her head.

CHARLES LAND.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

Between the dark and the daylight,
When night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the children's hour.

I bear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper and then a silence.

Yet I know by their merry eyes

They are plotting and planning together

To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway, A sudden raid from the hall, By three doors left unguarded, They enter my castle wall.

They climb up into my turret,
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine,

Do you think, oh blue-eyed banditti. Because you have scaled the wall, Such an old moustache as I am Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress, And will not let you depart, But put you into the dungeon In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever, Yes, forever and a day, Till the walls shall crumble to ruin, And moulder in dust away.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

UNDER MY WINDOW.

Under my window, under my window, All in the Midsummer weather, Three little girls with fluttering curls Flit to and fro together:— There's Bell with her bonnet of satin sheen, And Maud with her mantle of silver-green, And Kate with her scarlet feather.

Under my window, under my window, Leaning stealthily over, Merry and clear, the voice I hear, Of each glad-hearted rover. Ah! sly little Kate, she steals my roses; And Maud and Bell twine wreaths and posies, As merry as bees in clover.

Under my window, under my window, In the blue Midsummer weather, Stealing slow, on a hushed tip-toe, I catch them all together:— Bell with her bonnet of satin sheen, And Maud with her mantle of silver-green, And Kate with the scarlet feather.

Under my window, under my window, And off through the orchard closes;

While Maud she flouts, and Bell she po They scamper and drop their posies: But dear little Kate takes nought amise And leaps in my arms with a loving ki And I give her all my roses.

T. West

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER

I REMEMBER, I remember The house where I was born, The little window where the sun Came peeping in at morn; He never came a wink too soon, Nor brought too long a day; But now, I often wished the night Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember The roses, red and white, The violets, and the lily-cups-Those flowers made of light! The lilacs where the robin built, And where my brother set The laburnum on his birth-day,-The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember Where I was used to swing, And thought the air must rush as To swallows on the wing; My spirit flew in feathers then, That is so heavy now, And summer pools could hardly c The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember The fir-trees dark and high; I used to think their slender tops Were close against the aky. It was a childish ignorance, But now 't is little joy To know I'm farther off from He Than when I was a boy.

THOMAS



WE ARE SEVEN.

WE ARE SEVEN.

PLE child, y draws its breath, life in every limb, ld it know of death?

cottage girl: ght years old, she said, thick with many a curl ared round her head.

stic, woodland air, as wildly clad; e fair, and very fair:-* made me glad.

brothers, little maid, · may you be? " F Seven in all," she said, ering looked at me.

are they? I pray you tell." red: "Seven are we; is at Conway dwell, re gone to sea.

n the churchyard lie, nd my brother; :burchyard cottage, I them with my mother."

it two at Conway dwell, re gone to sea, ven! I pray you tell, I, how this may be."

little maid reply: ys and girls are we; the churchyard lie, e churchyard tree,"

out, my little maid; they are alive; the churchyard laid, e only five."

- "Their graves are green, they may be seen," The little maid replied:
- "Twelve stepsor more from my mother's door, And they are side by side.
- "My stockings there I often knit, My kerchief there I hem; And there upon the ground I alt. And sing a song to them.
- "And often after sunset, sir, When it is light and fair, I take my little porringer, And cat my supper there.
- "The first that died was sister Jane: In bed she mosning lay, Till God released her of her pain: And then she went away.
- "So in the churchyard she was laid; And, when the grass was dry, Together round her grave we played, My brother John and I.
- "And when the ground was white with **snow** And I could run and slide, My brother John was forced to go, And he lies by her side,"
- "How many are you, then," said I, "If they two are in heaven?" Quick was the little maid's reply: "O Master! we are seven."
- "But they are dead; those two are dead! Their spirits are in heaven! "-T was throwing words away; for still The little maid would have her will, And said: "Nay, we are seven!"

WILLIAM WORDSWORDS,

ANNIE IN THE GRAVEYARD.

SHE bounded o'er the graves,
With a buoyant step of mirth;
She bounded o'er the graves,
Where the weeping willow waves,
Like a creature not of earth.

Her hair was blown aside,
And her eyes were glittering bright;
Her hair was blown aside,
And her little hands spread wide,
With an innocent delight.

She spelt the lettered word
That registers the dead;
She spelt the lettered word,
And her busy thoughts were stirred
With pleasure as she read.

She stopped and culled a leaf Left fluttering on a rose; She stopped and culled a leaf, Sweet monument of grief, That in our churchyard grows.

She culled it with a smile—'T was near her sister's mound:
She culled it with a smile,
And played with it awhile,
Then scattered it around.

I did not chill her heart, Nor turn its gush to tears; I did not chill her heart, Oh, bitter drops will start Full soon in coming years.

CAROLINE GILMAN.

BALLAD OF THE TEMPEST.

We were crowded in the cabin,
Not a soul would dare to sleep,—
It was midnight on the waters
And a storm was on the deep.

T is a fearful thing in Winter To be shattered by the blast, And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder: "Cut away the mast!"

So we shuddered there in silence,-For the stoutest held his breath, While the hungry sea was roaring, And the breakers talked with Deat

As thus we sat in darkness, Each one busy in his prayers, "We are lost!" the captain shoute As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered, As she took his icy hand: "Is n't God upon the ocean Just the same as on the land?"

Then we kissed the little maiden, And we spoke in better cheer, And we anchored safe in harbor When the morn was shining clear.

JAMES T. FII

LITTLE BELL

He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

ANCIENT MARI

Piped the blackbird on the beechwood s
"Pretty maid, slow wandering this way
What's your name?" quoth he—

"What's your name? Oh stop and structure unfold,

Pretty maid with showery curls of gold "Little Bell," said she.

Little Bell sat down beneath the rocks-Tossed aside her gleaming golden locks-"Bonny bird," quoth she,

"Sing me your best song before I go."

"Here's the very finest song I know, Little Bell," said he.

And the blackbird piped; you never he Half so gay a song from any bird—
Full of quips and wiles,
Now so round and rich, now soft and a



THE LITTLE BLACK BOY.

of that sweet face below, o'er with smiles.

hile the bonny bird did pour art out freely o'er and o'er ne morning skies, a childish heart below setness seemed to grow and grow, forth in happy overflow a blue, bright eyes.

dell she tripped and through the le, squirrel from the hazel shade, n out the tree d leaped, and frolicked, void of ,—
I blackbird piped that all might —
Ball," piped he.

eat down smid the fern—
equirrel to your task return—
e nuts," quoth she.
the frisky squirrel hies—
od-lights glancing in his eyes—
wn the tree,
nuts, kissed brown by July sun,
e lap, dropped one by one—
blackbird pipes to see the fun!
ell," pipes he.

looked up and down the glade—
aquirrel, if you're not afraid,
al share with me!"
e aquirrel eager for his fare—
e bonny blackbird I declare;
gave each his honest share—
nerry three!
hile these frolic playmates twain
i frisked from bough to bough
m,
he morning skies,
e childish heart below
eetness seemed to grow and grow,
out in happy overflow,
e blue, bright eyes.

w-white cot at close of day,
 Bell, with folded palms to pray—

Very calm and clear
Rose the praying voice to where, unseen,
In blue heaven, an angel shape serene
Paused awhile to hear—
"What good child is this," the angel said,
"That with happy heart, beside her bed
Prays so lovingly?"
Low and soft, oh! very low and soft,
Crooned the blackbird in the orchard croft,
"Bell, dear Bell!" crooned he.

"Whom God's creatures love," the angel fair Murmured, "God doth bless with angels' care;

Child, thy bed shall be
Folded safe from harm—Love deep and kind,
Shall watch around and leave good gifts behind,
Little Bell, for thee!"

T. WHITWOOD.

THE LITTLE BLACK BOY.

My mother bore me in the southern wild, And I am black; but, oh, my soul is white! White as an angel is the English child, But I am black, as if bereaved of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree; And, sitting down before the heat of day, She took me on her lap, and kissed me, And, pointing to the east, began to say:

"Look on the rising sun; there God does live,

And gives his light, and gives his heat away; And flowers, and trees, and beasts, and menreceive

Comfort in morning, joy in the noonday.

"And we are put on earth a little space,
That we may learn to hear the beams of love,
And these black bodies and this sunburnt
face

Bell, with folded palms to pray— | Are but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

"For when our souls have learned the heat to bear,

The clouds will vanish; we shall hear His voice,

Saying: 'Come from the grove, my love and care,

And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice."

Thus did my mother say, and kissed me, And thus I say to little English boy:
When I from black, and he from white cloud free,

And round the tent of God like lambs we joy,

I'll shade him from the heat, till he can bear To lean in joy upon our Father's knee; And then I'll stand and stroke his silver hair, And be like him, and he will then love me.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

A CHILD PRAYING.

Fold thy little hands in prayer,
Bow down at thy mother's knee,
Now thy sunny face is fair,
Shining through thine auburn hair;
Thine eyes are passion-free;
And pleasant thoughts, like garlands, bind thee
Unto thy home, yet grief may find thee—
Then pray, child, pray!

Now, thy young heart, like a bird,
Warbles in its summer nest;
No evil thought, no unkind word,
No chilling autumn winds have stirred
The beauty of thy rest;
But winter hastens, and decay
Shall waste thy verdant home away—
Then pray, child, pray!

Thy bosom is a house of glee,
With gladness harping at the door;
While ever, with a joyous shout,
Hope, the May queen, dances out,
Her lips with music running o'er;
But Time those strings of joy will sever,
And hope will not dance on for ever—
Then pray, child, pray!

Now, thy mother's arm is spread
Beneath thy pillow in the night;
And loving feet creep round thy bed,
And o'er thy quiet face is shed
The taper's darkened light;
But that fond arm will pass away,
By thee no more those feet will stay
Then pray, child, pray!

ROBERT ARM WILL

TO A CHILD.

Thy memory, as a spell
Of love, comes o'er my mind—
As dew upon the purple bell—
As perfume on the wind;—
As music on the sea—
As sunshine on the river;—
So hath it always been to me,
So shall it be for ever.

Upon me softly call,
Like echoes of the mountain streat
In sportive waterfall.
I see thy form as when
Thou wert a living thing,
And blossomed in the eyes of meather.
Like any flower of spring.

Thy soul to heaven hath fled,
From earthly thraldom free;
Yet, 't is not as the dead
That thou appear'st to me.
In slumber I behold
Thy form, as when on earth,
Thy locks of waving gold,
Thy sapphire eye of mirth.

I hear, in solitude,
The prattle kind and free
Thou uttered'st in joyful mood
While seated on my knee.
So strong each vision seems
My spirit that doth fill,
I think not they are dreams,
But that thou livest still.

TROI

LUCY.

Beside the springs of Dove,

A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love:

A violet by a mossy stone Half hidden from the eye! Fair as a star, when only one Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh!
The difference to me!

There years she grew in sun and shower;
Then Nature said: "A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown;
This child I to myself will take;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own.

"Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse; and with me
The girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power,
To kindle or restrain.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend To her; for her the willow bend: Nor shall she fail to see, Even in the motions of the storm, Grace that shall mould the maiden's form By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear To her; and she shall lean her ear In many a secret place Where rivulets dance their wayward round And beauty born of murmuring sound Shall pass into her face.

"And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell."

Thus Nature spake.—The work was done—How soon my Lucy's race was run!
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm, and quiet scene;
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

A nost of angels flying,

Through cloudless skies impelled,

Upon the earth beheld

A pearl of beauty lying,

Worthy to glitter bright

In heaven's vast hall of light.

They saw with glances tender,
An infant newly born,
O'er whom life's earliest morn
Just cast its opening splendor;
Virtue it could not know,
Nor vice, nor joy, nor woe.

The blest angelic legion
Greeted its birth above,
And came, with looks of love,
From heaven's enchanting region;
Bending their winged way
To where the infant lay.

They spread their pinions o'er it,—
That little pearl which shone
With lustre all its own,—
And then on high they bore it,
Where glory has its birth;—
But left the shell on earth.

Translation of H. S. VAN DYE.

25

MY PLAYMATES.

I once had a sister, oh fair 'mid the fair !
With a face that looked out from its soft
go den hair,

Like a lily some tall stately angel may hold, Half revealed, half concealed in a mist of pure gold.

I once had a brother, more dear than the day,

With a temper as sweet as the blossoms in May;

With dark hair like a cloud, and a face like a rose,

The red child of the wild! when the summer-wind blows.

We lived in a cottage that stood in a dell;

Were we born there or brought there I never could tell;

Were we nursed by the angels, or clothed by the fays,

Or, who led when we fled down the deep sylvan ways,

'Mid treasures of gold and of silver!

When we rose in the morning we ever said "Hark!"

We shall hear, if we list, the first word of the lark;

And we stood with our faces, calm, silent, and bright,

While the breeze in the trees held his breath with delight.

Oh the stream ran with music, the leaves dript with dew,

And we looked up and saw the great God in the blue;

And we praised him and blessed him, but said not a word,

For we soared, we adored, with that magical bird.

Then with hand linked in hand, how we laughed, how we sung!

How we danced in a ring, when the morning was young!

How we wandered where kingcups were crusted with gold,

Or more white than the light glittered daisies untold,

Those treasures of gold and of silver!

Oh well I remember the flowers that we With the red and white blossoms the asked the ground;

And the long lane of light, that, half half green,

Seemed to fade down the glade wh young fairy queen

Would sit with her fairies around l sing,

While we listened all ear, to that son Spring.

Oh well I remember the lights in the And the spire, where the fire of a seemed to rest,

When the earth, crimson-shadowed, out in the air,—

Ah! I'll never believe but the fairi there;

Such a feeling of loving and longing w And we saw, with glad awe, little h the flowers,

Drop treasures of gold and o

Oh weep ye and wail! for that sister, And that fair gentle brother lie low grass;

Perchance the red robins may strewith leaves,

That each morn, for white corn, wou down from the eaves;

Perchance of their dust the young vic made,

That bloom by the church that is his glade;

But one day I shall learn, if I past they grow,

Far more sweet they will greet their o mates, I know.

Ah! the cottage is gone, and no long The old glade, the old paths, and : sings for me;

But I still must believe that the fair there,

That the light grows more bright, i by fingers so fair,

'Mid treasures of gold and of silver

YRO:

THE OPEN WINDOW.

THE old house by the lindens Stood silent in the shade, And on the gravelled pathway The light and shadow played.

I saw the nursery windows Wide open to the air; But the faces of the children, They were no longer there.

The large Newfoundland house-dog Was standing by the door; He looked for his little playmates, Who would return no more.

They walked not under the lindens, They played not in the hall; But shadow, and silence, and sadness Were hanging over all.

The birds sang in the branches, With sweet familiar tone: But the voices of the children Will be heard in dreams alone!

And the boy that walked beside me, He could not understand Why closer in mine, ah! closer, I pressed his warm, soft hand! HEMRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

SHE CAME AND WENT.

As a twig trembles, which a bird Lights on to sing, then leaves unbent, So is my memory thrilled and stirred;— I only know she came and went.

As clasps some lake, by gusts unriven, The blue dome's measureless content. So my soul held that moment's heaven;— I only know she came and went.

As, at one bound, our swift Spring heaps The orchards full of bloom and scent, So clove her May my wintry sleeps;— I only know she came and went.

An angel stood and met my gaze, Through the low doorway of my tent; The tent is struck, the vision stays;— I only know she came and went.

Oh, when the room grows slowly dim, And when the oil is nearly spent, One gush of light these eyes will brim, Only to think she came and went.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWBLL

THE MORNING-GLORY.

WE wreathed about our darling's head The morning-glory bright; Her little face looked out beneath, So full of life and light, So lit as with a sunrise, That we could only say, "She is the morning-glory true, And her poor types are they."

So always from that happy time We called her by their name, And very fitting did it seem— For sure as morning came, Behind her cradle bars she smiled To catch the first faint ray. As from the trellis smiles the flower And opens to the day.

But not so beautiful they rear Their airy cups of blue, As turned her sweet eyes to the light, Brimmed with sleep's tender dew; And not so close their tendrils fine Round their supports are thrown, As those dear arms whose outstretched plea Clasped all hearts to her own.

We used to think how she had come, Even as comes the flower, The last and perfect added gift To crown Love's morning hour; And how in her was imaged forth The love we could not say, As on the little dewdrops round Shines back the heart of day.

We never could have thought, O God,
That she must wither up,
Almost before a day was flown,
Like the morning-glory's cup;
We never thought to see her droop
Her fair and noble head,
Till she lay stretched before our eyes,
Wilted, and cold, and dead!

The morning-glory's blossoming
Will soon be coming round—
We see their rows of heart-shaped leaves
Upspringing from the ground;
The tender things the winter killed
Renew again their birth,
But the glory of our morning
Has passed away from earth.

Oh, Earth! in vain our aching eyes
Stretch over thy green plain!
Too harsh thy dews, too gross thine air,
Her spirit to sustain;
But up in groves of Paradise
Full surely we shall see
Our morning-glory beautiful
Twine round our dear Lord's knee.

MARIA WHITE LOWELL

BABY'S SHOES.

On those little, those little blue shoes!

Those shoes that no little feet use.

Oh the price were high

That those shoes would buy,

Those little blue unused shoes!

For they hold the small shape of feet
That no more their mother's eyes meet,
That, by God's good will,
Years since, grew still,
And ceased from their totter so sweet.

And oh, since that baby slept,
So hushed, how the mother has kept,
With a tearful pleasure,
That little dear treasure,
And o'er them thought and wept!

For they mind her for evermore

Of a patter along the floor;

And blue eyes she sees

Look up from her knees

With the look that in life they wor

As they lie before her there,
There babbles from chair to chair
A little sweet face
That's a gleam in the place,
With its little gold curls of hair.

Then oh, wonder not that her hear
From all else would rather part
Than those tiny blue shoes
That no little feet use,
And whose sight makes such fond tea
WILLIAM C. BI

THE THREE SONS.

I have a son, a little son, a boy just fivold,

With eyes of thoughtful earnestness, as of gentle mould.

They tell me that unusual grace in ways appears,

That my child is grave and wise of h youd his childish years.

I cannot say how this may be; I k face is fair—

And yet his chiefest comeliness is his and serious air;

I know his heart is kind and fond; he loveth me:

But loveth yet his mother more with a fervency.

But that which others most admire thought which fills his mind,

The food for grave inquiring speech h where doth find.

Strange questions doth he ask of me we together walk;

He scarcely thinks as children think, as children talk.

Nor cares he much for childish sport not on bat or ball,

But looks on manhood's ways and wor aptly mimics all.



s about this world of ours, and about the next.

his dear mother's knee; she him to pray;

and sweet, and solemn then are which he will say.

gentle child be spared to manars like me,

wiser man I trust that he will

ook into his eyes, and stroke htful brow,

k what I should feel, were I to 10W.

second son, a simple child of

 how bright and fair his little e,

eet those tones of his when he n my kneo;

: his light-blue eye is, like his

eo full of childish thought as zver been;

leart's a fountain pure of kind

r feeling; r look's a gleam of light, rich

love revealing. ke with me, the country folk, us in the street,

joy, and bless my boy, he looks nd sweet.

is he to all; and yet, with one,

s like sunshine sent to gladden i bearth,

i in all our griefs, and sweeten

w up to riper years, God grant may prove

une for heavenly grace as now y love;

his grave, the tears our aching

ns for all the love which we in him.

rt is busy still, and oftentimes | I have a son, a third sweet son; his age I cannot tell,

For they reckon not by years and months where he is gone to dwell.

To us, for fourteen anxious months, his infant smiles were given;

And then he bade farewell to Earth, and went to live in Heaven.

I cannot tell what form is his, what looks he weareth now,

Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining seraph brow.

The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the bliss which he doth feel,

Are numbered with the secret things which God will not reveal.

But I know (for God hath told me this) that he is now at rest,

Where other blessed infants be, on their Sa-

viour's loving breast. I know his spirit feels no more this weary

load of flesh, But his sleep is blessed with endless dreams

of joy for ever fresh. I know the angels fold him close beneath

their glittering wings, And soothe him with a song that breathes of

Heaven's divinest things.

I know that we shall meet our babe, (his mother dear and I,)

Where God for aye shall wipe away all tears from every eye.

Whate'er befalls his brethren twain, his bliss can never cease;

Their lot may here be grief and fear, but his is certain peace.

It may be that the tempter's wiles their souls from bliss may sever;

But, if our own poor faith fail not, he must be ours for ever.

When we think of what our darling is, and what we still must be-

When we muse on that world's perfect bliss, and this world's misery-

When we groan beneath this load of sin, and feel this grief and pain-

Oh! we'd rather loss our other two, that have him here again.

JOHN MOULTERS

THRENODY.

The South-wind brings
Life, sunshine, and desire,
And on every mount and meadow
Breathes aromatic fire;
But over the dead he has no power;
The lost, the lost, he cannot restore;
And, looking over the hills, I mourn
The darling who shall not return.

I see my empty house; I see my trees repair their boughs; And he, the wondrous child, Whose silver warble wild Outvalued every pulsing sound Within the air's cerulean round— The hyacinthine boy, for whom Morn well might break and April bloom-The gracious boy, who did adorn The world whereinto he was born, And by his countenance repay The favor of the loving Day-Has disappeared from the Day's eye; Far and wide she cannot find him; My hopes pursue, they cannot bind him. Returned this day, the South-wind searches, And finds young pines and budding birches; But finds not the budding man; Nature, who lost him, cannot remake him; Fate let him fall, Fate can't retake him; Nature, Fate, Men, him seek in vain.

And whither now, my truant wise and sweet, Oh, whither tend thy feet? I had the right, few days ago, Thy steps to watch, thy place to know; How have I forfeited the right? Hast thou forgot me in a new delight? I hearken for thy household cheer, O eloquent child! Whose voice, an equal messenger, Conveyed thy meaning mild. What though the pains and joys Whereof it spoke were toys Fitting his age and ken, Yet fairest dames and bearded men, Who heard the sweet request, So gentle, wise, and grave, Bended with joy to his behest,

And let the world's affairs go by,
Awhile to share his cordial game,
Or mend his wicker wagon-frame,
Still plotting how their hungry ear
That winsome voice again might hear
For his lips could well pronounce
Words that were persuasions.

Gentlest guardians marked serene His early hope, his liberal mien; Took counsel from his guiding eyes To make this wisdom earthly wise. Ah, vainly do these eyes recall The school-march, each day's festival, When every morn my bosom glowed To watch the convoy on the road; The babe in willow wagon closed, With rolling eyes and face composed; With children forward and behind, Like Cupids studiously inclined; And he the chieftain paced beside, The centre of the troop allied, With sunny face of sweet repose, To guard the babe from fancied foes. The little captain innocent Took the eye with him as he went; Each village senior paused to scan And speak the lovely caravan. From the window I look out To mark thy beautiful parade, Stately marching in cap and coat To some tune by fairies played; A music, heard by thee alone, To works as noble led thee on.

Now Love and Pride, alas! in vain, Up and down their glances strain. The painted sled stands where it stood; The kennel by the corded wood; The gathered sticks to stanch the wall Of the snow-tower, when snow should to The ominous hole he dug in the sand, And childhood's castles built or planned His daily haunts I well discern— The poultry-yard, the shed, the barn-And every inch of garden ground Paced by the blessed feet around, From the roadside to the brook Whereinto he loved to look. Step the meek birds where erst they ra The wintry garden lies unchanged:



THRENODY.

»k into the stream runs on; deep-eyed boy is gone.

shaded day, th more clouds than tempests are, ou didst yield thy innocent breath ke heavings unto death, me, and Nature had not thee: We are mates in misery." row dawned with needless glow; wbird chirped, each fowl must crow; mper started; but the feet jost beautiful and sweet n youth had left the hill len—they were bound and still. not a sparrow or a wren, not a blade of Autumn grain, se four seasons do not tend, s of life and increase lend; 'y chick of every bird, d and rock-moss is preferred. ch-like forgetfulness! f larger in the less! e no star that could be sent, her in the firmament, from the countless host ers round the crystal coast, eep to heal that only child, sweet marvel undefiled, p the blossom of the earth, I her harvests were not worth? -I never called thee mine, are's heir—if I repine, ng rashly torn and moved t I made, but what I loved, rly old with grief that thou the wastes of Nature goiose a general hope nehed, and all must doubt and grope. ring planets seemed to say d should ills of ages stay, trous tongue, and guided pen, e flown Muses back to men. w not he, but Nature, siled; al and not the infant failed. t ripe yet to sustain · of so fine a strain, ed upon the sun and moon came unto his own; gnant with his grander thought, the old order into doubt.

His beauty once their beauty tried; They could not feed him, and he died, And wandered backward as in scorn, To wait an æon to be born, Ill day which made this beauty waste, Plight broken, this high face defaced! Some went and came about the dead: And some in books of solace read; Some to their friends the tidings say; Some went to write, some went to pray: One tarried here, there harried one: But their heart abode with none. Covetous Death bereaved us all, To aggrandize one funeral, The eager fate which carried thee Took the largest part of me. For this losing is true dying: This is lordly man's down-lying, This his slow but sure reclining, Star by star his world resigning.

O child of Paradise,
Boy who made dear his father's home,
In whose deep eyes
Men read the welfare of the times to come,
I am too much bereft.
The world dishonored thou hast left.
Oh, truth's and nature 's costly lie!
Oh, trusted broken prophecy!
Oh richest fortune sourly crossed!
Born for the future, to the future lost!

The deep Heart answered: 'Weepest thou; Worthier cause for passion wild If I had not taken the child. And deemest thou as those who pore, With aged eyes, short way before-Think'st Beauty vanished from the coast Of matter, and thy darling lost i Taught he not thee—the man of eld, Whose eyes within his eyes beheld Heaven's numerous hierarchy span The mystic gulf from God to man? To be alone wilt thou begin When worlds of lovers hem thee in i To-morrow when the masks shall fall That dizen Nature's carnival, The pure shall see by their own will, Which overflowing Love shall fill, 'Tis not within the force of Fate The fate-conjoined to separate.

But thou, my votary, weepest thou?
I gave thee sight—where is it now?
I taught thy heart beyond the reach
Of ritual, bible, or of speech;
Wrote in thy mind's transparent table,
As far as the incommunicable;
Taught thee each private sign to raise,
Lit by the super-solar blaze.
Past utterance, and past belief,
And past the blasphemy of grief,
The mysteries of Nature's heart;
And though no Muse can these impart,
Throb thine with Nature's throbbing breast,
And all is clear from east to west.

"I came to thee as to a friend; Dearest, to thee I did not send Tutors, but a joyful eye, Innocence that matched the sky, Lovely locks, a form of wonder, Laughter rich as woodland thunder, That thou might'st entertain apart The richest flowering of all art; And, as the great all-loving Day Through smallest chambers takes its way, That thou might'st break thy daily bread With prophet, saviour, and head; That thou might'st cherish for thine own The riches of sweet Mary's son, Boy-rabbi, Israel's paragon. And thoughtest thou such guest Would in thy hall take up his rest? Would rushing life forget her laws, Fate's glowing revolution pause? High omens ask diviner guess, Not to be conned to tediousness. And know my higher gifts unbind The zone that girds the incarnate mind. When the scanty shores are full With Thought's perilous, whirling pool; When frail Nature can no more, Then the Spirit strikes the hour: My servant Death, with solving rite, Pours finite into infinite.

"Wilt thou freeze Love's tidal flow,
Whose streams through Nature circling go?
Nail the wild star to its track
On the half-climbed zodiac?
Light is light which radiates;
Blood is blood which circulates;

Life is life which generates; And many-seeming life is one-Wilt thou transfix and make it none? Its onward force too starkly pent In figure, bone, and lineament? Wilt thou, uncalled, interrogate. Talker! the unreplying Fate? Nor see the genius of the whole Ascendant in the private soul, Beckon it when to go and come, Self-announced its hour of doom? Fair the soul's recess and shrine, Magic-built to last a season; Masterpiece of love benign; Fairer than expansive reason, Whose omen 'tis, and sign. Wilt thou not ope thy heart to know What rainbows teach, and sunsets show Verdict which accumulates From lengthening scroll of human fates, Voice of earth to earth returned, Prayers of saints that inly burned— Saying: What is excellent, As God lives, is permanent; Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain; Hearts' love will meet thee again. Revere the Maker; fetch thine eye Up to his style, and manners of the sky. Not of adamant and gold Built he heaven stark and cold; No, but a nest of bending reeds, Flowering grass, and scented weeds: Or like a traveller's fleeing tent, Or bow above the tempest bent; Built of tears and sacred flames, And virtue reaching to its aims; Built of furtherance and pursuing, Not of spent deeds, but of doing. Silent rushes the swift Lord Through ruined systems still restored, Broadsowing, bleak and void to bless, Plants with worlds the wilderness; Waters with tears of ancient sorrow Apples of Eden ripe to-morrow. House and tenant go to ground, Lost in God, in Godhead found."

RALPH WALDO EXER



CASA WAPPY.*

st thou sought thy heavenly home,
r fond, dear boy—
.
lms where sorrow dare not come,
here life is joy?
thy death, as at thy birth,
rit caught no taint from earth;
r its bliss we mete our dearth,
Casa Wappy!

was in our last farewell,
closed thine eye;
f our anguish may not tell
ten thou didst die;
may not paint our grief for thee;
we but bubbles on the sea
unfathomed agony;
Casa Wappy!

ert a vision of delight,
bless us given;
embodied to our sight—
ype of heaven!
to us thou wert, thou art
se thine own self, than a part
, and of thy mother's heart,
Casa Wappy!

rht, brief day knew no decline—
vas cloudless joy;
and night alone were thine,
oved boy!
on beheld thee blythe and gay;
and thee prostrate in decay;
a third shone, clay was clay,
Casa Wappy!

our hearth, our household pride,
th's undefiled,
we have saved, thou hadst not died,
dear, sweet child!
we how to Fate's decree;
we hoped that Time should see
surn for us, not us for thee,
Casa Wappy!

The sulf-appelletive of a beloved child

Do what I may, go where I will,

Thou meet'st my sight;

There dost thou glide before me still—

A form of light!

I feel thy breath upon my cheek—
I see thee smile, I hear thee speak—

Till oh! my heart is like to break,

Casa Wappy!

Methinks thou smil'st before me now,
With glance of stealth;
The hair thrown back from thy full brow
In buoyant health;
I see thine eyes' deep violet light—
Thy dimpled cheek carnationed bright—
Thy clasping arms so round and white—
Casa Wappy!

The nursery shows thy pictured wall,
Thy bat—thy bow—
Thy cloak and bonnet—club and ball;
But where art thou?
A corner holds thine empty chair;
Thy playthings, idly scattered there,
But speak to us of our despair,
Casa Wappy!

Even to the last, thy every word—
To glad—to grieve—
Was sweet, as sweetest song of bird
On Summer's eve;
In outward beauty undecayed.
Death o'er thy spirit cast no shade,
And, like the rainbow, thou didst fade,
Casa Wappy!

We mourn for thee, when blind, blank night
The chamber fills;
We pine for thee, when morn's first light
Reddens the hills;
The sun, the moon, the stars, the sea,
All—to the wall-flower and wild-pea—
Are changed; we saw the world thro' thee,
Casa Wappy!

And though, perchance, a smile may gleam Of casual mirth, It doth not own, whate'er may seem, An inward birth; We miss thy small step on the stair;— We miss thee at thine evening prayer; All day we miss thee—every where— Casa Wappy!

Snows muffled earth when thou didst go,
In life's spring-bloom,
Down to the appointed house below—
The silent tomb.
But now the green leaves of the tree,
The cuckoo, and "the busy bee,"
Return—but with them bring not thee,
Casa Wappy!

'T is so; but can it be—while flowers
Revive again—
Man's doom, in death that we and ours
For aye remain?
Oh! can it be, that, o'er the grave,
The grass renewed should yearly wave,
Yet God forget our child to save?—
Casa Wappy!

It cannot be; for were it so

Thus man could die,

Life were a mockery—thought were woe—

And truth a lie;—

Heaven were a coinage of the brain—

Religion frenzy—virtue vain—

And all our hopes to meet again,

Casa Wappy!

Then be to us, O dear, lost child!

With beam of love,
A star, death's uncongenial wild

Smiling above!
Soon, soon, thy little feet have trod
The skyward path, the seraph's road,
That led thee back from man to God,

Casa Wappy!

Yet, 't is sweet balm to our despair,
Fond, fairest boy,
That Heaven is God's, and thou art there,
With him in joy;
There past are death and all its woes;
There beauty's stream for ever flows;
And pleasure's day no sunset knows,
Casa Wappy!

Farewell then—for a while, farewell—
Pride of my heart!
It cannot be that long we dwell,
Thus torn apart.
Time's shadows like the shuttle flee;
And, dark howe'er life's night may be Beyond the grave, I'll meet with the Casa Wappy!

DAVID MAGRETS

MY CHILD.

I CANNOT make him dead!
His fair sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study cha
Yet, when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes—he is not there!

I walk my parlour floor,
And, through the open door,
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair
I'm stepping toward the hall
To give the boy a call;
And then bethink me that—he is not

I thread the crowded street;
A satchelled lad I meet,
With the same beaming eyes and color
And, as he's running by,
Follow him with my eye,
Scarcely believing that—he is not the

I know his face is hid
Under the coffin lid;
Closed are his eyes; cold is his forehim hand that marble felt;
O'er it in prayer I knelt;
Yet my heart whispers that—he is no

I cannot make him dead!
When passing by the bed,
So long watched over with pareutal
My spirit and my eye
Seek him inquiringly,
Before the thought comes that—he
there!

When, at the cool, gray break
Of day, from sleep I wake,
With my first breathing of the morning air
My soul goes up, with joy,
To Him who gave my boy;
Then comes the sad thought that—he is not
there!

When at the day's calm close,
Before we seek repose,
I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer;
Whate'er I may be saying,
I am in spirit praying
or our boy's spirit, though—he is not there!

Not there!—Where, then, is he?
The form I used to see

Was but the raiment that he used to wear.
The grave, that now doth press
Upon that cast-off dress,

Is but his wardrobe locked;—he is not there!

He lives!—In all the past
He lives; nor, to the last,
If seeing him again will I despair;
In dreams I see him now;
And, on his angel brow,
Lee it written, "Thou shalt see me there!

Yes, we all live to God!

Father, thy chastening rod

So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,

That, in the spirit land,

Meeting at thy right hand,

I will be our heaven to find that—he is
there!

JOHN PIERPONT.

LOSS AND GAIN.

When the baby died, we said, With a sudden, secret dread: "Death, be merciful, and pass;— Leave the other!"—but alas!

While we watched he waited there, One foot on the golden stair, One hand beckoning at the gate, Till the home was desolate. Friends say, "It is better so, Clothed in innocence to go;" Say, to ease the parting pain, That "your loss is but their gain."

Ah! the parents think of this! But remember more the kiss From the little rose-red lips; And the print of finger-tips.

Left upon the broken toy, Will remind them how the boy And his sister charmed the days With their pretty, winsome ways.

Only time can give relief
To the weary, lonesome grief:
God's sweet minister of pain
Then shall sing of loss and gain.

NORA PERRY

FOR CHARLIE'S SAKE.

The night is late, the house is still;
The angels of the hour fulfil
Their tender ministries, and move
From couch to couch, in cares of love.
They drop into thy dreams, sweet wife,
The happiest smile of Charlie's life,
And lay on baby's lips a kiss,
Fresh from his angel-brother's bliss;
And, as they pass, they seem to make
A strange, dim hymn, "For Charlie's sake."

My listening heart takes up the strain, And gives it to the night again, Fitted with words of lowly praise, And patience learned of mournful days, And memories of the dead child's ways.

His will be done!
Who gave and took away my son,
In "the far land" to shine and sing
Before the Beautiful, the King,
Who every day doth Christmas make,
All starred and belled for Charlie's sake.

For Charlie's sake I will arise; I will anoint me where he lies. And change my raiment, and go in
To the Lord's house, and leave my sin
Without, and seat me at his board,
Eat, and be glad, and praise the Lord.
For wherefore should I fast and weep,
And sullen moods of mourning keep?
I cannot bring him back, nor he,
For any calling come to me.
The bond the angel Death did sign,
God sealed—for Charlie's sake, and mine.

I'm very poor—this slender stone
Marks all the narrow field I own;
Yet, patient husbandman, I till
With faith and prayers, that precious hill,
Sow it with penitential pains,
And, hopeful, wait the latter rains;
Content if, after all, the spot
Yield barely one forget-me-not—
Whether or figs or thistles make
My crop, content for Charlie's sake.

I have no houses, builded well— Only that little lonesome cell, Where never romping playmates come, Nor bashful sweethearts, cunning-dumb-An April burst of girls and boys, Their rainbowed cloud of glooms and joys Born with their songs, gone with their toys; Nor ever is its stillness stirred By purr of cat, or chirp of bird, Or mother's twilight legend, told Of Horner's pie, or Tiddler's gold, Or fairy hobbling to the door, Red-cloaked and weird, banned and poor, To bless the good child's gracious eyes, The good child's wistful charities, And crippled changeling's hunch to make Dance on his crutch, for good child's sake.

How is it with the child? 'T is well;
Nor would I any miracle
Might stir my sleeper's tranquil trance,
Or plague his painless countenance:
I would not any seer might place
His staff on my immortal's face,
Or lip to lip, and eye to eye,
Charm back his pale mortality.'
No, Shunanmite! I would not break
God's stillness. Let them weep who wake.

For Charlie's sake my lot is blest:
No comfort like his mother's breast,
No praise like her's; no charm expr
In fairest forms hath half her zest.
For Charlie's sake this bird 's caress
That death left lonely in the nest;
For Charlie's sake my heart is dress.
As for its birthday, in its best;
For Charlie's sake we leave the rest
To Him who gave, and who did take
And saved us twice, for Charlie's sa

THE WIDOW AND CHILD

JOHN WILLIAMSON

Home they brought her warrior She nor swooned, nor uttered All her maidens, watching, said, "She must weep or she will d

Then they praised him, soft and Called him worthy to be loved Truest friend and noblest foe;
Yet she neither spoke nor mov

Stole a maiden from her place, Lightly to the warrior stept, Took a face-cloth from the face, Yet she neither moved nor we

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest came her t
"Sweet my child, I live for the
ALFED TE

THE RECONCILIATION.

As through the land at eve we we And plucked the ripened ears, We fell out, my wife and I,—Oh, we fell out, I know not why. And kissed again with tears.

For when we came where lies the We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
Oh, there above the little grave,
We kissed again with tears.

ALTER To



PART III.

POEMS OF FRIENDSHIP.

Gian treulich mir die Hande, Sei Bruder mir, und wende Den Blick, vor deinem Ende, Nicht wieder weg von mir. Ein Tempel wo wir knien, Ein Ort wohin wir ziehen, Ein Glück für das wir glüben, Ein Himmel mir und dir!

NOVALIS.

Turn let the chill sirocco blow And gird us round with hills of snow; Or else go whistle to the shore, And make the hollow mountains roar;

Whilst we together jovial sit Curious, and crowned with mirth and wit; Where, though bleak winds confine us home, Our fancies round the world shall room.

We'll think of all the friends we know, And drink to all worth drinking to; When, having drank all thine and mine, We rather shall want health than wine.

But where friends fail us, we'll supply Our friendships with our charity; Men that remote in sorrows live, Shall by our lusty brimmers thrive.

We'll drink the wanting into wealth, And those that languish into bealth,

The afflicted into joy, th' opprest Into security and rest.

The worthy in disgrace shall find Favor return again more kind; And in restraint who stiffed he, Shall taste the air of liberty.

The brave shall triumph in success; The lovers shall have mistresses; Poor unregarded virtue, praise; And the neglected poet, bays.

Thus shall our healths do others good Whilst we ourselves do all we would, For, freed from envy and from care, What would we be, but what we are?

'T is the plump grape's immortal juice That does this happiness produce, And will preserve us free together, Mangre mischance, or wind and weather.

CHARLES COTTOR,





POEMS OF FRIENDSHIP.

EARLY FRIENDSHIP.

een memories of childish days, us and pleasures lightly came and ut:

athies of boyhood rashly spent
I wanderings through forbidden

, but manly wish to tread the maze noble ends; whereon intent, know for what man here is sent, est heart must often pause, and

resolve to seek the chosen end od's judgment, cautious and mature: nese viewless bonds binds friend to and

igth no selfish purpose can secure; lot is this, that all attend dship which first came, and which ill last endure.

AUDRET DE VERS.

N SHALL WE THREE MEET AGAIN.

is shall we three meet again is shall we three meet again is shall glowing hope expire, shall wearied love retire shall death and sorrow reign, we three shall meet again.

Though the deep between us rolls, Friendship shall unite our souls. Still in Fancy's rich domain Oft shall we three meet again.

When the dreams of life are fied, When its wasted lamps are dead; When in cold oblivion's shade, Beauty, power, and fame are laid; Where immortal spirits reign, There shall we three meet again.

THOREMORS.

SONNETS.

When I do count the clock that tells the time.

And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;

When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls all silvered o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And Summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly
beard;

Then, of thy beauty do I question make, That thou among the wastes of time must go, Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,

And die as fast as they see others grow;
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can
make defence,

Save breed, to brave him, when he takes thee hence.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?

Thou art more lovely and more temperate;

Rough winds do shake the darling buds of

May,

And summer's lease bath all too short a date. Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines, And often is his gold complexion dimmed, And every fair from fair sometime declines, By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimmed:

But thy eternal summer shall not fada. Nor lose possession of that fair the Nor shall death brag thou want shade,

When in eternal lines to time the So long as men can breathe, see,

So long lives this, and this thee.

So is it not with me as with that Muse,
Stirred by a painted beauty to his verse;
Who heaven itself for ornament doth use,
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse;
Making a complement of proud compare,
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's
rich gems,

With April's first-born flowers, and all things

That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems. Oh let me, true in love, but truly write, And then believe me, my love is as fair. As any mother's child, though not so bright. As those gold candles fixed in heaven's air:

Let them say no more that like of hearsay well;

I will not praise, that purpose not to sell.

Ler those who are in favor with their stars, Of public honor and proud titles boast; Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumphs bars,

Unlooked-for joy in that I honor most.

Great princes' favorites their fair leaves spread,

But as the marigold, at the sun's eye;

And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once failed,
Is from the book of honor rased quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toiled
Then happy I, that love and am beloved,
Where I may not remove nor be remove

in disgrace with fortune and me eyes,

done beweep my outcast state, trouble deaf heaven with my boot cries,

look upon myself, and curse my fateing me like to one more rich in hopred like him, like him with friends p sessed,

ing this man's art, and that man's settle what I most enjoy contented least; in these thoughts myself almost deep ing,

Haply I think on thee, and then my state (Like to the lark at break of day arising From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaver gate.

For thy sweet love remembered such weal brings,

That then I scorn to change my state wit kings.

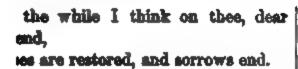
When to the sessions of sweet silent thoug I summon up remembrance of things past, I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought, And with old wees new wail my dear time waste.

Then, can I drown an eye, unused to flow. For precious friends hid in death's datele night,

And weep afresh love's long since cancell woe,

And mean this expense of many a vanish sight.

Then can I grieve at grievances foregone, And heavily from wee to wee tell o'er The sad account of fore-bemoaned mean, Which I new pay, as if not paid before:



m is endeared with all hearts,
by lacking have supposed dead;
re reigns love, and all love's loving
rts,
hose friends which I thought buried,
ry a holy and obsequious tear
r religious love stol'n from mine eye,
st of the dead, which now appear
removed, that hidden in thee lie!
the grave where buried love doth
re,

th the trophics of my lovers gone, their parts of me to thee did give; of many now is thine alone: mages I loved I view in thee, on (all they) hast all the all of me.

ny a glorious morning have I seen
ne mountain tops with sovereign eye,
rith golden face the meadows green,
ale streams with heavenly alchemy;
mit the basest clouds to ride
y rack on his celestial face,
the forlorn world his visage hide,
anseen to west with this disgrace.
my sun one early morn did shine,
triumphant splendor on my brow;
alack! he was but one hour mine,
on cloud hath masked him from me

m for this my love no whit disdainb:

f the world may stain, when heaven's n staineth.

let thou promise such a beauteous

17.

18. The travel forth without my cloak,

19. Se clouds o'ertake me in my way,

19. bravery in their rotten smoke?

19. Seek.

se rain on my storm-beaten face, um well of such a salve can speak, That heals the wound, and cures not the disgrace;

Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief— Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss: Th' offender's sorrow lends but weak relief To him that bears the strong offence's cross.

Ah, but those tears are pearl, which thy love sheds,

And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.

What is your substance, whereof are you made,

That millions of strange shadows on you tend?

Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
Is poorly imitated after you;
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
And you in Grecian tires are painted new:
Speak of the spring, and foison of the year—
The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
The other as your bounty doth appear;
And you in every blessed shape we know.

In all external grace you have some part;
But you like none, none you, for constant
heart.

On, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem.

By that sweet ornament which truth dothgive!

The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odor which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the roses—
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds
discloses;

But, for their virtue only is their show;
They live unwood, and unrespected fade Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odors
made:

And so of you beauteous and lovely youth, When that shall fade, my verse distils your truth.

Nor marble, nor the gilded monuments Of princes, shall outlive this powerful thyme-

27

But you shall shine more bright in these contents

Than unswept stone, besmeared with sluttish time.

When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the works of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword, nor war's quick fire
shall burn

The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth: your praise shall still
find room

Even in the eyes of all posterity,
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

FROM "IN MEMORIAM."

I gnvy not, in any moods,

The captive void of noble rage,

The linnet born within the cage,

That never knew the summer woods.

I envy not the beast that takes

His license in the field of time,

Unfettered by the sense of crime,

To whom a conscience never wakes:

Nor, what may count itself as blest,

The heart that never plighted troth,

But stagnates in the weeds of sloth—

Nor any want-begotten rest.

I hold it true, whate'er befall—
I feel it, when I sorrow most—
'T is better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

With trembling fingers did we weave

The holly round the Christmas hearth;

A rainy cloud possessed the earth

And sadly fell our Christmas eve.

At our old pastimes in the hall
We gambolled, making vain pretence
Of gladness, with an awful sense
Of one mute Shadow watching all.

We paused; the winds were in the b
We heard them sweep the winter l
And in a circle hand in hand
Sat silent, looking each at each.

Then echo-like our voices rang;
We sang, though every eye was di
A merry song we sang with him
Last year—impetuously we sang;

We ceased. A gentler feeling crept
Upon us; surely rest is meet:
"They rest," we said, "their sleep is
And silence followed, and we wept.

Our voices took a higher range; Once more we sang: "They do no Nor lose their mortal sympathy, Nor change to us, although they char

"Rapt from the fickle and the frail,
With gathered power, yet the same
Pierces the keen seraphic flame
From orb to orb, from veil to veil.

"Rise, happy morn! rise, holy moru Draw forth the cheerful day from 1 O Father! touch the east, and ligh The light that shone when Hope was

Dost thou look back on what hath be As some divinely gifted man, Whose life in low estate began, And on a simple village green?

Who breaks his birth's invidious bar, And grasps the skirts of happy cha And breasts the blows of circumsta And grapples with his evil star;

Who makes by force his merit known And lives to clutch the golden key: To mould a mighty state's decrees, And shape the whisper of the throne

And moving up from high to higher,
Becomes on Fortune's crowning sk
The pillar of a people's hope,
The centre of a world's desire;

Yet feels, as in a pensive dream, When all his active powers are still



FROM "IN MEMORIAM."

nt dreargess in the hill, sweetness in the stream,

of his narrower fate, yet beside its vocal springs yed at counsellors and kings, that was his carliest mate;

ighs with pain his native lea, aps the labor of his hands, he furrow musing stands: y old friend remember me?"

As, that counterchange the floor fiat lawn with dusk and bright; ou, with all thy breadth and height a towering sycamore;

n, hither wandering down, thur found your shadows fair, took to all the liberal air and din and steam of town!

the an eye for all he saw, ted in all our simple sports; pleased him, fresh from brawling terts ty purlieus of the law.

him, in this retreat, tled in ambrosial dark, ik the cooler air, and mark scape winking through the heat.

to rout the brood of cares, reep of scythe in morning dew, st that round the garden flew, bling half the mellowing pears!

when all in circle drawn him, heart and ear were fed, r him, as he lay and read an poets on the lawn;

all-golden afternoon

4, or happy sister, sung,

she brought the harp, and flung
to the brightening moon!

it pleased, in livelier moods, I the bounding hill to stray, wak the livelong summer day quet in the distant woods; Whereat we glanced from theme to theme,
Discussed the books to love or hate,
Or touched the changes of the state,
Or threaded some Socratic dream.

But if I praised the busy town,

He loved to rail against it still,

For "ground in yonder social mill,

We rub each other's angles down,

"And merge," he said, "in form and gloss
The picturesque of man and man."
We talked; the stream beneath us ran,
The wine-flask lying couched in moss,

Or cooled within the glooming wave; And last, returning from afar, Before the crimson-circled star Had fallen into her father's grave,

And brushing ankle deep in flowers, We heard behind the woodbine veil The milk that bubbled in the pail, And buzzings of the honeyed hours.

Tur converse drew us with delight,
The men of rathe and riper years;
The feeble soul, a haunt of fears,
Forgot his weakness in thy sight.

On thee the loyal-hearted hung,
The proud was half disarmed of pride;
Nor cared the scrpent at thy side
To flicker with his treble tongue.

The stern were mild when thou wert by;
The flippant put himself to school
And heard thee; and the brazen fool
Was softened, and he knew not why;

While I, thy dearest sat apart,
And felt thy triumph was as mine;
And loved them more, that they were thine
The graceful tact, the Christian art;

Not mine the sweetness or the skill, But mine the love that will not tire, And, born of love, the vague desire That spurs an imitative will. DEAR friend, far off, my lost desire,
So far, so near, in woe and weal;
Oh, loved the most when most I feel
There is a lower and a higher;

Known and unknown, human, divine!
Sweet human hand and lips and eye,
Dear heavenly friend that canst not die,
Mine, mine, for ever, ever mine!

Strange friend, past, present, and to be, Loved deeplier, darklier understood; Behold I dream a dream of good, And mingle all the world with thee.

The voice is on the rolling air;
I hear thee where the waters run;
Thou standest in the rising sun,
And in the setting thou art fair.

What art thou, then? I cannot guess;
But though I seem in star and flower
To feel thee, some diffusive power,
I do not therefore love thee less:

My love involves the love before;
My love is vaster passion now;
Though mixed with God and nature thou,
I seem to love thee more and more.

Far off thou art, but ever nigh;
I have thee still, and I rejoice,
I prosper, circled with thy voice;
I shall not lose thee, though I die.

Alfred Tennyson.

THE PASSAGE

MANY a year is in its grave, Since I crossed this restless wave; And the evening, fair as ever, Shines on ruin, rock, and river.

Then in this same boat beside
Sat two comrades old and tried—
One with all a father's truth,
One with all the fire of youth.

One on earth in silence wrought, And his grave in silence sought; But the younger, brighter form Passed in battle and 'n storm. So, whene'er I turn my eye
Back upon the days gone by,
Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er m
Friends that closed their course before ma

But what binds us, friend to friend, But that soul with soul can blend? Soul-like were those hours of yore; Let us walk in soul once more.

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee,—
Take, I give it willingly;
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me.

Ludwig Unland. (Genes Anonymous Translation.

JAFFAR.

JAFFAR, the Barmecide, the good vizier, The poor man's hope, the friend without peer,

Jaffer was dead, slain by a doom unjust; And guilty Haroun, sullen with mistrast Of what the good, and e'en the bad me say,

Ordained that no man living from that described Should dare to speak his name on paint death.

All Araby and Persia held their breath;

All but the brave Mondeer: he, prosi

How far for love a grateful soul could go, And facing death for very scorn and grid (For his great heart wanted a great relief) Stood forth in Bagdad daily, in the square Where once had stood a happy house, there

Harangued the tremblers at the scymiter On all they owed to the divine Jaffar.

"Bring me this man," the caliph cried;

Was brought, was gazed upon. The me began

To bind his arms. "Welcome, brave correct he;

"From bonds far worse Jaffar delivered a From wants, from shames, from low household fears;



THE FIRE OF DRIFT-WOOD.

eyes friends with delicious

wed me, put me on a par self. How can I pay Jaffar?"

It that on a soul like this engeance could but fall amiss. smile, as one great lord of

m another half as great, rorth grow frenzied if it will; gment shall be master still. to so move thee, take this gem, be Tartar's diadem, ver as thou deemest fit! " the friend; he took, and

e heavens, as though to meet

us, too, I owe to thee, Jaffar!" LEIGH HUNT.

E OF DRIFT-WOOD.

he farm-house old, wa, looking o'er the bay, breeze, damp and cold, ince, night and day.

e saw the port,old-fashioned, silent town,--the dismantled fort,iouses, quaint and brown,

ed until the night, lled the little room; from the sightly broke the gloom.

ny a vanished scene, mee had thought and said, en, and might have been, changed, and who was dead;

the hearts of friends, y feel, with secret pain, reforth have separate ends,) be one again ;

The first slight swerving of the heart, That words are powerless to express, And leave it still unsaid in part, Or say it in too great excess,

The very tones in which we spake Had something strange, I could but mark; The leaves of memory seemed to make A mournful rustling in the dark.

Oft died the words upon our lips, As suddenly, from out the fire Built of the wreck of stranded ships, The flames would leap and then expire.

And, as their splendor flashed and failed, We thought of wrecks upon the main,-Of ships dismasted, that were hailed And sent no answer back again.

The windows, rattling in their frames,— The ocean, roaring up the beach,— The gusty blast,—the bickering flames,— All mingled vaguely in our speech;

Until they made themselves a part Of fancies floating through the brain,-The long-lost ventures of the heart, That sends no answers back again.

Oh flames that glowed! Oh hearts that yearned !

They were indeed too much akin-The drift-wood fire without that burned, The thoughts that burned and glowed within.

HENRY WADSWORTE LONGPELLOW.

QUA CURSUM VENTUS.

As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay With canvas drooping, side by side, Two towers of sail, at dawn of day Are scarce, long leagues spart, descried:

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze, And all the darkling hours they plied; Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas By each was cleaving, side by side;

E'en so—but why the tale reveal

Of those whom, year by year unchanged,
Brief absence joined anew, to feel,
Astounded, so il from soul estranged.

At dead of night their sails were filled,
And onward each rejoicing steered;
Ah, neither blame, for neither willed
Or wist what first with dawn appeared.

To veer, how vain! On, onward strain
Brave barks! In light, in darkne
Through winds and tides one compas
To that and your own selves be to

But O blithe breeze! and O great see Though ne'er, that earliest parting On your wide plain they join again, Together lead them home at last,

One port, methought, alike they sous
One purpose hold where'er they f
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas,
At last, at last, unite them there?

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

CAPE-COTTAGE AT SUNSET.

We stood upon the ragged rocks,

When the long day was nearly done;
The waves had ceased their sullen shocks,

And lapped our feet with murmuring tone,
And o'er the bay in streaming locks

Blew the red tresses of the sun.

Along the West the golden bars
Still to a deeper glory grew;
Above our heads the faint, few stars
Looked out from the unfathomed blue;
And the fair city's clamorous jars
Seemed melted in that evening hue.

Oh sunset sky! Oh purple tide!
Oh friends to friends that closer pressed!
Those glories have in darkness died,
And ye have left my longing breast.
I could not keep you by my side,
Nor fix that radiance in the West.

Upon those rocks the waves shall beat With the same low and murmuring strain; Across those waves, with glancing feet,
The sunset rays shall seek the main;
But when together shall we meet
Upon that far-off shore again?

W. R. Granne

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

panions,
days of childhood, in my joyful ached
days;
l are gone, the old familiar faces.

been laughing, I have been carousing ng late, sitting late, with my boson oronies;

are gone, the old familiar faces.

la love once, fairest among women; Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her:

All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man; Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly— Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood.

Earth seemed a desort I was bound to traverse.

Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,

Why wert thou not born in my father's dwelling?

So might we talk of the old familiar faces-

How some they have died, and some they have left me,

And some are taken from me; all are de parted,

All, all are gone, the old familiar faces!

CRAPLES LAND



Too late I stayed—forgive the crime— Unheeded flew the hours: How noiseless falls the foot of time That only treads on flowers!

And who, with clear account, remarks The obbings of his glass, When all its sands are diamond sparks, That decide as they pass !

Ah! who to sober measurement Time's happy swiftness brings, When birds of paradise have lent Their plumage to his wings!

Beaute William British.

STANZAS TO AUGUSTA. .

[BYRON TO RES ENTER.]

Thouse the day of my destiny is over, And the star of my fate hath declined, Thy soft heart refused to discover The faults which so many could find; Though thy soul with my grief was acquainted, It shrunk not to share it with me, And the love which my spirit hath painted It never hath found but in thee.

Then when nature around me is smiling, The last smile which answers to mine, I do not believe it beguiling, Because it reminds me of thine: As when winds are at war with the ocean, As the breasts I believed in with me, If their billows excite an emotion. It is that they bear me from thee.

Though the rock of my last hope is shivered, And its fragments are sunk in the wave, Though I feel that my soul is delivered To pain—it shall not be its slave. There is many a pang to pursue me: They may crush, but they shall not con-

They may torture, but shall not subdue me-T is of thee that I think-not of them.

Though human, thou didst not deceive me, Though women, thou didst not forsake,

Though leved, then forborest to grieve me, Though alandered, thou never couldst shake Though trusted, thou didst not disclaim me, Though perted, it was not to fly, Though watchful, 't was not to defame me, Nor mute, that the world might belie.

Yet I blame not the world, nor despise it, Nor the war of the many with one— If my soul was not fitted to prize it, Twas folly not sooner to shun; And if dearly that error hath cost me. And more than I once could foresee, I have found that, whatever it lost me, It could not deprive me of thee.

From the wreck of the past which hath perished

Thus much I at least may recall, It hath taught me that what I most cherishes Deserved to be degreet of all. In the desert a fountain is springing, In the wild waste there still is a tree, And a bird in the solitude singing, Which speaks to my spirit of thee.

LORD BYBOK.

WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS TOGETHER

Wr have been friends together, In sunshine and in shade; Since first beneath the chestnut-trees In infancy we played. But coldness dwells within thy heart-A cloud is on thy brow; We have been friends together— Shall a light word part us now?

We have been gay together; We have laughed at little jests; For the fount of hope was gushing, Warm and joyons, in our breasts. But laughter now hath fied thy lip, And sullen glooms thy brow; We have been gay together— Shall a light word part us now ?

We have been sad together— We have wept, with bitter tears, O'er the gram-grown graves, where slun bered The hopes of early years.

The voices which are silent there
Would bid thee clear thy brow;
We have been sad together—
Oh! what shall part us now?

CAROLINE NORTON.

GIVE ME THE OLD.

OLD WINE TO PRINK, OLD WOO BOOKS TO PEAD, AND OLD E VERSE WITH

I.

Orp wine to drink!—

Ay, give the slippery jaice
That drappeth from the grape
Within the tun;
Plucked from beneath the cliff
Of sunny-sided Teneriffe,
And ripered beath the blinl
Of India's sin!
Peat whiskey hot,
Tempered with well-boiled water!
These make the long night shorter,—
Forgetting not
Good stout old English porter.

IJ.

Old wood to burn!

Ay, bring the hill-side beech

From where the owlets meet and screech,
And ravens croak;

The crackling pine, and cedar sweet;

Bring too a clump of fragrant peat,
Dug 'neath the fern;
The knotted oak,
A faggot too, perhap,

Whose bright flame, dancing, winking,
Shall light us at our drinking;
While the oozing sap

Shall make sweet music to our thinking.

111.

Old books to read!—

Ay, bring those nodes of wit,

The brazen-clasped, the vellum writ,

Time honored tomes!

The same my sire scanned before,
The same my grandsire thumbed o'er,
The same his sire from college hore,
The well-earned meed
Of Oxford's domes:
Old Homer blind,
Old Horace, rake Anacreon, by
Old Tully, Plantus, Terence lie;
Mort Arthur's olden minstrelsie,
Quaint Borton, quainter Spenser, ay:
And Gervase Markham's venerie—
Nor leave behind
Holye Book by which we live and die

IV

d friends to talk!—
bring those chosen few.
wise, the courtly, and the true,
So rarely found;
for my wine, him for my stud,
for my easel, distich, bud
mountain walk!

| Bring Walter good: With soulful Fred; and learned Will, And thee, my alter ego, (dearer still For every mood).

ROBERT HINCKLEY MESSINGER

SPARKLING AND BRIGHT.

STARKLING and bright in liquid light,
Does the wine our goblets gleam in;
With hue as red as the rosy bed
Which a bee would choose to dream in.
Then fill to-night, with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's bro
And break on the lips while meeting.

Oh! if Mirth might arrest the flight
Of Time through Life's dominions,
We here a while would now beguile
The graybeard of his pinions,

To drink to-night, with hearts as light,

To drink to-night, with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the bealer's bri
And break on the lips while meeting.

But since Delight can't tempt the wight, Nor fond Regret delay him, Nor Love himself can hold the elf. Nor sober Friendship stay him, We'll drink to-night, with hearts as light, To loves as gay and fleeting As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim, And break on the lips while meeting.

CHARLES FENNO HOPPMAN.

WREATHE THE BOWL.

WREATHE the bowl With flowers of soul, The brightest wit can find us; We'll take a flight Towards heav'n to-night, And leave dull earth behind us! Should Love amid The wreaths be hid That Joy, the enchanter, brings us, No danger fear While wine is near— We'l drown him if he stings us. Then wreathe the bowl With flowers of soul, The brightest wit can find us; We'll take a flight Towards heav'n to-night,

And leave dull earth behind us!

'T was nectar fed Of old, 'tis said, Their Junos, Joves, Apollos; And man may brew His nectar too; The rich receipt's as follows -Take wine like this; Let looks of bliss Around it well be blended: Then bring wit's beam To warm the stream, And there's your nectar, splendid! So wreathe the bowl With flowers of soul, The brightest wit can find us; We'll take a flight Towards heav'n to-night, And leave dull earth behind us!

Say, why did time His glass sublime Fill up with sands unsightly, When wine he knew Runs brisker through, And sparkles far more brightly? Oh, lend it us, And, smiling thus, The glass in two we'd sever, Make pleasure glide In double tide, And fill both ends for ever! Then wreathe the bowl With flowers of soul, The brightest wit can find us; We'll take a flight Towards heav'n to-night. And leave dull earth behind us! THOMAS MOORE.

CHAMPAGNE ROSÉ.

Lily on liquid roses floating— So floats you foam o'er pink champagne -Fain would I join such pleasant boating, And prove that ruby main, And float away on wine!

Those seas are dangerous, graybeards swear-Whose sea-beach is the goblet's brim; And true it is they drown old care— But what care we for him, So we but float on wine!

And true it is they cross in pain, Who sober cross the Stygian ferry; But only make our Styx champagne, And we shall cross right merry. Floating away in wine!

Old Charon's self shall make him mellow, Then gayly row his boat from shore; While we, and every jovial fellow, Hear, unconcerned, the oar, That dips itself in wine!

JOHN KENYON

FILL THE BUMPER FAIR.

Fig. the bumper fair!

Every drop we sprinkle

O'er the brow of care

Smooths away a wrinkle.

Wit's electric flame

Ne'er so swiftly passes

As when through the frame

It shoots from brimming glasses

Fill the bumper fair!

Every drop we sprinkle

O'er the brow of care

Smooths away a wrinkle.

Sages can, they say,
trasp the lightning's pinions,
An I bring down its ray
From the starred dominions:—
So we, sages, sit,
And, 'mid bumpers bright'ning,
From the Leaven of wit
Draw down all its lightning.

Wouldst thou know what first
Made our souls inherit
This ennobling thirst
For wine's celestial spirit?
It chanced upon that day,
When, as Eards inform us,
Prometheus stole away
The living fires that warm us,

The circless Youth, when up

To Clory's four t aspiring.

Took nor urn nor cup

To hide the pilfered fire in —

But oh his joy, when, round

The halls of heaven spying

Among the stars, he found

A bowl of Bacchus lying!

Some drops were in that bowl,
Remains of last night's pleasure,
With which the sparks of soul
Mixed their burning treasure.
Hence the goblet's shower
Hath such spells to win us,
Hence its mighty power
O'er that flame within us.

Fill the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care
Smooths away a wrinkle.

THORAS MOURS

AND DOTH NOT A MEETING LIKE THIS.

nends
he long years I've been wand'ring
way—
thus around me my youth's early
iends,
ng and kind as in that happy day!
haply o'er some of your brows, in
'or mine,
w-fall of Time may be stealing—what
hen?

we'll wear the gay tinge of Youth's room again.

What softened remembrances come o'er the heart,

In gazing on those we've been lost to so long' The sorrows, the joys, of which once they were part,

Still round them, like visions of yesterday, throng;

As letters some hand hath invisibly traced, When held to the flame will steal out on the sight,

So many a feeling, that long seemed effaced. The warmth of a moment like this brings to light.

And thus, as in memory's bark we shall glide, To visit the scenes of our boyhood anew,

Though oft we may see, looking down on the tide,

The wreck of full many a hope shining through;

Yet still, as in fancy we point to the flowers. That once made a garden of all the gay shore, Deceived for a moment, we'll think them still ours,

And breathe the fresh air of Life's morning once more.



CONVIVIAL BONGS.

existence, a glimpse, at the most, thave of the few we hold dear; a joy is unheeded and lost some heart that could echo it,

y we hope, when this short life ie, some world of more permanent

or a grasp of the hand, hast'ning

oy of each other in this.

ne more rare such delights to the

s should welcome, and bless them ore;

s, when we meet—they are lost we part—

nat bring Summer, and fly when

g the cup, hand in hand, ere we

hy pledge us, through pleasure, gh pain,

a feeling but touches one link, shal, send it direct through the

THOMAS MOORE.

IDS THE GLASS AROUND?

stands the glass around?
me! ye take no care, my boys;
stands the glass around?
irth and wine abound.
rumpets sound;
res they are flying, boys.
tht, kill, or wound,
we still be found
with our hard fare, my boys
e cold ground.

soldiers, why
we be melancholy, boys?
soldiers, why,
a business 't is to die?
, sighing? fie!

Don't fear, drink on, be jolly, boys!
'Tis he, you, or I!
Cold, hot, wet or dry,
We're always bound to follow, boys,
And scorn to fly.

'T is but in vain—
I mean not to upbraid you, boys—
'T is but in vain
For soldiers to complain:
Should next campaign
Send us to Him who made us, boys,
We're free from pain!
But if we remain,
A bottle and a kind landlady
Oure all again.

COME, SEND ROUND THE WINE.

Come, send round the wine, and leave points of belief

To simpleton sages and reasoning fools;

This moment's a flower too fair and brief

To be withered and stained by the dust of the schools.

Your glass may be purple, and mine may be blue,

But while they are filled from the same bright bowl,

The fool who would quartel for difference of hue

Deserves not the comfort they shed o'er the soul.

Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side,

In the cause of mankind, if our creeds may agree?

Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,

If he kneel not before the same altar with me?
From the heretic girl of my soul should I fly
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox
kiss?

No! perish the hearts and the laws that try Truth, valor, or love, by a standard like this!

FRIEND OF MY SOUL.

Twill clase the pensive tear;
'T is not so sweet as woman's lip,
But, oh! 't is more sincere.
Like her del sive beam,
'T will steal away the mind,
But unlike affection's dream,
It wayes no sting behind.

Come, twine the wreath, thy brows!
These flowers were called at noo
Like woman's love the rose will fade;
But ah! not half so soon:
For though the flower's decayed,
Its fragrance is not o'er;
But oace when love's betrayed,
The heart can bloom no more.

Тномы

TO THOMAS MOORE.

My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea;
But, before I go, Tom Moore,
Here's a double health to thee!

Here's a sigh for those that love me, And a smile for those who hate; And, whatever sky's above me, Here's a heart for every fate.

Though the ocean roar around me, Yet it still shall bear me on; Though a desert should surround me, It bath springs that may be won.

Were't the last drop in the well,
As I gasped upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell
'T is to thee that I would drink,

With that water, as this wine.

The libation I would pour
Should be—Peace with these and mine,
And a health to thee, Tom Moore!

LOED BYHOM.

FAREWELL! BUT WHENEVER YO WELCOME THE HOUR.

FAREWELL! but whenever you welcome the

That awakens the night-song of mirth in too

Then think of the friend who once welcome it too.

And forgot his own griefs to be asppy with you.

efs may return—not a hope may remain few that have brightened his pathway of pain—

ne'er will forget the short vision the

hantment around him while linguish with you!

all on that evening, when pleasur

highest top-sparkle each heart and each cup,

Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright, My soul, happy friends! shall be with you that night—

Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,

And return to me beaming all o'er with your smiles;

Too blest if it tells me that, mid the gay cheer.

Some kind voice had murmured, "I wish he were here!"

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy!

Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care.

And bring back the features that joy used to wear.

Long, long be my heart with such memories filled!

Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled;

You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will.

But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

THOMAS MOORE

ALLAD OF BOUILLABAISSE.

there is in Paris famous, sich no rhyme our language yields, ve des petits Champs its name is w Street of the Little Fields; e's an inn, not rich and splendid, ll in comfortable case th in youth I oft attended, a bowl of Bouillabaisse.

of soup, or broth, or brew, potch of all sorts of fishes, reenwich never could outdo; rbs, red peppers, muscles, saffern, mions, garlic, roach, and dace; you eat at Terré's tavern, one dish of Bouillabaisse.

rich and savory stew 't is; ue philosophers, methinks, all sorts of natural beauties, love good victuals and good drinks. lelier or Benedictine gladly, sure, his lot embrace, a fast-day too afflicting, served him up a Bouillabaisse.

if the house still there is?

The the lamp is as before;

The red-cheeked écaillère is ening oysters at the door.

The till alive and able?

The ect his droll grimace;

The and smile before your table,

The ped you liked your Bouillabaisse.

; nothing's changed or older.
s Monsieur Terré, waiter, pray?"
er stares and shrugs his shoulder;—
eur is dead this many a day."
lot of saint and sinner
est Terré's run his race:"
ill Monsieur require for dinner?"
lo you still cook Bouillabaisse?"

Monsieur," 's the waiter's answer; in Monsieur desire-t-il?" a good one." "That I can, sir; ambertin with yellow seal."

"So Terré's gone," I say, and sink in My old accustomed corner-place; "He's done with feasting and with drinking. With Burgundy and Bouillabaisse."

My old accustomed corner here is—
The table still is in the nook;
Ah! vanished many a busy year is,
This well-known chair since last I took.
When first I saw ye, Cari luoghi,
I'd scarce a beard upon my face,
And now a grizzled, grim old fogy,
I sit and wait for Bouillabaisse.

Where are you, old companions trusty
Of early days, here met to dine?
Come, waiter! quick, a flagon crusty—
I'll pledge them in the good old wine.
The kind old voices and old faces
My memory can quick retrace;
Around the board they take their places,
And share the wine and Bouillabaisse.

There's Jack has made a wondrous marriage;
There's laughing Tom is laughing yet;
There's brave Augustus drives his carriage;
There's poor old Fred in the Gazette;
On James's head the grass is growing:
Good Lord! the world has wagged apace
Since here we set the Claret flowing,
And drank, and ate the Bouillabaisse.

Ah me! how quick the days are flitting!
I mind me of a time that's gone,
When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,
In this same place—but not alone
A fair young form was nestled near me,
A dear, dear face looked fondly up,
And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me.
—There's no one now to share my cup.

I drink it as the Fates ordain it.

Come, fill it, and have done with rhymes:
Fill up the lonely glass, and drain it
In memory of dear old times.
Welcome the wine, whate'er the seal is;
And sit you down and say your grace
With thankful heart, whate'er the meal is.

—Here comes the smoking Bouillabaisse!

WILLIAM MAKEPRACE THACKERAY.

OH FILL THE WINE-CUP HIGH!

On fill the wine-cup high!

The sparkling liquor pour;

For we will care and grief defy,

They ne'er shall plague us more.

And ere the snowy foam

From off the wine departs,

The precious draught shall find a home.

A dwelling in our hearts.

Though bright may be the beams
That woman's eyes display:
They are not like the ruby gleams
That in our goblets play.
For though surpassing bright
Their brilliancy may be,
Age dims the lustre of their light
But adds more worth to thee.

Give me another draught,

The sparkling, and the strong;

He who would learn the poet craft—

He who would shine in song—

Should pledge the flowing bowl

With warm and generous wine;

'Twas wine that warmed Anacreon's soul,

And made his songs divine.

And e'en in tragedy,
Who lives that never knew
The honey of the Attic Bee
Was gathered from thy dew?
He of the tragic muse,
Whose praises bards rehearse;
What power but thine could e'er diffuse
Such sweetness o'er his verse?

Oh would that I could raise

The magic of that tongue;
The spirit of those deathless lays,
The Swan of Teios sung!
Each song the bard has given
Its beauty and its worth,
Sounds sweet as if a voice from heaven
Was echoed upon the earth.

How mighty—how divine,
Thy spirit seemeth when
The rich draught of the purple vine
Dwelt in these godlike men.

It made each glowing page,
Its eloquence, and truth,
In the glory of their golden age,
Outshine the fire of youth.

Joy to the lone heart—joy

To the desolate—oppressed;

For wine can every grief destroy

That gathers in the breast.

The sorrows and the care,

That in our hearts abide,

'T will chase them from their d

there,

To drown them in its tide.

And now the heart grows warm
With feelings undefined,
Throwing their deep diffusive ci
O'er all the realms of mind.
The loveliness of truth
Flings out its brightest rays,
Clothed in the songs of early you
Or joys of other days.

We think of her, the young,
The beautiful, the bright,
We hear the music of her tongue
Breathing its deep delight.
We see again each glance,
Each bright and dazzling beam
We feel our throbbing hearts still
We live but in a dream.

From darkness, and from woe,
A power like lightning darts;
A glory cometh down to throw
Its shadows o'er our hearts;
And dimmed by falling tears,
A spirit seems to rise,
That shows the friend of other years is mirrored in our eyes.

But sorrow, grief, and care,
Had dimmed his setting star;
And we think with tears of tho
were,
To smile on those that are.
Yet though the grassy mound
Sits lightly on his head,

We'll pledge, in solemn silence re The memory of the dead! The sparkling juice now pour,
With fond and liberal hand;
Oh raise the laughing rim once more,
Here's to our Fatherland!
Up, every soul that hears,
Hurrah! with three times three;
And shout aloud, with deafening cheers,
The "Island of the Free!"

Then fill the wine-cup high,

The sparkling liquor pour;

For we will care and grief defy,

They ne'er shall plague us more.

And ere the snowy foam

From off the wine departs,

The precious draught shall find a home
A dwelling in our hearts.

ROBERT FOLKESTONE WILLIAMS.

SAINT PERAY.

ADDRESSED TO H. T. P.

When to any saint I pray, It shall be to Saint Peray. He alone, of all the brood, Ever did me any good:
Many I have tried that are Humbugs in the calendar.

On the Atlantic, faint and sick,
Once I prayed Saint Dominick:
He was holy, sure, and wise;
Was't not he that did devise
Auto da Fes and rosaries?
But for one in my condition
This good saint was no physician.

Next, in pleasant Normandie,
I made a prayer to Saint Denis,
In the great cathedral, where
All the ancient kings repose;
But, how I was swindled there
At the "Golden Fleece,"—he knows!

In my wanderings, vague and various, Reaching Naples—as I lay Watching Vesuvius from the bay, I besought Saint Januarius; But I was a fool to try him;
Naught I said could liquefy him;
And I swear he did me wrong,
Keeping me shut up so long
In that pest-house, with obscene
Jews and Greeks and things unclean—
What need had I of quarantine?

In Sicily at least a score—
In Spain about as many more—
And in Rome almost as many
As the loves of Don Giovanni,
Did I pray to—sans reply;
Devil take the tribe!—said I.

Worn with travel, tired and lame,
To Assisi's walls I came;
Sad and full of homesick fancies,
I addressed me to Saint Francis;
But the beggar never did
Any thing as he was bid,
Never gave me aught—but fleas—
Plenty had I at Assise.

But in Provence, near Vaucluse,
Hard by the Rhone, I found a Saint
Gifted with a wondrous juice,
Potent for the worst complaint.
'T was at Avignon that first—
In the witching time of thirst—
To my brain the knowledge came
Of this blessed Catholic's name;
Forty miles of dust that day
Made me welcome Saint Peray.

Though till then I had not heard
Aught about him, ere a third
Of a litre passed my lips,
All saints else were in eclipse.
For his gentle spirit glided
With such magic into mine,
That methought such bliss as I did
Poet never drew from wine.

Rest he gave me, and refection— Chastened hopes, calm retrospection— Softened images of sorrow, Bright forebodings for the morrow— Charity for what is past— Faith in something good at last.

Now, why should any almanack
The name of this good creature lack?

Or wherefore should the breviary
Omit a saint so sage and merry?
The Pope himself should grant a day
Especially to Saint Peray.
But, since no day hath been appointed,
On purpose, by the Lord's anointed,
Let us not wait—we'll do him right;
Send round your bottles, Hal—and set
your night.

THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS,

AULD LANG SYNE.

1.

Should and I acquaintance be forgo
And never brought to min'?
Should and acquaintance be forgot.
And days o' lang syne?
For and lang syne, my dear,
For and lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For and lang syne!

11.

We two has run about the braes,
And pu'd the gownns fine;
But we've wandered mony a weary foot
Sin auld lang syne.

111

We two has paid't i' the burn
Frae morma' san till dane;
But seas between us braid has conred
Sin auld lang syne.

ĮV.

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere.

And gie's a hand o' thine;

And we'll tak a right guid willie-waught

For andd lat g syne'

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet.
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne!

ROBERT BURNS.

NIGHT AT SEA.

The lovely purple of the noon's bestowing

Has vanished from the waters, where the flung

A royal color, such as gems are throwing Tyrian or regal garniture among.

T is night, and overhead the sky is gleaming.
Through the slight vapor trembles each disc

way—my heart is sadly dreaming enes they do not light, of scenes after friends, my absent friends!

Do you think of me, as I think of you

i dark wave around the vessel sweet ing,

ner am I from old dear friends moved;

lone vigil that I now am keeping, not know how much you were to loved,

How many acts of kindness little heeded, Kind looks, kind words, rise half reproachful now!

Hurried and anxious, my vexed life has speeded,

And memory wears a soft accusing brow.

My friends, my absent friends!

Do you think of me, as I think of you!

The very stars are strangers, as I catch them Athwart the shadowy sails that swell above:

I cannot hope that other eyes will watch them At the same moment with a mutual love.

They shine not there, as here they now are shining;

The very hours are changed.—Ah, do ye sleep?

O'er each home pillow midnight is declining— May some kind dream at least my image keep!

My friends, my absent friends!

Do you think of me, as I think of you?

Yesterday has a charm, To-day could never Fling o'er the mind, which knows not till it parts How it turns back with tenderest endeavor To fix the past within the heart of hearts.

Absence is full of memory; it teaches
The value of all old familiar things;

The strengthener of affection, while it reaches

O'er the dark parting, with an angel's wings.

My friends, my absent friends!

Do you think of me, as I think of you?

The world, with one vast element omitted—
Man's own especial element, the earth;
Yet, o'er the waters is his rule transmitted
By that great knowledge whence has power
its birth.

How oft on some strange loveliness while gazing

Have I wished for you—beautiful as new,
The purple waves like some wild army raising

Their snowy banners as the ship cuts through.

My friends, my absent friends!

Do you think of me, as I think of you!

Bearing upon its wings the hues of morning,

Up springs the flying fish like life's false joy,

Which of the sunshine asks that frail adorning

Whose very light is fated to destroy.

Ah, so doth genius on its rainbow pinion

Spring from the depths of an unkindly

world;

So spring sweet fancies from the heart's dominion—

Too soon in death the scorched-up wing is furled.

My friends, my absent friends!
Whate'er I see is linked with thoughts
of you.

No life is in the air, but in the waters

Are creatures, huge, and terrible, and

strong;

The sword-fish and the shark pursue their slaughters,

War universal reigns these depths along.

Like some new island on the ocean springing,

Floats on the surface some gigantic whale, From its vast head a silver fountain flinging, Bright as the fountain in a fairy tale.

My friends, my absent friends!

I read such fairy legends while with you.

Light is amid the gloomy canvas spreading,
The moon is whitening the dusky sails,
From the thick bank of clouds she masters,
shedding

The softest influence that o'er night prevails.

Pale is she like a young queen pale with splendor,

Haunted with passionate thoughts too fond, too deep;

The very glory that she wears is tender,

The eyes that watch her beauty fain would

weep.

My friends, my absent friends!

Do you think of me, as I think of you?

Sunshine is ever cheerful, when the morning Wakens the world with cloud-dispelling eyes;

The spirits mount to glad endeavor, scorning What toil upon a path so sunny lies.

Sunshine and hope are comrades, and their weather

Calls into life an energy like Spring's; But memory and moonlight go together.

Reflected in the light that either brings.

My friends, my absent friends!

Do you think of me, then? I think of you.

The busy deck is hushed, no sounds are waking

But the watch pacing silently and slow;
The waves against the sides incessant breaking,

And rope and canvas swaying to and fro.

The topmast sail, it seems like some dim pinnacle

Cresting a shadowy tower amid the air;

While red and fitful gleams come from the binnacle.

The only light on board to guide us-

My friends, my absent friends!

Far from my native land, and far from you.

On one side of the ship, the moonbeam's shimmer

In luminous vibrations sv But where the shadow fall glimmer

Seems, glow-worm like, to be.

All that the spirit thinks of ing,

Takes visionary hues from But while some phantasy is I start—remembrance has My friends, my absent.

From the fair dream.

of you.

A dusk line in the moonlight—I discover
What all day long vainly I sought to catch;
Or is it but the varying clouds that hover
Thick in the air, to mock the eyes that
watch?

No; well the sailor knows each speck, appearing,

Upon the tossing waves, the far-off strand;
To that dark line our eager ship is steering.
Her voyage done—to-morrow we shall land.

LETTIA ELELABETE LANDON.

THE JOURNEY ONWARDS.

As slow our ship her foamy track
Against the wind was cleaving,
Her trembling pennant still looked back
To that dear isle 't was leaving.
So loth we part from all we love,
From all the links that bind us;
So turn our hearts, as on we rove,
To those we've left behind us!

When, round the bowl, of vanished you we talk with joyous seeming—
With smiles that might as well be ten So faint, so sad their beaming;
While memory brings us back again Each early tie that twined us,
Oh sweet's the cup that circles then To those we've left behind us!

And when, in other climes, we meet
Some isle or vale enchanting,
Where all looks flowery, wild, and su
And naught but love is wanting;
We think how great had been our bill
If Heaven had but assigned us
To live and die in scenes like this,
With some we've left behind us!

As travellers oft look back at eve
When eastward darkly going,
To gaze upon that light they leave
Still faint behind them glowing.—
So, when the close of pleasure's day
To gloom hath near consigned us,
We turn to catch one fading ray
Of joy that's left behind us.

Тиомав Мо

THE MAHOGANY TREE.

Christmas is here;
Winds whistle shrill,
Icy and chill,
Little care we;
Little we fear
Weather without,
Sheltered about
The Mahogany Tree.

Once on the boughs
Birds of rare plume
Sang, in its bloom;
Night birds are we;
Here we carouse,
Singing, like them,
Perched round the stem
Of the jolly old tree.

Here let us sport, Boys, as we sit— Laughter and wit Flashing so free. CHRISTMAS.

Life is but short— When we are gone, Let them sing on, Round the old tree.

Evenings we knew,
Happy as this;
Faces we miss,
Pleasant to see.
Kind hearts and true,
Gentle and just,
Peace to your dust!
We sing round the tree.

Cure, like a dun, Lurks at the gate: Let the dog wait; Happy we'll be! Drink, every one; Pile up the coals; Fill the red bowls, Round the old tree!

Drain we the cup.—Friend, art afraid?
Spirits are laid
In the Red Sea.
Mantle it up;
Empty it yet;
Let us forget,
Round the old tree!

Sorrows begone!
Life and its ills,
Duns and their bills,
Bid we to flee.
Come with the dawn,
Blue-devil sprite;
Leave us to-night,
Round the old tree!

WILLIAM MARRYSAGE THAORINAY.

CHRISTMAS.

now is come our joyful'st feast; Let every man be jolly; ch room with ivy leaves is drest, And every post with holly. ough some churls at our mirth repine, and your foreheads garlands twine, Drown sorrow in a cup of wine, And let us all be merry.

Now all our neighbors' chimneys smoke,
And Christmas blocks are burning;
Their ovens they with baked meat choke,
And all their spits are turning.
Without the door let sorrow lie;
And if for cold it hap to die,
We'll bury't in a Christmas pie,
And evermore be merry.

Now every lad is wond'rous trim,
And no man minds his labor;
Our lasses have provided them
A bagpipe and a tabor;
Young men and maids, and girls and boys,
Give life to one another's joys;
And you anon shall by their noise
Perceive that they are merry.

Rank misers now do sparing ahun—
Their hall of music soundeth;
And dogs thence with whole shoulders run,
So all things there aboundeth.
The country folks themselves advance,
With crowdy-muttons out of France;
And Jack shall pipe, and Gill shall dance,
And all the town be merry.

Ned Squash has fetched his bands from pawn.

And all his best apparel;
Brisk Nell hath bought a ruff of lawn

With dropping of the barrel.

And those that hardly all the year

Had bread to eat, or rags to wear,

Will have both clothes and dainty fare,

And all the day be merry.

Now poor men to the justices

With capons make their errants;

And if they hap to fail of these,

They plague them with their warrants:

But now they feed them with good cheer,

And what they want they take in beer;

For Christmas comes but once a year,

And then they shall be merry.

Good farmers in the country nurse

The poor, that else were undone;
Some landlords spend their money worse,
On lust and pride at London.

There the roysters they do play, Drab and dice their lands away, Which may be ours another day, And therefore let's be merry.

The client now his suit forbears;
The prisoner's heart is eased;
The debtor drinks away his cares,
And for the time is pleased.
Though others' purses be more fat,
Why should we pine or grieve at that?
Hang sorrow! Care will kill a cat—
And therefore let's be merry.

Hark! now the wags abroad do call
Each other forth to rambling;
Anon you'll see them in the hall,
For nuts and apples scrambling.
Hark! how the roofs with laughter sound!
Anon they'll think the house goes round,
For they the cellar's depth have found,
And there they will be merry.

The wenches with their wassail bowls
About the streets are singing;
The boys are come to catch the owls
The wild mare in is bringing.
Our kitchen boy hath broke his box;
And to the dealing of the ox
Our honest neighbors come by flocks,
And here they will be merry.

Now kings and queens poor sheepcotes have,
And mate with everybody;
The honest now may play the knave,
And wise men play the noddy.
Some youths will now a mumming go,
Some others play at Rowland-bo,
And twenty other game boys mo,
Because they will be merry

Then wherefore, in these merry days,
Should we, I pray, be duller?
No, let us sing some roundelays,
To make our mirth the fuller;
And, while we thus inspired sing,
Let all the streets with echoes ring;
Woods and hills, and every thing,
Bear witness we are merry!

WHAT MIGHT BE DONE

What might be done if men were w
What glorious deeds, my suffering
Would they unite
In love and right,
And cease their scorn of one anoth

Oppression's heart might be imbued
With kindling drops of loving-kind
And knowledge pour,
From shore to shore,
Light on the eyes of mental blindn

All slavery, warfare, lies, and wrong:
All vice and crime, might die toge!
And wine and corn,
To each man born,
Be free as warmth in summer weat

The meanest wretch that ever trod,
The deepest sunk in guilt and sorr
Might stand erect
In self-respect,
And share the teeming world to-m

What might be done? This might be And more than this, my suffering be More than the tongue

E'er said or sung,

If men were wise and loved each of CHARLES 1



PART IV.

POEMS OF LOVE.

Love? I will tell thee what it is to love!
It is to build with human thoughts a shrine,
Where Hope sits brooding like a beauteous dove,
Where Time seems young, and Life a thing divine.
All tastes, all pleasures, all desires combine
To consecrate this sanctuary of bliss.
Above, the stars in cloudless beauty shine;
Around, the streams their flowery margins kiss;
And if there's heaven on earth, that heaven is surely this.

Yee, this is Love, the steadfast and the true,
The immortal glory which hath never set;
The best, the brightest boon the heart e'er knew:
Of all life's sweets the very sweetest yet!
Of who but can recall the eve they met
To breathe, in some green walk, their first young vow?
While summer flowers with moonlight dews were wet,
And winds sighed soft around the mountain's brow,
And all was rapture then which is but memory now!

CHARLES SWAIN





POEMS OF LOVE.

SIR CAULINE.

THE FIRST PART.

d, forr over the sea, dwelleth a bonnye kinge; a him a yong and comlye knighte, all him Syr Cauline.

to had a ladye to his daughter, ayon she hath no peere; acely wightes that ladye wooed theyr wedded fere.

line loveth her best of all, othing durst he saye, reeve his counsayl to no man, eerlye he lovde this may.

a daye it so beffell : dill to him was dight; yden's love removde his mind, we-bed went the knighte.

tile he spred his armes him fro, while he spred them nye:
tye! but I winne that ladye's love, lole now I mun dye."

han our parish-masse was done, kinge was bowne to dyne: es, "Where is Syr Cauline, is wont to serve the wyne?"

mswerde him a courteous knighte, fast his handes gan wringe: suline is sicke, and like to dye, out a good leschinge." "Fetche me downe my daughter deere,
She is a lecche fulle fine;
Goe take him doughe and the baken bread,
And serve him with the wyne see red:
Lothe I were him to tine."

Fair Christabelle to his chaumber goes,
Her maydens followyng nye:
"Oh well," she sayth, "how doth my lord?"
"Oh sicke, thou fayr ladye."

"Nowe ryse up wightlye, man, for shame; Never lye see cowardlee; For it is told in my father's halle You dye for love of mee."

"Fayre ladye, it is for your love
That all this dill I drye:
For if you wold comfort me with a kisse,
Then were I brought from bale to blisse,
No lenger wold I lye."

"Syr knighte, my father is a kinge,
I am his onlye heire;
Alas! and well you knowe, syr knighte,
I never can be youre fere."

"O ladye, thou art a kinge's daughter, And I am not thy peere; But let me doe some deedes of armes, To be your bacheleere."

"Some deedes of armes if thou wilt doe, My bacheleers to bee (But ever and aye my heart wold rue, Giff harm should happe to thee.) "Upon Eldridge hill there groweth a thorne, Upon the mores brodinge;

And dare ye, syr knighte, wake there all nighte,
Until the fayre morninge?

"For the Eldridge knighte, so mickle of mighte,

Will examine you beforme;

And never man bare life awaye,

But he did him scath and scorne.

"That knighte he is a foul paynim,
And large of limb and bone;
And but if heaven may be thy spe
Thy life it is but gone."

"Nowe on the Eldridge billes He.

For thy sake, fair ladie;

And He either bring you a ready

Or He never more you see."

The lady is gone to her own chaumbers, Her maydens following bright; Syr Cauline lope from care bed soons, And to the Eidridge hills is gone, For to wake there all night.

Unto midnight, that the moone did rise,

He walked up and downe;

Then a lightsome bugle heard he blowe

Over the bents see browne;

Quoth hee, "If cryance come till my heart,

I am farre from any good towne."

And soone he spyde on the mores so broad A furyous wight and fell; A ladve bright his brydle led,

▲ ladye bright his brydle led, Clad in a fayre kyrtell:

And see fast he called on Syr Cauline,
"O man, I rede thee flye,
For but if cryance come tall thy heart,
I weene but thou mun dye."

He sayth, "No cryance comes till my heart, Nor, in faith, I wyll not ties; For, cause thou minged not Christ before, The less me dreadeth thee." The Eldridge knighte, he pricked his stud;

Syr Cauline bold abode:

Then either shooke his trustye speare,

And the timber these two children bare

Soe soone in sunder slode.

Then tooke they out theyr two good swords.

And layden on full faste,

Till helme and hawberke, mail and sheelds.

They all were well-nighe brast.

dridge knight was mickle of might, stiffe in stower did stande; r Cauline with an aukeward stroke mote off his right-hand; one he, with paine, and lacke of blood downe on that lay-land.

p Syr Cauline lift his brande over his head so hye: here I sweare by the holy roods, e, caytiffe, thou shalt dye."

Then up and came that ladye brights, Faste wringing of her hande:

"For the mayden's love, that most you love.
Withold that deadlye brande:

"For the mayden's love, that most you love.
Now smyte no more I praye;
And aye whatever thou wilt, my lord,
He shall thy hests obaye."

"Now sweare to mee, thou Eldridge knighte,
And here on this lay-land,
That the will helican an Chairt his large

That thou wilt believe on Christ his laye, And therto plight thy hand:

"And that thou never on Eldridge hill come To sporte, gamon, or playe; And that thou here give up thy armes Until thy dying daye."

The Eldridge knighte gave up his armes, With many a sorrowfulle sighe; And sware to obey Syr Cauline's hest, Till the tyme that he shold dye.

And he then up, and the Eldridge knighte Sett him in his saddle anone; And the Eldridge knighte and his ladye, To theyr castle are they gone. tooke up the bloudy hand, was so large of bone, it he founde five ringes of gold, ightes that had be slone.

tooke up the Eldridge sworde, rd as any flint; tooke off those ringes five, ight as fyre and brent.

nen pricked Syr Cauline, ht as leafe on tree; neither stint ne blanne, his ladye see.

wne he knelt upon his knec that lady gay: e, I have bin on the Eldridge hills; tokens I bring away."

relcome, welcome, Syr Cauline,
welcome unto mee,
I perceive thou art a true knighte,
our bolde and free."

e, I am thy own true knighte, ests for to obaye; 1ght I hope to winne thy love!"—pre his tonge colde say.

e blushed scarlette redde, ette a gentill sighe: syr knight, how may this bee, y degree's soe highe?

h thou hast hight, thou comely youth, my bachelere, ise, if thee I may not wedde, have none other fere."

we held forthe her liley-white hand ds that knighte so free; to it one gentill kisse, t was brought from bale to blisse, ares sterte from his ee.

ep my counsayl, Syr Cauline, no man it knowe; ever my father sholde it ken, he wolde us sloe." From that daye forthe, that ladye fayre Lovde Syr Cauline the knighte; From that daye forthe, he only joyde Whan shee was in his sight.

Yea, and oftentimes they mette Within a fayre arboure, Where they, in love and sweet daliaunce, Past manye a pleasaunt houre.

THE SECOND PART.

Everye white will have its blacke, And everye sweete its sowre: This founde the ladye Christabelle In an untimely howre.

For so it befelle, as Syr Cauline
Was with that ladye faire,
The kinge, her father, walked forthe
To take the evenyng aire:

And into the arboure as he went
To rest his wearye feet,
He found his daughter and Syr Cauline
There sette in daliaunce sweet.

The kinge hee sterted forthe, i-wys,
And an angrye man was hee:
"Nowe, traytoure, thou shalt hange or drawe,
And rewe shall thy ladie."

Then forthe Syr Cauline he was ledde,
And throwne in dungeon deepe;
And the ladye into a towre so hye,
There left to wayle and weepe.

The queene she was Syr Cauline's friend,
And to the kinge sayd shee:
"I pray you save Syr Cauline's life,
And let him banisht bee,"

"Now, dame, that traytoure shall be sent Across the salt-sea fome; But here I will make thee a band, If ever he come within this land, A foule deathe is his doome." All woe-begone was that gentil knight
To parte from his ladye;
And many a time he sighed sore,
And cast a wistfulle eye:
"Faire Christabelle, from thee to parte,
Farre lever had I dye."

Faire Christabelle, that ladye bright,
Was had forthe of the towre;
But ever shee droopeth in her minde,
As nipt by an ungentle winde
Doth some faire liley flowre.

And ever shee doth lament and weepe,
To tint her lover soe:
"Syr Cauline, thou little think'st on mee,
But I will still be true."

Manye a kinge, and manye a duke,
And lorde of high degree,
Did sue to that fayre ladye of love;
But never shee wolde them nee.

When manye a daye was past and gone,
Ne comforte shee colde finde,
The kynge proclaimed a tourneament,
To cheere his daughter's mind.

And there came lords, and there came knights
Fro manye a farre countrye,
To break a spere for theyr ladye's love,
Before that faire ladye.

And many a ladye there was sette,
In purple and in palle;
But faire Christabelle, soe woe-begone,
Was the fayrest of them all.

Then manye a knighte was mickle of might,
Before his ladye gaye;
But a stranger wight, whom no man knewe,
He wan the prize eche daye.

His acton it was all of blacke,
His hewberke and his sheelde;
Ne noe man wist whence he did come,
Ne noe man knewe where he did gone,
When they came out the feelde.

And now three days were prestlye past
In feates of chivalrye,
When lo! upon the fourth morninge,
A sorrowfulle sight they see:

A hugye giaunt stiffe and starke,
All foule of limbe and lere,
Two goggling eyen, like fire farden,
A mouthe from eare to eare.

Before him came a dwarffe full lowe, That waited on his knee; And at his backe five heads he bare, All wan and pale of blee.

"Sir," quoth the dwarffe, and louted low "Behold that hend soldain! Behold these heads I beare with me! They are kings which he hath slain.

"The Eldridge knight is his own cousing Whom a knight of thine hath shent; And hee is come to avenge his wrong: And to thee, all thy knightes among, Defiance here hath sent.

"But yette he will appease his wrath,
Thy daughter's love to winne;
And, but thou yeelde him that fayre mai
Thy halls and towers must brenne.

"Thy head, syr king, must goe with mee Or else thy daughter dere; Or else within these lists soe broad, Thou must finde him a peere."

The kinge he turned him round aboute, And in his heart was woe:

"Is there never a knighte of my round to This matter will undergoe?

"Is there never a knighte amongst yee!
Will fight for my daughter and mee!
Whoever will fight you grimme soldan.
Right fair his meede shall bee.

"For hee shall have my broad lay-lands.
And of my crowne be heyre;
And he shall winne fayre Christabelle.
To be his wedded fere."

SIR CAULINE.

ghte of his round table oth still and pale; r they lookt on the grim soldan, ir hearts to quail.

ne was that fayre ladye, awe no helpe was nye: hought on her owns true-love, tree gusht from her eye.

e the stranger knighte, lye, be not affrayd; hee with this grimme soldan, s be unmacklye made.

n wilt lend me the Eldridge

within thy bowre,
triste for to slay this fiende,
e be stiff in stowre."

im downe the Eldridge sworde," he cryde, "with speede: n assist thee, courteous knighte; er is thy meede."

e stepped into the lists, "Awaye, awaye! [am the hend soldan, it me here all daye."

he stranger knight he came, ke armoure dight; hed a gentle sighe, were my true knighte!"

e gyaunt and knight be mett lists soe broad; th swordes soe sharpe of steele, o lay on load.

trucke the knighte a stroke him reels asyde; gone was that fayre ladye, she deeply sighde.

trucke a second stroke, the bloude to flowe; wan was that ladye fayre, she wept for woe. The solden strucks a third fell stroke,
Which brought the knights on his knee;
Sad sorrow pierced that ladyes heart,
And she shrickt loud shrickings three.

The knighte he leapt upon his feete,
All recklesse of the pain;
Quoth hee, "But heaven be now my speede,
Or else I shall be slaine."

He grasped his sworde with mayne and mighte, And spying a secrette part, He drave it into the soldan's syde, And pierced him to the heart.

Then all the people gave a shoute, Whan they sawe the soldan falle; The ladye wept, and thanked Christ That had reskewed her from thrall.

And nowe the kinge, with all his barons, Rose uppe from offe his seate, And downe he stepped into the listes That curteous knights to greets.

But he, for payne and lacke of bloude, Was fallen into a swounde, And there, all walterings in his gore, Lay lifelesse on the grounde.

"Come downe, come downe, my daughter deare, Thou art a leeche of skille; Farre lever had I lose halfe my landes

Than this good knighte sholde spille."

Downe then steppeth that fayre ladye, To helpe him if she maye; But when she did his beavere raise, "It is my life, my lord!" she sayes, And shriekte and swound awaye.

Sir Cauline juste lifte up his eyes,
When he heard his ladye crye:
"O ladye, I am thine owne true love;
For thee I wisht to dye."

Then giving her one partinge looke, He closed his eyes in death, Ere Christabelle, that ladye milde, Begane to drawe her breathe. But wher, she found her comelye knighte Indeed was dead and gone, She layde her pale, cold cheeks to his, And thus she made her moans:

"Oh staye, my deare and onlys lord,
For mee, thy faithfulls fers;
'T is meet that I shold follows thee,
Who hast bought my love so deare,"

Then fayntinge in a deadly And with a deep-fette si That burst her gentle hear Fayre Christabelle did d

THE NUT-BROW

On women do compla:

Affirming this, how that it is
A labour spent in vain
To love them wele; for never a dele
They love a man again:
For let a man do what he can,
Their favour to attain,
Yet, if a new do them pursue,
Their first true lover then
Laboureth for nought, for from her thought
He is a banished man.

I say not nay, but that all day
It is both writ and said
That woman's faith is, as who saith,
All utterly decayed;
But, nevertheless, right good witness
In this case might be laid,
That they love true, and continue,
Record the nut-brown maid:
Which, when her love came, her to prove,
To her to make his moan,
Would not depart; for in her heart
She loved but him alone.

Then between us let us discuss
What was all the manere
Between them too: we will also
Tell all the pain and fere

That she was in. Now I begin,
So that ye me answere;
Wherefore, all ye that present be,
I pray you, give an ear.
I am the knight; I come by night,
As secret as I can;
Saying, "Alas! thus standeth the can
I am a banished man."

ARE

In this will not refuse;
'rusting to shew, in wordes few,
That men have an ill use
To their own shame) women to blue
And causeless them accuse:
'herefore to you I answer now,
All women to excuse—
fine own heart dear, with you what d
I pray you, tell anone;
'for, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.

It stands the so; a dede is do
Whereof great harm shall grow:
My destiny is for to die
A shameful death, I trowe;
Or else to flee; the one must be.
None other way I know,
But to withdraw as an outlaw,
And take me to my bow.
Wherefore, adieu, my own heart true
None other rede I can;
For I must to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

SHE.

O Lord, what is this worldys bliss,
That changeth as the moon!
My summer's day in lusty May
Is darked before the noon.
I hear you say farewell: nay, nay,
We depart not so soon.
Why say ye so? Wheder will ye go
Alas! what have ye done!
All my welfare to sorrow and care
Should change, if ye were gone,
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.



THE NUT-BROWN MAID.

HE.

alieve, it shall you grieve,
somewhat you distrain;
terward your paines hard
in a day or twain
oon aslake; and ye shall take
fort to you again.
hould ye ought? for to make thought,
r labour were in vain.
he I do; and pray you too,
heartily as I can;
must to the green wood go,
ne, a banished man.

SHE.

sth that ye have shewed to me secret of your mind, I be plain to you again, a saye shall me find. t is so, that ye will go, olle not leave behind; never be said, the nut-brown mald a to her love unkind; you ready, for so am I, bough it were anone; a my mind, of all mankind we but you alone.

HZ

you rede to take good heed at men will think and say: ang and old it shall be told, at ye be gone away, wanton will for to fulfil, green wood you to play; hat ye might from your delight longer make delay.

I than ye should thus for me called an ill woman, ould I to the green wood go, ne, a banished man.

BELR.

th it be sung of old and young at I should be to blame, s be the charge, that speak so large nurting of my name; will prove that faithful love s devoid of shame; or distress and heaviness part with you, the same; And sure all the that do not so, True lovers are they none, For, in my mind, of all mankind I love but you alone.

170

I counsel you, remember how
It is no maiden's law,
Nothing to doubt, but to renne out
To wood with an outlaw:
For ye must there in your hand bear
A bow, ready to draw;
And, as a thief, thus must you live,
Ever in dread and awe;
Whereby to you great harm might grow.
Yet had I lever than,
That I had to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

SHZ.

I think not nay, but as ye say,
It is no maiden's lore;
But love may make me for your sake,
As I have said before,
To come on foot, to hunt, and shoot
To get us meat in store;
For so that I your company
May have, I ask no more:
From which to part, it maketh my heart
As cold as any stone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HR.

For an ontlaw this is the law,

That men him take and bind;

Without pity hanged to be,

And waver with the wind.

If I had nede, (as God forbede!)

What rescue could ye find?

Forsooth, I trow, ye and your bow

For fear would draw behind;

And no mervayle: for little avail

Were in your counsel then;

Wherefore I will to the green wood grandles, a banished man.

BELE.

Right well know ye that women be But feeble for to fight; No womanhede it is indeed To be bold as a knight; Yet in such fear if that ye were
With enemies day or night,
I would withstand, with bow in hand,
To greve them as I might,
And you to save; as women have
Fro.n death men many a one;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

ΕE

That ye could not sur.
The thorny ways, the de
The snow, the frost, to
The cold, the heat: for,
We must lodge on the
And, us above, none oth
But a brake bush, or t
Which soon should grave
And ye would gladly
That I had to the green
Alone, a banished ma-

BITE.

Sith I have here been partynère
With you of joy and bliss,
I must also part of your woe
Endure, as reason is;
Yet am I sure of one pleasure;
And, shortly, it is this:
That, where yo be, me seemeth, pardè,
I could not fare amiss.
Without more speech, I you beseech
That we were soon agone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.

If ye go thyder, ye must consider,
When ye have lust to dine,
There shall no meat be for you gete,
Nor drink, beer, ale, nor wine.
No shetes clean, to lie between,
Made of thread and twine;
None other house but leaves and boughs,
To cover your head and mine;
O mine heart sweet, this evil diète
Should make you pale and wan;
Wherefore I will to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

SZE.

Among the wild dere, such an archit
As men say that ye be,
Ne may not fail of good vitayle,
Where is so great plenty:
And water clear of the ryvére
Shall be full sweet to me;
With which in hele I shall right well
Endure, as ye shall see;
And, or we go, a bed or two
I can provide anone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

80

Lo! yet, before, ye must do more,
If ye will go with me:
As out your hair up by your ear,
Your kirtle by the knee;
With bow in hand for to withstand
Your enemies, if need be;
And this same night before day-light
To wood-ward will I flee.
If that ye will all this fulfil,
Do it shortly as ye can;
Else will I to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

SHE.

I shall as now do more for you
Than 'longeth to womanhede;
To shorte my hair, a bow to bear,
To shoot in time of need.
O my sweet mother, before all other
For you I have most drede;
But now, adieu! I must ensue,
Where fortune doth me lead.
All this make ye: now let us flee;
The day cometh fast upon;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.

Nay, nay, not so; ye shall not go
And I shall tell ye why,—
Your appetite is to be light
Of love, I wele aspy:
For, like as ye have said to me,
In like wise hardely
Ye would answere whoseever it wer
In way of company.



THE NUT-BROWN MAID.

of old, Soon hot, soon cold; is a woman; to the wood will go a banished man.

ARE

heed, it is no need ords to say by me; prayed, and long assayed, a loved, pardè; gh that I of ancestry n's daughter be, you proved how I you loved e of low degree; shall, whatso befall; therefore anone; y mind, of all mankind out you alone.

HE.

child to be beguiled!
a cursed dede;
we with an outlawe!
ty God forbede!
t were, the poor squyere
o forest yede,
hould say another day,
y my cursed dede,
betrayed; wherefore, good maid,
st rede that I can,
to the green wood go,
a banished man.

8HE.

befall, I never shall
thing you upbraid;
go, and leave me so,
eve ye me betrayed.
r you wele, how that ye dele;
e, as ye said,
ind, to leave behind,
ve, the nut-brown maid,
truly, that I shall die
er ye be gone;
mind, of all mankind
ut you alone.

HE

went, ye should repent; he forest now wayed me of a maid, I love more than you; Another, fayrere than ever ye were,
I dare it wele avow;
And of you both each should be wroth
With other, as I trow:
It were mine ease to live in peace;
So will I, if I can;
Wherefore I to the wood will go,
Alone, a banished man.

SHE.

Though in the wood I understood
Ye had a paramour,
All this may nought remove my thought,
But that I will be your:
And she shall finde me soft and kind,
And courteys every hour;
Glad to fulfil all that she will
Command me to my power:
For had ye, lo! an hundred mo,
Of them I would be one;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

ΠR,

Mine own dear love, I see the proof
That ye be kind and true;
Of maid, and wife, in all my life,
The best that ever I knew.
Be merry and glad, be no more sad,
The case is changed new;
For it were ruth, that, for your truth,
Ye should have cause to rue.
Be not dismayed, whatsoever I said
To you, when I began;
I will not to the green wood go,
I am no banished man.

SHE.

These tidings be more glad to me,

Than to be made a queen,

If I were sure they should endure:

But it is often seen,

When men will break promise, they speak

The wordes on the splene.

Ye shape some wile me to beguile,

And steal from me, I ween,

Then were the case worse than it was,

And I more we-begone;

For, in my mind, of all mankind

I love but you alone.

HE.

Ye shall not nede further to drede;
I will not disparage
You, (God defend!) sith ye descend
Of so great a lineage.
Now understand; to Westmoreland,
Which is mine heritage,
I will you bring; and with a ring,
By way of marriage
I will you take, and lady make,
As shortly as I can:
Thus have you won an erly's son,
And not a banished man.

AUTHOR.

Here may ye see, that women be
In love, meek, kind, and stable;
Let never man reprove them then,
Or call them variable;
But rather pray God that we may
To them be comfortable;
Which sometime proveth such, as he loveth,
If they be charitable.
For sith men would that women should
Be meek to them each one;
Much more ought they to God obey,
And serve but him alone.

ANONYMOUS.

YOUNG BEICHAN AND SUSIE PYE.

In London was young Beichan born,
He longed strange countries for to see;
But he was taen by a savage Moor,
Who handled him right cruellie;

For he viewed the fashions of that land:
Their way of worship viewed he;
But to Mahound, or Termagant,
Would Beichan never bend a knee.

So in every shoulder they 've putten a bore; In every bore they 've putten a tree; And they have made him trail the wine And spices on his fair bodie.

They've casten him in a dungeon deep, Where he could neither hear nor see; For seven years they kept him there, Till he for hunger's like to die. This Moor he had but ae daughter,
Her name was called Susie Pye;
And every day as she took the air,
Near Beichan's prison she passed b

Oh so it fell, upon a day
She heard young Beichan sadly sin
"My hounds they all go masterless;
My hawks they flee from tree to tr
My younger brother will heir my lane
Fair England again I'll never see!"

All night long no rest she got,
Young Beichan's song for thinking
She's stown the keys from her father
And to the prison strong is gone.

And she has opened the prison doors,
I wot she opened two or three,
Ere she could come young Beichan at
He was locked up so curiouslie.

But when she came young Beichan be Sore wondered he that may to see; He took her for some fair captive;— "Fair Lady, I pray, of what countr

"Oh have ye any lands," she said,
"Or castles in your own countrie,
That ye could give to a lady fair,
From prison strong to set you free?

"Near London town I have a hall,
With other castles two or three;
I'll give them all to the lady fair
That out of prison will set me free."

"Give me the truth of your right hand The truth of it give unto me, That for seven years ye'll no lady wed Unless it be along with me."

"I'll give thee the truth of my right h
The truth of it I'll freely gie,
That for seven years I'll stay unwed,
For the kindness thou dost show to

And she has bribed the proud warder Wi' mickle gold and white monie; She's gotten the keys of the prison sta And she has set young Beichan free



YOUNG BEICHAN AND SUSIE PYE.

en him to est the good spice-cake, i'en him to drink the blood-red wine; lden him sometimes think on her as kindly freed him out of pine.

>> Reichan half of it gave she:
>> to mind you of that love
dy borr that set you free.

t your foot on good ship-board, aste ye back to your own countrie; ore that seven years have an end, back again, love, and marry me."

; ere seven years had an end, aged full sore her love to see; a voice within her breast Beichan has broke his vow to thee." set her foot on good ship-board, arned her back on her own countrie.

ed east, she sailed west,
fair England's shore she came;
bonny shepherd she espied,
ng his sheep upon the plain.

news, what news, thou bonny sheperd? news has thou to tell to me?" news I hear, ladie," he says, like was never in this countrie.

is a wedding in yonder hall, asted these thirty days and three; Beichan will not bed with his bride, ove of one that's yond the sea."

ther hand in her pocket, him the gold and white monie; take ye that, my bonny boy, he good news thou tell'st to me."

he came to young Beichan's gate, irled softly at the pin; y was the proud porter en and let this lady in.

young Beichan's hall," she said, s that noble lord within?" e's in the hall among them all, his is the day o' his weddin." "And has he wed anither love?"

And has he clean forgotten me?"

And, sighin', said that gay ladie,

"I wish I were in my own countrie."

And she has taen her gay gold ring,
That with her love she brake so free;
Says, "Gie him that, ye proud porter,
And bid the bridegroom speak to me."

When the porter came his lord before, He kneeled down low on his knee— "What aileth thee, my proud porter, Thou art so full of courtesie?"

"I've been porter at your gates,
It's thirty long years now and three;
But there stands a lady at them now,
The like o' her did I never see;

"For on every finger she has a ring, And on her mid finger she has three; And as meickle gold aboon her brow As would buy an earldom to me."

Its out then spak the bride's mother,
Aye and an angry woman was shee;
"Ye might have excepted our bonny bride,
And twa or three of our companie."

"Ob hold your tongue, thou bride's mother:
Of all your folly let me be;
She's ten times fairer nor the bride,
And all that's in your companie.

"She begs one sheave of your white bread, But and a cup of your red wine; And to remember the lady's love, That last relieved you out of pine."

"Oh well-a-day!" said Beichan then,
"That I so soon have married thee!
For it can be none but Susie Pye,
That sailed the sea for love of me,"

And quickly hied he down the stair;
Of fifteen steps he made but three;
He's ta'en his bonny love in his arms,
And kist, and kist her tenderlie.

"Oh hae ye ta'en anither bride?

And hae ye quite forgotten me?

And hae ye quite forgotten her,

That gave you life and libertie?"

She looked o'er her left shoulder,

To hide the tears stood in her e'e:
"Now fare thee well, young Beichan," she
says,
"I'll try to think no more on thee."

"O never, never, Susic Pyc,
For surely this can never be;
Nor ever shall I wed but her
That's done and dree'd so much

Then out and spak the forenoon is "My lord, your love it changed! This morning I was made your bri And another chose ere it be not

"Oh'hold thy tongue, thou forence
Ye're ne'er a whit the worse fo
And whan ye return to your own countrie,
A double dower I'll send with thee."

He's taen Susic Pye by the white hand,
And gently led her up and down;
And ay, as he kist her red rosy lips,
"Ye're welcome, jewel, to your own."

He's taen her by the milk-white hand,
And led her to you fountain stane;
He's changed her name from Susie Pye,
And he's called her his bonny love, Lady
Jane.

Анонтиопа,

LORD LOVEL.

Lorn Lovel he stood at his castle gate, Combing his milk-white steed; When up came Lady Nancy Belle, To wish her lover good speed, speed, To wish her lover good speed.

"Where are you going, Lord Lovel?" she said,

"Oh! where are you going?" said she;

'I'm going my Lady Nancy Belle, Strange countries for to see, to see, Strange countries for to see," "When will you be back, Lord Lovel!" a

"O! when will you come back?" said she
"In a year or two—or three, at the mod,
I'll return to my fair Nancy-cy,
I'll return to my fair Nancy."

But he had not been gone a year and a day Strange countries for to see,

When languishing thoughts came into head,

y Nancy Belle he would go see, see, Nancy Belle he would go see.

rode, and he rode on his milk-wi

he came to London town, here he heard St. Pancras' bella, the people all mourning, round, round; the people all mourning round.

what is the matter," Lord Lovel bee

"A lord's lady is dead," a woman replied.

"And some call her Lady Nancy-cy,
And some call her Lady Nancy."

So he ordered the grave to be opened wide,
And the shroud he turned down,
And there he kissed her clay-cold hps,
Till the tears came trickling down, down,
Till the tears came trickling down.

Lady Nancy she died as it might be to-day,
Lord Lovel he died as to-morrow;
Lady Nancy she died out of pure, pure grid
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow, sorrow
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow.

Lady Nancy was laid in St. Pancras' church Lord Lovel was laid in the choir; And out of her bosom there grew a red row And out of her lover's a brier, brier,

And out of her lover's a brier.

They grew, and they grew, to the churc steeple top,

And then they could grow no higher:
So there they entwined in a true-lover's kno
For all lovers true to admire-mire.

For all lovers true to admire.

ARGETROS



ROBIN HOOD AND ALLEN-A-DALE.

TOOD AND ALLEN-A-DALE.

to me, you gallants so free, a that love mirth for to hear, tell you of a bold outlaw, wed in Nottinghamshire.

I cod in the forest stood, der the greenwood tree, as aware of a brave young man, as fine might be.

ter was clad in scarlet red, let fine and gay; frisk it over the plain, haunted a roundelay.

I ood next morning stood gst the leaves so gay, he capy the same young man drooping along the way.

. he wore the day before clean cast away; try step he fetched a sigh, ! and a well-a-day!"

med forth brave Little John, Midge, the miller's son; de the young man bend his bow, as he see them come.

f! stand off!" the young man said, at is your will with me!" -t come before our master straight, r you greenwood tree."

the came bold Robin before, saked him courteously, thou any money to spare, ay merry men and me!"

o money," the young man said, five shillings and a ring; I have kept this seven long years, tve at my wedding. "Yesterday I should have married a maid, But she was from me ta'en, And chosen to be an old knight's delight, Whereby my poor heart is slain."

"What is thy name?" then said Robin Hood,
"Come tell me, without any fail."
"By the faith of my body," then said the
young man,
"My name it is Allen-a-Dale."

"What wilt thou give me," said Robin Hood,
"In ready gold or fee,
To help thee to thy true love again,
And deliver her unto thee?"

"I have no money," then quoth the young man,
No ready gold nor fee,
But I will swear upon a book
Thy true servant for to be."

"How many miles is it to thy true love?

Come tell me without guile."

"By the faith of my body," then said the young man,

"It is but five little mile."

Then Robin he hasted over the plain;
He did neither stint nor lin,
Until he came unto the church
Where Allen should keep his weddin'.

"What hast thou here?" the bishop then said:

"I prithee now tell unto me."

"I am a bold harper," quoth Robin Hood,

"And the best in the north country."

"Oh welcome, oh welcome," the bishop he said;

"That music best pleaseth me."

"You shall have no music," quoth Robin Hood,
"Till the bride and bridegroom I see."

With that came in a wealthy knight,
Which was both grave and old;
And after him a finikin lass,
Did shine like the glistering gold.

"This is not a fit match," quoth Robin Hood,
"That you do seem to make here;
For since we are come into the church,
The bride shall chuse her own dear."

Then Robin Hood put his horn to his mouth,
And blew blasts two or three;
When four-and-twenty yeomen bold
Came leaping over the les.

And when they came int Marching all in a rot The first man was Allen-To give bold Robin l

"This is thy true love," I
"Young Allen, as I
And you shall be married
Before we depart aw

"That shall not be," the
"For thy word shall not stand;
They shall be three times asked in the church,
As the law is of our land."

Robin Hood pulled off the bishop's coat,
And put it upon Little John;
"By the faith of my body," then Robin said,
"This cloth doth make thee a man."

When Little John went into the quire,
The people began to laugh;
He asked them seven times into church,
Lest three times should not be enough.

"Who gives me this maid?" said Little John, Quoth Robin Hood, "That do I; And he that takes her from Allen-a-Dale, Full dearly he shall her buy."

And then having ended this merry wedding,
The bride looked like a queen;
And so they returned to the merry green
wood,
Amongst the leaves so green.

Anonthous.

TRUTH'S INTEGRITY.

FIRST PART.

Over the mountains
And under the waves,
Over the fountains
And under the graves,
Under floods which are deeper,
Which do Neptune obey,
Over rocks which are steeper,
Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
For the glow-worm to lie,
Where there is no place
For receipt of a fly,
Where the gnat dares not vent
Lest herself fast she lay,
But if Love come he will enter.
And find out the way.

You may esteem him
A child of his force,
Or you may deem him
A coward, which is worse,
But if he whom Love doth hon
Be concealed from the day,
Set a thousand guards upon hu
Love will find out the way

Some think to lose him,
Which is too unkind;
And some do suppose him,
Poor heart, to be blind;
But if he were hidden,
Do the best you may,
Blind Love, if you so call him,
Will find out the way.

Well may the eagle
Stoop down to the fist,
Or you may inveigle
The phoenix of the east;
With fear the tiger's moved
To give over their prey;
But never stop a lover—
He will find out the way.



THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY.

From Dover to Berwick,
And nations thereabout,
Brave Guy, earl of Warwick,
That champion so stout,
With his warlike behavior,
Through the world he did stray,
To win his Phillis's favor—
Love will find out the way.

In order next enters

Bevis so brave,

After adventures

And policy brave,

To see whom he desired,

His Josian so gay,

For whom his heart was fired—

Love will find out the way.

SECOND PART.

The Gordian knot
Which true lovers knit,
Undo it you cannot,
Nor yet break it;
Make use of your inventions,
Their funcies to betray,
To frustrate their intentions—
Love will find out the way.

From court to the cottage,
In bower and in hall,
From the king unto the beggar,
Love conquers all.
Though ne'er so stout and lordly,
Strive or do what you may,
Tet be you ne'er so hardy,
Love will find out the way.

Love hath power over princes,
And greatest emperors;
In any provinces,
Such is Love's power
There is no resisting,
But him to obey;
In spite of all contesting,
Love will find out the way.

I that he were hidden, and all men that are Were strictly forbidden. That place to declare, Winds that have no abidings,
Pitying their delay,
Would come and bring him tidings,
And direct him the way.

If the earth should part him,
He would gallop it o'er;
If the seas should o'erthwart him,
He would swim to the shore.
Should his love become a swallow,
Through the air to stray,
Love will lend wings to follow,
And will find out the way.

There is no striving
To cross his intent,
There is no contriving
His plots to prevent;
But if once the message greet him,
That his true love doth stay,
If death should come and meet him,
Love will find out the way.

THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY.

Ir was a friar of orders gray
Walked forth to tell his beads;
And he met with a lady fair
Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.

"Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar;
I pray thee tell to me,
If ever at you holy shrine
My true-love thou didst see."

- "And how should I know your true-love From many another one?"
 "O, by his cockle hat, and staff, And by his sandal shoon.
- "But chiefly by his face and mien, That were so fair to view; His flaxen locks that sweetly curled, And eyes of lovely blue."
- "O lady, he's dead and gone!

 Lady, he's dead and gone!

 And at his head a green grass turi,

 And at his heels a stone.

- "Within these holy cloisters long He languished, and he died, Lamenting of a lady's love, And 'plaining of her pride.
- "Here bore him barefaced on his bier Six proper youths and tall, And many a tear bedewed his grave Within you kirk-yard wall."
- "And art thou dead, the And art thou dead an And didst thou die for I Break, cruel heart of
- "Oh weep not, lady, we Some ghostly comfort Let not vain sorrow rive Nor tears bedew thy
- "Oh do not, do not, holy
 My sorrow now reprov

 For I have lost the sweetest yeath
 That e'er won lady's love.
- "And now, alast for thy sad loss
 I'll evermore weep and sigh:
 For thee I only wished to live,
 For thee I wish to die."
- "Weep no more, lady, weep no more, Thy sorrow is in vain; For violets plucked, the sweetest showers Will no'er make grow again.
- "Our joys as winged dreams do fly; Why then should sorrow last? Since grief but aggravates thy loss, Grieve not for what is past."
- "Oh say not so, thou holy friar;
 I pray thee, say not so;
 For since my true-love died for me,
 'T is meet my tears should flow.
- "And will be never come again?
 Will be ne'er come again?
 Ah! no, be is dead and laid in his grave:
 For ever to remain.

- "His check was redder than the roa The comeliest youth was he! But he is dead and laid in his grave-Alas, and woe is me!"
- "Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more, Men were deceivers ever: One foot on sea and one on land, To one thing constant never.
- "Hadst thou been fond, he had been And left thee sad and heavy; For young men ever were fickle four Since summer trees were leafy."
- "Now say not so, thou holy friar,
 I pray thee say not so;
 My love he had the truest heart—
 Oh he was ever true!
- "And art thou dead, thou much-loved,
 And didst thou die for me!
 Then farewell home; for evermore
 A pilgrim I will be.
- "But first upon my true-love's grave My weary limbs I'll lay, And thrice I'll kiss the green-grass t That wraps his breathless clay."
- "Yet stay, fair lady: rest awhile Beneath this cloister wall; See through the hawthern blows the wind, And drizzly rain doth fall."
- "Oh stay me not, thou holy friar, Oh stay me not, I pray; No drizzly rain that falls on me, Can wash my fault away."
- "Yet stay, fair lady, turn again, And dry those pearly tears; For see beneath this gown of gray Thy own true-love appears.
- "Here forced by grief and hopeless!
 These holy weeds I sought;
 And here, amid these lonely walls,
 To end my days I thought.



THE SPANISH LADY'S LOVE.

ply, for my year of grace yet passed away, still hope to win thy love, ager would I stay."

arewell grief, and welcome joy more unto my heart; a I have found thee, lovely youth, wer more will part."

THOMAS PRECY.

SPANISH LADY'S LOVE.

u hear a Spanish lady, the wood an English mat is as gay, as rich as may be, d with jewels, had she on. tely countenance and grace was

th and parentage of high degree.

risoner there he kept her hands her life did lye; hands did tye her faster e liking of an eye. teous company was all her joy, him in any thing she was not

ast there came commandment
) set the ladies free,
eir jewels still adorned,
to do them injury.
hen said this lady gay, "full woe is
;

still sustain this kind captivity!

ant captain, shew some pity
adye in distresse;
se not within this city,
dye in heavinesse,
set this present day my body

met in prison strong remains with

"How should'st thou, fair lady, love me, Whom thou know'st thy country's foe? Thy fair wordes make me suspect thee: Serpents are where flowers grow."

"All the evil I think to thee, most gracious knight,

God grant unto myself the same may fully light.

"Blessed be the time and season,
That you came on Spanish ground;
If you may our foes be termed,
Gentle foes we have you found:
With our city, you have won our hearts each
one:

Then to your country bear away that is your

"Rest you still, most gallant lady;
Rest you still, and weep no more;
Of fair lovers there are plenty,
Spain doth yield a wondrous store."

"Spaniards fraught with jealousy we often find,

But Englishmen throughout the world are counted kind.

"Leave me not unto a Spaniard, You alone enjoy my heart; I am lovely, young, and tender, And so love is my desert.

Still to serve thee day and night my mind is prest;

The wife of every Englishman is counted blest."

"It would be a shame, fair lady,
For to bear a woman hence;
English soldiers never carry
Any such without offence."
"I will quickly change myself, if it be so,
And like a page I'll follow thee, where'er
thou go."

"I have neither gold nor silver
To maintain thee in this case,
And to travel, 't is great charges,
As you know, in every place."
"My chains and jewels every one shall be thine own,

And eke ten thousand pounds in gold that lies unknown."

"On the ceas are many dangers;
Many storms do there arise,
Which will be to ladies dreadful,
And force tears from wat'ry eyes."
"Well in worth I could endure extremity,
For I could find in heart to lose my life for thee."

"Courteous lady, be contented;
Here comes all that breeds the strife;
I in England have already
A sweet woman to my
I will not falsifie my vow
Nor yet for all the fairest
Spain."

"Oh how happy is that
That enjoys so true a '
Many days of joy God se
Of my suit I'll make a
On my knees I pardon cra
Which love and true affect
mence.

"Commend me to thy loving lady;
Bear to her this chain of gold,
And these bracelets for a token;
Grieving that I was so bold.
All my jewels in like sort bear thou with thee,
For these are fitting for thy wife, and not for me.

"I will spend my days in prayer,
Love and all her laws defie;
In a numbery will I shroud me,
Far from other company:
But ere my prayers have end, be sure of this,
To pray for thee and for thy love I will not
miss.

"Thus farewell, most gentle captain,
And farewell my heart's content!
Count not Spanish ladies wanton,
Though to thee my love was bent:

Yoy and true prosperity goe still with thee!"
The like fall ever to thy there, most fair lady."

ARONTMOCS.

THE HERMIT.

"Turn, gentle hermit of the dale, And guide my lonely way To where you taper cheers the vale With hospitable ray.

"For here forlorn and lost I tread, With fainting steps and slow; Where wilds, immeasurably spread. Seem lengthening as I go."

Forbear, my son," the hermit cries,
"To tempt the dangerous gloom;
or yonder faithless phantom flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

Here to the houseless child of want My door is open still; and though my portion is but scant, I give it with good will.

"Then turn to-night, and freely share Whate'er my cell bestows;
My rushy couch and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.

"No flocks that range the valley free
To slaughter I condemn;
Taught by that power that pities me.
I learn to pity them;

"But from the mountain's grassy side A guiltless feast I bring; A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied And water from the spring.

"Then, pilgrim, turn; thy cares foreg All earth-born cares are wrong: Man wants but little here below, Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heaven descend His gentle accents fell; The modest stranger lowly bends, And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure

The lonely mansion lay;
A refuge to the neighboring poor.

And strangers led astray.



THE HERWIT.

es beneath its humble thatch ired a master's care: cket, opening with a latch, ived the harmless pair.

w, when busy crowds retire the their evening rest, rmit trimmed his little fire, cheered his pensive guest;

read his vegetable store, gayly prest and smiled; cilled in legendary lore, lingering hours beguiled.

I, in sympathetic mirth, icks the kitten tries; cket chirrups on the hearth; crackling fagot flies.

thing could a charm impart oothe the stranger's woe: ef was heavy at his heart, tears began to flow.

ing cares the hermit spied,
answering care opprest:
whence, unhappy youth," he cried,
e sorrows of thy breast?

better habitations spurned, scient dost thou rove? eve for friendship unreturned, uregarded love?

I the joys that fortune brings trifling, and decay; see who prize the paltry things, trifling still than they.

what is friendship but a name, harm that lulls to sleep; de that follows wealth or fame, I leaves the wretch to weep?

love is still an emptier sound, modern fair one's jest; th unseen, or only found varm the turtle's nest. "For shame, fond youth! thy sorrows hush, And spurn the sex," he said; But, while he spoke, a rising blush His lovelorn guest betrayed.

Surprised, he sees new beauties rise, Swift mantling to the view; Like colors o'er the morning skies, As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms:
The lovely stranger stands confert
A maid in all her charms.

"And, ah! forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn," she cried;
"Whose feet unhallowed thus intrude
Where heaven and you reside.

"But let a maid thy pity share, Whom love has taught to stray; Who seeks for rest, but finds despair Companion of her way.

"My father lived beside the Tyne,
A wealthy lord was he;
And all his wealth was marked as mine,
He had but only me.

"To win me from his tender arms, Unnumbered suitors came; Who praised me for imputed charms, And felt, or feigned, a flame.

"Each hour a mercenary crowd With richest proffers strove: Among the rest young Edwin bowed, But never talked of love.

"In humble, simplest habit clad,
No wealth or power had he;
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me.

"And when beside me in the dale
He carolled lays of love,
His breath lent fragrance to the gate,
And music to the grove.

"The blossom opening to the day,
The daws of heaven refined.
Could nought of purity display
To emulate his mind.

"The dew, the blossoms of the tree,
With charms inconstant shine;
Their charms were his, but, woe to me!
Their constancy was mine.

"For still I tried each fickle art. Importunate and vain; And while his passion touch I triumphed in his pain:

"Till, quite dejected with m, He left me to my pride; And sought a solitude forlor In secret, where he died.

And well my life shall pay
I'll seek the solitude he sough
And stretch me where he lay.

"And there forlorn, despairing, hid,
I'll lay me down and die;
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I."

"Forbid it, heaven!" the hermit cried,
And clasped her to his breast;
The wondering fair one turned to chide,—
"Twas Edwin's self that prest.

"Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restored to love and thee.

"Thus let me hold thee to my heart, And every care resign; And shall we never, never part, My life—my all that's mine?

"No, never from this hour to part,
We'll live and love so true;
The sigh that rends thy constant heart
Shall break thy Edwin's too."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

SWEET WILLIAM'S FAREWELL TO BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

All in the Downs the fleet was moored,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came aboard.
Oh! where shall I my true-love find!
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among your con-

am, who high upon the yard cked with the billows to and fro, as her well-known voice he heard, sighed and cast his eyes below: cord slides swiftly through his glowl hands, quick as lightning, on the deck stands.

ne sweet lark, high poised in air,
unts close his pinions to his breast
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lip those kisses swee

My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear;
We only part to meet again.
Change, as ye list, ye winds; my heart shabe

The faithful compass that still points to the

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,

Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant min
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find:
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee'
For thou art present whereso'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,

Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white.
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely S



THE SEAMAN'S HAPPY RETURN

attle call me from thy arms, my pretty Susan mourn; annons roar, yet safe from harms, a shall to his dear return. as aside the balls that round me fly, ious tears should drop from Susan's e.

wain gave the dreadful word, ls their swelling bosom spread; r must she stay aboard; issed, she sighed, he hung his head. ning boat unwilling rows to land: he cries; and waved her lily hand.

EAMAN'S HAPPY RETURN.

did cast no light, being darkened er.

dark time of night did the skies

a river by, there were ships sail-

rost fair I spied, crying and wailing.

maid I stept, asking what grieved

rered me and wept, fates had deved her:

is prest, quoth she, to cross the

wes to make the ship ever in motion.

seven years and more, both being re,

left on shore, grief to endure.
sed back to turn, if life was spared

ef I daily mourn death hath derred him.

a brisk lad she spied, made her adre,

t she received pleased her desire.
e safe, quoth she, will he come near

ug man answer mede, Virgin, pray ar me. Under one banner bright, for England's glory, Your love and I did fight—mark well my story;

By an unhappy shot we two were parted; His death's wound then he got, though valiant-hearted.

All this I witness can, for I stood by him,

For courage, I must say, none did outvie
him;

He still would foremost be, striving for honor;

But fortune is a cheat,-vengeance upon her!

But ere he was quite dead, or his heart broken,

To me these words he said, Pray give this token

To my love, for there is than she no fairer; Tell her she must be kind and love the bearer.

Intombed he now doth lye in stately manner, 'Cause he fought valiantly for love and honor.

That right he had in you, to me he gave it; Now since it is my due, pray let me have it.

She, raging, flung away like one distracted, Not knowing what to say, nor what she acted.

So last she cursed her fate, and showed her anger,

Saying, Friend, you come too late, I'll have no stranger.

To your own house return, I am best pleased Here for my love to mourn, since he's deceased.

In sable weeds I'll go, let who will jeer me; Since death has served me so, none shall come near me.

The chaste Penelope mourned for Ulysses; I have more grief than she, robbed of my blisses.

I 'll ne'er love man again, therefore pray hear me;

I'll slight you with disdain if you come near me. I know he loved me well, for when we parted,

None did in grief excel,—both were truehearted.

Those promises we made ne'er shall be broken;

Those words that then he said ne'er shall be spoken.

He hearing what she said, made his love stronger;

Off his disguise he laid, and staid : When her dear love she knew, fashion

Into his arms she flew,—such is le

He asked her how she liked his feiting,

Whether she was well pleased with greeting?

You are well versed, quoth she, in speeches,

Could you coin money so, you might get riches.

O happy gale of wind that waft thee over! May heaven preserve that ship that brought my lover!

Come kiss me now, my sweet, true love's no slander;

Thou shalt my Hero be, I thy Leander

Dido of Carthage queen loved stout Æneas, But my true love is found more true than he

Venus ne'er fonder was of younger Adonis, Than I will be of thee, since thy love her own is.

Then band in hand they walk with mirth and pleasure,

They laugh, they kiss, they talk—love knows no measure.

Now both do sit and sing—but she sings clearest;

Take nightingale in spring, Welcome my dearest!

Анокумова.

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES.

t.

Sr. Acare' Eve—Ah, bitter chill it was!
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
The hare limped trembling through the front grass,

And eilent was the flock in woolly fold:

Numb were the beadman's fingers while keeper told

ary, and while his frosted breath, our incense from a censer old, I taking flight for heaven without i death,

ne sweet virgin's picture, while in prayer he saith.

11.

yer he saith, this patient, hely man; akes his lamp, and riseth from hi knees,

And back returneth, meagre, barefoot, wan, Along the chapel sisle by slow degrees; The sculptured dead, on each side seem to freeze,

Emprisoned in black, purgatorial rails;
Knights, ladies, praying in dumb orat'ries,
He passed by; and his weak spirit fails
To think how they may ache in icy hoods
and mails.

III.

Northward he turneth through a little door, And scarce three steps, ere music's golden tongue

Flattered to tears this aged man and poor,
But no—already had his death-bell rung.
The joys of all his life were said and sung;
His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve;
Another way he went, and soon among
Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve.
And all night kept awake, for sinners' sake
to grieve.

ıv.

That ancient beadsman heard the pretude soft, And so it chanced, for many a door was wide From hurry to and fro. Soon, up aloft, The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide:



THE EVE OF ST. AGNES.

chambers, ready with their pride, wing to receive a thousand guests; ed angels, ever eager-eyed, where upon their heads the cornice sts,

r blown back, and wings put crossise on their breasts.

T,

no burst in the argent revelry,
me, tiara, and all rich array,
us as shadows haunting fairily
ain, new-stuffed, in youth, with
iumphs gay
mance. These let us wish away;
u, sole-thoughted, to one lady there,
seart had brooded, all that wintry
y,
and winged St. Agnes' saintly care,

ad heard old dames full many times

VI.

clare.

I her how, upon St. Agnes' Eve,
rgins might have visions of delight,
adorings from their loves receive.
honeyed middle of the night,
mies due they did aright;
erless to bed they must retire,
th supine their beauties, lily white;
behind, nor sideways, but require
en with upward eyes for all that
ey desire.

VII.

is whim was thoughtful Madeline;
ic, yearning like a god in pain,
hely heard; her maiden eyes divine,
the floor, saw many a sweeping
ain

she heeded not at all; in vain
my a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,
k retired; not cooled by high disin,
mw not; her heart was otherwhere;
ed for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest
the year.

TIII.

ed along with vague, regardless eyes, ber lips, her breathing quick and ort; The hallowed hour was near at hand; she sighs

Amid the timbrels, and the thronged resort
Of whisperers in anger, or in sport;
'Mid looks of love, defiance, hate, and scorn,
Hoodwinked with fairy fancy; all amort
Save to St. Agnes and her lambs unshorn,
And all the bliss to be before to-morrow

IK.

So, purposing each moment to retire, She lingered still. Meantime, across the moors,

Had come young Porphyro, with heart on fire For Madeline. Beside the portal doors, Buttressed from moonlight, stands he, and implores

All saints to give him sight of Madeline;
But for one moment in the tedious hours,
That he might gaze and worship all unseen;
Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss—in sooth
such things have been.

I.

He ventures in; let no buzzed whisper tell;
All eyes be muffled, or a hundred swords
Will storm his heart, love's feverous citadel;
For him, those chambers held barbarian
hordes,

Hyena foemen, and hot-blooded lords,
Whose very dogs would execrations how!
Against his lineage; not one breast affords
Him any mercy, in that mansion foul,
Save one old beldame, weak in body and in
soul.

Xt.

Ah, happy chance I the aged creature came, Shuffling along with ivory-headed wand, To where he stood, hid from the torch's flame,

Behind a broad hall-pillar, far beyond
The sound of merriment and chorus bland.
He startled her; but soon she knew his face
And grasped his fingers in her palsied hand.
Saying, "Mercy, Porphyro! hie thee from
this place;

They are all here to-night, the whole blood thirsty race!

XII.

"Get hence! get hence! there's dwarfish Hildebrand;

He had a fever late, and in the fit

He cursed thee and thine, both house and land;

Then there's that old Lord Maurice, not a whit

More tame for his gray hairs—Alas me! flit! Flit like a ghost away!"—"Ah, gossip dear, We're safe enough; here in this!

We're safe enough; here in this a sit,

And tell me how "-" Good saints, not here,

Follow me, child, or else these stor thy bier."

XIII.

He followed through a lowly archer
Brushing the cobwebs with his loft
And as she muttered "Well-a-well
He found him in a little moonlight root
Pale, latticed, chill, and silent as a tomb.
"Now tell me where is Madeline," said he,
"Oh tell me, Angela, by the holy loom
Which none but secret sisterhood may see,
When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving
piously."

XIV.

"St. Agnes! Ah! it is St. Agnes' Eve—
Yet men will nurder upon holy days;
Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve,
And be hege-lord of all the elves and fays,
To venture so. It fills me with amaze
To see thee Porphyro!—St. Agnes' Eve!
God's help! my lady fair the conjurer plays
This very night; good angels her deceive!
But let me laugh awhile, I've mickle time
to grieve."

XV.

Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon,
While Porphyro upon her face doth look,
Like puzzled urchin on an aged crone
Who keepeth closed a wondrous riddle-book,
As spectacled she sits in chimney nook.
But soon his eyes grew brilliant, when she
told

His lady's purpose; and he scarce con brook

Tears, at the thought of those enchantment cold.

And Madeline asleep in lap of legends oid.

XYL.

Sudden a thought came like a full-blow

g his brow, and in his pained heart arple riot; then doth he propose agem, that makes the beldame start: al man and impious thou art! ady, let her pray, and sleep and drawith her good angels, far apart icked men like thee. Go, go! I dement not surely be the same that the lidst seem."

EVIL.

"I' ... not harm her, by all saints I swear! Quoth Porphyro; "Oh may I ne'er find grace When my weak voice shall whisper its last prayer,

If one of her soft ringlets I displace,
Or look with ruffian passion in her face;
Good Angela, believe me by these tears;
Or I will, even in a moment's space,
Awake, with horrid shout, my foemen's ears,
And beard them, though they be more fanged
than wolves and bears."

XVIII.

"Ah! why wilt thou affright a feeble soul?

A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, church-yard thing,

Whose passing-bell may ere the midnight toll;

Whose prayers for thee, each morn and evening,

Were never missed." Thus plaining, doth she bring

A gentler speech from burning Porphyro; So woful, and of such deep sorrowing, That Angela gives promise she will do Whatever he shall wish, betide her weal or woe.



THE EVE OF ST. AGNES.

XIX.

Madeline's chamber, and there hide a closet, of such privacy might see her beauty unespied, a perhaps that night a peerless bride; gioned fairies paced the coverlet, e enchantment held her bleepy-eyed. In such a night have lovers met, ferlin paid his demon all the montrous debt.

XI.

I be as thou wishest," said the dame; tes and dainties shall be stored there on this feast-night; by the tambour me

n lute thou wilt see; no time to spare, n slow and feeble, and scarce dare a catering trust my dizzy head. ere, my child, with patience kneel in wer

ile. Ah! thou must needs the lady

I never leave my grave among the

III.

og she hobbled off with busy fear.

'er's endless minutes slowly pass'd;

ne return'd, and whisper'd in his ear

w her; with aged eyes aghast

'ight of dim espial. Safe at last,

h many a dusky gallery, they gain

aiden's chamber, silken, hush'd and

asta:

Porphyro took covert, pleased amain. or guide hurried back with agues in r brain.

IIII.

tering hand upon the balustrade, gela was feeling for the stair, Madeline, St. Agnes' charmed maid, the a missioned spirit, unaware; dver taper's light, and pious care, ned, and down the aged gossip led fe level matting. Now prepare, Porphyro, for gazing on that bed! mes, she comes again, like ring-dove yed and fed.

XXIII.

Out went the taper as she hurried in;
Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died;
She closed the door, she panted, all akin
To spirits of the air, and visions wide;
No uttered syllable, or, woe betide!
But to her heart, her heart was voluble,
Paining with eloquence her balmy side;
As though a tongueless nightingale should
swell
How threat in wein and die heert stided in

Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stiffed in her dell.

XXIV.

A casement high and triple-arched there was, All garlanded with carven imageries Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knotgrass,

And diamonded with panes of quaint device, Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes, As are the tiger-moth's deep-damasked winge; And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries, And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings, A shielded scutcheon blushed with blood of queens and kings.

IIV.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon, And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,

As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon;

Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory, like a saint;
She seemed a splendid angel, newly drest,
Save wings, for heaven. Porphyro grew faint
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal
taint.

ERVI.

Anon his heart revives; her vespers done,
Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees;
Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one;
Loosens her fragrant bodice; by degrees
Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees;
Half-hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed,
Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,
In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,
But dares not look behind, or all the charm
is fled.

XXVII.

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest, In sort of wakeful swoon, perplexed she lay, Until the poppied warmth of sleep oppressed Her soothed limbs, and soul fatigued away; Flown like a thought, until the morrow-day; Blassfully havened both from joy and pain; Clasped like a missal where swart Paynims pray;

Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain, As though a rose should shut, and a again.

XXVIII.

Stolen to this paradise, and so enta Porphyro gazed upon her empty d And listened to her breathing, if i To wake at a slumberous tender Which when he heard, that mint bless,

And breathed himself; then from erept,

Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness.

And over the hushed carpet, silent, stept,

And 'tween the curtains peeped, where, lo!—
how fast she slept.

XXIX.

Then by the bed-side, where the faded moon Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he set A table, and, half anguished, threw thereon A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet:—Oh for some drowsy Morphean amulet! The boisterous, mionight, festive clarion, The kettle-dram, and far-heard clarionet, Affray his ears, though but in dying tone:—The hall-door shuts again, and all the noise is gone.

XXX.

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep, In blanched linen, smooth, and lavondered; While he from forth the closet brought a heap

Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd;

With jellies soother than the creamy curd, And lucent syrops, tinct with cinnamon; Manna and dates, in argosy transferred From Fez; and spiced dainties, every one, From silken Samarcand to cedared Lebanon

XXXI,

These delicates he heaped with glowing had On golden dishes and in baskets bright Of wreathed silver. Sumptuous they stand In the retired quiet of the night, Filling the chilly room with perfume light. "And now, my love, my seraph fair awal. Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremited Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes' sale. Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my at the ache."

KKXII.

ther pillow. Shaded was her drawdusk curtains;—'t was a midnight run
ble to melt as iced stream:
trous salvers in the moonlight gleen
colden fringe upon the carpet lies;
ed he never, never could redecte
uch a steadfast spell his lady's green

so mused awhile, entoiled in woofed phane

XXXIII.

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute,—
Tumultuous,—and, in chords that tenderest
be,

He played an ancient ditty, long since mute.
In Provence called "La belle dame sans
merov:"

Close to her ear touching the melody;—
Wherewith disturbed, she uttered asoft mosa;
He ceased - she panted quick—and suddenly
Her blue affrayed eyes wide open shone;
Upon his knees he sank, pale as smoothsculptured stone.

TIXIV.

ller eyes were open, but she still beheld, Now wide awake, the vision of her aleep. There was a painful change, that nigh ex pelled

The blisses of her dream so pure and deep;
At which fair Madeline began to weep,
And mean forth witless words with many;
sigh;

From silken Samarcand to cedared Lebanon. While still her gaze on Porphyro would keen



THE EVE OF ST. AGNES.

27.0

t, with joined hands and piteous!

move or speak, she looked so dream-

IXXV.

phyro!" said she, "but even now was at sweet tremble in mine ear, ble with every sweetest vow; sad eyes were spiritual and clear; ged thou art! how pallid, chill, rear!

nat voice again, my Porphyro,

ks immortal, those complainings

oe not in this eternal woe, t diest, my love, I know not where

XXXVI.

nortal man impassioned far oluptuous accenta, he arose, tashed, and like a throbbing star the supphire heaven's deep repose; cam he melted, as the rose ts odor with the violet, weet; meantime the frost-wind

s alarum pattering the sharp sleet e window-panes; St. Agnes' moon et.

XXXVII.

; quick pattereth the flaw-blown

o dream, my bride, my Madeline!"
the iced gusts still rave and beat:
n, alas! alas! and woe is mine!
will leave me here to fade and

ist traitor could thee hither bring? ; for my heart is lost in thine, ou forsakest a deceived thing; lorn and lost, with sick, unpruned

TTTTIII.

line! sweet dreamer! lovely bride! | be for aye thy vassal blest? | 's shield, heart-shaped and vermeil

Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my rest
After so many hours of toil and quest,
A famished pilgrim,—saved by miracle.
Though I have found, I will not rob thy nest.
Saving of thy sweet self; if thou think'st well
To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude infidel.

KKKII.

"Hark! 'tis an elfin storm from fairy land,
Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed:
Arise—arise! the morning is at hand;—
The bloated wassailers will never heed.
Let us away, my love, with happy speed;
There are no ears to hear, or eyes to see,—
Drowned all in Rhenish and the sleepy mead.
Awake! arise! my love, and fearless be,
For o'er the southern moors I have a home
for thee."

XL.

She hurried at his words, beset with fears,
For there were sleeping dragons all around,
At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready spears—
Down the wide stairs a darkling way they
found,

In all the house was heard no human sound.

A chain-drooped lamp was flickering by each door;

The arras, rich with horseman, hawk, and hound,

Fluttered in the besieging wind's uproar; And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor.

III.

They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall!
Like phantoms to the iron porch they glide,
Where lay the porter, in uneasy sprawl,
With a huge empty flagon by his side;
The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his
hide,
But his sagacious eye an inmate owns;

But his sagacious eye an inmate owns;
By one, and one, the bolts full easy slide;
The chains lie silent on the footworn stones;
The key turns, and the door upon its hinges groans.

XLII,

And they are gone! ay, ages long ago These lovers fled away into the storm, That night the baron dreamt of many a woe, I 've heard you say on many a day, and And all his warrior-guests, with shade and form

Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-worm, Were lorg be-mghtmared. Angels the old Died palsy twitched, with meagre face de-

The beadsman, after thousand aves told, For aye unsought-for slept among his ashes | Then rise—Oh | rise, Xarifa, lay the go cold.

THE BRIDAL OF ANDAL

'Rise up, rise up, Xarifal lay eushion down;

Rise up, come to the window, and all the town!

From gay gutter and violin the si. are flowing,

And the back bute doth speak but trum ets' lordly blowing,

And banners bright from lattice light are waving every where,

And the tall, tall planae of our consin's bridegroom floats proudly in the air.

Rise up, rise up, Xarifa lay the golden cushion down;

Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the town I

"Arise, arise, Xarifa! I see Andalla's face-He bends hun to the people with a calm and princely grace;

Through al. the land of Xeres and banks of Gas lalgaiver

Rode forth bridegroom so brave as he, so brave and lovely never.

You tall plame waving o'er his brow, of purple mixed with white,

I guess 't was wreathed by Zara, whom he will wed to-night.

Rise up, rise up, Xarifal lay the golden cushion down;

Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the town '

· What alleth thee, Xarifa - what makes thine eyes look down?

Why stay ye from the window far, nor gaze with all the town?

you said the truth,

Andalla rides without a peer among Granada's youth:

Without a peer he rideth, and you milk-wa horse doth go

Beneath his stately moster, with a 4d atep and slow :-

oushion down;

n here through the lattice, you : gaze with all the town!"

agri lady rose not, nor laid her con

une she to the window to gaze with the town;

lough her eyes dwelt on her knee. vain her fingers strove,

hough her needle pressed the silk. flower Xarifa wove;

ionny rose-bud she had traced be the noise drew nigh-

That bonny bad a tear effaced, slow droopin from her eye-

"No-no!" she sighs-"bid me not rise, m. lay my cushion down,

To gaze upon Andalla with all the gazin town!"

"Why rise ye not, Xarifa-nor lay you cushion down-

Why gaze ye not, Xarifa-with all the gazir town?

Hear, hear the trumpet how it swells, w how the people cry;

He stops at Zara's palace-gate - why sit 1 still O, why ?"

—" At Zara's gate stops Zara's mate; in hi shall I discover

The dark-eyed youth pledged me his true with tears, and was my lover?

I will not rise, with weary eyes, nor lay π cushion down,

To gaze on false Andalla with all the gazit

Аконумога, (Spanish. Translation of JOHN GIRSON LOCKHARY.



THE DAY-DREAM.

THE DAY-DREAM.

THE SLEEPING PALACE.

and re-ciothes the happy plains; the sap within the leaf; ys the blood along the veins. owa, vapors lightly curled, urmurs from the meadows come, and echoes of the world is folded in the womb.

bathes the range of urns
stanting terrace-lawn,
in to his place returns,
the garden lake withdrawn.
ps the banner on the tower,
hall-hearths the festal fires,
ck in his laurel bower,
rot in his gilded wires.

ting martins warm their eggs;
, in those the life is stayed.
es from the golden pegs
leepily. No sound is made—
of a gnat that sings.
:e a picture seemeth all,
e old portraits of old kings
ttch the sleepers from the wall.

the butler with a flask
n his knees, half-drained; and there
tled steward at his task;
id-of-honor blooming fair,
has caught her hand in his;
s are severed as to speak;
tre pouted to a kise;
tsh is fixed upon her cheek.

e hundred summers pass, uns, that through the oriel shine, one in every carven glass, aker brimmed with noble wine. on at the banquet sleeps; faces gathered in a ring. the king reposing keeps: t have been a jolly king.

a bedge upshoots, and shows ance like a little wood; ries, woodbine, mistletoes, ages with bunches red as blood: All creeping plants, a wall of green Close-matted, burr and brake and briar And glimpsing over these, just seen, High up, the topmost palace-spire.

When will the hundred summers die,
And thought and time be born again,
And newer knowledge, drawing nigh,
Bring truth that sways the soul of men?
Here all things in their place remain,
As all were ordered, ages since.
Come care and pleasure, hope and pain.
And bring the fated fairy prince!

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

YEAR after year unto her feet,
She lying on her couch alone,
Across the purple coverlet,
The maiden's jet-black hair has grown;
On either side her tranced form
Forth streaming from a braid of pearl;
The slumb'rous light is rich and warm,
And moves not on the rounded curl.

The silk star-broidered coverlid

Unto her limbs itself doth mould,

Languidly ever; and, amid

Her full black ringlets, downward rolled.

Glows forth each softly-shadowed arm,

With bracelets of the diamond bright.

Her constant beauty doth inform

Stillness with love, and day with light.

She sleeps; her breathings are not heard
In palace chambers far apart.
The fragrant tresses are not stirred
That lie upon her charmed heart.
She sleeps; on either hand upswells
The gold-fringed pillow lightly prest;
She sleeps, nor dreams, but ever dwells
A perfect form in perfect rest.

THE ARRIVAL

All precious things, discovered late,

To those that seek them issue forth:

For love in sequel works with fate,

And draws the veil from hidden worth.

He travels far from other skies—

His mantle glitters on the rocks—

A fairy prince, with joyful eyes,

And lighter-footed than the fox.

The bodies and the bones of those

That strove in other days to pass,

Are withered in the thorny close,

Or scattered blanching in the grass.

He gazes on the silent dead:

"They perished in their daring deeds."
This proverb flashes through his head:
"The many fail; the one succeeds."

He comes, scarce knowing what he seeks.

He breaks the hedge; he enters there;
The color flies into his cheeks;
He trusts to light on something fair;
For all his life the charm did talk
About his path, and hover near
With words of promise in his walk,
And whispered voices in his ear.

More close and close his footsteps wind;
The magic music in his heart
Beats quick and quicker, till he find
The quiet chamber far apart.
His spirit flutters like a lark,
He stoops—to kiss her—on his knee:
"Love, if thy tresses be so dark,
How dark those hidden eyes must be!"

THE REVIVAL.

A TOUCH, a kiss! the charm was snapt.

There rose a noise of striking clocks;

And feet that ran, and doors that clapt,

And barking dogs, and crowing cocks;

A fuller light illumined all;

A breeze through all the garden swept;

A sudden hubbub shook the hall;

And sixty feet the fountain leapt.

The hedge broke in, the banner blew,

The butler drank, the steward scrawled,

The fire shot up, the martin flew,

The parrot screamed, the peacock squalled;

The maid and page renewed their strife;

The palace banged, and buzzed and clackt;

And all the long-pent stream of life

Dashed downward in a cataract.

And last of all the king awoke,
And in his chair himself upreared,
And yawned, and rubbed his face, and spoke;
"By holy rood, a royal beard!

How say you? we have slept, my lords.

My beard has grown into my lap."

The barons swore, with many words,

'T was but an after-dinner's nap.

"Pardy!" returned the king, "but still My joints are something stiff or so. My lord, and shall we pass the bill I mentioned half an hour ago?" The chancellor, sedate and vain, In courteous words returned reply; But dallied with his golden chain, And, smiling, put the question by.

THE DEPARTURE.

And on her lover's arm she leant,
And round her waist she felt it fold;
And far across the hills they went
In that new world which is the old.
Across the hills, and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
And deep into the dying day,
The happy princess followed him.

"I'd sleep another hundred years,
O love, for such another kiss!"
"Oh wake for ever, love," she hears,
"O love, 't was such as this and this."
And o'er them many a sliding star,
And many a merry wind was borne,
And, streamed through many a golden by
The twilight melted into morn.

"O eyes long laid in happy sleep!"
"O happy sleep, that lightly fled?"
"O happy kiss, that woke thy sleep!"
"O love, thy kiss would wake the de
And o'er them many a flowing range
Of vapor buoyed the crescent bark;
And, rapt through many a rosy change,
The twilight died into the dark.

"A hundred summers! can it be?
And whither goest thou, tell me when
"Oh seek my father's court with me,
For there are greater wonders there"
And o'er the hills, and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
Beyond the night, across the day,
Through all the world she followed his

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ghts, all passions, all delights, • stirs this mortal frame, at ministers of love, feed his sacred flame.

waking dreams do I again that happy hour, dway on the mount I lay, de the ruined tower.

nahine steeling o'er the scene, ded with the lights of eve; was there, my hope, my joy, own dear Genevieve!

ed against the armed man, se of the armed knight; I and listened to my lay, d the lingering light.

ows hath she of her own, I my joy! my Genevieve! . me best whene'er I sing songs that make her grieve.

s soft and doleful air; old and moving story ude song, that suited well rain wild and heary.

red with a flitting blush, recast eyes and modest grace; she knew I could not choose gaze upon her face.

- of the knight that wore shield a burning brand; for ten long years he wooed lady of the land.
- how he pined—and ah! , the low, the pleading tone ch I sang another's love, preted my own.

ed with a flitting blush, neast eyes and modest grace; forgave me that I gazed fondly on her face!

I told the cruel soom
 ed that bold and lovely knight,

And that he crossed the mountain-woods, Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade,—

There came and looked him in the face An angel beautiful and bright; And that he knew it was a fiend, This miserable knight!

And that, unknowing what he did, He leaped amid a murderous band, And saved from outrage worse than death, The lady of the land;

And how she wept and clasped his knees;
And how she tended him in vain—
And ever strove to explate
The scorn that crazed his brain;—

And that she nursed him in a cave; And how his madness went away, When on the yellow forest-leaves A dying man he lay;—

His dying words—but when I reached That tenderest strain of all the ditty, My faltering voice and pausing harp Disturbed her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve;
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope, An undistinguishable throng, And gentle wishes long subdued, Subdued and cherished long!

She wept with pity and delight—
She blushed with love, and virgin shame;
And like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

horem hormal, she stepped add

Her bosom heaved; she stepped aside—As conscious of my look she stept—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye,
She fled to me and wept.

She half inclosed me with her arms; She pressed me with a meek embrace; And bending back her head, looked up, And gazed upon my face.

'T was partly love, and partly fear, And partly 't was a bashful art, That I might rather feel, than see, The sweding of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteons by
SAKUR, TAXLOR C

ZARA'S EAR-RINGS.

My ear-rings! my car-rings! they'v into the well,

And what to say to Muça, I cann tell---

"T was thus, Granada's fountain by, Al aharez' maghter:—

The web is deep-tar down they lie, beneath the cold that water;

To me d.d Muya give them, when he spake his sad tarewell,

And what to say when he comes back, alas! I cannot tell.

My ear-ring-1 my ear-rings'-they were pearls in salver set,

That, when my Moor was far away, I ne'er should am forget.

That I ne'er to other tongues should fist, nor small on other's tale,

But remember he my lips had kissed, pure as those ear rings pale.

When he comes lack, and hears that I have dropped them in the well,

On! what will Maga think of me?-I cannot, cannot tell!

My car range" my car-rings!—he'll say they should have been,

Not or pearl and of silver, but of gold and glittering sheen,

Of Jusper and of onys, and of diamond shining clear,

Obsoging to the changing light, with radiance insincere;

That changeful mind unchanging gens ; not belitting well,

Thus will be think—and what to say, also I cannot tell.

He 'Il think, when I to market went I loited by the way;

He'll think a willing car I lent to all the might say;

He'll think some other lover's hand, and my tresses noosed,
the ears where he had placed them rings of pearl unloosed;
think when I was sporting so bed his marble well
arls fell in—and what to may, almit cannot tell.

tame;

say, I loved, when he was here to whisper of his flame --

hen he went to Tunis, my virgin troft had broken,

And thought no more of Muça, and cared as for his token.

My ear-rings! my car-rings: oh! luckless well,—

For what to say to Muça-alas! I cannot tel

I'll tell the truth to Muça—and I hope h will believe—

That I thought of him at morning and though of him at eve;

That, musing on my lover, when down the

ilis ear-rings in my hand I held, by the four tain all alone;

And that my mind was o'er the sea, whe from my hand they fell,

And that deep his love lies in my heart, a they lie in the well.

AMONYMOUR. (Spenish.)
Translation of John Grason Lockhair.

SERRANA.

I NE'ER on the border
Saw girl fair as Ross,
The charming milk-maiden
Of sweet Finojous,



THE SPINNING-WHEEL SONG.

Once making a journey
To Santa Maria
Of Celataveño,
From weary desire
Of sleep, down a valley
I strayed, where young Rosa
I saw, the milk-maides
Of lone Finojosa.

In a pleasant green meadow,
'Midst roses and grasses,
Her herd she was tending,
With other fair lasses;
So lovely her aspect,
I could not suppose her
A simple milk-maiden
Of rude Finojosa,

I think not primroses

Have half her smile's sweetness,
Or mild, modest beauty;
I speak with discreetness.
Oh, had I beforehand
But known of this Rosa,
The lovely milk-maiden
Of fair Finojosa!

Her very great beauty
Had not so subdued,
Because it had left me,
To do as I would.
I have said more, O fair one,
By learning 't was Rosa,
The charming milk-maiden
Of sweet Finojosa,
Lors on Mannosa. (Spanish.)
Translation of J. H. Wilyan

THE SPINNING-WHEEL SONG.

errow the moonlight to shine is beginning; one by the window young Eileen is spinning;

ent o'er the fire, her blind grandmother, sitting,

croaning, and mosning, and drowsily knitting--

Elleen, achors, I hear some one tapping."
Tir the ivy, dear mother, against the glass
dapping."

Elleen, I surely hear somebody sighing."

"Tis the sound, mother dear, of the summer wind dying."

Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,

Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot's stirring;

Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing, Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

"What's that noise that I hear at the window, I wonder?"

"T is the little birds chirping the holly-bush under."

"What makes you be shoving and moving your stool on,

And singing all wrong that old song of 'The Coolun!'"

There's a form at the casement—the form of her true-love—

And he whispers, with face bent, "I'm waiting for you, love;

Get up on the stool, through the lattice step lightly,

We'll rove in the grove while the moon's shining brightly."

Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,

Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot's stirring;

Sprightly, and lightly, and airly ringing,
Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden
singing.

The maid shakes her head, on her lip lays her fingers,

Steals up from her seat—longs to go, and yet lingers;

A frightened glance turns to her drowsy grandmother,

Puts one foot on the stool, spins the wheel with the other.

Lazily, easily, swings now the wheel round; Slowly and lowly is heard now the reef's sound;

Noiseless and light to the lattice above her The maid steps—then leaps to the arms of her lover.

Slower—and slower the wheel swings;

Lower—and lower—and lower the reel rings;

Ere the reel and the wheel stop their ringing and moving,

Through the grove the young lovers by moonlight are roving.

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

WATCH SONG.

The sun is gone down,

And the moon upward springeth;
The night creepeth onward;
The nightingale singeth.
To himself said a watchman,
"Is any knight waiting
In pain for his lady.
To give her his greeting?
Now, then, for their meeting!"

His words heard a knight,
In the garden while roaming:
"Ah, watchman!" he said,
"Is the daylight fast coming?
And may I not see her,
And wilt not thou aid me?"
"Go, wait in thy covert,
Lest the cock crow reveille,
And the dawn should betray thee."

Then in went that watchman,
And called for the fair;
And gently he roused her:
"Rise, lady! prepare!
New tidings I bring thee,
And strange to thine ear;
Come, rouse thee up quickly—
Thy knight tarries near;
Rise, lady! appear!"

"Ah, watchman! though purely
The moon shines above,
Yet trust not securely
That feigned tale of love.
Far, far from my presence
My own knight is straying;
And, sadly repining,
I mourn his long staying,
And weep his delaying."

"Nay, lady! yet trust me, No falsehood is there." Then up sprang that lady And braided her hair, And donned her white garment,
Her purest of white;
And her heart with joy trembling,
She rushed to the sight
Of her own faithful knight.
Anonymous. (Gen
Translation of EDGAR TAYLOR.

THE OLD STORY.

He came across the meadow-pass,

That summer eve of eves—
The sunlight streamed along the gras
And glanced amid the leaves;
And from the shrubbery below,
And from the garden trees,
He heard the thrushes' music flow
And humming of the bees;
The garden gate was swung apart—
The space was brief between;
But there, for throbbing of his heart
He paused perforce to lean.

He leaned upon the garden-gate;
He looked, and scarce he breathed
Within the little porch she sate,
With woodbine overwreathed;
Her eyes upon her work were bent,
Unconscious who was nigh:
But oft the needle slowly went,
And oft did idle lie:
And ever to her lips arose
Sweet fragments sweetly sung,
But ever, ere the notes could close,
She hushed them on her tongue.

Her fencies as they come and go

She hushed them on her tongue.

Her fancies as they come and go,
Her pure face speaks the while;
For now it is a flitting glow,
And now a breaking smile;
And now it is a graver shade,
When holier thoughts are there—
An angel's pinion might be stayed
To see a sight so fair;
But still they hid her looks of light,
Those downcast eyelids pale—
Two lovely clouds, so silken white,

Two lovelier stars that veil.

The sun at length his burning edge
Had rested on the hill,
And, save one thrush from out the
Both bower and grove were still.



JOOK OF HAZELDRAN.

The sun had almost bade farewell;
But one relactant ray
Still loved within that purch to dwell,
As charmed there to stay—
It stole maint the pear-tree bough,
And through the woodhine fringe,
And kined the maiden's neck and brow,
And bathed her in its tinge.

"O beauty of my heart!" he said,
"O derling, derling mine!
Was ever light of evening shed
On loveliness like thine?
Why should I ever leave this spot,
But gaze until I die!"
A moment from that bursting thought
She falt his footstep nigh,
One sadden, lifted glance—but one—
A tremor and a start—
So gently was their greeting done
That who would guess their heart?

Long, long the sun had sunken down,
And all his golden hall
Had died away to lines of brown,
In dustier huse that fail.
The grasshopper was chirping shrill—
No other living sound
Accompanied the tiny rill
That gurgled under ground—
No other living sound, unless
Some spirit bent to hear
Low words of human tenderness
And mingling whispers near.

The stars, like pallid gems at first,
Deep in the liquid sky,
Now forth upon the darkness burst,
Sole kings and lights on high;
For splendor, myriad-fold, supreme,
No rival moonlight strove;
Nor lovelier e'er was Hesper's beam,
Nor more majestic Jove.
But what if hearts there beat that night
That recked not of the skies,
Or only felt their imaged light
In one another's eyes?

And if two worlds of hidden thought And longing passion met, Which, passing human language, sought And found an utterance yet; And if they trembled as the flowers

That droop across the stream,

And muse the while the starry hours

Wait o'er them like a dream;

And if, when came the parting time,

They faltered still and clung;

What is it all !—an ancient rhyme

Ten thousand times besung—

That part of Paradise which man

Without the portal knows,—

Which hath been since the world began,

And shall be till its close.

JOOK OF HAZELDEAN.

"Why weep ye by the tide, ladye—
Why weep ye by the tide?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye shall be his bride;
And ye shall be his bride, ladye
See comely to be seen."—
But sy she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

"Now let this wilful grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale;
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
And lord of Langley dale:
His step is first in peaceful ha',
His sword in battle keen."—
But ay she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

"A chain of gold ye shall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair,
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;
And you the foremost of them a'
Shall ride, our forest queen."—
But ay she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

The kirk was decked at morning tide;
The tapers glimmered fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And knight and dame are there;
They sought her both by bower and ha';
The ladye was not seen.—
She 's o'er the border, and awa'
Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.

LOOHINVAR.

Oн, young Lochinvar is come out of the west;

Through all the wide border his steed was the best;

And save his good broad-sword he weapons had none;

He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone. So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war, There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for stone;

He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;

But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,

The bride had consented, the gallant came late:

For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war, Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

Nong bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all;

Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,

(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)

"Oh come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,

Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied-

Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—

And now I am come, with this lost love of mine,

To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine;

There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,

That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet—the knight to it up;

He quaffed off the wine, and he threw dow the cup.

She looked down to blush, and she looked to sigh,

With a smile on her lips, and a tear in beeye.

He took her soft hand, ere her mother cou bar,—

"Now tread we a measure!" said you Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face, That never a hall such a galliard did grace While her mother did fret and her father d fume,

And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonet and plume;

And the bride-maidens whispered, "Twe better by far

To have matched our fair cousin with your Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in b ear,

When they reached the hall door and the charger stood near;

So light to the croupe the fair lady he swun So light to the saddle before her he sprung "She is won! we are gone, over bank, bus and scaur;

They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quot young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;

Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rod and they ran:

There was racing, and chasing, on Cannobi

But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did the see.

So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,

Have ye e'er heard of gallant like your Lochinvar?

SIR WALKER SOUTH

LOVE IN THE VALLEY.

CMDER yonder beech-tree standing on the green sward,

Couched with her arms behind her little head,
Her knees folded up, and her tresses on her
bosom,

Lies my young love sleeping in the shade.

Had I the heart to slide one arm beneath her! Press her dreaming lips as her waist I folded slow.

Waking on the instant she could not but embrace me-

Ah! would she hold me, and never let me go?

Shy as the squirrel, and wayward as the swallow;

Swift as the swallow when, athwart the western flood,

Circleting the surface, he meets his mirrored winglets—

Is that dear one in her maiden bud.

Shy as the squirrel whose nest is in the pine tops;

Gentle—ah: that she were jealous—as the dove!

Full of all the wildness of the woodland creatures,

Happy in herself is the maiden that I love!

What can have taught her distrust of all I tell her?

Can she truly doubt me when looking on my brows?

Nature never teaches distrust of tender lovetales—

What can have taught her distrust of all my vows?

No, she does not doubt me! on a dewy evetide,

Whispering together beneath the listening moon.

I prayed till her cheek flushed, implored till she faltered—

Flattered to my bosom—ah! to fly away so

Often she thinks—were this wild thi wedded,

I should have more love, and much less can When her mother tends her before the bas ful mirror,

Loosening her laces, combing down her cur Often she thinks—were this wild thi wedded,

I should lose but one for so many boys a girls.

Clambering roses peep into her chamber;
Jasmine and woodbine breathe sweet, swe
White-necked swallows, twittering of sumer,

Fill her with balm and nested peace from head to feet.

Ah! will the rose-bough see her lying lone
When the petals fall and fierce bloom is
the leaves?

Will the autumn garners see her still ugathered,

When the fickle swallows forsake the wee ing eaves?

Comes a sudden question—should a stran hand pluck her!

Oh! what an anguish smites me at the though Should some idle lordling bribe her mind wanted jewels!—

Can such beauty ever thus be bought?

Sometimes the huntsmen, prancing down to valley,

Eye the village lasses, full of sprightly mirt They see, as I see, mine is the fairest!

Would she were older and could read a worth!

Are there not sweet maidens, if she still de me?

Show the bridal heavens but one bright sta Wherefore thus then do I chase a shadow,

Clattering one note like a brown eve-jar?
So I rhyme and reason till she darts before—

Through the milky meadows from flower

Annon also Also

When at dawn she wakens, and her fair face | Come, merry menth of the cuckoo and the gazes

Out on the weather through the window panes,

Beauteous she looks! like a white water-lily

Bursting out of bud on the rippled river plains.

When from bed she rises, clothed from neck to ankle

In her long night gown, sweet as boughs of May,

Beauteous she looks! like a tall garden lily, Pure from the night and perfect for the day!

Happy, happy time, when the gray star twinkles

Over the fields all fresh with bloomy dew; When the cold-cheeked dawn grows ruddy up the twilight,

And the gold sun wakes and weds her in the

Then when my darling tempts the early breezes,

She the only star that dies not with the dark! Powerless to speak all the ardor of my passion,

I catch her little hand as we listen to the lark.

Shall the birds in vain then valentine their sweethearts?

Season after season tell a fruitless tale? Will not the virgin listen to their voices? Take the honeyed meaning, wear the bridal

Fears she frosts of winter, fears she the bare branches?

Waits she the garlands of spring for her dower?

Is she a nightingale that will not be nested Till the April woodland has built her bridal bower?

Then come, merry April, with all thy birds and beauties!

With thy crescent brows and thy ficwery, showery glee;

With thy budding leafage and fresh green pastures;

And may thy lustrous crescent grow a honeymoon for me!

violet!

Come, weeping loveliness in all thy blue delight!

Lo! the nest is ready, let me not languish longer!

Bring her to my arms on the first May night GEORGE MEREDITE

LADY CLARE.

LORD RONALD courted Lady Clare, I trow they did not part in scorn; Lord Ronald, her cousin, courted her, And they will wed the morrow morn.

"He does not love me for my birth, Nor for my lands so broad and fair; He loves me for my own true worth. And that is well." said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse, Said, "Who was this that went from theel" "It was my cousin," said Lady Clare, "To-morrow he weds with me."

"Oh God be thanked!" said Alice the nurse "That all comes round so just and fair: Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands, And you are not the Lady Clare."

"Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse?"

Said Lady Clare, "that ye speak so wild!" "As God's above," said Alice the nurse, "I speak the truth: you are my child.

"The old earl's daughter died at my breast I speak the truth as I live by bread! I buried her like my own sweet child, And put my child in her stead."

"Falsely, falsely have ye done, O mother," she said, "if this be true, To keep the best man under the sun So many years from his due."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the narse, "But keep the secret for your life, And all you have will be Lord Ronald's, When you are man and wife."

a beggar born," she said, I speak out, for I dare not lie. pull off the brooch of gold, ing the diamond necklace by."

w, my child," said Alice the nurse, keep the secret all ye can." , "Not so; but I will know re be any faith in man."

ow, what faith?" said Alice the nurse, man will cleave unto his right." e shall have it," the lady replied, igh I should die to-night."

ve one kiss to your mother dear! my child, I sinned for thee." her, mother, mother!" she said, trange it seems to me.

ore's a kiss for my mother dear, other dear, if this be so; your hand upon my head, pless me mother, ere I go."

herself in russet gown, as no longer Lady Clare; at by dale, and she went by down, a single rose in her hair.

hite doe Lord Ronald had brought up from where she lay, er head in the maiden's hand, ollowed her all the way.

ept Lord Ronald from his tower: ady Clare, you shame your worth! ne you drest like a village maid, are the flower of the earth?"

me drest like a village maid, out as my fortunes are: eggar born," she said, not the lady Clare."

ne no tricks," said Lord Ronald, I am yours in word and deed; no tricks," said Lord Ronald, r riddle is hard to read." Oh and proudly stood she up!

Her heart within her did not fail;

She looked into Lord Ronald's eyes,

And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laughed a laugh of merry scorn;
He turned and kissed her where she stood:
"If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, "the next in blood—

"If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, "the lawful heir,
We two will wed to-morrow morn,
And you shall still be Lady Clare."

ALFRED TRENTSON.

THE LETTERS.

I.

A black yew gloomed the stagnant air;
I peered athwart the chancel pane
And saw the altar cold and bare.
A clog of lead was round my feet,
A band of pain across my brow;
"Cold altar, heaven and earth shall meet
Before you hear my marriage vow."

П

I turned and hummed a bitter song
That mocked the wholesome human heart;
And then we met in wrath and wrong,
We met, but only meant to part.
Full cold my greeting was and dry;
She faintly smiled, she hardly moved;
I saw, with half-unconscious eye,
She wore the colors I approved.

ш

She took the little ivory chest—
With half a sigh she turned the key;
Then raised her head with lips comprest,
And gave my letters back to me.
And gave the trinkets and the rings,
My gifts, when gifts of mine could please;
As looks a father on the things
Of his dead son, I looked on these.

IV.

I raged against the public liar.

She talked as if her love were dead;
But in my words were seeds of fire.

"No more of love; your sex is known:
I never will be twice deceived.

Henceforth I trust the man alone—
The woman cannot be believed.

V

"Through slander, meanest spawn of hell
(And woman's slander is the worst),
And you, whom once I loved so well—
Through you my life will be accurst."
I spoke with heart, and heat and force,
I shook her breast with vague alarms—
Like torrents from a mountain source
We rushed into each other's arms.

VI.

We parted. Sweetly gleamed the stars,
And sweet the vapor-braided blue;
Low breezes fanned the belfry bars,
As homeward by the church I drew.
The very graves appeared to smile,
So fresh they rose in shadowed swells;
"Dark porch," I said, "and silent aisle,
There comes a sound of marriage bells."

ALFRED TENNYSON.

SONNETS.

That thou art blamed shall not be thy defect,
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;
The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
So thou be good, slander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater, being wooed of time;
For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.
Thou hast passed by the ambush of young
days,

Either not assailed, or victor being charged; Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise, To tie up envy, evermore enlarged.

If some suspect of ill masked not thy show, Then, thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst owe. So are you to my thoughts, as food to life, Or as sweet-seasoned showers are to the ground;

And for the peace of you I hold such strife
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found;
Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
Doubting the filching age will steal his trees
ure;

Now counting best to be with you alone,
Then bettered that the world may see my
pleasure;

Sometime all full with feasting on your sight And by and by clean starved for a look; Possessing or pursuing no delight, Save what is had or must from you be took. Thus do I pine and suffer day by day: Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

FAREWELL! thou art too dear for my possessing,

And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting
And for that riches where is my deserving?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting.
And so my patent back again is swerving.
Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then to
knowing,

Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking So thy great gift, upon misprision growing, Comes home again, on better judgment maling.

Thus have I had thee, as a dream dot flatter

In sleep a king; but waking no such matter

Some say thy fault is youth, some wantonness. Some say thy grace is youth, and gentle sport Both. grace and faults are loved of more at less;

Thou mak'st faults graces that to thee reson As on the finger of a throned queen The basest jewel will be well esteemed, So are those errors that in thee are seen, To truths translated, and for true thin deemed. How many lambs might the stern wolf betray, if like a lamb he could his looks translate! How many gazers might'st thou lead away, if thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state!

But do not so; I love thee in such sort As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

How like a winter hath my absence been From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year! What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen,

What old December's bareness everywhere!
And yet this time removed was summer's time;

The teeming autumn, big with rich increase, Bearing the wanton burden of the prime, Like widowed wombs after their lords' decease;

Yet this abundant issue seemed to me
But hope of orphans, and unfathered fruit;
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And, thou away, the very birds are mute;
Or, if they sing, 't is with so dull a cheer,
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

From you have I been absent in the spring, When proud-pied April dressed in all his trim,

Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
That heavy Saturn laughed and leaped with
him.

Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odor and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where
they grew;

Nor did I wonder at the lily's white, Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose; They are but sweet, but figures of delight, Drawn after you—you pattern of all those.

Yet seemed it winter still, and, you away, As with your shadow I with these did play. THE forward violet thus did I chide:—
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal the
sweet that smells,

If not from my love's breath? the purple pride

Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,

In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed. The lily I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair;
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair;
A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both
And to this robbery had annexed thy breath
But for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.

More flowers I noted, yet I none could see But sweet in color it had stolen from thee

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,
In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights;
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have expressed
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And for they looked but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing:

For we, which now behold these present days,

Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

Nor mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul Of the wide world, dreaming on things to come,

Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Supposed as forfeit to a confined doom.
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured,
And the sad augurs mock their own presage
Incertainties now crown themselves assured,
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
Now, with the drops of this most balany time

My love looks fresh, and death to me subscribes,

Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme, While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes:

And thou in this shalt find thy monument, When tyrants' crests, and tombs of brass are spent.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments; love is not love.
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
Oh no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth 's unknown, although his height
be taken.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks

Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and
weeks

But bears it out even to the edge of doom.

If this be error, and upon me proved,

I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

On! never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seemed my flame to qualify.
As easy might I from myself depart,
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth
lie.

That is my home of love; if I have ranged,
Like him that travels, I return again—
Just to the time, not with the time exchanged;
So that myself bring water for my stain.
Never believe, though in my nature reigned
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stained,
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;

For nothing this wide universe I call, Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all. SONNETS.

Come sleep, O sleep! the certain knot of peace,

The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe;
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,

The indifferent judge between the high and low!

With shield of proof, shield me from out the prease

Of those fierce darts despair doth at me throw.

Oh make in me those civil wars to cease; I will good tribute pay if thou do so.

Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweeter bed,

A chamber deaf to noise and blind to light, A rosy garland and a weary head;

And if these things, as being thine by right, Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see.

In martial sports I had my cunning tried,
And yet to break more staves did me ad
dress;

While with the people's shouts I must confess
Youth, luck, and praise e'en filled my vein
with pride;

When Cupid having me, his slave, descried In Mars's livery, prancing in the press, "What now. Sir Fool?" said he. "I won

"What now, Sir Fool?" said he, "I would no less;

Look here I say."—I looked and Stella spied Who, hard by, made a window send fortilight;

My heart then quaked; then dazzled were mine eyes;

One hand forgot to rule, the other to fight; Nor trumpet's sound I heard, nor friendly cries.

My foe came on and beat the air for me,
Till that her blush taught me my shame to see.

r Thames that didst my Stella bear; yself with many a smiling line y cheerful face, joy's livery wear, bose fair planets on thy streams did hine;

t for joy could not to dance forbear; ranton winds, with beauties so divine d, staid not till in her golden hair d themselves, oh sweetest prison! wine;

1 those Eol's youth there would their tay

ade, but forced by nature still to fly, I with puffing kiss those locks display. ishevelled, blushed:—from window I, thereof, cried out, oh fair disgrace! or's self to thee grant highest place.

ow sad steps, O Moon thou climb'st he skies-

ently, and with how wan a face! may it be, that even in heavenly clace

sy archer his sharp arrows tries?
that long-with-love-acquainted eyes
ge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case;
t in thy looks, thy languished grace;
hat feel the like thy state descries.
en of fellowship, O Moon, tell me—
tant love deemed there but want of
vit?

above love to be loved, and yet lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?

call virtue there ungratefulness?

SONNET.

that all beneath the moon decays; at by mortals in this world is brought, is great periods shall return to nought; irest states have fatal nights and days. that all the muses' heavenly lays, all of sprite which are so dearly bought,

As idle sounds, of few or none are sought;
That there is nothing lighter than vain praise.
I know frail beauty's like the purple flower
To which one morn oft birth and death af
fords,

That love a jarring is of mind's accords, Where sense and will bring under reason's power:

Know what I list, this all cannot me move, But that, alas! I both must write and love.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

SONNET.

If it be true that any beauteous thing Raises the pure and just desire of man From earth to God, the eternal fount of all, Such I believe my love; for as in her So fair, in whom I all besides forget, I view the gentle work of her creator, I have no care for any other thing, Whilst thus I love. Nor is it marvellous, Since the effect is not of my own power, If the soul doth, by nature tempted forth, Enamored through the eyes, Repose upon the eyes which it resembleth, And through them riseth to the Primal Love. As to its end, and honors in admiring; For who adores the Maker needs must love His work.

Michael Angelo. (Italian.)

Translation of J. E. TAYLOR.

TO VITTORIA COLONNA.

YES! hope may with my strong desire keep pace,

And I be undeluded, unbetrayed;
For if of our affections none find grace
In sight of heaven, then wherefore hath God
made

The world which we inhabit? Better plea Love cannot have, than that in loving thee Glory to that Eternal Peace is paid, Who such divinity to thee imparts As hallows and makes pure all gentle hearts.

His hope is treacherous only whose love dies With beauty, which is varying every hour: But in chaste hearts, uninfluenced by the power

Of outward change, there blooms a deathless flower,

That breathes on earth the air of paradise.

MICHAEL ANGELO. (Italian.)

Translation of WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE.

Ir thou must love me, let it be for nought Except for love's sake only. Do not say "I love her for her smile, her look, her way

Of speaking gently,—for a trick of thought
That falls in well with mine, and certes
brought

A sense of pleasant ease on such a day."

For these things in themselves, beloved, may
Be changed, or change for thee,—and love so
wrought,

May be unwrought so. Neither love me for Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry,—

A creature might forget to weep, who bore Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby. But love me for love's sake, that evermore Thou mayst love on, through love's eternity.

I NEVER gave a lock of hair away
To a man dearest, except this to thee,
Which now upon my fingers thoughtfully
I ring out to the full brown length, and say,
"Take it!" My day of youth went yesterday;
My hair no longer bounds to my foot's glee,
Nor plant I it from rose or myrtle-tree,
As girls do, any more. It only may
Now shade on two pale cheeks the mark of
tears,

Taught drooping from the head that hangs aside

Through sorrow's trick. I thought the fance neral shears

Would take this first, but love is justified,—
Take it thou,—finding pure, from all thou
years,

The kiss my mother left there when she died

SAY over again, and yet once over again,
That thou dost love me. Though the wor
repeated

Should seem "a cuckoo-song," as thou do treat it,

Remember, never to the hill or plain,
Valley and wood, without her cuckoo-strain
Comes the fresh spring in all her green completed.

Beloved, I, amid the darkness greeted

By a doubtful spirit-voice, in that doub

pain

Ory: "Speak once more—thou lovest Who can fear

Too many stars, though each in heaven she

Too many flowers, though each shall crow the year?

Say thou dost love me, love me, love me toll

The silver iterance!—only minding, dear, To love me also in silence, with thy soul.

If I leave all for thee, wilt thou exchange
And be all to me? Shall I never miss
Home-talk and blessing, and the common k
That comes to each in turn, nor count
strange,

When I took up, to drop on a new range
Of walls and floors—another home the
this?

Nay, wilt thou fill that place by me which if illed by dead eyes too tender to know change?

That's hardest. If to conquer love has tried To conquer grief tries more, as all thin prove;

For grief indeed is love and grief beside.

Alas, I have grieved so, I am hard to love.

Yet love me—wilt thou? Open thine heart wide,

And fold within the wet wings of thy dove.

First time he kissed me, he but only kissed
The fingers of this hand wherewith I write;
And, ever since, it grew more clean and
white,

Slow to world-greetings, quick with its "O list!"

When the angels speak. A ring of amethyst I could not wear here, plainer to my sight,

Than that first kiss. The second passed in height

The first, and sought the forehead, and half missed,

Half falling on the hair. Oh, beyond meed!

That was the chrism of love, which love's own crown,

With senctifying sweetness, did precede.

The third upon my lips was folded down
In perfect, purple state; since when, indeed,
I have been proud, and said, "My love, my
own!"

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways: I love thee to the depth, and breadth, and height

My soul can reach, when feeling, out of sight,
For the ends of being and ideal grace.
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.
I love thee freely, as men strive for right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's
faith.

I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints. I love thee with the
breath,

Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if God choose,

I shal but love thee better after death.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

PHILLIDA AND CORYDON.

In a morne by break of daye,
With a troupe of damsells playing,
Forth I yode forsooth a-maying;

Where anon by a wood side, Where as May was in his pride, I espied all alone Phillida and Corydon.

Much adoe there was, God wot; He wold love, and she wold not. She sayd never man was trewe; He sayes none was false to you.

He sayde hee had lovde her longe; She sayes love should have no wronge. Corydon wold kisse her then; She sayes maids must kisse no men,

Tyll they doe for good and all.
When she made the shepperde call
All the heavens to wytnes truthe,
Never loved a truer youthe.

Then with many a prettie othe, Yea, and naye, and faithe and trothe— Such as seelie shepperdes use When they will not love abuse—

Love, that had bene long deluded, Was with kisses sweete concluded; And Phillida with garlands gaye Was made the ladye of the Maye.

NICHOLAS BESTOR

LOVE IS A SICKNESS.

Love is a sickness full of woes,
All remedies refusing;
A plant that most with cutting grows.
Most barren with best using.
Why so?
More we enjoy it more it dies:

More we enjoy it, more it dies; If not enjoyed, it sighing cries Heigh-ho! Love is a torment of the mind,
A tempest everlasting;
And Jove hath made it of a kind,
Not well, nor full, nor fasting.
Why so?
More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoyed, it sighing cries
Heigh-ho!

SAMUEL DANIEL

THE WHITE ROSE.

RENT BY A YORKISH LOVER TO HIS LANCAS-TRIAN MISTRESS.

Is this fair rose offend thy sight,
Placed in thy bosom bare,
'T will blush to find itself less white,
And turn Lancastrian there.

But if thy ruby lip it spy,
As kiss it thou mayest deign,
With envy pale 't will lose its dye,
And Yorkish turn again.

AHONYMOUS.

TRIUMPH OF CHARIS.

SEE the chariot at hand here of Love!

Wherein my lady rideth!

Each that draws is a swan, or a dove,

And well the car Love guideth.

As she goes, all hearts do duty

Unto her beauty.

And, enamored, do wish, so they might

But enjoy such a sight,

That they still were to run by her side

Through swords, through seas, whither she would ride.

Do but look on her eyes! they do light
All that Love's world compriseth;
Do but look on her hair! it is bright
As Love's star when it riseth!
Do but mark—her forehead 's smoother
Than words that soothe her!

And from her arched brows such a grac Sheds itself through the face. As alone there triumphs to the life, All the gain, all the good, of the elem strife.

Have you seen but a bright lily grow,
Before rude hands have touched it!
Have you marked but the fall of the sno
Before the soil hath smutched it!
Have you felt the wool of the beaver!
Or swan's down ever!
Or have smelt o' the bud of the brier!
Or the nard i' the fire!
Or have tasted the bag of the bee!
Oh, so white! oh, so soft! oh, so sweet is

AN EARNEST SUIT TO HIS UNKIND MISTRESS NOT TO FORSAKE

And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay! for shame!
To save thee from the blame
Of all my grief and grame.
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
That hath loved thee so long,
In wealth and woe among?
And is thy heart so strong
As for to leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
That hath given thee my heart,
Never for to depart,
Neither for pain nor smart?
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
And have no more pity
Of him that loveth thee
Alas! thy cruelty!
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

SER THOMAS



Nonzane Charle, you that are Both my fortune and my star l And do govern more my blood, Than the various moon the flood ! Hear what late discourse of you Love and I have had; and true. Monget my muses finding me, Where he chanced your name to see Set, and to this softer strain: "Bure," said he, "if I have brein, This here sung can be no other By description, but my mother! So hath Homer praised her hair; So Anscreon drawn the air Of her face, and made to rise, Just about her sparkling eyes, Both her brown, bent like my how. By her looks I do her know. Which you call my shafts. And see! Such my mother's blushes be, As the both your verse discloses In her cheeks of milk and roses: Such as oft I wanton in. And above her even chiz. Have you placed the bank of kisses Where, you say, men gather blisses, Ripened with a breath more sweet, Than when flowers and west winds meet. Nay, her white and polished neck, With the less that doth it deck, Is my mother's! hearts of slain. Lovers, made into a chain! And between each rising breast Lies the valley called my nest, Where I sit and proyne my wings After flight; and put new strings To my shafts! Her very name, With my mother's is the same." "I confess all," I replied, "And the glass hangs by her side, And the girdle bout her waist, All is Venue; save unchaste. But, also! thou seest the least Of her good, who is the best Of her sex; but couldst thou, Love, Call to mind the forms that strove For the apple, and those three Make in one, the same were she.

For this beauty still doth hide Something more than thou hast spied. Outward grace weak Love beguiles: She is Venus when she smiles, But she's Juno when she walks, And Minerva when she talks."

Bur Jemen.

TO CELIA.

DEFINE to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth sak a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nector sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee, late, a rosy wreath,

Not so much honoring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon did'st only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when, it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

PRILOGERATUS. (Greek.)
Translation of BER JOHOU.

OUPID AND CAMPASPE,

At cards for kisses—Cupid paid;
He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows,
His mother's doves, and team of sparrows—
Loses them too; then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on 's cheek (but none knows how);
With these the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin;
All these did my Campaspe win.
At last he set her both his eyes;
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O Love! has she done this to thee!
What shall, alss! become of me!

SOME LANK

HEAR, YE LADIES.

HEAR, ye ladies that despise
What the mighty Love hath done;
Hear examples, and be wise:
Fair Calisto was a nun;
Leda sailing on the stream,
To deceive the hopes of man,
Love accounting but a dream,
Doted on a silver swan;
Danaë in a brazen tower,
Where no love was, loved a shower.

Hear, ye ladies that are coy,
What the mighty Love can do;
Hear the fierceness of the boy;
The chaste moon he makes to woo.
Vesta kindling holy fires,
Circled round about with spies,
Never dreaming loose desires,
Doting at the altar dies.
Ilion, in a short hour, higher
He can once more build and once more fire.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

SHALL I TELL.

Hearken then a while to me;
And if such a woman move
As I now shall versify,
Be assured 't is she, or none,
That I love, and love alone.

Nature did her so much right
As she scorns the help of art.
In as many virtues dight
As e'er yet embraced a heart.
So much good so truly tried,
Some for less were deified.

Wit she hath, without desire
To make known how much she hath;
And her anger flames no higher
Than may fitly sweeten wrath.
Full of pity as may be,
Though perhaps not so to me.

Reason masters every sense,
And her virtues grace her birth;
Lovely as all excellence,
Modest in her most of mirth.
Likelihood enough to prove

Only worth could kindle love.

Such she is; and if you know
Such a one as I have sung;
Be she brown, or fair, or so
That she be but somewhat young;
Be assured 't is she, or none,
That I love, and love alone.

WILLIAM BROW

BEAUTY CLEAR AND FAIR.

Brauty clear and fair,

Where the air
Rather like a perfume dwells;

Where the violet and the rose
Their blue veins in blush disclore,
And come to honor nothing else;

Where to live near,

And planted there,
Is to live, and still live new;
Where to gain a favor is
More than light, perpetual bliss,—
Make me live by serving you!

Dear, again back recall

To this light

A stranger to himself and all;

Both the wonder and the story

Shall be yours, and eke the glory

I am your servant, and your thrall.

BEAUMONT AND FLERCE

SPEAK, LOVE!

DEAREST, do not delay me,
Since, thou knowest, I must be gone;
Wind and tide, 't is thought, do stay me
But 't is wind that must be blown
From that breath, whose native are
Indian odors far excel.

speak, thou fairest fair!

thim that vows to serve thee;

me this neighboring air,

ull silence, sure, will starve me;

a word that 's quickly spoken,

ich, being restrained, a heart is broken.

BRAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

OH! TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY.

oh! take those lips away
t so sweetly were forsworn,
hose eyes, the break of day,
its that do mislead the morn!
y kisses bring again,
of love, though sealed in vain.

oh! hide those hills of snow ich thy frozen bosom bears, lose tops the pinks that grow of those that April wears. Ist set my poor heart free, in those icy chains by thee.

BHARRSPRARE and John Fletcher.

OU MEANER BEAUTIES.

aner beauties of the night, poorly satisfy our eyes your number than your light ommon people of the skies are you when the moon shall rise i

ious chanters of the wood, warble forth dame nature's lays, g your passions understood ur weak accents—what's your praise Philomel her voice shall raise?

lets that first appear, or pure purple mantles known, proud virgins of the year, the spring were all your own are you when the rose is blown? So when my mistress shall be seen
In form and beauty of her mind;
By virtue first, then choice, a queen—
Tell me, if she were not designed
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind?

Sie Henry Worton

THE LOVER TO THE GLOW-WORMS.

YE living lamps, by whose dear light The nightingale does sit so late, And, studying all the summer night, Her matchless songs does meditate!

Ye country comets, that portend No war, nor prince's funeral, Shining unto no other end Than to presage the grass's fall!

Ye glow-worms, whose officious flame
To wandering mowers shows the way,
That in the night have lost their aim,
And after foolish fires do stray!

Your courteous lights in vain you waste, Since Juliana here is come; For she my mind hath so displaced, That I shall never find my home.

ANDREW MARVELL

MRS. ELIZ. WHEELER,

UNDER THE NAME OF THE LOST SHEPHERDEAS.

Among the myrtles as I walkt,
Love and my sighs thus intertalkt;
Tell me, said I, in deep distress,
Where I may find my shepherdess.
Thou fool, said Love, know'st thou not this?
In every thing that 's sweet, she is.
In yond' carnation go and seek,
Where thou shalt find her lip and cheek;
In that enamelled pansy by,
There thou shalt have her curious eye;
In bloom of peach and rose's bud,
There waves the streamer of her blood.
'T is true, said I; and thereupon,
I went to pluck them, one by one.

To make of parts an union;
But on a sudden all were gone.
At which I stopt; said Love, these be
The true resemblances of thee;
For as these flowers, thy joys must die,
And in the turning of an eye;
And all thy hopes of her must wither,
Like those short sweets ere knit together.

ROBERT HERRICK.

PANGLORY'S WOOING SONG.

Love is the blossom where there blows Every thing that lives or grows. Love doth make the heavens to move, And the sun doth burn in love. Love the strong and weak doth yoke, And makes the ivy climb the oak; Under whose shadows lions wild, Softened by love, grow tame and mild. Love no med'cine can appease; He burns the fishes in the seas; Not all the skill his wounds can stench; Not all the sea his fire can quench. Love did make the bloody spear Once a heavy coat to wear; While in his leaves there shrouded lay Sweet birds, for love that sing and play; And of all love's joyful flame, I the bud and blossom am.

Only bend thy knee to me, Thy wooing shall thy winning be. See, see the flowers that below Now as fresh as morning blow; And of all, the virgin rose, That as bright Aurora shows— How they all unleaved die, Losing their virginity; Like unto a summer-shade, But now born, and now they fade. Every thing doth pass away; There is danger in delay. Come, come gather then the rose, Gather it, or it you lose. All the sand of Tagus' shore Into my bosom casts his ore; All the valleys' swimming corn To my house is yearly borne;

Every grape of every vine
Is gladly bruised to make me wine;
While ten thousand kings, as proud
To carry up my train, have bowed;
And a world of ladies send me,
In my chambers to attend me.
All the stars in heaven that shine,
And ten thousand more are mine.

Only bend thy knee to me,
Thy wooing shall thy winning

CASTARA.

Like the violet, which alone
Prospers in some happy shade,
My Castara lives unknown,
To no ruder eye betrayed;
For she's to herself untrue
Who delights i' the public view.

Such is her beauty as no arts
Have enriched with borrowed grace.
Her high birth no pride imparts,
For she blushes in her place.

Folly boasts a glorious blood,— She is noblest being good.

Cautious, she knew never yet What a wanton courtship meant; Nor speaks loud to boast her wit, In her silence, eloquent.

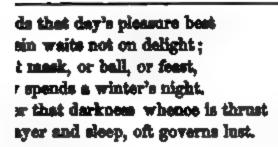
Of herself survey she takes, But 'tween men no difference n

She obeys with speedy will Her grave parents' wise commands; And so innocent, that ill She nor acts, nor understands.

Women's feet run still astray If to ill they know the way.

She sails by that rock, the court, Where oft virtue splits her mast; And retiredness thinks the port, Where her fame may anchor cast.

Virtue safely cannot sit
Where vice is enthroned for wit



throne makes reason climb, wild passions captive lie; ch article of time, a thoughts to heaven fly; her yows religious be, d she yows her love to me.

WHATAM HARMOTON.

CANZONET.

den sun that brings the day,
ids men light to see withal,
doth cast his beams away,
hey are blind on whom they fall;
s no force in all his light
the mole a perfect sight.

ou, my sun, more bright than he ines at noon in summer tide, wen me light and power to see, arfect skill my sight to guide; w I lived as blind as mole des her head in earthly hole.

the praise of beauty's grace, smed it nought but poet's skill; on many a lovely face, and I none to bend my will; made me think that beauty bright thing else but red and white.

w thy beams have cleared my sight, to think I was so blind; ming eyes afford me light, auty's blaze each where I find; t those dames that shine so bright t the shadows of thy light.

THOMAS WASSON.

THE NIGHT PIECE.

TO JULIA.

HER eyes the glow-worms lend thee,
The shooting-starres attend thee;
And the sives also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will-o'-th'-wispe mislight thee,
Nor snake nor slow-worm bits thee;
But on thy way,
Not making stay,
Since ghost there's none t' affright thee!

Let not the darke thee cumber;
What though the moon does slumber?
The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers cleare, without number.

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
Thus, thus to come unto me;
And when I shall meet
Thy silvery feet,
My soule I le pour into thee!

Ronger Hauston.

TO LUCASTA,

ON GOING TO THE WARS.

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkinde,
That from the numerie
Of thy chaste breast and quiet minde,
To warre and armes I flee.

True, a new mistresse now I chase—
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith imbrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such.

As you, too, should adore;
I could not love thee, deare, so much,
Loved I not honor more.

RICHARD LOVELAGE

DISDAIN RETURNED.

HE that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires—
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

No tears, Celia, now shall win
My resolved heart to return;
I have searched thy soul within,
And find nought but pride and scorn;
I have learned thy arts, and now
Can disdain as much as thou.
Some power, in my revenge, convey
That love to her I cast away!

THOMAS CAREW.

TO ALTHEA—FROM PRISON.

When Love, with unconfined wings,
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at my grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair
And fettered to her eye—
The birds that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free—
Fishes, that tipple in the deep,
Know no such liberty.

When, like committed linnets I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my king;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be—
Enlarged winds, that curl the flood
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage.
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free—
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

RICHARD LOYEL

TO LUCASTA.

If to be absent were to be
Away from thee;
Or that, when I am gone,
You or I were alone;
Then, my Lucasta, might I crave
Pity from blustering wind or swallo
wave.

But I'll not sigh one blast or gale
To swell my sail,
Or pay a tear to 'suage
The foaming blue-god's rage;
For, whether he will let me pass
Or no, I'm still as happy as I was.

Though seas and lands be 'twixt us'
Our faith and troth,
Like separated souls,
All time and space controls:
Above the highest sphere we meet,
Unseen, unknown; and greet as angels a

So, then, we do anticipate
Our after-fate,
And are alive i' th' skies,
If thus our lips and eyes
Can speak like spirits unconfined
In heaven—their earthly bodies left behings



SUPERSTITION.

st, though it be reciser sort thought popery; noets can a license show every thing we do. en, my little saint! I'll pray to thee.

y happy mind, ta various joys, can leisure find ttend to any thing so low rhat I say or do, and be what thou wast ever—kind.

he blest above
thee quite, but sometimes hither
rove;
would I thy sweet image see,
sit and talk with thee;
curiosity, but love.

at delight 't would be,
thou sometimes, by stealth, converse
with me!
'should I thy sweet commune prize,
other joys despise;
en, I ne'er was yet denied by thee.

oot long detain
from bliss, nor keep thee here in
pain;
should thy fellow-saints e'er know
hy escape below;
hou 'rt missed, thou shouldst return
again.

ven must needs thy love,
as other qualities, improve;
as, then, and recreate my sight
b rays of thy pure light;
beer my eyes more than the lamps
above.

ate's so severe
afine thee to thy blissful sphere,
d by thy absence I shall know
ther thy state be so,)
py, and be mindful of me there.

Jour Menus.

A SONG.

To thy lover,

Dear, discover

That sweet blush of thine, that shameth

(When those roses

It discloses)

All the flowers that nature nameth.

In free air
Flow thy hair,
That no more summer's best dresses
Be beholden
For their golden
Locks, to Phœbus' flaming tresses.

O deliver
Love his quiver!
From thy eyes he shoots his arrows,
Where Apollo
Cannot follow,
Feathered with his mother's sparrows.

O envy not
(That we die not)
Those dear lips, whose door encloses
All the Graces
In their places,
Brother pearls, and sister roses.

From these treasures
Of ripe pleasures
One bright smile to clear the weather;
Earth and heaven
Thus made even,
Both will be good friends together.

The air does woo thee;
Winds cling to thee;
Might a word once fly from out thee,
Storm and thunder
Would sit under,
And keep silence round about thee.

But if nature's
Common creatures
So dear glories dare not borrow;
Yet thy beauty
Owes a duty
To my loving, lingering sorrow.

When, to end me,
Death shall send me
All his terrors to affright me;
Thine eyes' graces
Gild their faces,
And those terrors shall delight me.

When my dying
Life is flying,
Those sweet airs that often slew me,
Shall revive me,
Or reprieve me,
And to many deaths renew me.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

AH, HOW SWEET IT IS TO LOVE.

An, how sweet it is to love!
Ah, how gay is young desire!
And what pleasing pains we prove
When we first approach love's fire!
Pains of love be sweeter far
Than all other pleasures are.

Sighs, which are from lovers blown,
Do but gently heave the heart;
E'en the tears they shed alone,
Cure, like trickling balm, their smart.
Lovers, when they lose their breath,
Bleed away in easy death.

Love and time with reverence use;
Treat them like a parting friend,
Nor the golden gifts refuse
Which in youth sincere they send;
For each year their price is more,
And they less simple than before.

Love, like spring-tides, full and high, Swells in every youthful vein; But each tide does less supply, Till they quite shrink in again; If a flow in age appear,

T is but rain, and runs not clear.

JOHN DRYDEN.

SONG.

Ask me no more where Jove bestows When June is past, the fading rose; For, in your beauty's orient deep, These flowers, as in their causes, slee

Ask me no more whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day;
For, in pure love, heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste The nightingale when May is past; For in your sweet, dividing throat She winters, and keeps warm her no

Ask me no more where those stars li That downwards fall in dead of night For in your eyes they sit, and there Fixed become, as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if east or west The phœnix builds her spicy nest; For unto you at last she flies, And in your fragrant bosom dies.

THOMAS CA

PHILOMELA'S ODE

THAT SHE SUNG IN HER ARBOR.

SITTING by a river's side Where a silent stream did glide, Muse I did of many things That the mind in quiet brings. I 'gan think how some men deem Gold their god; and some esteem Honor is the chief content That to man in life is lent; And some others do contend Quiet none like to a friend. Others hold there is no wealth Compared to a perfect health; Some man's mind in quiet stands When he 's lord of many lands. But I did sigh, and said all this Was but a shade of perfect bliss:

And in my thoughts I did approve Nought so sweet as is true love. Love 'twixt lovers passeth these, When mouth kisseth and heart 'grees With folded arms and lips meeting, Each soul another sweetly greeting; For by the breath the soul fleeteth, And soul with soul in kissing meeteth. If love be so sweet a thing, That such happy bliss doth bring, Happy is love's sugared thrall; But unhappy maidens all Who esteem your virgin blisses Sweeter than a wife's sweet kisses, No such quiet to the mind As true love with kisses kind; But if a kiss prove unchaste, Then is true love quite diagraced. Though love be sweet, learn this of me, We sweet love but honesty.

ROBERT GREEKE.

COME AWAY, DEATH.

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid!
Fly away, fly away, breath:
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
Oh, prepare it;
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet, On my black coffin let there be strown; Not a friend, not a friend greet My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown.

A thousand, thousand sighs to save,

Lay me, Oh! where

Sad true-love never find my grave,

To weep there.

BRAKERPARE

THE TOMB.

When, cruel fair one, I am slain
By thy disdain,
And, as a trophy of thy scorn,
To some old tomb am borne,
Thy fetters must their powers bequeath
To those of death;
Nor can thy flame immortal burn,
Like monumental fires within an urn:
Thus freed from thy proud empire, I shall
prove
There is more liberty in death than love.

And when forsaken lovers come

To see my tomb,

Take heed thou mix not with the crowd,

And, (as a victor) proud

To view the spoils thy beauty made,

Press near my shade;

Lest thy too cruel breath or name Should fan my ashes back into a flame, And thou, devoured by this revengeful fire. His sacrifice, who died as thine, expire.

But if cold earth or marble must

Conceal my dust,

Whilst, hid in some dark ruins, I

Dumb and forgotten lie,

The pride of all thy victory

Will sleep with me;

And they who should attest thy glory,

Will or forget or not believe this story.

Then to increase thy triumph, let me rest,

Since by thine eye slain, buried in thy breast

LOVE NOT ME.

Love not me for comely grace,
For my pleasing eye or face,
Nor for any outward part,
No, nor for my constant heart;
For those may fail or turn to ill,
So thou and I shall sever;
Keep therefore a true woman's eye,
And love me still, but know not why.
So hast thou the same reason still
To dost upon me ever.

ARGERSON.

THE EXEQUIES.

Draw near

You lovers, that complain,
Of fortune or disdain,
And to my ashes lend a tear!
Melt the hard marble with your groans,
And soften the relentless stones.

And soften the relentless stones, Whose cold embraces the sad subject hide Of all love's cruelties, and beauty's pride!

No verse,
No epicedium bring;
Nor peaceful requiem sing,
To charm the terrors of my hearse!
No profane numbers must flow near
The sacred silence that dwells here.
Vast griefs are dumb; softly, oh softly mourn!
Lest you disturb the peace attends my urn.

Yet strew
Upon my dismal grave
Such offerings as you have—
Forsaken cypress, and sad yew;
For kinder flowers can take no birth
Or growth from such unhappy earth.
Weep only o'er my dust, and say, "Here lies
To love and fate an equal sacrifice."

THOMAS STANLEY.

THE MILK-MAID'S SONG.

THE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

Come live with me, and be my love, . And we will all the pleasures prove That valleys, groves, hills, and fields, Woods or steepy mountains yields.

There will we sit upon the rocks, Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks By shallow rivers to whose falls Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses
With a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool, Which from our pretty lambs we pull Fair-lined slippers for the cold, With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw, and ivy buds, With coral clasps and amber studs; And if these pleasures may thee move Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and For thy delight each May morning:

If these delights thy mind may move,

Then live with me, and be my love.

CHRISTOPHER MARIA

THE MILK-MAID'S MOTHER'S ANSW

THE NYMPH'S REPLY.

Ir that the world and love were your And truth in every shepherd's tongue. These pretty pleasures might me mov To live with thee and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to for When rivers rage, and rocks grow col And Philomel becometh dumb, And all complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton field To wayward winter reckoning yields A honey tongue, a heart of gall, Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of ros Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies Soon break, soon wither, soon forgott In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs—
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still be Had joys no date, nor age no need, Then those delights my mind might m To live with thee, and be thy love.

Str Walter Ball



MY DEAR AND ONLY LOVE.

DEAR AND ONLY LOVE.

PART FURT.

r and only love, I pray, able world of thee smed by no other sway street monarchie, onfusion have a part, h virtuous souls abhore, id a synod in thy heart, never love thee more.

lexander I will reign,
I will reign alone,
ughts shall evermore disdain
val on my throne.
eer fears his fate too much,
is deserts are small,
uts it not unto the touch,
in or lose it all.

always give the law,

we each subject at my will,

all to stand in awe.

sinst my battery if I find

shun'st the prize so sore

t thou set'st me up a blind,

never love thee more.

he empire of thy heart, are I should solely be, er do pretend a part, I dares to vie with me; committees thou erect, . go on such a score, ag and laugh at thy neglect, I never love thee more.

thou wilt be constant then,
! faithful of thy word,
ake thee glorious by my pen,
! famous by my sword.
rve thee in such noble ways
! never heard before;
own and deck thee all with bays,
! love thee evermore.

PART SECOND.

er and only love, take heed, t thou thyself expose, And let all longing lovers feed
Upon such looks as those.

A marble wall then build about,
Beset without a door;
But if thou let thy heart fly out,
I'll never love thee more.

Let not their caths, like volleys shot,

Make any breach at all;

Nor smoothness of their language plot

Which way to scale the wall;

Nor balls of wild-fire love consume

The shrine which I adore;

For if such smoke about thee fume,

I'll never love thee more.

I think thy virtues be too strong
To suffer by surprise;
Those victualled by my love so long,
The siege at length must rise,
And leave thee ruled in that health
And state thou wast before;
But if thou turn a commonwealth,
I'll never love thee more.

Or if by fraud, or by consent,

Thy heart to ruine come,

I'll sound no trumpet as I wont,

Nor march by tuck of drum;

But hold my arms, like ensigns, up,

Thy falsehood to deplore,

And bitterly will sigh and weep,

And never love thee more.

I'll do with thee as Nero did
When Rome was set on fire,
Not only all relief forbid,
But to a hill retire,
And scorn to shed a tear to see
Thy spirit grown so poor;
But smiling sing, until I die,
I'll never love thee more.

Yet, for the love I bare thee once,
Lest that thy name should die,
A monument of marble-stone
The truth shall testifie;
That every pilgrim passing by
May pity and deplore
My case, and read the reason why
I can love thee no more.

The golden laws of love shall be
Upon this pillar hung,—
A simple heart, a single eye,
A true and constant tongue;
Let no man for more love pretend
Than he has hearts in store;
True love begun shall never end;
Love one and love no more.

Then shall thy heart be set by mine,
But in far different case;
For mine was true, so was not thine,
But lookt like Janus' face.
For as the waves with every wind,
So sail'st thou every shore,
And leav'st my constant heart behind,—
How can I love thee more?

My heart shall with the sun be fixed

For constancy most strange,

And thine shall with the moon be mixed,

Delighting ay in change.

Thy beauty shined at first more bright,

And woe is me therefore,

That ever I found thy love so light

I could love thee no more!

The misty mountains, smoking lakes,
The rocks' resonading echo,
The whistling wind that murmur makes,
Shall with me sing hey ho!
The toming seas, the tumbling boats,
Tears dropping from each shore,
Shall tune with me their turtle notes—
I'll never love thee more.

As doth the turtle, chaste and true,
Her fellow's death regrete,
And daily mourns for his adieu,
And ne'er renews her mate;
So, though thy faith was never fast,
Which grioves me wondrous sore,
Yet I shall live in love so chast,
That I shall love no more.

And when all gallants ride about
These monuments to view,
Whereon is written, in and out,
Then traiterous and intrue;
Then in a passion they shall pause,
And thus any, sighing sore,

"Alas! he had 'oo just a cause Never to love thee more."

And when that tracing goddess Far.

From east to west shall flee,
She shall record it, to thy shame,
How thou hast loved me;
And how in odds our love was such
As few have been before;
Thou loved too many, and I too many.
So I can love no more.

JAMES GRAHAM, MARQUES OF MO

WELCOME, WELCOME.

Welcome, welcome, do I sing, Far more welcome than the spri He that parteth from you neces, Shall enjoy a spring for ever.

Love that to the voice is near,

Breaking from your ivery pale,

Need not walk abroad to hear

The delightful nightingale.

Welcome, welcome, then I sing,

Far more welcome than the spring that parteth from you never

Shall enjoy a spring for ever.

Love, that still looks on your eyes,
Though the winter have begun
To benumb our arteries,
Shall not want the summer's sun.
Welcome, welcome, then I ring,
Far more welcome than the opril
He that parteth from you never.
Shall enjoy a spring for ever.

Love, that still may see your checks.
Where all rareness still reposes,
Is a fool if e'er he seeks.
Other blies, other roses.
Welcome, welcome, then I sing,
Far more welcome than the spring for ever.
Shall enjoy a spring for ever.

Love, to whom your soft lip yields, And perceives your breath in king All the odors of the fields Never, never shall be missing.



LINES TO AN INDIAN AIR.

'elcome, welcome, then I sing, or more welcome than the spring ; e that parteth from you never, hall enjoy a spring for ever.

that question would anew
that Eden was of old,
n rightly study you,
a brief of that behold.
'cloome, welcome, then I sing,
ar more welcome than the spring;
is that parteth from you never,
hall enjoy a spring for ever.

WILLIAM BROWNS.

T AS THE IMMORTAL GODS.

as the immortal gods is he, buth who fondly sits by thee, cars and sees thee all the while speak, and sweetly smile.

this deprived my soul of rest, sised such tumults in my breast: hile I gazed, in transport tost, eath was gone, my voice was lost.

som glowed; the subtle flame nick through all my vital frame; ny dim eyes a darkness hung; ns with hollow murmurs rung.

y damps my limbs were chilled; od with gentle horrors thrilled: ble pulse forgot to play ed, sunk, and died away.

Баргио. (Greek.) то of Аминови Риплаге.

LNASATZ, MY REINDEER.

A LAPLAND SONG.

NASATZ, my reindeer,
ve a long journey to go;
ne moors are vast,
nd we must haste.
strength, I fear,
il, if we are slow;
And so
ur songs will do.

Kaige, the watery moor,
Is pleasant unto me,
Though long it be,
Since it doth to my mistress lead,
Whom I adore;
The Kilwa moor
I ne'er again will tread.

Thoughts filled my mind,
Whilst I through Kaige passed
Swift as the wind,
And my desire
Winged with impatient fire;
My reindeer, let us haste!

So shall we quickly end our pleasing pain—
Behold my mistress there,
With decent motion walking o'er the plain.
Kulnasatz, my reindeer,
Look yonder, where
She washes in the lake!
See, while she swims,
The water from her purer limbs
New clearness take!

LINES TO AN INDIAN AIR.

I arise from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Has led me—who knows how?
To thy chamber window, sweet?

The wandering airs, they faint
On the dark and silent stream—
The champak odors fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream.
The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart,
As I must on thine,
Beloved as thou art!

Oh, lift me from the grass!
I die, I faint, I fail!
Let thy love in kiases rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.

My cheek is cold and white, alas! My heart beats loud and fast; Oh! press it close to thine again, Where it will break at last.

PROOF BYMES SERLER.

MAID OF ATHENS, ERE WE PART.

26η μού, σάς άγακδ.

Mam of Athens, ere vi Give, oh, give me bac. Or, since that has left Keep it now, and take Hear my vow before it Zán μοῦ, σὰς ἀγαπῦ.

By those tresses unco Wood by each Æge By those lids whose j Kiss thy soft checks' By those wild eyes like Zún μου, σάς ἀγαπὸ.

By that lip I long to taste;
By that zone-encircled waist;
By all the token-flowers that tell
What words can never speak so well;
By love's alternate joy and woe,
Σόη μοῦ, σός ἀγαπῶ.

Maid of Athens! I am gone—
Think of me, sweet, when alone.
Though I fly to Istambol,
Athens holds my heart and soul.
Can I cease to love thee? No!
Ζύη μοῦ, σάς ἀγαπῶ.

LORD BYROH.

SONNET.

The might of one fair face sublimes my love, For it hath weaned my heart from low desires;

Nor death I heed, nor purgatorial fires.
Thy beauty, antepast of joys above,
Instructs me in the bliss that saints approve;
For oh! how good, how beautiful, must be
The God that made so good a thing as thee,
So fair an image of the heavenly Dove.

Forgive me if I cannot turn away

From those sweet eyes that are my a
heaven,

For they are guiding stars, benignly give

To tempt my footsteps to the upward w
And if I dwell too fondly in thy sight,

I live and love in God's peculiar light.

Translation of J. E. TATLOR,

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

MICHAEL ANUMA, (B)

The fountains mingle with the river And the rivers with the ocean;
The winds of heaven mix for ever,
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle—
Why not I with thine?

And the waves clasp one another

No sister flower would be forgiven

If it disdained its brother;

And the sunlight clasps the earth,

And the moonbeams kiss the sea

What are all these kissings worth,

If thou kiss not me?

ro_

One word is too often profaned

For me to profane it,
One feeling too falsely disdained

For thee to disdain it.
One hope is too like despair

For prudence to smother,
And pity from thee more dear

Than that from another.

I can give not what men call love;
But wilt thou accept not
The worship the heart lifts above
And the heavens reject not;
The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow?

HRL OF CADIZ.

r.

igain to me limes and British ladies; your lot to see .ovely girl of Cadiz. res be not of blue, ocks, like English lasses', i expressive hue izure eye surpasses!

П

e, from heaven she stole through those silken lashes ces seems to roll, int cannot hide their flashes; er bosom steal d flow her rayen tresses, ach clustering lock could feel, o give her neck caresses.

111.

aids are long to woo,
ven in possession;
sarms be fair to view,
e slow at love's confession;
eath a brighter sun,
lained the Spanish maid is,
hen fondly, fairly won,—
on like the girl of Cadiz?

ĮV.

naid is no coquette,
see a lover tremble;
re, or if she hate,
nows not to dissemble,
ne'er be bought or sold—
beats, it beats sincerely;
it will not bend to gold,
you long, and love you dearly.

V.

girl that meets your love is you with a mock denial; aught is bent to prove in the hour of trial. ing foemen menace Spain he deed and shares the danger; or lover press the plain, he spear, her love's avenger.

YL.

And when, beneath the evening star,
She mingles in the gay bolero;
Or sings to her attuned guitar
Of Christian knight or Moorish hero;
Or counts her beads with fairy hand
Beneath the twinkling rays of Hesper;
Or joins devotion's choral band
To chant the sweet and hallowed vesper:

VIL.

In each her charms the heart must move
Of all who venture to behold her.
Then let not maids less fair reprove.
Because her bosom is not colder;
Through many a clime 't is mine to rosm
Where many a soft and melting maid is,
But none abroad, and few at home,
May match the dark-eyed girl of Cadiz
Loss Brees

SONG.

The heath this night must be my bed, The bracken curtain for my head, My lullaby the warder's tread,

Far, far from love and thee, Mary:
To-morrow eve, more stilly laid,
My couch may be my bloody plaid,
My vesper song thy wail, sweet maid!
It will not waken me, Mary!

I may not, dare not, fancy now The grief that clouds thy lovely brow; I dare not think upon thy vow,

And all it promised me, Mary.

No fond regret must Norman know;

When bursts Clan-Alpine on the foe,

His heart must be like bended bow,

His foot like arrow free, Mary.

A time will come with feeling fraught!

For, if I fall in battle fought,

Thy hapless lover's dying thought

Shall be a thought on thee, Mary!

And if returned from conquered foes,

How blithely will the evening close,

How sweet the linnet sing repose

To my young bride and me, Mary!

SIR WALTER COURS

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

There be none of beauty's daughters
With a magic like thee;
And like music on the waters
Is thy sweet voice to me:
When, as if its sound were causing
The charmed ocean's pausing,
The waves lie still and gleaming,
And the fulled winds seem dreaming.

And the midnight moor
Her bright chain o
Whose breast is gently I
As an infant's aslee,
So the spirit bows befor
To listen and adore thee
With a full but soft emo
Like the swell of summe

HERE'S A HEALTH TO ANE I LO'E DEAR,

Here's a health to ane I lo's dear,
Here's a health to ane I lo's dear;
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers
meet,

And soft as the parting tear—Jessy!

Altho' even hope is denied,
'T is sweeter for thee despairing
Than aught in the world beside—Jessy!

I mourn thro' the gay, gaudy day,
As, hopeless, I muse on thy charms;
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
For then I am locked in thy arms—Jessy!

I guess by the dear angel smile,
I guess by the love-rolling ee;
But why urge the tender confession
'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree—Jessy!

Here's a health to ane I lo's dear,
Here's a health to ane I lo's dear;
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers
most,

And soft as the parting tear—Josey!

Record Brane

CA' THE YOWES TO THE KNOW

Ca' the youse to the knowes,
Ca' them where the heather grous,
Ca' them where the burnic rows,
My bonnie dearie.

Hank the mavis' evening sang
Sounding Clouden's woods amang;
Then a faulding let us gang,
My bonnie dearie.

We'll gae down by Clouden side, Thro' the hazels spreading wide, O'er the waves that sweetly glide To the moon see clearly.

Yonder Clouden's eilent towers, Where at moonshine, midnight how O'er the dewy bending flowers, Fairies dance sae cheery.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear;
Thou 'rt to love and heaven see des
Nocht of ill may come thee near,
My bonnie dearie.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stown my very heart;
I can die—but canna part,
My bonnie dearie.

While waters wimple to the sea, While day blinks in the lift sae hie, Till clay-cauld death shall blin' my Ye shall be my dearie.

Ca' the yower to the knower, Ca' them where the heather? Ca' them where the burnie n My bonnie dearie.

Bonner Be

FAREWELL TO NANCY.

As fond kiss and then we sever!
As fareweel, alas! for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge t!
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee
Who shall say that fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him!
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.

blame my partial fancy—could resist my Nancy:
her was to love her,
her, and love for ever.
ever loved sae kindly,
ever loved sae blindly,
t—or never parted,
e'er been broken-hearted.

weel, thou first and fairest!
weel, thou best and dearest!
lka joy and treasure,
oyment, love, and pleasure!
iss, and then we sever!
el, alas! for ever!
eart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee;
ighs and groans I'll wage thee.

ROBERT BURNS.

THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW.

the airts the wind can blaw,
early like the west;
here the bonnie lassie lives,
lassie I lo'e best.
wild woods grow, and rivers row,
d monie a hill's between;
ay and night my fancy's flight
ever wi' my Jean.

her in the dewy flowers,
her sweet and fair;
her in the tunefu' birds,
her charm the air;
's not a bonnie flower that springs
fountain, shaw, or green—
's not a bonnie bird that sings,
minds me of my Jean.

ROBERT BURNS.

A RED, RED ROSE.

ny luve's like a red, red rose, it 's newly sprung in June; ny luve 's like the melodie it 's sweetly played in tune.

ir art thou, my bonnie lass, deep in luve am I; And I will luve thee still, my dear, Till a' the seas gang dry—

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands of life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luve!
And fare thee weel a while!
And I will come again, my luve,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

ROBERT BURNS.

THE LASS OF BALLOCHMYLE.

'T was even—the dewy fields were green.
On every blade the pearls did hang;
The zephyr wantoned round the bean
And bore its fragrant sweets along;
In every glen the mavis sang,
All nature listening seemed the while,
Except where green-wood echoes rang
Amang the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward strayed;
My heart rejoiced in nature's joy;
When musing in a lonely glade,
A maiden fair I chanced to spy.
Her look was like the morning's eye,
Her air like nature's vernal smile;
Perfection whispered, passing by,
Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle!

Fair is the morn in flowery May,
And sweet is night in autumn mild,
When roving thro' the garden gay,
Or wandering in a lonely wild;
But woman, nature's darling child!
There all her charms she does compile
Ev'n there her other works are foiled
By the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

Oh, had she been a country maid,
And I the happy country swain,
Tho' sheltered in the lowest shed
That ever rose in Scotland's plain!
Thro' weary winter's wind and rain
With joy, with rapture, I would toil,
And nightly to my bosom strain
The bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

Then pride might climb the slippery steep
Where fame and honors lofty shine;
And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
Or downward seek the Indian mine.
Give me the cot below the pine,
To tend the flocks or till the soil,
And every day have joys divine
With the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

ROBERT BURNS.

ADDRESS TO A LADY.

On, wert thou in the cauld blast,
On yonder lea, on yonder lea;
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee:
Or did misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy bield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,

Sae bleak and bare, sae bleak and bare,
The desert were a paradise
If thou wert there, if thou wert there.
Or were I monarch o' the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign;
The brightest jewel in my crown
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

ROBERT BURNS.

ANNIE LAURIE.

MAXWELTON braes are bonnie
Where early fa's the dew,
And it's there that Annie Laurie
Gie'd me her promise true;
Gie'd me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doune and dee.

Her brow is like the snaw drift;
Her throat is like the swan;
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on—
That e'er the sun shone on—
And dark blue is her ee;

And for bonnie Annie Laurie I'd lay me doune and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;
And like the winds in summ
Her voice is low and sweet—
Her voice is low and sweet—
And she's a' the world to m
And for bonnie Annie Lauri
I'd lay me doune and dee.

THOU HAST VOWED BY THE MY JEANIE.

Thou hast vowed by thy faith,

By that pretty white hand
And by all the lowing stars in

That thou wad aye be min
And I have sworn by my faith.

And by that kind heart o'

By all the stars sown thick o'e

That thou shalt aye be min

Then foul fa' the hands wad loo
And the heart wad part s
But there's nae hand can loose
But the finger of Him abc
Tho' the wee, wee cot maun b
An' my clothing e'er so m
I should lap up rich in the faul
Heaven's armfu' o' my Je.

Her white arm wad be a pillor Far softer than the down: And Love wad winnow o'er than kind wings,

And sweetly we'd sleep,
Come here to me, thou lass wi
Come here and kneel wi'
The morn is full of the present
And I canna pray but the

The morn-wind is sweet ama flowers,

The wee birds sing saft or Our gudeman sits in the bonni And a blithe auld bodie is



FAIR INES.

beak mean be ta'en when he comes hame,
Wi' the holy psalmodie;
I will speak of thee when I pray,
and thou mean speak of me.

ALLAN CUPPUPGHAM.

OH, SAW YE THE LASS.

ye the lass wi' the bonny blue een? le is the sweetest that ever was seen; ek like the rose is, but fresher, I ween; he loveliest lassie that trips on the reen.

ne of my love is below in the valley, wild flowers welcome the wandering ee:

sweetest of flowers in that spot that seen

aid that I love wi' the bonny blue een.

ght overshadows her cot in the glen, teal out to meet her loved Donald rain:

en the moon shines on the valley so reen,

ome the lass wi' the bonny blue een, love that has wandered away from is nest,

to the mate his fond heart loves the st,

rom the world's false and vanishing ene,

car one, the lass wi' the bonny blue

BICHARD RYAN,

BONNIE LESLIE.

saw ye bonnie Leelie s she gaed o'er the border? 's gaue, like Alexander, spread her conquests further.

se her is to love her, and love but her for ever; nature made her what she is, and ne'er made sic anither. Thou art a queen, fair Lealie—
Thy subjects we, before thee;
Thou art divine, fair Lealie—
The hearts o' men adore thee.

The deil he could na scaith thee, Or aught that wad belang thee; He'd look into thy bonnie face, And say, "I canna wrang thee."

The powers aboon will tent thee;
Misfortune sha'na steer thee;
Thou 'rt like themselves sae lovely,
That ill they 'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, fair Leelie!
Return to Caledonie!
That we may brag we had a lass
There's name again sae bonnie.

Rossur Bress.

FAIR INES.

I.

OH saw ye not fair Ines?
She's gone into the west,
To dazzle when the sun is down,
And rob the world of rest;
She took our daylight with her,
The smiles that we love best,
With morning blushes on her cheek,
And pearls upon her breast.

11.

Oh turn again, fair Ines,
Before the fall of night,
For fear the moon should shine alone,
And stars unrivalled bright;
And blessed will the lover be
That walks beneath their light,
And breathes the love against thy cheel
I dare not even write!

114.

Would I had been, fair Ines, That gullant cavalier Who rode so gayly by thy side, And whispered thee so near!— Were there no bonny dames at home, Or no true lovers here, That he should cross the seas to win The dearest of the dear?

IV.

I saw thee, lovely Ines,
Descend along the shore,
With bands of noble gentiemen,
And banners waved before;
And gentie youth and maidens gay,
And snowy plumes
It would have been
—If it had been no

٧.

Alas! alas! fair Inc
She went away with
With music waiting
And shoutings of th
But some were sad,
But only music's wr
In sounds that sang
To her you've loved so song.

VI.

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines!
That vessel never bore
So fair a lady on its deck,
Nor danced so light before—
Alas for pleasure on the sea,
And sorrow on the shore!
The smile that blest one lover's heart
Has broken many more!

Тионая Ноов.

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE!

Go where glory waits thee;
But, while fame elates thee,
Oh still remember me,!
When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
Oh then remember me!
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee—
All the joys that blees thee
Sweeter far may be;
But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
Oh then remember me!

When, at eve, thou rovest

By the star thou lovest,

Oh then remember me!

Think, when home returning.

Bright we've seen it burning,

Oh thus remember me!

Oft as summer closes,

When thine eye reposes

On its lingering roses,

Once so loved by thee,

Think of her who weve them,

Her who made thee love them;

Oh then remember me!

When, around thee dying.
Autumn leaves are lying,
Oh then remember me!
And, at night, when gazing
On the gay hearth blazing,
Oh still remember me!
Then should music, stealing
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,

Draw one tear from thee—
Then let memory bring thee
Strains I used to sing thee;
Oh then remember me!

THOMAS 3

FLY TO THE DESERT.

FLY to the desert, fly with me— Our Arab tents are rude for thee; But, oh! the choice what heart can Of tents with love, or thrones with

Our rocks are rough; but smiling t The acacia waves her yellow hair— Lonely and sweet, nor loved the les For flowering in a wilderness.

Our sands are bare; but down thei The silvery-footed antelope As gracefully and gayly springs As o'er the marble courts of kings.

Then come—thy Arab maid will be The loved and lone acacia-tree— The antelope, whose feet shall bless With their light sound thy lovelines



LOVELY MARY DONNELLY.

e are looks and tones that dart it sunshine through the heart soul that minute caught asure it through life had sought;

very lips and eyes sed to have all our sighs, or be forgot again, and spoke before us then!

thy every glance and tone, st on me they breathed and ahone; f brought from other spheres, some as if loved for years.

with me,—if thou hast known fame, nor falsely thrown way, that thou hadst sworn wer in thy heart be worn;

'the love thou hast for me and fresh as mine for thee the fountain under ground, 'st't is by the lapwing found.

r me thou dost forsake her maid, and rudely break shipped image from its base, to me the ruined place—

re thee well; I'd rather make er upon some icy lake nawing suns begin to shine, at to love so false as thine!

THOMAS MOORE.

ELY MARY DONNELLY.

Mary Donnelly, it 's you I love at!

s were around you, I'd hardly see st:

may the time of day, the place be it will.

us of Mary Donnelly, they bloom me still.

ke mountain water that's flowing ock,

they are, how dark they are! and ive me many a shock;

Red rowans warm in sunshine, and wetted with a shower,

Could ne'er express the charming lip that has me in its power.

Her nose is straight and handsome, her eye brows lifted up,

Her chin is very neat and pert, and smooth like a china cup;

Her hair's the brag of Ireland, so weighty and so fine-

It's rolling down upon her neck, and gathered in a twine.

The dance o' last Whit Monday night exceeded all before—

No pretty girl for miles around was missing from the floor;

But Mary kept the belt of love, and oh! but she was gay;

She danced a jig, she sung a song, and took my heart away!

When she stood up for dancing, her steps were so complete,

The music nearly killed itself, to listen to her feet;

The fiddler mourned his blindness, he heard her so much praised;

But blessed himself he was n't deaf when once her voice she raised.

And evermore I'm whistling or lilting what you sung;

Your smile is always in my heart, your name beside my tongue.

But you've as many sweethearts as you'd count on both your hands,

And for myself there's not a thumb or little finger stands.

Oh, you're the flower of womankind, in country or in town;

The higher I exalt you, the lower I'm cast down.

If some great lord should come this way and see your beauty bright,

And you to be his lady, I'd own it was but right.

- Oh, might we live together in lofty palace | And Pat, without fail, leads out sweet Kit hall
- Where joyful music rises, and where scarlet curtains fall;
- Oh, might we live together in a cottage mean and small,
- With sods of grass the only roof, and mud the only wall!
- O, lovely Mary Donnelly, your beauty 's my distress—
- It's far too beauteous to be mine, but I'll never wish it less;
- The proudest place would fit your face, and I am poor and low,
- But blessings be about you, dear, wherever vou may go!

WILLIAM ALLINGBAM.

AN IRISH MELODY.

"An, sweet Kitty Neil! rise up from your wheel—

Your neat little foot will be weary from spinning;

Come, trip down with me to the sycamore

Half the parish is there, and the dance is beginning.

The sun is gone down; but the full harvest moon

Shines sweetly and cool on the dew-whitencel valley;

While all the air rings with the soft, loving

Each little bird sings in the green shaded alley."

With a blush and a smile, Kitty rose up the while,

Her eye in the glass, as she bound her hair, glancing;

'Tis hard to refuse when a young lover

So she could n't but choose to—go off to the dancing.

And now on the green the glad groups are seen-

Each gay-hearted lad with the lass of his choosing;

Neil—

Somehow, when he asked, she ne'er though of refusing.

Now Felix Magee puts his pipes to h knee,

And, with flourish so free, sets each coup in motion;

With a cheer and a bound, the lads patt the ground—

The maids move around just like swans of the ocean.

Cheeks bright as the rose—feet light as the doe's—

Now cozily retiring, now boldly advan ing;

Search the world all around from the sky the ground,

No such sight can be found as an Irish la dancing!

Sweet Kate! who could view your brig eyes of deep blue,

Beaming humidly through their dark lash so mildly—

Your fair-turned arm, heaving breast, roun ed form—

Nor feel his heart warm, and his puls throb wildly?

Poor Pat feels his heart, as he gazes, de Subdued by the smart of such painful ve

sweet love; The sight leaves his eye as he cries with

sigh. .

"Dance light, for my heart it lies under your feet, love!"

DENIS FLORENCE M'CARREY

SONG.

LOVE me if I live! Love me if I die! What to me is life or death, So that thou be nigh?

Once I loved thee rich, Now I love thee poor; · Ah! what is there I could not For thy sake endure!

Kies me for my love!

Pay me for my pain!

Come! and murmur in my ear

How thou lov'st again!

Bank Comman.

WERE I BUT HIS OWN WIFE.

WEER I but his own wife, to guard and to guide him,

T is little of sorrow ahould fall on my dear;

I'd chant my low love verses, stealing beside him,

So faint and so tender his heart would but hear;

I'd pull the wild blossoms from valley and highland;

And there at his feet I would lay them all down;

I'd siag him the songs of our poor stricken island,

Till his heart was on fire with a love like my own.

There's a rose by his dwelling—I'd tend the lone treasure.

That he might have dowers when the summer would come;

There's a harp in his hall—I would wake its sweet measure,

For he must have music to brighten his home.

Were I but his own wife, to guide and to guard him,

Tis little of sorrow should fall on my dear;

For every kind glance my whole life would award him—

In sickness 1'd soothe and in sadness I'd cheer.

My Leart is a fount welling upward for ever-

When I think of my true-love, by night or by day;

That heart keeps its faith like a fast-flowing river

Which gushes for ever and sings on its way.

I have thoughts full of peace for his soul repose in,

Were I but his own wife, to win and

Ob, sweet, if the night of misfortune we closing,

To rise like the morning star, darling, i you!

MARY DOWNERS

THE WELCOME.

L

Come in the evening, or come in the morning Come when you're looked for, or come wit out warning;

Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you And the oftener you come here the more I adore you!

Light is my heart since the day we we plighted;

Red is my cheek that they told me w blighted;

The green of the trees looks far green than ever,

And the linnets are singing, "True love don't sever!"

Ц,

I'll pull you sweet flowers, to wear if y choose them!

Or, after you 've kissed them, they'll lie my bosom;

I'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to i spire you;

I'll fetch from my fancy a tale that well tire you.

Oh! your step 's like the rain to the summer vexed farmer,

Or sabre and shield to a knight witho armor;

I'll sing you sweet songs till the stars ri above me,

Then, wandering, I'll wish you in silen to love me.

Ш.

We'll look through the trees at the cliff at the eyrie;

We'll tread round the rath on the track the fairy; We'll look on the stars, and we'll list to the river,

Till you ask of your darling what gift you can give her—

Oh! she'll whisper you—"Love, as unchangeably beaming,

And trust, when in secret, most tunefully streaming;

Till the starlight of heaven above us shall quiver,

As our souls flow in one down eternity's river."

IV.

So come in the evening, or come in the morning;

Come when you're looked for, or come without warning:

Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,

And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you!

Light is my heart since the day we were plighted;

Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;

The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,

And the linnets are singing, "True lovers don't sever!"

TEOMAS DAVIS.

COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD.

Come into the garden, Maud—
For the black bat, night, has flown!
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves,
On a bed of daffodil sky,
To faint in the light of the sun that she loves,
To faint in its light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon;
All night has the casement jessamine stirred
To the dancers dancing in tune—

Till a silence fell with the waking bird, And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, "There is but one With whom she has heart to be gay. When will the dancers leave her alone? She is weary of dance and play."

Now half to the setting moon are gone, And half to the rising day;

Low on the sand and loud on the stone The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose, "The brief night goes In babble and revel and wine.

O young lord-lover, what sighs are those For one that will never be thine!

But mine, but mine," so I sware to the re "For ever and ever, mine!"

And the soul of the rose went into my ble As the music clashed in the hall; And long by the garden lake I stood,

For I heard your rivulet fall

From the lake to the meadow and on to wood—

Our wood, that is dearer than all—

From the meadow your walks have left sweet

That whenever a March-wind sighs,
He sets the jewel-print of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes—
To the woody hollows in which we meet,
And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake One long milk-bloom on the tree;

The white lake-blossom fell into the lake.

As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;

But the rose was awake all night for y sake,

Knowing your promise to me; The lilies and roses were all awake— They sighed for the dawn and thee.

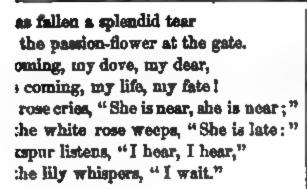
Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls Come hither! the dances are done;

In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls, Queen lily and rose in one;

Shine out, little head, sunning over curls,

To the flowers, and be their sun.





oming, my own, my sweet!
it ever so airy a tread,
t would hear her and beat,
it earth in an earthly bed;
would hear her and beat,
[lain for a century dead—
start and tremble under her feet,
blossom in purple and red.

ALPRED TRESTROP.

SUMMER DAYS.

ner, when the days were long, ked together in the wood: ut was light, our step was strong; lutterings were there in our blood, ner, when the days were long.

yed from morn till evening came; hered flowers, and wove us crowns; lked mid poppies red as flame, upon the yellow downs; ways wished our life the same.

ner, when the days were long, sed the hedgerow, crossed the brook; Il her voice flowed forth in song, she read some graceful book, nor, when the days were long.

en we sat beneath the trees, nadows lessening in the noon; the sunlight and the breeze, sted, many a gorgeous June, arks were singing o'er the leas.

ner. when the days were long, ity chicken, snow-white bread, sted, with no grace but song; cked wild strawb'ries, ripe and red, ner, when the days were long. We loved, and yet we knew it not— For loving seemed like breathing then; We found a heaven in every spot; Saw angels, too, in all good men; And dreamed of God in grove and grot.

In summer, when the days are long, Alone I wander, muse alone; I see her not; but that old song Under the fragrant wind is blown, In summer, when the days are long.

Alone I wander in the wood; But one fair spirit hears my sighs; And half I see, so glad and good, The honest daylight of her eyes, That charmed me under earlier skies.

In summer, when the days are long, I love her as we loved of old; My heart is light, my step is strong; For love brings back those hours of gold, In summer, when the days are long.

AMORTHOUS

RUTH.

SHE stood breast high amid the corn, Clasped by the golden light of morn, Like the sweetheart of the sun, Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush Deeply ripened;—such a blush In the midst of brown was born, Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell— Which were blackest none could tell; But long lashes veiled a light That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim, Made her tressy forehead dim;— Thus she stood amid the stooks, Praising God with sweetest looks.

Sure, I said, Heaven did not mean Where I reap thou shouldst but glest; Lay thy sheaf adown and come, Share my harvest and my home.

THOMAS HOUR

AT THE CHURCH GATE,

Althoron I enter not,
Yet round about the spot
Ofttimes I hover;
And near the sacred gate,
With longing eyes I wait,
Expectant of her.

The minster bell tolls out
Above the city's re **
And noise and
They 've husbed th
The organ 'gins to
She 's coming

My lady comes at Timid and steppin, And hastenin With modest eyes She comes—she 's May heaven g

Kneel undisturbed, tair same:
Pour out your praise or plaint
Meekly and duly;
I will not enter there,
To sully your pure prayer
With thoughts unruly.

But suffer me to pace
Round the forbidden place,
Lingering a minute,
Like outcast spirits, who wait,
And see, through heaven's gate,
Angels within it.
William Markerage Trackeray.

SHE IS A MAID OF ARTLESS GRACE.

Size is a maid of artless grace, Gentle in form, and fair of face.

Tell me, thou ancient mariner, That sailest on the sea, If ship, or sail, or evening star, Be half so fair as she!

Tell me, thou gallant cavalier, Whose shining arms I see, If steed, or sword, or battle-field, Be half so fair as she! Tell me, thou swain that guard flock

Beneath the shadowy tree,

If flock, or vale, or mountain-ridge

Be half so fair as she!

Gu Vicasia, (Period

Translation of H. W. Legeration.

SERENADE.

t, sweet, thou little knowest how I wake and passionate watches keep of yet, while I address thee now, Methinks thou smilest in thy sleep. In sweet enough to make me weep, That tender thought of love and the set while the world is hushed so deep. Thy soul 's perhaps awake to me!

IJ.

With golden visions for thy dower,

While I this midnight vigil keep,
And bless thee in thy silent bower;
To me 't is sweeter than the power
Of sleep, and fairy dreams unfurled,
That I alone, at this still hour,
In patient love outwatch the world.

THOMAS !

SERENADE.

Look out upon the stars, my love,
And shame them with thine eyes,
On which, than on the lights above,
There hang more destinies.
Night's beauty is the harmony
Of blending shades and light:
Then, lady, up,—look out, and be
A sister to the night!—

Sleep not!—thine image wakes for aye
Within my watching breast;
Sleep not!—from her soft sleep should
Who robs all hearts of rest.
Nay, lady, from thy slumbers break,
And make this darkness gay,
With looks whose brightness well might
Of darker nights a day.

Envance Coars From



MY LOVE.

.

s all other women are that to my soul is dear; orious fancies come from far, th the silver evening-star; et her heart is ever near.

П.

feelings hath she of her own,
I lesser souls may never know;
iveth them to her alone,
weet they are as any tone
ewith the wind may choose to blow.

ш.

n herself she dwelleth not, with no home were half so fair; mplest duty is forgot; with no dim and lowly spot doth not in her sunshine share.

IV.

oeth little kindnesses, h most leave undone, or despise: aught that sets one heart at ease, fiveth happiness or peace, resteemed in her eyes.

٧,

th no scorn of common things: though she seem of other birth, I us her heart entwines and clings, atiently she folds her wings ad the humble paths of earth.

¥I.

ng she is; God made her so; eeds of week-day holiness om her noiseless as the snow; th she ever chanced to know ught were easier than to bless.

VII.

most fair, and thereunto e doth rightly harmonize; g or thought that was not true nade less beautiful the blue ided heaven of her eyes. VIII.

She is a woman—one in whom
The spring-time of her childish years
Hath never lost its fresh perfume,
Though knowing well that life hath room
For many blights and many tears.

IX.

I love her with a love as still
As a broad river's peaceful might,
Which, by high tower and lowly mill,
Goes wandering at its own will,
And yet doth ever flow aright.

X,

And, on its full, deep breast screne,
Like quiet isles my duties lie;
It flows around them and between,
And makes them fresh and fair and green Sweet homes wherein to live and die.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

It is the miller's daughter,
And she is grown so dear, so dear,
That I would be the jewel
That trembles at her ear;
For, hid in ringlets day and night,
I'd touch her neck so warm and white.

And I would be the girdle

About her dainty, dainty waist,

And her heart would beat against me
In sorrow and in rest;

And I should know if it beat right,

I'd clasp it round so close and tight.

And I would be the necklace,
And all day long to fall and rise
Upon her balmy bosom
With her laughter or her sighs;
And I would lie so light, so light,
I scarce should be unclasped at night.

THE BROOK-SIDE.

I wandered by the brook-side,
I wandered by the mill;
I could not hear the brook flow—
The noisy wheel was still;
There was no burr of grasshopper,
No chirp of any bird,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm-tree;
I watched the long, long shade,
And, as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid;
For I listened for a footfall,
I listened for a word—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not,—no, he came not—
The night came on alone—
The little stars sat one by one,
Each on his golden throne;
The evening wind passed by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirred—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind;
A hand was on my shoulder—
I knew its touch was kind:
It drew me nearer—nearer,—
We did not speak one word,
For the beating of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

OH! TELL ME, LOVE, THE DEAREST HOUR.

On! tell me, love, the dearest hour
The parted, anxious lover knows,—
When passion, with enchanter's power,
Across his faithful memory throws
Its softest, brightest flame.

T is when he sings on some lone sh Where Echo's vocal spirits thron Whose airy voices, o'er and o'er, On still and moonlight lake prolom One dear, loved, thrilling

TO _____

Let other bards of angels sing,
Bright suns without a spot;
But thou art no such perfect thing:
Rejoice that thou art not!

Heed not though none should call the So, Mary, let it be,
If naught in loveliness compare
With what thou art to me.

True beauty dwells in deep retreats,
Whose veil is unremoved
Till heart with heart in concord beau
And the lover is beloved.

WILLIAM WORDSW

BALLAD.

I.

It was not in the winter
Our loving lot was cast;
It was the time of roses,—
We plucked them as we passed!

II.

That churlish season never frowne On early lovers yet! Oh no—the world was newly crow With flowers when first we met

III.

'T was twilight, and I bade you go But still you held me fast; It was the time of roses,— We plucked them as we passed THOMAS

THE PORTRAIT.

Coars, thou best of painters, Prince of the Rhodian art: Paint, thou best of painters, The mistress of my heart— Though absent—from the picture Which I shall now impart.

First paint for me her ringlets Of dark and glossy hue, And fragrant odors breathing-If this thine art can do.

Paint me an ivory forehead That crowns a perfect cheek, And rises under ringlets Dark-colored, soft, and sleek.

The space between the eyebrows Nor mingle nor dispart, But blend them imperceptibly And true will be thy art.

From under black-eye fringes Let sunny flashes play-Cythera's swimming glances, Minerva's azure ray.

With milk commingle roses To paint a nose and cheeks— A hp like bland persuasion's— A lip that kissing seeks.

Within the chin luxurious Let all the graces fair, Round neck of alabaster. Be ever flitting there.

And now in robes invest her Of palest purple dyes, Betraying fair proportions To our delighted eyes.

Cease, cease, I see before me The picture of my choice! And quickly wilt thou give me-The music of thy voice. AMAGEBON. (Greek.)

Mon of William SAT.

A HEALTH.

I run this cup to one made up Of loveliness alone, A woman, of her gentle sex The seeming paragon; To whom the better elements And kindly stars have given A form so fair, that, like the air, 'T is less of earth than heaven.

Her every tone is music's own, Like those of morning birds, And something more than melody Dwells ever in her words; The coinage of her heart are they, And from her lips each flows As one may see the burdened bee Forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her, The measures of her hours; Her feelings have the fragrancy, The freshness of young flowers; And lovely passions, changing oft, So fill her, she appears The image of themselves by turns. -The idol of past years!

Of her bright face one glance will trace A picture on the brain, And of her voice in echoing hearts A sound must long remain; But memory, such as mine of her, So very much endears, When death is nigh my latest sigh Will not be life's, but hers.

I fill this cup to one made up Of loveliness alone, A woman, of her gentle sex The seeming paragon-Her health! and would on earth there stood

Some more of such a frame, That life might be all poetry. And weariness a name.

EDWARD COATE PIRREE!

LOVE SONG.

Swear in her green dell the flower of beauty slumbers,

Laffed by the faint breezes sighing through her hair!

Sleeps she, and hears not the melancholy numbers

Breathed to my sad lute amid the lonely air!

Down from the high c teeming

To wind round the wilk him from above;

Oh that, in tears, from streaming,

I, too, could glide to the

Ah, where the woodbines have wound her,'
Opes she her eyelids at the Listening, like the dove, water or cound her,

To her lost mate's call in the forests far away!

Come, then, my bird! for the peace thou ever bearest,

Still heaven's messenger of comfort to me— Come! this fond bosom, my faithfulest, my fairest,

Bleeds with its death-wound-but deeper yet for thee!

GRORGE DARLEY.

SYLVIA.

I've taught thee love's sweet lesson o'er—
A task that is not learned with tears:
Was Sylvia e'er so blest before
In her wild, solitary years?
Then what does he deserve, the youth
Who made her con so dear a truth?

Fill now in silent vales to roam,
Singing vain songs to heedless flowers,
Or watch the dashing billows foam,
Amid thy lonely myrtle bowers—
To weave light crowns of various hue—
Were all the joys thy bosom knew

The wild bird, though most musical, Could not to thy sweet plaint reply; The streamlet, and the waterful,

Could only weep when then dide de Thou couldst not change one dules. Either with billow, or with bird.

For leaves and flowers, but these alone
Winds have a soft, discoursing way;
Heaven's starry talk is all its own,—
It dies in thunder far away.

E'en when thou wouldst the mor

To speak, -ehe only deigns to smi

ow, birds and winds, be churlish still
Ye waters, keep your sullen roar!
Are, be as distant as ye will,—
Bylvia need court ye now no more:
In love there is society
She never yet could find with yel
Greece Da

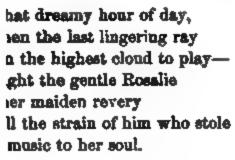
ROSALIE.

On, pour upon my soul again
That sad, unearthly strain.
That seems from other worlds to pla
Thus falling, falling from afar,
As if some melancholy star
Had mingled with her light her sigh
And dropped them from the ski

No—never came from aught below
This melody of woe,
That makes my heart to overflow,
As from a thousand gushing springs
Unknown before; that with it bring
This nameless light—if light it be—
That veils the world I see.

For all I see around me wears

The hue of other spheres:
And something blent of smiles and to
Comes from the very air I breathe.
Oh, nothing, sure, the stars beneath,
Can mould a sadness like to this—
So like angelic bliss,



Washington Allston.

SONG.

old song, amid the sounds dispersing

burden treasured in your hearts too long;

g it with voice low-breathed, but never name her:

lnot hear you, in her turrets nursing doughts, too high to mate with mortal song—

not claim her l

11.

tht caves, and secret lonelinesses, hades the bloom of her unearthly days ;—

forest winds alone approach to woo

we catch the dark gleam of her tresses :

wild birds haunt the wood-walks where she strays,

lligible music warbling to her.

rit charged to follow and defend her. o, doubtless, suffers this love-pain; she perhaps is sad, hearing his sighing.

that face is not so sad as tender; ome sweet singer's, when her sweetest strain

m the heaved heart is gradually dying l

ASSESSED DE Vent.

THE AWAKENING OF ENDYMION.

Lone upon a mountain, the pine-trees wailing round him,

Lone upon a mountain the Grecian youth is laid;

Sleep, mystic sleep, for many a year has bound him.

Yet his beauty, like a statue's, pale and fair, is undecayed.

When will he awaken?

When will he awaken? a loud voice hath been crying,

Night after night, and the cry has been in vain;

Winds, woods, and waves found echoes for replying.

But the tones of the beloved one were never heard again.

When will he awaken? Asked the midnight's silver queen.

wo'er her, gentle heaven, but do Nevermortal eye has looked upon his aleeping; Parents, kindred, comrades, have mourned for him as dead;

> By day the gathered clouds have had him in their keeping,

And at night the solemn shadows round his rest are shed.

When will he awaken ?

Long has been the cry of faithful love's imploring;

Long has hope been watching with soft eyes fixed above;

When will the fates, the life of life restoring, Own themselves vanquished by muchenduring love?

When will be awaken? Asks the midnight's weary queen.

Beautiful the sleep that she has watched untiring,

Lighted up with visious from yonder radiant sky.

Full of an immortal's glorious inspiring,

Softened by the woman's meek and loving sigh.

When will be awaken .

He has been dreaming of old heroic stories, And the poet's passionate world has entered in his soul;

He has grown conscious of life's ancestral glories,

When sages and when kings first upheld the mind's control.

When will he awaken?
Asks the midnight's stately queen.

Lo, the appointed midnight! the present hour is fated!

It is Endymion's planet that rises on the air;

How long, how tenderly his goddess-love has waited,

Waited with a love too mighty for despair! Soon he will awaken.

Soft amid the pines is a sound as if of singing,

Tones that seem the lute's from the breathing flowers depart;

Not a wind that wanders o'er Mount Latmos but is bringing

Music that is murmured from nature's inmost heart.

Soon he will awaken
To his and midnight's queen!

Lovely is the green earth,—she knows the hour is holy;

Starry are the heavens, lit with eternal joy;

Light like their own is dawning sweet and slowly

O'er the fair and sculptured forehead of that yet dreaming boy.

Soon he will awaken!

Red as the red rose towards the morning turning,

Warms the youth's lip to the watcher's near his own;

While the dark eyes open, bright, intense, and burning

With a life more glorious than, ere they closed, was known.

Yes, he has awakened For the midright's happy queen ! What is this old history, but a lesson How true love still conquers by t strength of truth—

How all the impulses, whose native later,

Sanctify the visions of hope, and fa youth?

'T is for such they wa

When every worldly thought is utto saken,

Comes the starry midnight, felt gifted few;

Then will the spirit from its earth awaken

To a being more intense, more s and true.

So doth the soul awa Like that youth to night's fair que LETITIA ELIZABETE I

SONG.

DAY, in melting purple dying; Blossoms, all around me sighing Fragrance, from the lilies strayi: Zephyr, with my ringlets playin

Ye but waken my distres I am sick of loneliness!

Thou, to whom I love to hearke Come, ere night around me darl Though thy softness but deceive Say thou'rt true, and I'll believe

Veil, if ill, thy soul's inte Let me think it innocent

Save thy toiling, spare thy treas
All I ask is friendship's pleasure
Let the shining ore lie darklingBring no gem in lustre sparkling
Gifts and gold are naugh
I would only look on the

Tell to thee the high-wrought fe Ecstasy but in revealing;

Paint to thee the deep sensation Rapture in participation;

Yet but torture, if compr In a lone, unfriended bre



MARIA BROOKS.

BONGS.

ent still! Ah! come and bless me! these eyes again caress thee. e in caution, I could fly thee; r, I nothing could deny thee. In a look if death there be, Come, and I will gaze on thee!

ABSENCE.

nall I do with all the days and hours must be counted ere I see thy face? all I charm the interval that lowers een this time and that sweet time of grace?

in slumber steep each weary sense—
y with longing? Shall I flee away
t days, and with some fond pretence
t myself to forget the present day?

re for thee lay on my soul the sin sting from me God's great gift of time? these mists of memory locked within, and forget life's purposes sublime?

, or by what means, may I contrive ng the hour that brings thee back more near? y I teach my drooping hope to live hat blessed time, and thou art here?

hee; for thy sake I will lay hold good aims, and consecrate to thee, y deeds, each moment that is told thou, beloved one! art far from me.

I will arouse my thoughts to try avenward flights, all high and holy etrains; lear sake I will walk patiently th these long hours, nor call their

minutes pains

I will this dreary blank of absence make
A noble task-time; and will therein strive
To follow excellence, and to o'ertake
More good than I have won since yet I live

So may this doomed time build up in me

A thousand graces, which shall thus be
thine;

So may my love and longing hallowed be,
And thy dear thought an influence divine.

France Annz Krasle.

THE GROOMSMAN TO HIS MISTRESS

I,

Every wedding, says the proverb,
Makes another, soon or late;
Never yet was any marriage
Entered in the book of fate,
But the names were also written
Of the patient pair that wait.

LT.

Blessings then upon the morning
When my friend, with fondest look,
By the solemn rites' permission,
To himself his mistress took,
And the destinies recorded
Other two within their book.

1[].

While the priest fulfilled his office,
Still the ground the lovers eyed,
And the parents and the kinsmen
Aimed their glances at the bride;
But the groomsmen eyed the virgins
Who were waiting at her side.

IV.

Three there were that stood beside her;
One was dark, and one was fair;
But nor fair nor dark the other,
Save her Arab eyes and hair;
Neither dark nor fair I call her,
Yet she was the fairest there.

٧.

While her groomsman—shall I own it?
Yes to thee, and only thee—
Gazed upon this dark-eyed maiden
Who was fairest of the three,
Thus he thought: "How blest the bridal
Where the bride were such as she!"

VL

Then I mused upon the adage,

Till my wisdom was perplexed,

And I wondered, as the churchman

Dwelt upon his holy text,

Which of all who heard his lesson

Should require the service next.

VII.

Whose will be the next occasion

For the flowers, the feast, the wine?

Thine, perchance, my dearest lady;

Or, who knows?—it may be mine,

What if't were—forgive the fancy—

What if't were—both mine and thine?

THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS.

SONG.

How delicious is the winning Of a kiss at love's beginning, When two mutual hearts are sighing For the knot there's no untying!

Yet, remember, 'mid-t your wooing, Love has bliss, but love has rueing; Other smiles may make you fickle, Tears for other charms may trickle.

Love he comes, and Love he tarries,
Just as fate our fancy carries;
Longest stays when sorest chidden;
Laughs and flies when pressed and bidden.

Bind the sea to slumber stilly, Bind its odor to the lily, Bind the aspen ne'er to quiver, Then bind love to last forever!

THOMAS CAMPBELL

THE CHRONICLE

A BALLAD.

Margarita first possessed,

If I remember well, my breast,

Margarita first of all;

But when awhile the wanton maid

With my restless heart had played,

Martha took the flying ball.

Martha soon did it resign
To the beauteous Catharine.
Beauteous Catharine gave place
(Though loth and angry she to purt
With the possession of my heart)
To Eliza's conquering face.

Eliza till this hour might reign,
Had she not evil counsels ta'en;
Fundamental laws she broke,
And still new favorites she chose,
Till up in arms my passions rose,
And cast away her yoke.

Mary then, and gentle Anne,
Both to reign at once began;
Alternately they swayed;
And sometimes Mary was the fair,
And sometimes Anne the crown did
And sometimes both I obeyed.

Another Mary then arose,
And did rigorous laws impose;
A mighty tyrant she!
Long, alas! should I have been
Under that iron-sceptred queen,
Had not Rebecca set me free.

When fair Rebecca set me free,
'T was then a golden time with me:
But soon those pleasures fled;
For the gracious princess died
In her youth and beauty's pride,
And Judith reigned in her stead.

One month, three days, and half an Judith held the sovereign power:
Wondrous beautiful her face!

But so weak and small her wit,
That she to govern was unfit,
And so Susanna took her place.

with a resistless flame, the artillery of her eye, the proudly marched about, r conquests to find out, beat out Susan by the bye,

her place I then obeyed eyed Bess, her viceroy-maid, whom ensued a vacancy: and worse passions then possessed terregrum of my breast; and from such an anarchy!

Henrietta then, third Mary next began; I Joan, and Jane, and Andria; I en a pretty Thomasine, I en another Catharine, then a long et catero.

ength and riches of their state; powder, patches, and the pins, bons, jewels, and the rings, e, the paint, and warlike things, make up all their magazines;

and tell the politic arts e and keep men's hearts; letters, embassies, and spies, awas, and smiles, and flatteries, arrels, tears, and perjuries aberless, nameless mysteries!)

I the little lime-twigs laid chiavel the waiting-maid ore voluminous should grow y if I like them should tell ange of weathers that befell) a Holinshed or Stow.

will briefer with them be, ew of them were long with me, higher and a nobler strain esent emperess does claim fora, first of the name; an God grant long to reign!

ABBAHAN COWIET

THE NUN.

Ŧ.

Is you become a nun, dear,
A friar I will be;
In any cell you run, dear,
Pray look behind for me.
The roses all turn pale, too;
The doves all take the vell, too;
The blind will see the show:
What! you become a nun, my dear?
I'll not believe it, no!

П.

If you become a nun, dear,

The bishop Love will be;

The Cupids every one, dear,

Will chant, "We trust in thee!"

The incense will go sighing,

The candles fall a dying,

The water turn to wine:

What! you go take the vows, my dear!

You may—but they'll be mine.

LEGE HUNE.

CRABBED AGE AND YOUTH.

CRABBED age and youth Cannot live together: Youth is full of pleasance, Age is full of care; Youth like summer morn, Age like winter weather; Youth like summer brave, Age like winter bare. Youth is full of sport, Age's breath is short; Youth is nimble, age is lame; Youth is hot and bold, Age is weak and cold; Youth is wild, and age is tame. Age, I do abhor thee, Youth, I do adore thee; O, my love, my love is young! Age, I do defy thee; O, sweet shepherd! hie thee, For methinks thou stay'st too long.

SHAE BUPTARE

THE MAIDEN'S CHOICE.

Genter in personage, Conduct and equipage; Noble by heritage; Generous and free;

Brave, not romantic;
Learned, not pedantic;
Frolic, not frantic—
This must be be.

Honor maintaining,
Meanness disdaining,
Still entertaining,
Engaging and new;

Neat, but not finical; Sage, but not cynical; Never tyrannical, But ever true.

ANONYMOUS.

THE SHEPHERD'S RESOLUTION.

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman 's fair?
Or make pale my checks with care,
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May—
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?

Shall my foolish heart be pined
'Cause I see a woman kind?
Or a well-disposed nature
Joined with a lovely feature?
Be she meeker, kinder, than
The turtle dove or pelican—
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or, her well descryings known,
Make me quite forget mine own?
Be she with that goodness blest,
Which may merit name of best,
If she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be?

Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?
Those that bear a noble mind
Where they want of riches find,
Think what with them they would
That without them dare to woo;
And unless that mind I see,

What care I how great she be

Great, or good, or kind, or fair.

I will ne'er the more despair.

If she love me, this believe—

I will die ere she shall grieve.

If she slight me when I woo.

I can scorn and let her go;

For if she be not for me,

What care I for whom she be

Gronge WE

SONG.

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?

Pr'y thee, why so pale?—

Will, when looking well can't move!

Looking ill prevail?

Pr'y thee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner Pr'y thee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win!
Saying nothing do 't?
Pr'y thee, why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame! this will not in This cannot take her—

If of herself she will not love,

Nothing can make her:

The devil take her!

SIR JOHN SUCE

FLY NOT YET.

FLY not yet—'t is just the hour When pleasure, like the midnight flo That scorns the eye of vulgar light, Begins to bloom for sons of night,

And maids who love the moon!
'I was but to bless these hours of ah
That beauty and the moon were mad



n their soft attractions glowing tides and goblets flowing!! stay,—oh! stay,—eldom weaves a chain a to-night, that oh! 't is pain break its links so soon.

yet! the fount that played,
of old, through Ammon's shade,
icy cold by day it ran,
, like sounds of mirth, began
burn when night was near;
as should woman's heart and looks
be cold as winter-brooks,
dle till the night, returning,
heir genial hour for burning.
! stay,—oh! stay,—
id morning ever break
d such beaming eyes awake
those that sparkle here!

CEITFULNESS OF LOVE.

at by the summer sea, on whom scorn wasteth, let thy musing be here the flood hasteth. I how o'er ocean's breast the hoar billow's crest; is his heart's unrest, be of love tasteth.

'st thou that hearts should change it where life reigneth, ie free sight doth range, not long remainsth? I with her flowers doth die; failes the gilded sky; the full moon on high isclessly waneth.

, then, ye sage and wise:
d if love sever
s which thy soul doth prize,
h does it ever!
as the rolling seas,
s the twilight breeze,
f more than these
ast could it never!

AHONTMODE

THE CHEAT OF CUPID;

OR, THE UNGENTLE GUEST.

One silent night of late,

When every creature rested,

Came one unto my gate,

And, knocking, me molested.

Who 's there, said I, beats there,
And troubles thus the sleepy !
Cast off, said he, all fear,
And let not locks thus keep thee.

For I a boy am, who
By moonless nights have swerved;
And all with showers wet through,
And e'en with cold half starved.

I, pitiful, arose,
And soon a taper lighted;
And did myself disclose
Unto the lad benighted.

I saw he had a bow,

And wings, too, which did shiver;

And, looking down below,

I spied he had a quiver.

I to my chimney's shrine Brought him, as Love professes, And chafed his hands with mine, And dried his dripping tresses.

But when that he felt warmed:

Let's try this bow of ours,

And string, if they be harmed,

Said he, with these late showers.

Forthwith his bow he bent,
And wedded string and arrow,
And struck me, that it went
Quite through my heart and marrow

Then, laughing loud, he flew Away, and thus said flying: Adieu, mine host, adieu! I'll leave thy heart a-dying.

ANAGREOM (Greek)

Translation of Ronzer Hunnick,

IF I DESIRE WITH PLEASANT SONGS.

If I desire with pleasant songs

To throw a merry hour away,

Comes Love unto me, and my wrongs

In careful tale he doth display,

And asks me how I stand for singing,

While I my helpless hands am wringing.

And then another time, if I
A noon in shady bower would pass,
Comes he with stealthy gestures sly,
And flinging down upon the grass,
Quoth he to me: My master dear,
Think of this noontide such a year!

And if elsewhile I lay my head
On pillow, with intent to sleep,
Lies Love beside me on the bed,
And gives me ancient words to keep;
Says he: These looks, these tokens number—

So every time when I would yield
An hour to quiet, comes he still;
And hunts up every sign concealed,
And every outward sign of ill;
And gives me his sad face's pleasures
For merriment's, or sleep's, or leisure's.

May be, they'll help you to a slumber.

THOMAS BURBIDGE.

THE ANNOYER.

And every shape of earth,
And comes unbidden everywhere,
Like thought's mysterious birth.
The moonlit sea and the sunset sky
Are written with Love's words,
And you hear his voice unceasingly,
Like song in the time of birds.

He peeps into the warrior's heart

From the tip of a stooping plume,
And the serried spears, and the many men
May not deny him room.

He'll come to his tent in the weary night,
And he busy in his dream,
And he'll float to his eye in the morning light,
Like a fay on a silver beam.

He hears the sound of the hunter's gun,
And rides on the echo back,
And sighs in his ear like a stirring leaf,
And flits in his woodland track.
The shade of the wood, and the sheen of the
river,
The cloud and the open sky,—

He will haunt them all with his subtle quire

Like the light of your very eye.

The fisher hangs over the leaning boat,
And ponders the silver sea,
For Love is under the surface hid,
And a spell of thought has he.
He heaves the wave like a bosom sweet,

And speaks in the ripple low, Till the bait is gone from the crafty line, And the hook hangs bare below.

He blurs the print of the scholar's book,
And intrudes in the maiden's prayer,
And profanes the cell of the holy man
In the shape of a lady fair.
In the darkest night, and the bright daylight
In earth, and sea, and sky,
In every home of human thought
Will Love be lurking nigh.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLS

THE DULE'S I' THIS BONNET O' MIN

The dule's i' this bonnet o' mine:

My ribbins 'll never be reet;

Here, Mally, aw 'm like to be fine,

For Jamie'll be comin' to-neet;

He met me i' th' lone t'other day

(Aw wur gooin' for wayter to th' well),

An' he begged that aw'd wed him i' May,

Bi th' mass, if he 'll let me, aw will!

When he took my two honds into his,
Good Lord, heaw they trembled between
An' aw durstn't look up in his face.
Becose on him seein' my e'en.
My cheek went as red as a rose;
There's never a mortal con tell
Heaw happy aw felt—for, that knows,
One couldn't ha' axed him theirsel'.

But th' tale wur at th' end o' my tung:
To let it eawt wouldn't be reet,

hought to seem forrud wur wrung; towd him aw'd tell him to-neet. ly, that knows very weel, h it isn't a thing one should own, th' pikein' o' th' world to mysel', oather ha' Jamie or noan.

lally, aw 've towd that my mind; would to do iv it wur thee? ak him just while he 'se inclined, farrantly bargain he 'll be; ie 's as greadly a lad ir stept eawt into th' sun. p at thy chance, an' get wed; ak th' best o' th' job when it 's done!"

I but it's time to be gwon:
ouldn't like Jamie to wait;
out for shame be too soon,
v wouldn't for th' wuld be too late.
'ov a tremble to th' heel:
hink 'at my bonnet 'll do?
lass—thae looks very weel;
nts noan o' th' bonnet, thae foo!"
EDWIK WAUGE.

RORY O'MORE;

OR, GOOD CMENS.

I.

lory O'More courted Kathleen bawn; pold as the hawk, and she soft as the lwn;

ed in his heart pretty Kathleen to ease,

:hought the best way to do that was tease.

?ory, be aisy," sweet Kathleen would 'y,

on her lip, but a smile in her eye—our tricks, I don't know, in throth, hat I'm about;

a've teazed till I've put on my cloak side out."

ewel," says Rory, "that same is the ay

krated my heart for this many a day; plazed that I am, and why not, to a sure?

all for good luck," says bold Rory

II,

"Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "do n't think of the like,

For I half gave a promise to soothering Mike;

The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll he bound "—

"Faith!" says Rory, "I'd rather love you than the ground."

"Now, Rory, I'll ory if you don't let me go; Sure I dream ev'ry night that I'm hating you so!"

"Och!" says Rory, "that same I'm delighted to hear,

For dhrames always go by conthraries, my dear.

Och! jewel, keep dhraming that same till you die,

And bright morning will give dirty night the black lie!

And 't is plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure?

Since 't is all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

Ш.

"Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you've teazed me enough;

Sure I've thrashed, for your sake, Dinny Grimes and Jim Duff;

And I've made myself, drinking your health, quite a baste,

So I think, after that, I may talk to the priest."

Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck,

So soft and so white, without freckle or speck;

And he looked in her eyes, that were beaming with light,

And he kissed her sweet lips—don't you think he was right?

"Now Rory, leave off, sir—you'll hug me no more—

That 's eight times to-day you have kissed me before."

"Then here goes another," says he, ' to make sure,

For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.

BANUEL LOVER

COMING TI

OUGH THE BYE.

Gra a bod,
Comin'
Gin a body
Need a i
Every lassi
Ne'er a a
Yet a' the l
When oo
Amang the tr
I dearly lo'

But whater hi

I dinna car

net a body
ough the rye,
as a body,
y cry t
us her laddie—
has I;
s they smile at me
of through the rre.

Gin a body
Comin' f
Gin a body
Need a b
Every lassic
Ne'er a au
Yet a' the la

When comm' through the tye.

Among the train there is a strain

I dearly lo'e mysel';

But whour his hame, or what his name,
I dinna care to tell.

ANORTHOUGH

MOLLY CAREW.

Oon hone! and what will I do?
Sure my love is all crost,
Like a bud in the frost;

And there's no use at all in my going to bed.

For 't is dhrames and not sleep that comes
into my head;

And 't is all about you,
My sweet Molly Carew—

And indeed 't is a sin and a shame!
You 're complater than nature
In every feature;
The snow can't compare

With your forehead so fair;
And I rather would see just one blink of your
eye

Than the prettiest star that shance out of the sky;

And by this and by that, For the matter o' that, You're more distant by far the Och hone! weirasthru! I'm alone in this world

Och hone! but why should I of your forehead and eye When your nose it defies Paddy Blake, the schoolmaster,

The there is one Burke, he cay

rhyme;

And then for your check Troth 't would take him Its beauties to tell, as he Then your lips! oh, mad In their beautiful glow They a pattern might be For the cherries to gro

"I was an apple that tempted on know,

For apples were scarce, I suppose But at this time o' day, 'Pon my conscience I'll s

Such cherries might tempt a r Och hone! weirasthru! I'm alone in this world v

Och hone' by the man in the You taze me all ways That a woman can place, For you dance twice as high we Pat Magee,

As when you take share of a j

For fear the old cheat
Would n't play you your favor
And when you're at may
My devotion you crass,
For 't is thinking of you
I am, Molly Carew.

Tho' the piper I bate,

While you wear, on purpose, also That I can't at your sweet prepage.

Oh, lave off that bonnet,
Or else I'll lave on it
The loss of my wanderir
Och hone I weirasthr
Och hone! like an owl,
Day is nigght, dear,
you!



SONGS.

Ich hone! do n't provoke me to do it;
For there's girls by the score
That loves me—and more;
d you'd look very quare if some morning
you'd meet

wedding all marching in pride down the

Troth, you'd open your eyes,
And you'd die with surprise
o think 't was n't you was come to it!
And faith, Katty Nalle,
And her cow, I go ball,
Would jump if I'd say,
"Katty Nalle, name the day;"
I the' you 're fair and fresh as a morning
in May,
le she 's short and dark like a cold win-

ter's day,
Yet if you do n't repent
Before Easter, when Lant
ever, I'll marry for spite,
Och hone! weirasthru!
And when I die for you,
[7 ghost will haunt you every night.

SAMUEL LOVES,

WIDOW MACHREE.

I,

ow machree, it is no wonder you frown—
Och hone! widow machree;
h, it ruins your looks, that same dirty
black gown—
Och hone! widow machree.
How altered your sir,
With that close cap you wear—
T is destroying your hair,
Which should be flowing free:
Be no longer a chur!
Of its black silken curl—
Och hone! widow machree!

n,

low machree, now the summer is come— Och hone! widow machree en every thing smiles, should a beauty look glun? Och hone! widow machree! See the birds go in pairs,
And the rabbits and hares—
Why, even the bears
Now in couples agree;
And the mute little fish,
Though they can 't spake, they wish—
Och hone! widow machree.

10

Widow machree, and when winter comes in—
Och hone! widow machree—
To be poking the fire all alone is a sin,
Och hone! widow machree.
Sure the shovel and tongs
To each other belongs,
And the kettle sings songs
Full of family glee;
While alone with your cup,
Like a hermit you sup,
Och hone! widow machree.

IV

And how do you know, with the comforts

, I 've towld—

Och hone! widow machree—

But you 're keeping some poor fellow out in

the cowld,

Och hone! widow machree!

With such sins on your head,

Sure your peace would be fled;

Could you sleep in your bed

Could you sleep in your bed
Without thinking to see
Some ghost or some sprite,
That would wake you each night,
Orying, "Och hone! widow machine!"

v.

Then take my advice, darling widow mechree—

Och hone I widow machree—
And with my advice, faith, I wish you'd take
me,

Och houe! widow machree!
You'd have me to desire
Then to stir up the fire;
And sure hope is no liar
In whispering to me,
That the ghosts would depart
When you'd me near your heart—
Och hone! widow machree!

GARUEL LOVER-

STANZAS.

OH, talk not to me of a name great in story;
The days of our youth are the days of our glory,

And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-andtwenty

Are worth all your laurels, though ever so plenty.

What are garlands and crowns to the brow that is wrinkled?

'T is but as a dead flower with May-dew besprinkled.

Then away with all such from the head that is hoary!

What care I for the wreaths that can only give glory?

O fame! if I e'er took delight in thy praises,
'T was less for the sake of thy high-sounding
phrases

Than to see the bright eyes of the dear one discover

She thought that I was not unworthy to love her.

There chiefly I sought thee, there only I found thee;

Her glance was the best of the rays that surround thee;

When it sparkled o'er aught that was bright in my story,

I knew it was love, and I felt it was glory.

LORD BYRCK.

LOVE UNREQUITED.

Though thou say'st thou lov'st me not,
And although thou bidd'st me blot
From my heart, and from my brain,
All this consciousness of thee,
With its longing, its blest pain,
And its deathless memory
Of the hope—ah, why in vain?—
That thy great heart might beat for me;—
Ask it not,—love fixed so high,
Though unrequited, cannot die;
In my soul such love hath root,
And the world shall have the fruit.

Anominous.

SONNET.

Since there's i.o help, come, let us k part!

Nay, I have done; you get no more c And I am glad, yea, glad with all my That thus so clearly I myself can free. Shake hands forever, cancel all our vo And when we meet at any time again Be it not seen, on either of our brows That we one jot of former love retain Now at the last gasp of love's latest the When, his pulse failing, passion spelies,

When faith is kneeling by his bed of a And innocence is closing up his eyes; Now, if thou wouldst, when all hav him over,

From death to life thou might'st him cover.

MICHAEL DE

JENNY KISSED ME.

Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in,
Time, you thief! who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in.
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad;
Say that health and wealth have miss
Say I'm growing old, but add—
Jenny kissed n

THE MAID'S LAMENT.

I LOVED him not; and yet, now he i I feel I am alone.

I checked him while he spoke; yet, c speak,

Alas! I would not check.

For reasons not to love him once I so And wearied all my thought

To vex myself and him; I now would My love, could he but live

Who lately lived for me, and, when he 'T was vain, in holy ground

He hid his face amid the shades of deal I waste for him my breath



ted his for me; but mine returns, this lone bosom burns ling heat, heaving it up in eleep, waking me to weep t had melted his soft heart; for years t he as bitter tears! d God!" such was his latest prayer, ese may she never share!" s his breath, his breast more cold a daisies in the mould, hildren spell, athwart the churchyard gate, name and life's brief date. him, gentle souls, whoe'er ye be, i oh! pray, too, for me! WALTER BATAGE LANDOR

MISCONCEPTIONS.

s a spray the bird clung to, sing it blossom with pleasure, se high tree-top she sprung to, for her nest and her treasure. what a hope beyond measure he poor spray's, which the flying feet hung to, be singled out, built in, and sung to!

s a heart the queen leant on, illed in a minute erratic, to true bosom she beut on, to for love's regal dalmatic.

what a fancy ecstatic the poor heart's, ere the wanderer went on—

to be saved for it, proffered to, spent on!

ROBERT BROWNING.

ONE WAY OF LOVE.

une I bound the rose in sheaves; rose by rose, I strip the leaves, trew them where Pauline may pass. ill not turn aside? Alas! tem lie. Suppose they die? hance was they might take her eye. 11.

How many a month I strove to suit These stubborn fingers to the lute! To-day I venture all I know. She will not hear my music? So! Break the string—fold music's wing. Suppose Pauline had bade me sing!

Tit

My whole life long I learned to love;
This hour my utmost art I prove
And speak my passion.—Heaven or hell?
She will not give me heaven? 'T is well
Lose who may—I still can say,
Those who win heaven, blest are they.

ROBERT BROWNING.

BALLAD.

Sien on, sad heart, for love's eclipse
And beauty's fairest queen,
Though 't is not for my peasant lips
To soil her name between.
A king might lay his sceptre down,
But I am poor and naught;
The brow should wear a golden crown
That wears her in its thought.

The diamonds glancing in her hair,
Whose sudden beams surprise,
Might bid such humble hopes beware
The glancing of her eyes;
Yet, looking once, I looked too long;
And if my love is sin,
Death follows on the heels of wrong,
And kills the crime within.

Her dress seemed wove of lily leaves,
It was so pure and fine—
Oh lofty wears, and lowly weaves,
But hodden gray is mine;
And homely hose must step apart,
Where gartered princes stand;
But may he wear my love at heart
That wins her lily hand!

Alas! there 's far from russet frieze
To silks and satin gowns;
But I doubt if God made like degrees
In courtly hearts and clowns.

My father wronged a maiden's mirth,
And brought her cheeks to blame;
And all that 's lordly of my birth
Is my reproach and shame!

'T is vain to weep, 't is vain to sigh,
'T is vain this idle speech—
For where her happy pearls do lie
My tears may never reach;
Yet when I 'm gone, e'en lofty pride
May say, of what has been,
His love was nobly born and died,
Tho' all the rest was mean!

My speech is rude,—but speech is weak
Such love as mine to tell;
Yet had I words, I dare not speak:
So, lady, fare thee well!
I will not wish thy better state
Was one of low degree,
But I must weep that partial fate
Made such a churl of me.

THOMAS HOOD.

THE DREAM.

I.

Our life is twofold: sleep hath its own world—
A boundary between the things misnamed
Death and existence: sleep hath its own world,
And a wide realm of wild reality;
And dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of
joy;

They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts;

They take a weight from off our waking toils;
They do divide our being; they become
A portion of ourselves as of our time,
And look like heralds of eternity;
They pass like spirits of the past,—they speak
Like sibyls of the future; they have power—
The tyranny of pleasure and of pain;
They make us what we were not—what they
will;

They shake us with the vision that's gone by, The dread of vanished shadows—are they so? Is not the past all shadow? What are they? Oreations of the mind?—the mind can make Substance, and people planets of its own With beings brighter than have been, an give

A breath to forms which can outlive all fiest I would recall a vision, which I dreamed Perchance in sleep—for in itself a thought, A slumbering thought, is capable of years, And curdles a long life into one hour.

П.

I saw two beings in the hues of youth Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill, Green and of mild declivity; the last, As 't were the cape, of a long ridge of such, Save that there was no sea to lave its base, But a most living landscape, and the wave Of woods and cornfields, and the abodes of men

Scattered at intervals, and wreathing smoke Arising from such rustic roofs;—the hill Was crowned with a peculiar diadem Of trees, in circular array—so fixed, Not by the sport of nature, but of man. These two, a maiden and a youth, were the Gazing—the one on all that was beneath; Fair as herself—but the boy gazed on her; And both were young, and one was beneath ful;

And both were young—yet not alike youth.

As the sweet moon on the horizon's verge,
The maid was on the eve of womanhood;
The boy had fewer summers; but his hear
Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye
There was but one beloved face on earth,
And that was shining on him; he had look
Upon it till it could not pass away;
He had no breath, no being, but in hers;
She was his voice; he did not speak to her
But trembled on her words; she was
sight,

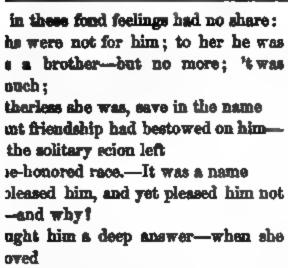
For his eye followed hers, and saw whers,

Which colored all his objects;—he had cess
To live within himself; she was his life,
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
Which terminated all; upon a tone,

A touch of hers, his blood would ebb a flow,

And his cheek change tempestuously---

Unknowing of its cause of agony.



r. Even now she loved another; the summit of that hill she stood ; afar, if yet her lover's steed see with her expectancy, and flew.

ge came o'er the spirit of my dream: ras an ancient mansion; and before s there was a steed caparisoned. an antique oratory stood f of whom I spake ;—he was alone, le, and pacing to and fro. Anon s him down, and seized a pen and raced which I could not guess of; then he red head on his hands, and shook, as convulsion—then arose again: th his teeth and quivering hands did e had written; but he shed no tears. did calm himself, and fix his brow ind of quiet. As he paused, y of his love reëntered there; serone and smiling then; and yet ew she was by him beloved; she Dew-nickly comes such knowledge! that is heart kened with her shadow, and she saw was wretched; but she saw not all. , and with a cold and gentle grasp her hand; a moment o'er his face : of unatterable thoughts ced; and then it faded as it came. ped the hand he held, and with slow ; but not as bidding her adieu, 41

For they did part with mutual smiles. He passed

From out the massy gate of that old hall;

And, mounting on his steed, he went his way;

And ne'er repassed that heavy threshold

IV.

more.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream:
The boy was sprung to manhood. In the
wilds

Of fiery climes he made himself a home, And his soul drank their sunbeams; he was girt

With strange and dusky aspects; he was not Himself like what he had been; on the sea And on the shore he was a wanderer; There was a mass of many images Crowded like waves upon me, but he was A part of all; and in the last he lay, Reposing from the noontide sultriness, Conched among fallen columns, in the shade Of ruined walls that had survived the names Of those who reared them; by his sleeping side

Stood camels grazing, and some goodly steeds
Were fastened near a fountain; and a man
Clad in a flowing garb did watch the while,
While many of his tribe slumbered around;
And they were canopied by the blue sky—
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
That God alone was to be seen in heaven.

V

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream:
The lady of his love was wed with one
Who did not love her better. In her home,
A thousand leagues from his,—her native
home—

She dwelt, begirt with growing infancy,
Daughters and sons of beauty. But behold!
Upon her face there was the tint of grief,
The settled shadow of an inward strife,
And an unquiet drooping of the eye,
As if its lids were charged with unshed tears.
What could her grief be?—She had all she loved;

And he who had so loved her was not there
To trouble with bad hopes or evil wish,
Or ill-repressed affection, her pure thoughts.
What could her grief be?—she had loved him

not,

Nor given him cause to deem himself beloved;

Nor could he be a part of that which preyed open her mind—a spectre of the past.

YL

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The wanderer was returned—I saw him stand
Before an altar, with a gentle bride;
Her face was fair; but was not that which
made

The starlight of his boyhood. As Even at the altar, o'er his brow to The self-same aspect, and the quive That in the antique oratory shood His bosom in its solitude; and the As in that hour—a moment o'er. The tablet of unutterable though Was traced—and then it faded as And he stood calm and quiet; as The fitting yows, but heard a words;

And all things reeled around him; he could see

Not that which was, nor that which should have been—

But the old mansion, and the accustomed hall,

And the remembered chambers, and the place,

The day, the hour, the sunshine, and the shade—

All things pertaining to that place and hour, And her who was his destiny—came back And thrust themselves between him and the light;

What business had they there at such a time?

٧ſL

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream:
The lady of his love—oh! she was changed,
As by the sickness of the soul; her mind
Had wandered from its dwelling; and her
eves.

They had not their own lustre, but the look Which is not of the earth; she was become The queen of a fantastic realm; her thoughts Were combinations of disjointed things, And forms impalpable, and unperceived Of others' sight, familiar were to hers. And this the world calls frenzy; but

Have a far deeper madness, and the glad Of melancholy is a fearful gift; What is it but the telescope of truth? Which strips the distance of its fantasics, And brings life near to utter nakodness, Making the cold reality too real!

TIL

anderer was alone, as heretofore; sings which surrounded him were a marking at war with him; he was a marking that and desolation—compassed rounded and contention; pain was marking the Pontic monarch of old days, ton poisons; and they had no powers a kind of nutriment. He lived gh that which had been death to make men;

the stars.

And the quick spirit of the universe,
He held his dialogues, and they did teach
To him the magic of their mysteries;
To him the book of night was opened wide.
And voices from the deep abyss revealed
A marvel and a secret—Be it so.

H

My dream was past; it had no furthe change.

It was of a strange order, that the doom Of these two creatures should be thus trace

Almost like a reality—the one To end in madness—both in misery.

LORD BYRGE

ASK ME NO MORE.

Ask me no more: the moon may draw the sea;

The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the shape,

With fold to fold, of mountain or of caps.
But, oh too fond, when have I answered thee!
Ask me no more.



IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

me no more: what answer should I give? love not hollow cheek or faded eye; et, O my friend, I will not have thee die! me no more, lest I should bid thee live; Ask me no more.

. me no more: thy fate and mine are sealed.

strove against the stream and all in vain.

et the great river take me to the main.

more, dear love, for at a touch I yield;

Ask me no more!

ALPED THENTON.

WHEN WE TWO PARTED.

Ween we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted,
To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
Colder thy kies;
Truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning
Sunk chill on my brow—
It felt like the warning
Of what I feel now.
Thy vows are all broken,
And light is thy fame;
I hear thy name spoken,
And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,
A knell to mine ear;
A shudder comes o'er me—
Why wert thou so dear?
They know not I knew thee,
Who knew thee too well.
Long, long, shall I rue thee
Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met—
In silence I grieve,
That thy heart could forget,
T: y spirit deceive.

If I should meet thee
After long years,
How should I greet thee!—
In silence and tears.
Long Byson.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

An August evening, on a balcony
That overlooked a woodland and a lake,
I sat in the still air, and talked with one
Whose face shone fairer than the crescent
moon.

Just over-head, a violin and flute Played prelude to a dance. Their longdrawn chords

Poured through the windows, gaping summer-wide,

A flood of notes that, flowing outward, swept To the last ripple of the orchard trees.

I had not known her long, but loved her more

Than I could dream of then—oh, even now I dare not dwell upon my passion,—more Than life itself I loved her, and still love.

The white enchantment of her dimpled hand Lay soft in mine! I looked into her eyes; I knew I was unworthy, but I felt That I was noble if she did but smile.

A light of stars shone round her head; I saw The sombre shores that gloomed the lake below:

The shadows settling on the distant hills;
I heard the pleasant music of the night,
Brought by the wind, a vagrant messenger,
From the deep forest and the broad, sweet
fields.

But when she spoke, and her pervasive voice Stole on me till I trembled to my knees. I pressed my lips to hers—then round me glowed

A sudden light, that seemed to flash me on, Beyond myself, beyond the fainting stars. Then all the bleak disheartenings of a life. That had not been of pleasure faded off.

And left me with a purpose, and a hope That I was born for something braver than To hang my head and wear a nameless name.

That hour has passed, nor ever came again.
We all do live such—so I would believe.
Life's mere arithmetic and prose are mine,
And I have missed the beauty of the world.

Let this remembrance combet me that when

My heart seemed burs wave.

That, swollen with fea.

Throws its strong life of Of finding peace and unlift fell on rock and broken

Else could I bear, on all Not now alone—this ger When soythes are busy in

And the full moon warms me to thoughtfulness,—

This voice, that haunts the desert of my soul; "It might have been," alas! "It might have been!"

WILLIAM CROSS WELLIAMSON.

WE PARTED IN SILENCE.

We parted in silence, we parted by night,
On the banks of that lonely river;
Where the fragrant limes their boughs unite,
We met—and we parted for ever!
The night-bird sung, and the stars above
Told many a touching story,
Of friends long passed to the kingdom of
love,
Where the soul wears its mantle of glory.

We parted in silence—our cheeks were wet
With the tears that were past controlling;
We vowed we would never—no, never forget,

And those vows at the time were consoling;

But those lips that echoed the sounds:
Are as cold as that lonely river;
And that eye, that beautiful spirit's in
Has shrouded its fires for ever.

And now on the midnight sky I look;
And my heart grows full of weeping
Each star is to me a sealed book,
Some tale of that loved one keeping
We parted in silence—we parted in to
On the banks of that lonely river:
Let the odor and bloom of those b
years
Shall hang o'er its waters for ever.
Man. Chas

IN A YEAR.

While I live,

While I live,

Need I hope to see his face
As before.

Once his love grown chill,

Mine may strive—

Bitterly we reembrace,

Single still.

Was it something said,
Something done,
Vexed him? was it touch of hand.
Turn of head?
Strange! that very way
Love begun.
I as little understand
Love's decay.

When I sewed or drew,
I recall
How he looked as if I sang
—Sweetly too.
If I spoke a word,
First of all
Up his cheek the color sprang.
Then he heard.

Sitting by my side,

At my feet,
So he breathed the air I breathed,
Satisfied!



MARIANA IN THE SOUTH.

o, at love's brim

Touched the sweet.

uld die if death bequeathed

Sweet to him.

eak—I love thee best!"

He exclaimed—
t thy love my own foretell."
I confessed:
sep my heart on thine
Now unblamed,
se upon thy soul as well
Hangeth mine!"

a it wrong to own,
Being truth!
y should all the giving prove
His alone?
ad wealth and ease,
Beauty, youth—
to my lover gave me love,
I gave these.

at was all I meant,

-To be just,
d the passion I had raised
To content.
ce he chose to change
Gold for dust,
gave him what he praised
Was it strange!

old he loved me yet,
On and on,
ile I found some way undreamed
—Paid my debt!
'e more life and more,
Till, all gone,
should smile "She never seemed
Mine before.

hat—she felt the while,

Must I think?

s's so different with us men,"

He should smile.

ing for my sake—

White and pink?

't we touch these bubbles then

But they break?"

Dear, the pang is brief.

Do thy part,

Have thy pleasure. How perplext

Grows belief!

Well, this cold clay clod

Was man's heart.

Crumble it—and what comes next?

Is it God?

Roman Bacwamo

MARIANA IN THE SOUTH.

I.

Wirm one black shadow at its feet,

The house through all the level shines,
Close-latticed to the brooding heat,
And silent in its dusty vines;
A faint-blue ridge upon the right,
An empty river-bed before,
And shallows on a distant shore,
In glaring sand and inlets bright.

But "Ave Mary," made she moan,
And "Ave Mary," night and morn;
And "Ah," she sang, "to be all alone,
To live forgotten, and love forlore."

11.

She, as her carol sadder grew,
From brow and bosom slowly down
Through rosy taper fingers drew
Her streaming curls of deepest brown
To left and right, and made appear,
Still-lighted in a secret shrine,
Her melancholy eyes divine,
The home of woe without a tear.
And "Ave Mary," was her moan,
"Madonna, sad is night and morn;"
And "Ah," she sang, "to be all alone,
To live forgotten, and love forlorn."

ш.

Till all the crimson changed, and passed
Into deep orange o'er the sen,
Low on her knees herself she cast,
Before Our Lady murmured she;
Complaining, "Mother, give me grace
To help me of my weary load!"
And on the liquid mirror glowed.
The clear perfection of her face.

"Is this the form," she made her moan,
"That won his praises night and morn?"
And "Ah," she said, "but I wake alone,
I sleep forgotten, I wake forlorn."

IV.

Nor bird would sing, nor lamb would bleat,

Nor any cloud would cross the vault;

But day increased from heat to heat,

On stony drought and steaming salt;

Till now at noon she slept again,

And seemed knee-deep in mountain grass,

And heard her native breezes pass,

And runlets babbling down the glen.

She breathed in sleep a lower moan;

And murmuring, as at night and morn,

She thought, "My spirit is here alone,

Walks forgotten, and is forlorn."

V,

She felt he was and was not there.
She woke: the babble of the stream
Fell, and without the steady glare
Shrank the sick olive sere and small.
The river-bed was dusty white;
And all the furnace of the light
Struck up against the blinding wall.
She whispered, with a stifled moan
More inward than at night or morn,
"Sweet mother, let me not here alone
Live forgotten, and die forlorn."

VI.

And, rising, from her bosom drew
Old letters, breathing of her worth;
For "Love," they said, "must needs be true,
To what is loveliest upon earth."
An image seemed to pass the door.
To look at her with slight, and say,
"But now thy beauty flows away,
Bo be alone for evermore."

"O cruel heart," she changed her tone,
"And cruel love, whose end is scorn,
Is this the end—to be left alone,
To live forgotten, and die forlorn!"

VII.

But sometimes in the falling day

An image seemed to pass the door,

To look into her eyes and say,

"But thou shalt be alone no more."

And flaming downward over all,
From heat to heat the day dec
And slowly rounded to the eas
The one black shadow from the
"The day to night," she mad
"The day to night, the ni
And day and night I am left
To live forgotten, and love

VIII.

At eve a dry cicala sung;

There came a sound as of the a Backward the lattice-blind she fl And leaned upon the balcony.

There, all in spaces rosy-bright,

Large Hesper glittered on her And deepening through the si Heaven over heaven, rose the nig And weeping then she mad "The night comes on tha morn;

When I shall cease to be all To live forgotten, and lov

SONG.

"A WEARY lot is thine, fair
A weary lot is thine!
To pull the thorn thy brow
And press the rue for wir
A lightsome eye, a soldier's
A feather of the blue,
A doublet of the Lincoln gr
No more of me you knew
My lo

"This morn is merry June,
The rose is budding fain;
But she shall bloom in wint
Ere we two meet again."
He turned his charger as he
Upon the river shore;
He gave his bridle reins a s
Said, "Adieu for evermore."

Box W

LOCKSLEY HALL.

yet 't is early morn—

e me here, and when you want me, sound upon the bugle horn.

the place, and all around it, as of old, the curlews call,

ry gleams about the moorland, flying over Locksley Hall;

ley Hall, that in the distance overlooks the sandy tracts,

the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cateracts.

a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I went to rest,

look on great Orion sloping slowly to the west.

a night I saw the Pleiads, rising through the mellow shade,

r like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid.

about the beach I wandered, nourishing a youth sublime

the fairy tales of science, and the long result of time;

the centuries behind me like a fruitful land reposed;

I clung to all the present for the promise that it closed;

I dipt into the future far as human eye could see—

he vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be.

- spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast;
- e spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest;
- spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove;
- e spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

Then her cheek was pale and thinner than should be for one so young,

And her eyes on all my motions with a mute observance hung.

And I said, "My cousin Amy, speak, and speak the truth to me;

Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being sets to thee."

On her pallid cheek and forehead came a color and a light,

As I have seen the rosy red flushing in the northern night.

And she turned—her bosom shaken with a sudden storm of sighs—

All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark of hazel eyes—

Saying, "I have hid my feelings, fearing they should do me wrong;"

Saying, "Dost thou love me, cousin?" weeping, "I have loved thee long."

Love took up the glass of time, and turned it in his glowing hands;

Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.

Love took up the harp of life, and smote on all the chords with might;

Smote the chord of self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight.

Many a morning on the moorland did we hear the copses ring,

And her whisper thronged my pulses with the fulness of the spring.

Many an evening by the waters did we watch the stately ships,

And our spirits rushed together at the touch ing of the lips.

Oh my cousin, shallow-hearted! Oh my Amy, mine no more!

Oh the dreary, dreary moorland! Oh the barren barren shore!

Falser than all fancy fathoms, falser than all Cursed be the sickly forms that err free songs have sung-

Puppet to a father's threat, and servile to a shrewish tongue!

Is it well to wish thee happy ?—having known me: to decline

On a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart than mine!

Yet it shall be: thou shalt lower to his level day by day,

What is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathize with clay.

As the husband is, the wife is; thou art mated with a clown,

And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down.

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its novel force,

Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse.

What is this? his eyes are heavy—think not they are glazed with wine.

Go to him; it is thy duty—kiss him; take his hand in thine.

It may be my lord is weary, that his brain is overwrought-

Soothe him with thy finer fancies, touch him with thy lighter thought.

He will answer to the purpose, easy things to understand-

Better thou wert dead before me, though I slew thee with my hands.

Better thou and I were lying, hidden from the heart's disgrace,

Rolled in one another's arms, and silent in a last embrace.

Cursed be the social wants that sin against the strength of youth!

Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living truth!

honest nature's rule!

Cursed be the gold that gilds the straitened forehead of the fool!

Well—'t is well that I should bluster!—Hade thou less unworthy proved,

Would to God-for I had loved thee more than ever wife was loved.

Am I mad, that I should cherish that which bears but bitter fruit?

I will pluck it from my bosom, though my heart be at the root.

Never! though my mortal summers to such length of years should come

As the many-wintered crow that leads the clanging rookery home.

Where is comfort? in division of the records of the mind?

Can I part her from herself, and love her, I knew her, kind?

I remember one that perished; sweetly did she speak and move;

Such a one do I remember, whom to look # was to love.

Can I think of her as dead, and love her for the love she bore?

No-she never loved me truly; love is love for evermore.

Comfort? comfort scorned of devils! this truth the poet sings,

That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remem bering happier things.

Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it, les thy heart be put to proof,

In the dead, unhappy night, and when the rain is on the roof.

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams; and thou ar staring at the wall,

Where the dying night-lamp flickers, and th shadows rise and fall.

LOCKSLEY HALL.

- to his drunken sleep,
- thy widowed marriage-pillows, to the tears that thou wilt weep.
- m shalt hear the "Never, never," whispered by the phantom years,
- d a song from out the distance in the ringing of thine ears;
- d an eye shall vex thee, looking ancient kindness on thy pain.
- m thee, turn thee on thy pillow; get thee to thy rest again.
- y, but nature brings thee solace; for a tender voice will cry;
- is a purer life than thine; a lip to drain thy trouble dry.
- aby lips will laugh me down; my latest rival brings thee rest-
- sby fingers, waxen touches, press me from the mother's breast.
- h, the child, too, clothes the father with a dearness not his due;
- alf is thine, and half is his—it will be worthy of the two.
- h, I see thee, old and formal, fitted to thy petty part,
- ith a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's heart:
- hey were dangerous guides the feelingsshe herself was not exempt—
- dy, she herself had suffered."—Perish in thy self-contempt!
- :rlive it—lower yet—be happy! wherefore should I care?
- yself must mix with action, lest I wither by despair.
- at is that which I should turn to, lighting upon days like these?
- ry door is barred with gold, and opens but to golden keys.

- a a hand shall pass before thee, pointing | Every gate is thronged with suitors; all the markets overflow.
 - I have but an angry fancy: what is that which I should do?
 - I had been content to perish, falling on the foeman's ground,
 - When the ranks are rolled in vapor, and the winds are laid with sound.
 - But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that honor feels,
 - And the nations do but murmur, snarling at each other's heels.
 - Can I but relive in sadness? I will turn that earlier page.
 - Hide me from my deep emotion, O thou wondrous mother-age!
 - Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt before the strife,
 - When I heard my days before me, and the tumult of my life;
 - Yearning for the large excitement that the coming years would yield—
 - Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's field,
 - And at night along the dusky highway near and nearer drawn,
 - Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary dawn;
 - And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him then,
 - Underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs of men—
 - Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new:
 - That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do:
 - For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see-
 - Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be-

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies | Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers; and of magic sails,

Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales—

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew

From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,

With the standards of the peoples plunging through the thunder-storm;

Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were furled

In the parliament of man, the federation of the world.

There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,

And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.

So I triumphed, ere my passion sweeping through me, left me dry,

Left me with the palsied heart, and left me with the jaundiced eye-

Eye, to which all order festers, all things here are out of joint.

Science moves, but slowly, slowly, creeping on from point to point;

Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion, creeping nigher,

slowly-dying fire.

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,

And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.

his youthful joys,

ever like a boy's?

linger on the shore,

And the individual withers, and the world more and more.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, as he bears a laden breast,

Full of sad experience moving toward the stillness of his rest.

Hark! my merry comrades call me, soundi on the bugle horn-

They to whom my foolish passion were a to get for their scorn;

Shall it not be scorn to me to harp on such mouldered string?

I am shamed through all my nature to he loved so slight a thing.

Weakness to be wroth with weakness woman's pleasure, woman's pain—

Nature made them blinder motions bound in a shallower brain;

Woman is the lesser man, and all thy pa sions, matched with mine,

Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as was unto wine-

Here at least, where nature sickens, nothing Ah, for some retreat

Deep in yonder shining orient, where my l began to beat!

Where in wild Mahratta-battle fell my fath evil-starred;

Glares at one that nods and winks behind a I was left a trampled orphan, and a self uncle's ward.

> Or to burst all links of habit—there to we der far away,

> On from island unto island at the gatewa of the day—

What is that to him that reaps not harvest of Larger constellations burning, mellow mod and happy skies,

Though the deep heart of existence beat for Breadths of tropic shade and palms in clust knots of Paradisa.

- Never comes the trader, never floats an Eu-| Through the shadow of the globe we swe ropean flag-
- Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, droops | Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle the trailer from the crag-
- Oroops the heavy-blossomed bower, hangs the heavy-fruited tree-
- Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea.
- There, methinks, would be enjoyment more than in this march of mind-
- In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts that shake mankind.
- There the passions, cramped no longer, shall have scope and breathing-space;
- I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky race.
- Iron-jointed, supple-sinewed, they shall dive and they shall run,
- Catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl their lances in the sun
- Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the rainbows of the brooks,
- Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable books-
- Fool, again the dream, the fancy! but I know my words are wild,
- But I count the gray barbarian lower than the Christian child.
- I. to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of our glorious gains,
- Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast with lower pains!
- Mated with a squalid savage—what to me were sun or clime?
- I, the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time—
- I, that rather held it better men should perish one by one,
- Than that earth should stand at gaze like Joshua's moon in Ajalon!
- Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range;
- Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change.

- into the younger day:
- Cathay.
- Mother-age, (for mine I knew not,) help: as when life begun-
- Rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash lightnings, weigh the sun-
- Oh, I see the crescent promise of my spi hath not set;
- Ancient founts of inspiration well through my fancy yet.
- Howsoever these things be, a long farewell Locksley Hall!
- Now for me the woods may wither, now: me the roof-tree fall.
- Comes a vapor from the margin, blackeni over heath and holt,
- Cramming all the blast before it, in its bre a thunderbolt.
- Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rain or he or fire or snow;
- For the mighty wind arises, roaring seawa and I go.

ALFRED TENNYSON

ORPHEUS TO BEASTS.

HERE, here, oh here, Eurydice— Here was she slain— Her soul 'stilled through a vein; The gods knew less That time divinity, Than ev'n, ev'n these Of brutishness.

On could you view the melody Of every grace, And music of her face, You'd drop a tear; Seeing more harmony In her bright eye, Than now you hear.

RICHARD LOVELAGE

OH THAT 'T WERE POSSIBLE.

I.

On that 't were possible,
After long grief and pain,
To find the arms of my true love
Round me once again!

II.

When I was wont to meet her In the silent woody places Of the land that gave me birth, We stood tranced in long embraces Mixt with kisses sweeter, sweeter Than anything on earth.

III.

A shadow flits before me,
Not thou, but like to thee;
Ah Christ, that it were possible
For one short hour to see
The souls we loved, that they might tell us
What and where they be!

IV.

It leads me forth at evening,
It lightly winds and steals
In a cold white robe before me,
When all my spirit reels
At the shouts, the leagues of lights,
And the roaring of the wheels.

7

Half the night I waste in sighs,
Half in dreams I sorrow after
The delight of early skies;
In a wakeful doze I sorrow
For the hand, the lips, the eyes—
For the meeting of the morrow,
The delight of happy laughter,
The delight of low replies.

VI.

T is a morning pure and sweet,
And a dewy splendor falls
On the little flower that clings
To the turrets and the walls;
T is a morning pure and sweet,
And the light and shadow fleet;
She is walking in the meadow,

And the woodland echo rings
In a moment we shall meet;
She is singing in the meadow,
And the rivulet at her feet
Ripples on in light and shadow
To the ballad that she sings.

VII.

Do I hear her sing as of old, My bird with the shining head, My own dove with the tender eyel But there rings on a sudden a passion

cry__

There is some one dying or dead;
And a sullen thunder is rolled;
For a tumult shakes the city,
And I wake—my dream is fled;
In the shuddering dawn, behold,
Without knowledge, without pity,
By the curtains of my bed
That abiding phantom cold!

VIII.

Get thee hence, nor come again!
Mix not memory with doubt,
Pass, thou deathlike type of pain,
Pass and cease to move about!
'T is the blot upon the brain
That will show itself without.

IX.

Then I rise; the eave-drops fall, And the yellow vapors choke The great city sounding wide; The day comes—a dull red ball Wrapt in drifts of lurid smoke On the misty river-tide.

X.

Through the hubbub of the market I steal, a wasted frame;
It crosses here, it crosses there,
Through all that crowd confused and I
The shadow still the same;
And on my heavy eyelids
My anguish hangs like shame.

XI.

Alas for her that met me, That heard me softly call, Came glimmering through the leavel



THE BLOOM HATH FLED THY CHEEK, WARY.

 quiet evenfall, garden by the turrets old manorial hall!

XII.

I the happy spirit descend the realms of light and song, chamber or the street. s looks among the blest, I I fear to greet my friend say "Forgive the wrong," ask her, "Take me, sweet, regions of thy rest !"

XIII.

e broad light glares and beats, he shadow flits and fleets all not let me be: loathe the squares and streets, he faces that one meets, with no love for me; s I long to creep me still cavern deep, to weep, and weep, and weep ole soul out to thee.

ALPRED TERRITOR.

SONNET.

ou silent! Is thy love a plant ak fibre that the treacherous air withers what was once so fair? debt to pay, no boon to grant?

ny thoughts for thee been vigilant my deeds have been) with hourly

s least generous wish a mendicant at but what thy happiness could ·е,

ugh this soft warm heart, once free iold

d tender pleasures, thine and mine, re desolate, more dreary cold saken bird's-nest, filled with snow n bush of leafless eglantine; t my torturing doubts their end t know !

WILLIAM WOMBSWOMEN.

THE BLOOM HATH FLED THY CHEEK MARY.

THE bloom bath fled thy cheek, Mary, As spring's rath blossoms die; And sadness hath o'ershadowed now Thy once bright eye; But look on me the prints of grief Still deeper lie. Farewell!

Thy lips are pale and mute, Mary; Thy step is sad and slow; The morn of gladness hath gone by Thou erst did know; I, too, am changed like thee, and weep For very woe.

Farewell!

It seems as 't were but yesterday We were the happiest twain, When murmured sighs and joyous tears, Dropping like rain, Discoursed my love, and told how loved I was again,

Farewell!

Twas not in cold and measured phrase We gave our passion name; Scorning such tedious elequence, Our hearts' fond flame And long-imprisoned feelings fast In deep sobs came. Farewell!

Would that our love had been the love That merest worldlings know, When passion's draught to our doomed lips Turns ptter woe, And our poor dream of happiness Vanishes so !

Farewell t

But in the wreck of all our hopes There's yet some touch of bliss, Since fate robs not our wretchedness Of this last kiss: Despair, and love, and madness most In this, in this. Farewell !

WILLIAM MOTERWILL

WALY, WALY, BUT LOVE BE BONNY.

OH waly, waly up the bank,
And waly, waly down the brae,
And waly, waly you burn side,
Where I and my love wont to gae.

I leaned my back unto an aik,
I thought it was a trusty tree;
But first it bowed, and syne it brak—
Sae my true love did lightly me!

Oh waly, waly, but love be bonny,
A little time while it is new;
But when 'tis auld it waxeth cauld,
And fades away like the morning dew.

Oh wherefore should I busk my head?
Or wherefore should I kame my hair?
For my true love has me forsook,
And says he'll never love me mair.

Now Arthur-Seat shall be my bed; The sheets shall ne'er be fyled by me; Saint Anton's well shall be my drink, Since my true love has forsaken me.

Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw, And shake the green leaves off the tree? O gentle death, when wilt thou come? For of my life I'm weary.

'T is not the frost that freezes fell,
Nor blawing snaw's inclemency;
'T is not sic cauld that makes me cry,
But my love's heart grown cauld to me.

When we came in by Glasgow town, We were a comely sight to see; My love was clad in the black velvet, And I my sell in cramasie.

But had I wist, before I kissed,

That love had been sae ill to win,
I'd locked my heart in a case of gold,

And pinned it with a silver pin.

Oh, oh, if my young babe were born,
And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I my sell were dead and gane,
And the green grass growin' over me!

Anonymous.

JEANIE MORRISON.

I've wandered east, I've wandered we Through mony a weary way;
But never, never can forget
The luve o' life's young day!
The fire that 's blawn on Beltane e'en
May weel be black gin Yule;
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
Where first fond luve grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
The thochts o' bygane years
Still fling their shadows ower my path,
And blind my een wi' tears:
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'T was then we luvit ilk ither weel,
'T was then we twa did part;
Sweet time—sad time! twa bairns at so
Twa bairns, and but ae heart!
'T was then we sat on ae laigh bink,
To leir ilk ither lear;
And tones and looks and smiles were sh
Remembered evermair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof locked in lo
What our wee heads could think.
When baith bent down ower ae braid po
Wi' ae buik on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
My lesson was in thee.

Oh, mind ye how we hung our heads,
How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
Whene'er the scule-weans, laughin', sai
We cleeked thegither hame?
And mind ye o' the Saturdays,
(The scule then skail't at noon,)
When we ran off to speel the braes,—
The broomy braes o' June?

My head rins round and round about— My heart flows like a sea, As ane by ane the thochts rush back O' scule-time and o' thee.



MY HEID IS LIKE TO REND, WILLIE.

life! oh mornin' luve! ome days and lang, ied hopes around our hearts ner blossome sprang!

e, luve, how aft we left
in' dinsome toun,
by the green burnside,
· its waters croon?
· leaves hung ower our heads,
ers burst round our feet,
gloamin o' the wood
sail whusalit sweet;

l whusalit in the wood,
sang to the trees—
ith nature's heart in tune,
d harmonies;
knowe abune the burn
s thegither sat
tness o' joy, till baith
gladness grat.

or Jeanie Morrison,
nkled down your cheek
eads on a rose, yet nane
power to speak!
time, a blessed time,
earts were fresh and young,
y gushed all feelings forth,
led—unsung!

eanie Morrison,
c been to thee
twined wi' earliest thochts
e been to me?
gin their music fills
r as it does mine!
te'er your heart grows grit
mings o' langsyne?

ered east, I've wandered west, no a weary lot; wanderings, far or near, r were forgot. that first burst frac this heart rels on its way; sels deeper, as it rins, s o' life's young day. O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Since we were sindered young
I've never seen your face nor heard
The music o' your tongue;
But I could hug all wretchedness,
And happy could I die,
Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
O' bygone days and me!

WILLIAM MOTHERWILL.

MY HEID IS LIKE TO REND, WILLIE

My heart is like to break;
I'm wearin' aff my feet, Willie—
I'm dyin' for your sake!
Oh, lay your cheek to mine, Willie,
Your hand on my briest-bane,—
Oh, say ye'll think on me, Willie,
When I am deid and gane!

It's vain to comfort me, Willie—Sair grief maun ha'e its will;
But let me rest upon your briest
To sab and greet my fill.
Let me sit on your knee, Willie—Let me shed by your hair,
And look into the face, Willie,
I never sall see mair!

I'm sittin' on your knee, Willie,
For the last time in my life,—
A puir heart-broken thing, Willie,
A mither, yet nae wife.
Ay, press your hand upon my heart.
And press it mair and mair,—
Or it will burst the silken twine.
Sae strang is its despair.

Oh, was 's me for the hour, Willie,
When we thegither met—
Oh, was 's me for the time, Willie,
That our first tryst was set!
Oh, was 's me for the loanin' green.
Where we were wont to gae,—
And was 's me for the destinie
That gart me luve thee sas!

Oh, dinns mind my words, Willie—
I downs seek to blame;
But oh, it 's hard to live, Willie,
And dree a warld's shame!
Het tears are hailin' ower your cheek,
And hailin' ower your chin:
Why weep ye sae for worthlessness,
For sorrow, and for sin!

I'm weary o' this warld, Willie,
And sick wi' a' I see,
I canna live as I ha'e lived,
Or be as I should be.
But fauld unto your heart,
The heart that still is thi
And kiss ance mair the
cheek
Ye said was red langsyne

A stoun' gaes through my!

A sair stoun' through my

Oh, haud me up and let me

Thy brow ere we twa pairt.

Another, and another yet!—

How fast my life strings break!—

Fareweel! fareweel! through you kirkyard

Step lichtly for my sake!

The lav'rock in the lift, Willie,
That lifts far ower our heid,
Will sing the morn as merrilie
Abune the clay-cauld deid;
And this green turf we 're sittin' on,
Wi' dew-draps shimmerin' sheen,
Will hap the heart that luvit thee
As warld has seldom seen.

But oh, remember me, Willie,
On land where'er ye be—
And oh, think on the leal, leal heart,
That ne'er luvit are but thee!
And oh, think on the cauld, cauld mools
That file my yellow hair,—
That kiss the cheek, and kiss the chin
Ye never sall kiss mair!

WILLIAM MOTRERWILL

THE ROSE AND THE GAUNTLET.

Low spake the knight to the persent-gire
"I tell thee sooth, I am belted carl;
Fly with me from this garden small,
And thou shalt sit in my castle's hall;

"Thou shalt have pomp, and wealth, a pleasure,

with my sword and horse I stand, or thee away to my distant land.

thou fairest! this full-blown rom as of love that as ripely blows." his glove of steel he plucked the this fell from his gauntlet crushed in broken.

haiden exclaimed,—"Thou seek.
knight,
agers of iron can only smite;

And, like the rose thou hast torn and sent tered,

I in thy grasp should be wrecked and thattered."

She trembled and blushed, and her glances fell:

But she turned from the knight, and wid, "Farewell!"

"Not so," he cried, "will I lose my prize; I heed not thy words, but I read thine eyo."

He lifted her up in his grasp of steel,

And he mounted and spurred with furious heel;

But her cry drew forth her hoary sire, Who snatched his bow from above the fire.

Swift from the valley the warrior fled, Swifter the bolt of the cross-bow sped; And the weight that pressed on the fleet foot horse

Was the living man, and the woman's corse.

That morning the rose was bright of hue; That morning the maiden was fair to view; But the evening sun its beauty abod On the withered leaves, and the maiden deal

MAUD MULLER.

fuller, on a summer's day, he meadow sweet with hay.

- her torn hat glowed the wealth le beauty and rustic health.
- , she wrought, and her merry glee ck-bird echoed from his tree.
- ien she glanced to the far-off town, rom its hill-slope looking down,
- et song died, and a vague unrest nameless longing filled her breast—
- that she hardly dared to own, ething better than she had known.
- lge rode slowly down the lane, ing his horse's chestnut mane.
- v his bridle in the shade apple-trees, to greet the maid,
- k a draught from the spring that lowed
- i the meadow, across the road.
- oped where the cool spring bubbled
- ed for him her small tin cup,
- shed as she gave it, looking down feet so bare, and her tattered gown.
- s!" said the judge, "a sweeter raught
- fairer hand was never quaffed."
- e of the grass and flowers and trees, inging birds and the humming bees;
- lked of the haying, and wondered hether
- esther.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown, And her graceful ancles, bare and brown,

And listened, while a pleased surprise Looked from her long-lashed hazel-eyes.

At last, like one who for delay Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah me! That I the judge's bride might be!

- "He would dress me up in silks so fine, And praise and toast me at his wine.
- "My father should wear a broadcloth coat, My brother should sail a painted boat.
- "I'd dress my mother so grand and gay, And the baby should have a new toy eaci day.
- "And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,

And all should bless me who left our door."

The judge looked back as he climbed the hill, And saw Maud Muller standing still:

- "A form more fair, a face more sweet, Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.
- "And her modest answer and graceful air Show her wise and good as she is fair.
- "Would she were mine, and I to-day, Like her, a harvester of hay.
- "No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs, Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,
- "But low of cattle, and song of birds, And health, and quiet, and loving words."

But he thought of his sister, proud and cold. And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the judge rode on, And Maud was left in the field alone.

and in the west would bring foul | But the lawyers smiled that afternoon, When he hummed in court an old love true: And the young girl mused beside the well, I'll the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower, Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow. He watched a picture come and go;

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red, He longed for the wayside well instead,

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms, To dream of meadows and clover blooms;

And the proud man sighed with a secret pain, "Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day Where the barefoot maiden raked the hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor, And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and child-birth pain, Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again She saw a rider draw his rein,

And, gazing down with a timid grace, She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned, The tallow candle an astral burned;

And for him who sat by the chimney lug, Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug, A manly form at her side she saw, And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again.
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge, For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all, Who vainly the dreams of youth recall;

For of all sad words of tongue or pen, The saddest are these: "It might have been!

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

JOHN GREENLEAF WEIGHT

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

When the sheep are in the fauld, and the ky at hame,

And a' the warld to sleep are gane; The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frac m

When my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie loo'd me weel, and socht me in his bride;

But, saving a croun, he had naething else be side.

To mak that croun a pund, young Jamie go to sea;

And the croun and the pund were baith ine!

He hadna been awa a week but only twa, When my mother she fell sick, and the on was stown awa;

My father brak his arm, and young Jamie the sea—

And suld Robin Gray cam' a-courtin' me.



day and nicht, but their bread I on'dna win;

ob maintained them baith, and, wi' sars in his ee,

enny, for their sakes, oh marry me!"

t it said nay, for I looked for Jamie ack;

wind it blew high, and the ship it ras a wrack;

it was a wrack! Why didna Jamie ee?

· do I live to say, Was 's me?

ier argued sair—my mother didna peak,

lookit in my face till my heart was ke to break;

gied him my hand, though my heart as in the sea;

d Robin Gray was gudeman to me.

been a wife, a week but only four, itting sae mournfully at the door, y Jamie's wraith, for I cou'dna think : he,

said, "I'm come back for to marry hee!"

, sair did we greet, and muckle did re say;

: but se kiss, and we tore ourselves way:

were dead, but I'm no like to dee;

7 do I live to say, Wae's me?

ike a ghaist, and I carena to spin;
think on Jamie, for that wad be a
in;

do my best a gude wife to be, I Robin Gray is kind unto me.

LADY ANNE BARNARD.

BERTHA IN THE LANE.

Pur the broidery-frame away,
For my sewing is all done!
The last thread is used to-day,
And I need not join it on.
Though the clock stands at the noon.
I am weary! I have sewn,
Sweet, for thee, a wedding-gown.

Sister, help me to the bed,
And stand near me, dearest-sweet!
Do not shrink nor be afraid,
Blushing with a sudden heat!
No one standeth in the street!—
By God's love I go to meet,
Love I thee with love complete.

Lean thy face down! drop it in
These two hands, that I may hold
Twint their palms thy cheek and chin,
Stroking back the curls of gold.
T is a fair, fair face, in sooth—
Larger eyes and redder mouth
Than mine were in my first youth!

Thou art younger by seven years—
Ah!—so bashful at my gaze
That the lashes, hung with tears,
Grow too heavy to apraise?
I would wound thee by no touch
Which thy shyness feels as such—
Dost thou mind me, dear, so much?

Have I not been nigh a mother
To thy sweetness—tell me, dear?
Have we not loved one another
Tenderly, from year to year?
Since our dying mother mild
Said, with accents undefiled,
"Child, be mother to this child!"

Mother, mother, up in heaven,
Stand up on the jasper sen,
And be witness I have given
All the gifts required of me;—
Hope that blessed me, bliss that crowned.
Love that left me with a wound,
Life itself, that turned around?

Mother, mother, thou art kind,

Thou art standing in the room,—
In a molten glory shrined,

That rays off into the gloom!

But thy smile is bright and bleak,

Like cold waves—I cannot speak;

I sob in it, and grow weak.

Ghostly mother, keep aloof
One hour longer from my soul—
For I still am thinking of
Earth's warm-beating joy and dole!
On my finger is a ring
Which I still see glittering,
When the night hides every thing.

Little sister, thou art pale!

Ah, I have a wandering brain—
But I lose that fever-bale,

And my thoughts grow calm again.

Lean down closer—closer still!

I have words thine ear to fill,—

And would kiss thee at my will.

Dear, I heard thee in the spring,
Thee and Robert—through the trees,—
When we all went gathering
Boughs of May-bloom for the bees.
Do not start so! think instead
How the sunshine overhead
Seemed to trickle through the shade.

What a day it was, that day!

Hills and vales did openly

Seem to heave and throb away,

At the sight of the great sky;

And the silence, as it stood

In the glory's golden flood,

Audibly did bud—and bud!

Through the winding hedgerows green,
How we wandered, I and you,—
With the bowery tops shut in,
And the gates that showed the view—
How we talked there! thrushes soft
Sang our pauses out,—or oft
Bleatings took them, from the croft.

Till the pleasure, grown too strong,
Left me muter evermore;
And, the winding road being long,
I walked out of sight, before;

And so, wrapt in musings fond, Issued (past the wayside pond) On the meadow-lands beyond.

I sat down beneath the beech
Which leans over to the lane,
And the far sound of your speech
Did not promise any pain;
And I blessed you, full and free,
With a smile stooped tenderly
O'er the May-flowers on my knee.

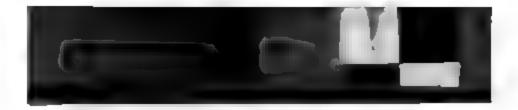
As the speakers drew more near-Sweet, forgive me that I heard What you wished me not to hear. Do not weep so—do not shake— Oh,—I heard thee, Bertha, make Good true answers for my sake.

Yes, and he too! let him stand
In thy thoughts, untouched by bla
Could he help it, if my hand
He had claimed with hasty claim!
That was wrong perhaps—but the
Such things be—and will, again!
Women cannot judge for men.

Had he seen thee, when he swore
He would love but me alone?
Thou wert absent—sent before
To our kin in Sidmouth town.
When he saw thee, who art best
Past compare, and loveliest,
He but judged thee as the rest.

Could we blame him with grave wo Thou and I, dear, if we might? Thy brown eyes have looks like bir Flying straightway to the light; Mine are older.—Hush!—look ou Up the street! Is none without! How the poplar swings about!

And that hour—beneath the beech—When I listened in a dream,
And he said, in his deep speech,
That he owed me all esteem—
Each word swam in on my brain
With a dim, dilating pain,
Till it burst with that lest strain—



BERTHA IN THE LANE.

ied with a dark,
slience of a swoon—
see, still, cold and stark,
vas night—I saw the moon:
e stars, each in its place,
e May-blooms on the grass,
to wonder what I was.

lked as if apart

nyself when I could stand—
ied my own heart,
held it in my hand—
hat coldly—with a sense
lled benevolence,

Poor thing negligence,

iwered coldly too,
ou met me at the door;
y heard the dew
ig from me to the floor;
e flowers I bade you see,
so withered for the bee—
life, henceforth, for me,

eep so—dear—heart-warm!
best as it befell!
e did me harm,
wild—I am not well.
words were kind and good—emed me! Only blood
> faint in womanhood.

ways was too grave—
he saddest ballads sung—
t look, besides, we have
faces, who die young.
ied, dear, all the same—
ong. joyous, jostling game
oud for my meek shame.

nulike each other, and I; that none could guess children of one mother, mutual tenderness, rt rose-lined from the cold, eant, verily, to hold ure pleasures manifold.

ns crocus grows
eside a rose-tree's root!
r would reach the rose,
the crocus underfoot—

I, like May-bloom on thorn tree— Thou, like merry summer-bee! Fit, that I be plucked for thee.

Yet who plucks me?—no one mourns—I have lived my season out—And now die of my own thorns,
Which I could not live without.
Sweet, he merry! How the light
Comes and goes! If it be night,
Keep the candles in my sight.

Are there footsteps at the door?
Look out quickly. Yea, or may?
Some one might be waiting for
Some last word that I might say.
Nay? So best!—So angels would
Stand off clear from deathly road—
Not to cross the sight of God.

Colder grow my hands and feet—
When I wear the shroud I made,
Let the folds lie straight and neat,
And the resembly be spread—
That if any friend should come,
(To see thee, sweet!) all the record
May be lifted out of gloom.

And, dear Bertha, let me keep
On my hand this little ring,
Which at nights, when others sleep,
I can still see glittering.
Let me wear it out of sight,
In the grave—where it will light
All the dark up, day and night.

On that grave, drop not a tear!

Else, though fathom-deep the place,
Through the woollen shroud I wea:

I shall feel it on my face.

Rather smile there, blessed one,
Thinking of me in the sun—
Or forget me—smiling on!

Art thou near me? nearer? so!

Kiss me close upon the eyes.

That the earthly light may go

Sweetly as it used to rise—

When I watched the morning gray

Strike, betwixt the hills, the way

He was sure to come that day.

So—no more vain words be said!
The hosannas nearer roll—
Mother smile now on thy dead—
I am death-strong in my soul!
Mystic Dove alit on cross,
Guide the poor bird of the snows
Through the snow-wind above loss!

Jesus, victim, comprehending
Love's divine self-abnegation—
Cleanse my love in its self-spending,
And absorb the poor libation!
Wind my thread of life up higher,
Up through angels' hands of fire!—
I aspire while I expire!—

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THEN.

That old-time princes asked in vain, And pined for in their useless power, Or died of passion's eager pain.

I give thee love as God gives light, Aside from merit, or from prayer, Rejoicing in its own delight, And freer than the lavish air.

I give thee prayers, like jewels strung On golden threads of hope and fear; And tenderer thoughts than ever hung In a sad angel's pitying tear.

As earth pours freely to the sea Her thousand streams of wealth untold, So flows my silent life to thee, Glad that its very sands are gold.

What care I for thy carelessness?
I give from depths that overflow,
Regardless that their power to bless
Thy spirit cannot sound or know.

Far lingering on a distant dawn
My triumph shines, more sweet than late;
When from these mortal mists withdrawn,
Thy heart shall know me—I can wait.

Ross Terry.

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN.

Come, dear children, let us away!

Down and away below.

Now my brothers call from the bay:

Now the great winds shorewards blow;

Now the salt tides seaward flow;

Now the wild white horses play,

Champ and chaff and toss in the spray.

Children dear, let us away;

This way, this way.

Call her once before you go.

Call once yet,
In a voice that she will know:

"Margaret! Margaret!"
Children's voices should be dear
(Call once more) to a mother's ear;
Children's voices wild with pain.

Surely, she will come again.
Call her once, and come away;

This way, this way.

This way, this way.

"Mother dear, we cannot stay,"

The wild white horses foam and fret,
Margaret! Margaret!

Come, dear children, come away down.

Call no more.

One lest look at the white-welled town.

One last look at the white-walled town, And the little gray church on the windy shor Then come down.

She will not come, though you call all day.

Come away, come away.

Children dear, was it yesterday
We heard the sweet bells over the bay!
In the caverns where we lay,
Through the surf and through the swe
The far-off sound of a silver bell!
Sand-strewn caverns cool and deep,
Where the winds are all asleep;
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam;
Where the salt weed sways in the stream;
Where the sea-beasts ranged all around
Feed in the ooze of their pasture ground;

Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,
Dry their mail, and bask in the brine;
Where great whales come sailing by.
Sail and sail, with unshut eye,
Round the world forever and aye?
When did music come this way?
Children dear, was it yesterday?



THE FORSAKEN MERMAN.

ear, was it yesterday ace) that she went away? at with you and me, ed gold throne in the heart of the a,

te youngest sat on her knee.

I its bright hair and she tended it ell.

n awung the sound of the far-off

she looked up through the clear

I must go, for my kinsfolk pray gray church on the shore to-day. Inster-time in the world—ah me! my poor soul, merman, here with nec."

up, dear heart, through the waves; ayer, and come back to the kind a-coves."

she went up through the surf in e bay;

en doar, was it yesterday?

en dear, were we long alone?
rows stormy, the little ones moan;
rs," I said, "in the world they say,
iid, and we rose through the surf
the bay.

p the beach in the sandy down sea-stocks bloom, to the whitealled town,

e narrow-paved streets, where all as still,

a gray church on the windy hill. thurch came a murmur of folk at eir prayers,

ed without in the cold blowing airs.
I on the graves, on the stones worn
ith rains,

zed up the aisle through the small aded panes.

t by the pillar; we saw her clear; aret, hist! come quick, we are here alone. eart," I said, "we are here alone. a grows stormy, the little ones mosn."

gave me never a look, as were sealed to the holy book. I prays the priest; shut stands the door." Come away, children, call no more, Come away, come down, call no more.

Down, down, down,
Down to the depths of the sea;
She sits at her wheel in the humming town
Singing most joyfully.

Hark what she sings: "Oh joy, oh joy,
For the humming street, and the child with
its toy,

For the priest and the bell, and the holy well,

For the wheel where I spun,
And the blessed light of the sun."
And so she sings her fill,
Singing most joyfully,
Till the shuttle falls from her hand,
And the whizzing wheel stands still.
She steals to the window and looks at the

And over the sand at the sea; And her eyes are set in a stare; And anon there breaks a sigh, And anon there drops a tear, From a sorrow-clouded eye, And a heart sorrow-laden,

sand ;

A long, long sigh,

For the cold strange eyes of a little mermaiden.

And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away, children, Come, children, come down. The hoarse wind blows colder; Lights shine in the town. She will start from her slumber When gusts shake the door; She will hear the winds howling, Will hear the waves roar; We shall see, while above us The waves roar and whirl, A ceiling of amber, A pavement of pearl. Singing, " Here came a mortal, But faithless was she. And alone dwell forever The kings of the sca."

But children, at midnight, When soft the winds blow, When clear falls the moonlight, When spring-tides are low, When sweet airs come seaward
From heaths starred with broom,
And high rocks throw mildly
On the blanched sands a gloom;
Up the still, glistening beaches,
Up the creeks we will hie;
Over banks of bright seaweed
The ebb-tide leaves dry.
We will gaze from the sand-hills,
At the white sleeping town;
At the church on the hill-side—

And then come back, down.
Singing, "There dwells a loved one,
But cruel is she;
She left lonely forever
The kings of the sea."

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

EXCUSE.

I roo have suffered. Yet I know She is not cold, though she seems so; She is not cold, she is not light; But our ignoble souls lack might.

She smiles and smiles, and will not sigh, While we for hopeless passion die; Yet she could love, those eyes declare, Were but men nobler than they are.

Eagerly once her gracious ken
Was turned upon the sons of men;
But light the serious visage grew—
She looked, and smiled, and saw them through.

Our petty souls, our strutting wits, Our labored puny passion-fits— Ah, may she scorn them still, till we Scorn them as bitterly as she!

Yet oh, that Fate would let her see One of some worthier race than we— One for whose sake she once might prove How deeply she who scorns can love.

His eyes be like the starry lights— His voice like sounds of summer nights— In all his lovely mien let pierce The magic of the universe!

And she to him will reach her hand, And gazing in his eyes will stand, And know her friend, and weep for glee, And cry—Long, long I've looked for thee! Then will she weep—with smiles, till Coldly she mocks the sons of men.
Till then her lovely eyes maintain
Their gay, unwavering, deep disdain.

MATTHEW A

INDIFFERENCE.

I MUST not say that thou wert true. Yet let me say that thou wert fair; And they that lovely face who view. They will not ask if truth be there.

Truth—what is truth? Two bleeding? Wounded by men, by fortune tried, Outwearied with their lonely parts, Vow to beat henceforth side by side.

The world to them was stern and dream. Their lot was but to weep and moan. Ah, let them keep their faith sincere, For neither could subsist alone!

But souls whom some benignant bree Has charmed at birth from gloom and of These ask no love—these plight no faith For they are happy as they are.

The world to them may homage mak And garlands for their forehead weave; And what the world can give, they take But they bring more than they receive.

They smile upon the world; their ear.
To one demand alone are coy.
They will not give us love and tears—
They bring us light, and warmth, and je

It was not love that heaved thy breast Fair child! it was the bliss within. Adieu! and say that one, at least, Was just to what he did not win.

MATTHEW ARE

SONG.

My silks and fine array,
My smiles and languished air,
By love are driven away,
And mournful lean despair
Brings me yew to deck my grave;
Such end true lovers have.

His face is fair as heaven
When springing buds unfold;
Oh, why to him was 't given,
Whose heart is wintry cold?
His breast is love's all-worshipped tomb
Where all love's pilgrims come.

Bring me an axe and spade,
Bring me a winding-sheet;
When I my grave have made,
Let winds and tempests beat!
Then down I'll lie, as cold as clay,
True love doth pass away!

WILLIAM BLAKE.

ALLAN PERCY.

Around her neck are chains of jewels rare;

A velvet mantle shrouds her snowy breast,

And a young child is softly slumbering there.

In her own arms, beneath that glowing sun, She bears him onward to the greenwood tree;

sue dun heath, thou fair and thoughtless one,

The place where an earl's son should cradled be?

Lullaby!

Though a proud earl be father to my child,
Yet on the sward my blessed babe shall lie;
Let the winds lull him with their murmurs
wild,

And toss the green boughs upward to the sky.

Well knows that earl how long my spirit pined.

I loved a forester, glad, bold, and free;
And had I wedded as my heart inclined,
My child were cradled 'neath the greenwood tree.

Lullaby

Slumber thou still, my innocent—mine own, While I call back the dreams of other days. In the deep forest I feel less alone

Than when those palace splendors mock my gaze.

Fear not! my arm shall bear thee safely back;
I need no squire, no page with bended knee,
To bear my baby through the wildwood track,
Where Allan Percy used to roam with me.
Lullaby!

Here I can sit; and while the fresh wind blows,
Waving the ringlets of thy shining hair,
Giving thy cheek a deeper tinge of rose,
I can dream dreams that comfort my despair;

I can make visions of a different home,
Such as we hoped in other days might be;
There no proud earl's unwelcome footsteps
come—

There, Allan Percy, I am safe with thee! Lullaby!

Thou art mine own—I'll bear thee where I list,

Far from the dull, proud tower and donjon keep;

From my long hair the pearl chains I'll untwist,

And with a peasant's heart sit down and weep.

Thy glittering broidered robe, my precious one,

Changed for a simpler covering shall be; And I will dream thee Allan Percy's son, And think poor Allan guards thy sleep with me.

Lullaby!

CAROLINE NORTON.

CHANGES.

Whom first we love, you know, we seldom wed.

Time rules us all. And life, indeed, is not The thing we planned it out ere hope was dead.

And then, we women cannot choose our lot.

Much must be borne which it is hard to bear; Much given away which it were sweet to keep.

God help us all! who need, indeed, His care. And yet, I know the Shepherd loves His sheep.

My little boy begins to babble now Upon my knee his earliest infant prayer. He has his tathor's eager eyes, I know; And, they say, too, his mother's sunny hair.

But when he sleeps and smiles upon my knee, And I can feel his light breath come and go, I think of one (Heaven help and pity me!) Who loved me, and whom I loved, long ago;

Who might have been . . . ah. what I deme

We are all changed. God judge God help us do our duty, and n And trust in Heaven humbly for

But blame us women not, if so Too cold at times; and some too Some griefs gnaw deep. Some to bear,

Who knows the past? and who right?

Ah, were we judged by what we might have been,

And not by what we are—too apt to fall!

My little child—he sleeps and smiles between

These thoughts and me. In heaven we shall

know all!

ROBERT BULWES LTUTOS.

FLORENCE VANE.

I LOVED thee long and dearly,
Florence Vane;
My life's bright dream and early
Hath come again;
I renew, in my fond vision,
My heart's dear pain—
My hopes, and thy derision,
Florence Vane.

The ruin, lone and hoary,
The ruin old,
Where thou didst hark my story,
At even told—
That spot—the hues Elysian
Of sky and plain—
I treasure in my vision,
Florence Vane.

Thou wast lovelier than the ros
In their prime;
Thy voice excelled the closus
Of sweetest rhyme:
Thy heart was as a river
Without a main.
Would I had loved thee never,
Florence Vano!

But, fairest, coldest wonder!

Thy glorious clay
Lieth the green sod under—
Alas, the day!

And it boots not to remember
Thy disdain,
To quicken love's pale ember,
Florence Vano,

The lilies of the valley
By young graves weep;
The daisies love to daily
Where maidens sleep.
May their bloom, in beauty vying

Never wane
Where thine earthly part is lying,
Florence Vane!

Patter Passaneon Con-

MINSTREL'S SONG.

On, sing unto my roundelay!
Oh, drop the briny tear with me!
Dance no more at holiday;
Like a running river be.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death bed,
All under the willow tree.

Black his hair as the winter night.

White his neck as the summer snow,
Ruddy his face as the morning light;
Cold he lies in the grave below.

My love is dead,
Gone to his death bod,
All under the willow tree.

Sweet his tongue as the throatle's note:

Quick in dance as thought can be:



My little boy begins 'Upon my knee hi
He has his fat!
And, they

But -

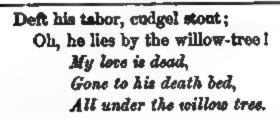
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Hark! the raven flaps his wing
In the briered dell below;
Hark! the death-owl loud doth sing
To the nightmares as they go.

My love is dead,

Gone to his death bed,

All under the willow tree.

See! the white moon shines on high;
Whiter is my true-love's shroud,
Whiter than the morning sky,
Whiter than the evening cloud.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death bed,
All under the willow tree

Here, upon my true-love's grave
Shall the barren flowers be laid,
Nor one holy saint to save
All the coldness of a maid.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death bed,
All under the willow tree.

With my hands I'll bind the briers Round his holy corse to gre;
Ouphant fairy, light your fires;
Here my body still shall be.

My loce is dead,
Gone to his death bed,
All under the willow tree.

Come, with acorn-cup and thorn,
Drain my heart's blood away;
Life and all its good I scorn,
Dance by night, or feast by day.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death bed,
All under the willow tree.

Water-witches, crowned with reytes,
Bear me to your lethal tide.
I die! I come! my true love waits.
Thus the damsel spake, and died.
THOMAS CHAPPERSON.

ANNABEL LEE.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden lived, whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other
thought
Than to love, and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than
love,
I and my Annabel Lee—
With a love that the winged seraphs of
heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Loe;
So that her high-born kinsmen came,
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre,
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me.
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know)
In this kingdom by the sea,
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love

Of those who were older than we,
Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can over dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

And so, all the night-tide I lie down by the side

Of my darling, my darling, my life, and my bride,

In her sepulchre there by the sea, In her tomb by the sounding sea.

EDGAR ALLAN POR

EVELYN HOPE,

Sit and watch by her side an h
That is her book-shelf, this her b
She plucked that piece of gera.
Beginning to die, too, in the glass
Little has yet been changed, I
The shutters are shut—no light:
Save two long rays thre' the t

Sixteen years old when she died!

Perhaps she had scarcely hears
It was not her time to love; bes
Her hie had many a hope and.

Duties enough and little cares;
And now was quiet, now astir—
Till God's hand beckoned unawares,
And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late, then, Evelyn Hope?

What! your soul was pure and true;
The good stars met in your horoscope,
Made you of spirit, fire and dew;
And just because I was thrice as old,
And our paths in the world diverged so wide,

We were fellow-mortals—naught beside?

No, indeed! for God above
Is great to grant, as mighty to make,
And creates the love to reward the love;
I claim you still, for my own love's sake!
Delayed, it may be, for more lives yet,
Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few;
Much is to learn and much to forget
Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come—at last it will—
When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I shall
say,

in the lower earth—in the years long still and soul so gay? Why your hair was amber I shall divine,
And your mouth of your own germin
red—

And what you would do with me, in tine, In the new life come in the old one's stee

I have lived, I shall say, so much since the Given up myself so many times, Gained me the gains of various men, Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes; Yet one thing—one—in my soul's full scop

r I missed or itself missed me sent and find you. Evelyn Hope! is the issue? It as see!

you Evelyn, all the while;
cart seemed fall as it could hold—
was place and to spare for the frame
roung smile
the red young mouth and the half
roung gold,
h! I will give you this leaf to keep t
I shut it inside the sweet, sold mand.

You will wake, and remember, and and restand.

ROBBET BROWNING

HIGHLAND MARY.

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfald her robes
And there she langest tarry!
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk!

How rich the hawthern's blossom!

As underneath their fragrant shade

I clasped her to my bosom!

The golden hours, on angel wings,

Flew o'er me and my dearie;

For dear to me as light and life

Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow and locked embrace
Our parting was fu' tender;
And pledging aft to meet again.
We tore ourselves asunder;



AUX ITALIENS.

fall death's untimely frost, ipt my flower sae early ! in 's the sod, and cauld 's the clay, raps my Highland Mary!

pale now, those rosy lips
se kissed sae fondly!
sd for aye the sparkling glance
welt on me sae kindly!
Id'ring now in silent dust
eart that lo'ed me dearly!
within my bosom's core
ive my Highland Mary.

Rosent Burns.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

gering star, with less'ning ray,
ov'st to greet the early mora,
on usherest in the day
ury from my soul was torn.
dear, departed shade!
is thy place of blissful rest?
u thy lover lowly laid?
thou the groans that rend his east?

red hour can I forget,
forget the hallowed grove,
y the winding Ayr we met,
one day of parting love?
will not efface,
records dear of transports past—
ye at our last embrace!
ttle thought we 't was our last!

gling, kissed his pebbled shore, mg with wild woods, thickening, rea;

ant birch, and hawthern hear,
I amorous round the raptured scene.
ers sprang wanton to be prest,
rds sang love on every spray,
too soon, the glowing west
imed the speed of winged day.

these scenes my memory wakes, andly broads with miser care; t th' impression deeper makes, same their channels deeper wear. My Mary! dear, departed shade!

Where is thy place of blissful rest?

Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?

Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

ROBERT BURNS.

AUX ITALIENS.

Ar Paris it was, at the opera there;
And she looked like a queen in a book that
night,

With the wreath of pearl in her raven bair, And the brooch on her breast so bright.

Of all the operas that Verdi wrote,

The best, to my taste, is the Trovatore:
And Mario can soothe, with a tenor note,
The souls in purgatory.

The moon on the tower slept soft as snow;
And who was not thrilled in the strangest
way,

As we heard him sing, while the gas burned low,

"Non ti scordar di me?"

The emperor there, in his box of state,
Looked grave; as if he had just then seen
The red flag wave from the city gate,
Where his eagles in bronze had been.

The empress, too, had a toar in her eye:
You'd have said that her fancy had gone
back again,

For one moment, under the old blue sky, To the old glad life in Spain.

Well I there in our front row box we sat, Together, my bride betrothed and I; My gaze was fixed on my opera hat, And here on the stage hard by.

And both were silent, and both were sad; — Like a queen she leaned on her full white arm,

With that regal, indolent air she had; So confident of her charm\ I have not a doubt she was thinking then
Of her former lord, good soul that he was,
Who died the richest and roundest of men,
The Marquis of Carabas,

I hope that, to get to the kingdom of heaven, Through a needle's eye he had not to pass;

I wish him well, for the jointure given To my lady of Carabas.

Meanwhile, I was thinking of my first love, As I had not been thinking of aught for years;

Till over my eyes there began to move Something that felt like tears.

I thought of the dress that she wore last time, When we stood, 'neath the cypress trees together,

In that lost land, in that soft clime, In the crimson evening weather;

Of that muslin dress (for the eve was hot);

And her warm white neck in its golden
chain:

And her full, soft hair, just tied in a knot, And falling loose again;

And the jasmine flower in her fair young breast;

(Oh the faint, sweet smell of that jasmine flower!)

And the one bird singing alone to his nest;
And the one star over the tower.

I thought of our little quarrels and strife,

And the letter that brought me back my
ring;

And it all seemed then, in the waste of life, Such a very little thing!

For I thought of her grave below the hill, Which the sentinel cypress tree stands over;

And I thought, "Were she only living still, How I could forgive her and love her!"

And I swear, as I thought of her thus, in that hour,

And of how, after all, old things are best, That I smelt the smell of that jasmine flower Which she used to wear in her breast. It smelt so faint, and it smelt so sweet,

It made me creep, and it made me cold!

Like the scent that steals from the crumblished

Where a mummy is half unrolled.

And I turned, and looked: she was sittle there,

In a dim box over the stage; and drest in that muslin dress, with that full, soft by And that jasmine in her breast!

I was here, and she was there;
And the glittering horse shee curved
tween:—

From my bride betrothed, with her resultant

And her sumptuous, accomful mien,

To my early love, with her eyes downcast, And over her primrose face the shade, (In short, from the future back to the past) There was but a step to be made.

To my early love from my future bride
One moment I looked. Then I stole to the
door,

I traversed the passage; and down at her side

I was sitting, a moment more.

My thinking of her, or the music's strain,
Or something which never will be exprest,
Had brought her back from the grave sgain,
With the jasmine in her breast.

She is not dead, and she is not wed!
But she loves me now, and she loved me
then!

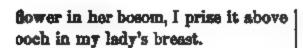
And the very first word that her sweet lips anid,

My heart grew youthful again.

The marchioness there, of Carabas, She is wealthy, and young, and handsons still;

And but for her ... well, we'll let that pan-She may marry whomever she will.

But I will marry my own first love, With her primrose face, for old things best;



d is filled with folly and sin, ve must cling where it can, I say: ty is easy enough to win; e is n't loved every day.

ink, in the lives of most women and en,

s a moment when all would go tooth and even, te dead could find out when te back and be forgiven.

ne smell of that jasmine flower!

that music! and oh the way

rang out from the donjon tower,

seordar di me,

ti seordar di me!

ROBERT BULWER LYTTON.

TOO LATE.

Dowglas, Dowglas, tendir and treu."

come back to me, Douglas, Douglas, old likeness that I knew, se so faithful, so loving, Douglas, s, Douglas, tender and true.

scornful word should grieve ye, ile on ye sweet as the angels do; your smile on me shone ever, s., Douglas, tender and true.

Il back the days that are not! s were blinded, your words were few: now the truth now, up in heaven, a, Douglas, tender and true?

as worthy of you, Douglas;
If worthy the like of you;
oen beside seem to me like shadows—
you, Douglas, tender and true.

at your hand to me, Douglas, Douglas, orgiveness from heaven like dew; my heart on your dead heart, Douglas,

m, Douglas, tender and true!

DINAM MARIA MULOCK.

LAODAMIA.

"With sacrifice, before the rising morn, Vows have I made by fruitless hope inspired And from th' infernal gods, 'mid shades forlorn

Of night, my slaughtered lord have I required;

Celestial pity I again implore;—
Restore him to my sight—great Jove, restore!"

So speaking, and by fervent love endowed With faith, the suppliant heavenward lifts her hands;

While, like the sun emerging from a cloud, Her countenance brightens and her eye expands;

Her bosom heaves and spreads, her stature grows;

And she expects the issue in repose.

Oh terror! what hath she perceived !--ob joy!
What doth she look on!--whom doth she behold!

Her hero slain upon the beach of Troy?
His vital presence? his corporeal mould?
It is—if sense deceive her not—'t is he!
And a god leads him—winged Mercury!

Mild Hermes spake—and touched her with his wand

That calms all fear: "Such grace bath crowned thy prayer,

Laodamia! that at Jove's command
Thy husband walks the paths of upper air;
He comes to tarry with thee three hours'
space;

Accept the gift, behold him face to face!"

Forth sprang the impassioned queen her lord to clasp;

Again that consummation she essayed; But unsubstantial form cludes her grasp As often as that eager grasp was made. The phantom parts—but parts to reunite, And reassume his place before her sight.

"Protesilans, lo! thy guide is gone!
Confirm, I pray, the vision with thy voice:
This is our palace,—yonder is thy throne;
Speak! and the floor thou tread'st on will rejoice.

Not to appal me have the gods bestowed This precious boon, and blest a sad abode."

"Great Jove, Laodamia, doth not leave His gifts imperfect:—spectre though I be, I am not sent to scare thee or deceive; But in reward of thy fidelity.

And something also did my worth obtain; For fearless virtue bringeth boundless gain.

"Thou know'st, the Delphic oracle foretold That the first Greek who touched the Trojan strand

Should die; but me the threat could not withhold—

A generous cause a victim did demand; And forth I leapt upon the sandy plain; A self-devoted chief, by Hector slain."

"Supreme of heroes! bravest, noblest, best!
Thy matchless courage I bewail no more,
Which then, when tens of thousands were
deprest

By doubt, propelled thee to the fatal shore; Thou found'st—and I forgive thee—here thou art—

A nobler counsellor than my poor heart.

"But thou, though capable of sternest deed, Wert kind as resolute, and good as brave; And he whose power restores thee hath decreed

Thou shouldst clude the malice of the grave; Redundant are thy locks, thy lips as fair
As when their breath enriched Thessalian air.

"No spectre greets me,—no vain shadow this;

Come, blooming hero, place thee by my side! Give, on this well-known couch, one nuptial kiss

To me, this day a second time thy bride!"

Jove frowned in heaven; the conscious Parcæ
threw

Upon those roseate lips a Stygian hue.

"This visage tells thee that my doom is past; Nor should the change be mourned, even if the joys

Of sense were able to return as fast And surely as they vanish. Earth destroys Those raptures duly—Erebus disdains; Calm pleasures there abide—majestic pains. "Be taught, O faithful consort, to control Rebellious passion: for the gods approve The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul; A fervent, not ungovernable, love. Thy transports moderate; and meekly mount When I depart, for brief is my sojourn—"

"Ah, wherefore?—Did not Hercules by fore Wrest from the guardian monster of the tom Alcestis, a reanimated corse,

Given back to dwell on earth in versal bloom?

Medea's spells dispersed the weight of years, And Æson stood a youth 'mid youthful peers

"The gods to us are merciful, and they Yet further may relent; for mightier far Than strength of nerve and sinew, or the sway

Of magic potent over sun and star,
Is love, though oft to agony distrest,
And though his favorite seat be feeble we
man's breast.

"But if thou goest, I follow—" "Peace' he said;—

She looked upon him and was calmed an cheered;

The ghastly color from his lips had fled; In his deportment, shape, and mien appeare Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,

Brought from a pensive, though a happ place.

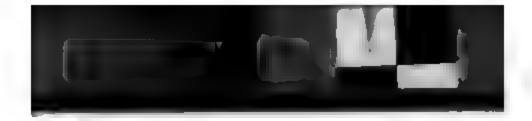
He spake of love, such love as spirits feel
In worlds whose course is equable and pure
No fears to beat away—no strife to heal—
The past unsighed for, and the future sure;
Spake of heroic arts in graver mood
Revived, with finer harmony pursued;

Of all that is most beauteous, imaged there In happier beauty; more pellucid streams, An ampler ether, a divine air, And fields invested with purpureal gleams; Climes which the sun, who sheds the brighter

Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

Yet there the soul shall enter which has

That privilege by virtue.—"Ill," said he,



LOVE'S LAST MESSAGES.

of man's existence I discerned, ignoble games and revelry r, when we had parted, vain des were thy best pastime, day and

le my youthful peers before my

following his peculiar bent) semselves for glorious enterprise sports,—or, seated in the tent, and kings in council were deэd,

the fleet at Aulis lay enchained.

ed-for wind was given ;-I then зđ upon the silent sea; worthier led the way, resolved housand vessels, mine should be st prow in pressing to the straud rst blood that tinged the Trojan

, ofttimes bitter, was the pang y loss I thought, beloved wife! fondly did my memory hang, joys we shared in mortal life which we had trod-these foun-, flowers-

inned cities, and unfinished towers.

d suspense permit the fee to cry, y tremble!-haughty their array, number no one dares to die? rept th' indignity away. then recurred; -- but lofty thought, idied, my deliverance wrought.

ι, though strong in love, art all weak

n self-government too slow; ice by fortitude to seek ennion in the shades below. le world with thee bath sympaxÌ;

ctions raised and solemnized.

a mortal yearning, to ascend,agher object. Love was given, Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end; For this the passion to excess was driven,— That self might be annulled—her bondage prove

The fetters of a dream, opposed to love."

Aloud she shricked | for Hermes reappears | Round the dear shade she would have clung, ---'t is vain ;

The hours are past,—too brief had they been years;

And him no mortal effort can detain. Swift, toward the realms that know not earthly day,

He through the portal takes his silent way, And on the palace floor a lifeless corse she lay.

Thus, all in vain exhorted and reproved, She perished; and, as for wilful orime, By the just gods, whom no weak pity moved, Was doomed to wear out her appointed time, Apart from happy ghosts, that gather flowers Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers.

—Yet tears to human suffering are due; And mortal hopes defeated and o'erthrown Are mourned by man, and not by man alone, As fondly he believes,—Upon the side Of Hellespont (such faith was entertained) A knot of spiry trees for ages grew From out the tomb of him for whom she died;

And ever, when such stature they had gained That llium's walls were subject to their view, The trees' tall summits withered at the sight; A constant interchange of growth and blight!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH,

LOVE'S LAST MESSAGES.

MERRY, merry little stream, Tell me, hast thou seen my dear? I left him with an azure dream, Calmly sleeping on his bier--But he has fied!

"I passed him in his church-yard bed-A yew is sighing o'er his head, And grass-roots mingle with his hair." What doth he there?

Oh cruel! can he lie alone?
Or in the arms of one more dear?
Or hides he in the bower of stone,
To cause and kies away my fear?

"He doth not speak, he doth not moan—Blind, motionless he lies alone;
But, ere the grave-snake fleshed his sting,
This one warm tear he bade me bring
And lay it at thy feet
Among the daisies sweet."

Moonlight whisp'rer, sums
Songster of the groves at
Tell the maiden rose I wear
Whether thou hast seen
"This night in heaven I as
Discontented with his be
And on my lips he left!
For thee to taste and then
Thomas

THE FAIREST THING IN MORTAL EYES.

To make my lady's obsequies

My love a minster wrought,

And, in the chantry, service there

Was sung by doleful thought;

The tapers were of burning sighs,

That light and odor gave;

And sorrows, painted o'er with tears,

Enlumined her grave;

And round about, in quaintest guise,

Was carved: "Within this tomb there lies

The fairest thing in mortal eyes."

Above her lieth spread a tomb
Of gold and sapphires blue:
The gold doth show her blessedness,
The sapphires mark her true;
For blessedness and truth in her
Were livelily portrayed.
When gracious God with both His hands
Her goodly substance made.
He framed her in such wondrous wise,
She was, to speak without disguise,
The fairest thing in mortal eyes.

No more, no more! my heart doth faint When I the life recall Of her, who lived so free from taint,
So virtuous deemed by all—
That in herself was so complete,
I think that she was ta'en
By God to deck His paradise,
And with His saints to reign;
Whom, while on earth, each one did to the fairest thing in mortal eyes.

But naught our tears avail, or cries;
All soon or late in death shall sleep.
Nor living wight long time may have be fairest thing in mortal eyes.
CHARLES DUEN OF ORLEANS. (Proceedings)

THE BURIAL OF LOVE.

dark-eyed maids, at sbut of day, where a river rolled away, h calm, sad brows and raven bair; i one was pale and both were fair.

Bring flowers, they sang, bring flowers to blown;

Bring forest blooms of name unknown; Bring budding sprays from wood and wild To strew the bier of Love, the child.

Close softly, fondly, while ye weep, His eyes, that death may seem like sleep: And fold his hands in sign of rest, His waxen hands, across his breast.

And make his grave where violets hide, Where star-flowers strew the rivulet's side And blue-birds, in the misty spring, Of cloudless skies and summer sing.

Place near him, as ye lay him low, His idle shafts, his loosened bow, The silken fillet that around His waggish eyes in sport he wound.

But we shall mourn him long, and mise His ready smile, his ready kiss, The patter of his little feet, Sweet frowns and stammered phrases swe

And graver looks, serene and h A light of heaven in that a All these shall haunt up a Shall ache and ache—



WINIFREDA.

band, shall fall to dust; arrows waste with rust; we that earth can claim, nory and a name.

nobler part shall dwell, this narrow cell; a now we hide from men ground, shall live again—

hese clods, a form of light, micn and purer sight, ernal glory stand, nearest God's right hand.

WILLIAM CULLAN BRYANT,

LOVE NOT.

re not! ye hapless sons of clay! it wreaths are made of earthly

re made to fade and fall away
blossomed for a few short hours.
Love not!

ne thing ye love may change;
may cease to smile on you,
maming eye grow cold and strange,
il warmly beat, yet not be true.

Love not 1

on the gay and gladsome earth; us, the blue and smiling sky, grave, as once upon its birth.

Love not!

t warning vainly said ours as in years gone by; halo round the dear ones' head, mortal, till they change or die.

> LOVE DOL! CAROLINE NORTON.

SONNET.

which yo misdeem, fair love, is

y fear to lose your liberty; ; one, two liberties ye gain, ; him bound that bondage erst Sweet be the bands, the which true love doth tye

Without constraint, or dread of any ill: The gentle bird feels no captivity

Within her cage; but sings and feeds her fill;

There pride dare not approach, nor discord spill

The league 'twixt them, that loyal love hath bound:

But simple truth, and mutual good-will, Seeks, with sweet peace, to salve each other's wound;

There faith doth fearless dwell in brazen tower,

And spotless pleasure builds her sacred bower.

EDMUKD STEMME.

WINIFREDA.

Away! let naught to love displeasing,
My Winifreda, move your care;
Let naught delay the heavenly blessing,
Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy fear.

What though no grants of royal donors
With pompous titles grace our blood;
We'll shine in more substantial honors,
And to be noble we'll be good.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender, Will sweetly sound where'er 't is spoke: And all the great ones, they shall wonder How they respect such little folk.

What though from fortune's lavish bounty
No mighty treasures we possess;
We'll find within our pittance plenty,
And be content without excess.

Still shall each kind returning season Sufficient for our wishes give; For we will live a life of reason, And that's the only life to live.

Through youth and age in love excelling,
We'll hand in hand together tread;
Sweet-smiling peace shall crown our dwelling
And babes, sweet-smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
While 'round my knees they fondly clung,
To see them look their mother's features,
To hear them lisp their mother's tongue!

And when with envy, time, transported, Shall think to rob us of our joys, You'll in your girls again be courted, And I'll go a-wooing in my boys.

ANONYMOUL

SONG.

Gather ye rose-buds as ye may, Old Time is still a-flying; And this same flower that smiles to-day To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun, The higher he's a-getting, The sooner will his race be run, And nearer he's to setting.

The age is best which is the first, When youth and blood are warmer; But being spent, the worse and worst Time still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time, And while ye may, go marry; For having lost but once your prime, You may for ever tarry.

ROBERT HERRICK.

HENRY HART MILMAN.

BRIDAL SONG.

To the sound of timbrels sweet Moving slow our solemn feet, We have borne thee on the road To the virgin's blest abode; With thy yellow torches gleaming, And thy scarlet mantle streaming, And the canopy above Swaying as we slowly move.

Thou hast left the joyous feast, And the mirth and wine have ceased; And now we set thee down before The jealously-unclosing door, That the favored youth admits Where the veiled virgin sits In the bliss of maiden fear, Waiting our soft tread to hear. And the music's brisker din At the bridegroom's entering in, Entering in, a welcome guest, To the chamber of his rest.

EPITHALAMION.

YE learned sisters, which have oftenti Beene to the ayding others to adorne, Whom ye thought worthy of your g rymes,

That even the greatest did not greatly To heare theyr names sung in your lays,

But joyed in theyr praise;

And when ye list your own misl mourne,

Which death, or love, or fortune's wr rayse,

Your string could soone to sadder turne

And teach the woods and waters to h Your doleful dreriment;

Now lay those sorrowfull complaints: And, having all your heads with a crowned,

Helpe me mine owne love's prayses sound,

No let the same of any be envide. So Orpheus did for his owne bride; So I unto my selfe alone will sing; The woods shall to me answer, and n ring.

Early, before the world's light-giving His golden beame upon the hils doth Having disperst the night's unc dampe,

Doe ye awake; and with fresh lustyl Go to the bowre of my beloved love, My truest turtle dove;

Bid her awake; for Hymen is awake, And long since ready forth his mi move,

With his bright torch that flames wit a flake,

And many a bachelor to waite on him In theyr fresh garments trim.

Bid her awake therefore, and soone he For loe! the wished day is come at la That shall, for all the paynes and se past,

Pay to her usury of long delight! And, whylest she doth her dight,



e ye to her of joy and solace sing, at all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

ing with you all the nymphes that you can beare,

th of the rivers and the forests greene, d of the sea that neighbours to her neare; I with gay girlands goodly wel beseene. id let them also with them bring in hand nother gay girland,

r my fayre love, of lillyes and of roses, mnd, true-love-wise, with a blue silk riband.

ad let them make great store of bridale posies ;

ad let them eke bring store of other flow-

deck the bridale bowers.

ad let the ground whereas her foot shall

or feare the stones her tender foot should wrong,

estrewed with fragrant flowers all along, ad dispred lyke the discolored mead.

thich done, doe at her chamber dore awayt, or she will waken strayt;

he whiles do ye this song unto her sing, he woods shall to you answer, and your echo ring.

e nymphes of Mulla, which with carefull beed

he silver-scaly trouts do tend full well,

ad greedy pikes which used therein to!

celi;)

lake.

uere none do fishes take—

and up the locks the which hang scattered

ad in his waters, which your mirror make, Which do the seasons of the year allot; shold your faces as the obristall bright,

at when you come whereas my love doth. Do make and still repayre! lio

blemish she may spie.

id eke, ye lightfoot mayds, which keepe | The which do still adorn her beauteous the dore

at on the houry mountayne used to towre— | Helpe to adorn my beautifullest bride;

And the wylde wolves, which seeke them to devoure,

With your steele darts doe chace from coming neare-

Be also present here,

To helpe to decke her, and to help to sing, That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Wake now, my love, awake; for it is time: The rosy morne long since left Tithon's bed. All ready to her silver coache to clyme; And Phobus 'gins to shew his glorious hed. Hark! how the cheerfull birds do channt theyr laies,

And carroll of love's praise!

The merry larke his mattins sings aloft;

The thrush replyes; the mavis playes;

The ouzell shrills; the ruddock warbles soft: So goodly all agree, with sweet consent, To this daye's merriment.

Ah! my deare love, why do ye sleepe thus long?

When meeter were that ye should now awake, T' awayt the comming of your joyous make: And hearken to the birds' love-learned song, The dewy leaves among!

For they of joy and pleasance to you sing, That all the woods them answer, and theyr echo ring.

My love is now awake out of her dreame; And her fayre eyes, like stars that dimmed

With darksome cloud, now shew theyr goodly beame,

flore trouts and pikes all others doe ex- More bright than Hesperus his head doth reare.

ad ye, likewise, which keepe the rushy Come now, ye damsels, daughters of delight, ' Helpe quickly her to dight!

> But first come, ye fayre houres, which were hegot

In Jove's sweet paradise of day and night;

) And all that ever in this world is fayre,

And ye, three handmayds of the Cyprian queene,

pride,

And, as ye her array, still throw between Some graces to be seene;
And, as ye used to Venus, to her sing,
The whiles the woods shal answer, and your echo ring.

Now is my love all ready forth to come—
Let all the virgins, therefore, well awayt;
And ye fresh boys, that tend upon her groome,
Prepare yourselves; for he is comming strayt.
Set all your things in seemely-good aray,
Fit for so joyfull day—
The joyfulest day that ever sun did see.
Fair sun! shew forth thy favourable ray,
And let thy lifull heat not fervent be,
For feare of burning her sunshyny face,
Her benuty to disgrace.
O fayrest Phobus! father of the Muse!
If ever I did honour thee aright,
Or sing the thing that mote thy minde delight,

Do not the servant's simple boone refuse;
But let it a day, let this one day, be mine;
Let all the rest be thine.

Then I the soverayne prayeses lond will sing. That all the woods shal answer, and they recho ring.

Harke! how the minstrels 'gin to shrill aloud
Their merry musick that resounds from far The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling croud
That well agree withouten breach or jar.
But most of all the dainzels do delite
When they their tymbrels smyte,
And thereunte do daince and carrol sweet,
That all the sences they do ravish quite;
The whiles the boyes run up and donne the
street,

Crying alond with strong, confused noyce, As if it were one voyce:

Hymer, lo Hymen, Hymen they do shont, That even to the heavens they shouting shall

Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill;
To which the people standing all about,
As in approvance, dotherete appland,
And loud advance for land;
And evermore they Hymen, Hymen! sing,
That all the woods them answer, and theyr
echo ring.

Lyke Phœbe, from her chamber of the Arysing forth to run her mighty race, Clad all in white, that seems a virgin best So well it her beseems that ye would we Some angell she had beene. Her long, loose, yellow locks, lyke gol Sprinkled with perie, and perling for atweene, Do lyke a golden mantle her attyro; And, being crowned with a girland great Seem lyke some mayden queene. Her modest eyes, abashed to behold So many gazera as on her do stare, Upon the lowly ground affixed are; Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold But blush to heare her prayees sung so in So farre from being proud. Nathlesse do ye still loud her prayses sing That all the woods may answer, and po

Loe | where she comes along with portly p

Tell me, ye merchants' daughters, did ye se So fayre a creature in your towne before! So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she, Adornd with beauty's grace and vertee store!

echo ring.

Her-goodly eyes lyke saphyres shining brigh Her forehead ivory white;

Her cheekes lyke apples which the sun har rudded;

Her hips lyke cherries charming men to by: Her brest lyke to a bowl of cream uncrude Her paps lyke lyllies budded; Her snowle necke lyke to a marble towre.

And all her body like a pallace fayre,
Ascending up with many a stately stayre.
To honor's seat and chastity's sweet bows
Why stand ye still, ye virgins, in amaze
Upon I er so to gaze,

Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing, To which the woods did answer, and yo echo ring?

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
The inward beauty of her lively spright,
Garnisht with heavenly gifts of high degre
Much more then would ye wonder at t

and astonisht, lyke to those which red se's mazeful hed.

dwells sweet love, and constant chas-

ted fayth, and comely womanhood, t of honour, and mild modesty;

vertue raynes as queene in royal, throne,

weth lawes alone,

hich the base affections do obey, seld theyr services unto her will; aght of things uncomely ever may o approach, to tempt her mind to ill. once seene these her celestial treas-Dres,

arevealed pleasures,

would ye wonder, and her prayses

ll the woods should answer, and your ecbo ring.

he temple gates unto my love! hem wide, that she may enter in! I the postes adorne as doth behove, I the pillars deck with girlands trim, receyve this saynt with honour dew, ommeth in to you! rembling steps and humble reverence mmeth in before th' Almighty's view. , ye virgins, learne obedience, so ye come into those holy places, able your proud faces. her up to th' high altar, that she may cred ceremonies there partake, hich do endlesse matrimony make; t the roaring organs loudly play aises of the Lord in lively notes; hiles, with hollow throates, oristers the joyous antheme sing, ill the woods may answer, and their echo ring.

! whiles she before the altar stands, g the holy priest that to her speakes, esseth her with his two happy hands, he red roses flush up in her cheekes, he pure snow with goodly vermill stayne,

Hanson dyde in grayne: no the angels, which continually a sacred altar do remaine,

Ofte peeping in her face, that seems more fayre The more they on it stere. But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground. Are governed with goodly modesty, That suffers not one look to glaunce awry Which may let in a little thought unsound. Why blush ye, love, to give to me your hand.

Forget their service and about her fly,

Sing, ye sweet angels, allelnya sing, That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring!

The pledge of all our band I

Now all is done: bring home the bride again-

Bring home the triumph of our victory; Bring home with you the glory of her gaine— With joyence bring her and with jollity. Never had man more joyfull day than this, Whom heaven would heape with bliss. Make feast therefore now all this live-long

day;

This day for ever to me holy is.

Poure out the wine without restraint or stay-Poure not by cups, but by the belly-full-Poure out to all that wull!

And sprinkle all the postes and walls with

That they may sweat and drunken be withall. Crowne ye god Bacchus with a coronall, And Hymen also crowne with wreaths of

And let the Graces daunce unto the rest, For they can do it best;

vine;

The whiles the maydens do theyr carrol

To which the woods shall answer, and they: echo ring.

Ring ye the bells, ye yong men of the towns. And leave your wonted labors for this day: This day is holy—do ye write it downe, That ye for ever it remember may,— This day the sun is in his chiefest hight, With Barnaby the bright, From whence declining daily by degrees, He somewhat loseth of his heat and light, When once the Crab behind his back he **e-But for this time it ill-ordained was

PORMS OF LOVE.

To choose the longest day in all the years, And shortest night, when longest fitter wears;

Yet never day so long but late would passe. Ring ye the bells, to make it weare away, And bonfires make all day;

And danuce about them, and about them sing, That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Ah! when will this long weary day have and. I

And lende me leave to come unt How slowly do the houres the

How slowly do the houres the spend!

Now slowly does and Time his fet

Hast thee, O fayrest planet, to the Within the westerne foame;
Thy tyred steedes long since have hong though it be, at last I see it.
And the bright evening-star

crest

Appeare out of the east.

Fayre chard of teauty! glorious lamp of rose
That all the lost of heaven in rankes dost
lead.

And guidest lovers through the night's sad dread,

How cherefully thou lookest from above, And seem'st to laugh atweene thy twinkling light,

As joying in the sight

in proud Lumility!

Of these glad many, which for joy do sing, That all the woods them answer, and their echo ring.

Now cease, ye damsels, your delights forepast;

Enough it is that all the day was youres.

Now day is done, and night is nighing fast;

Now bring the bryde into the brydall bowres.

The night is come, now soon her disarray,

And in her bed her lay;

Lay her in lyllies and in violets;

Lay her in lyllies and in violets; And silken curtains over her display, And edourd sheets, and arras coverlets. Behold how goodly my faire love does lye,

Like unto Maia, when as Jove her took In Tempe, lying on the flowry grass, Twixt sleepe and wake, after she weary was, With bathing in the Acidalian brooks.

Now it is night—ye damsels may be good. And leave my love alone;

And leave likewise your former lay to sing: The woods no more shall answer, nor you echo ring.

Now welcome, night! thou night so im expected,

That long daie's labour doest at last defray.
And all my cares which cruell love collects.
Heat summed in one, and cancelled for ays.

if thy broad wing over my love and me man may us see; in thy sable mantle us enwrap, feare of perill and foule horror from the false treason seeke us to entrap, my dread disquiet once annoy afety of our joy; at the night be calme, and quietsome but tempestuous storms or sad afray: as when Jove with fayre Alemena in the begot the great Tirynthian ground.

ke as when he with thy selfe did lys,"

And begot Majesty.

And let the mayds and yongmen cease to mag Ne let the woods them answer, nor they echo ring.

Let no lamenting cryes, nor doleful teares. Be heard all night within, nor yet without: Ne let false whispers, breeding hidden feares. Breake gentle sleepe with misconceived dont. Let no deluding dreames, nor dreadful sights. Make sudden, sad affrights;

Ne let house-fyres, nor lightning's helple harmes,

No let the pouke, nor other evil sprights. No let mischievous witches with the charmes,

Ne let hob-goblins, names whose sense we see not,

Fray us with things that be not;

Let not the shriech-owle, nor the storke, heard;

Nor the night raven, that still deadly yells Nor damaed ghosts, cald up with migh spells;

Nor griesly vultures make us once affeard. No let th' unpleasant quire of frogs still ore

Make us to wish



RPITHALAMION.

the woods them answer, nor theyr echo ring.

stil silence true night-watches keepe, cred peace may in samrance rayne, mely sleep, when it is tyme to sleepe, ure his limbs forth on your pleasant playne;

iles an hundred little winged Loves, vers-fethered doves.

y and flutter round about the bed, the secret darke, that none reproves, rety stealthes shall worke, and snares shall spread

away sweet snatches of delight, ld through covert night. nes of Venus play your sports at will! edy pleasure, carelesse of your toyes, more upon her paradise of joyes rhat ye do, albeit good or ill. ht therefore attend your merry play, will soone be day;

one doth hinder you, that say or sing; I the woods now answer, nor your echo ring.

s the same, which at my window peepes î

se is that fayre face that shines so bright?

t Cinthia, she that never sleepes, dks about high Heaven all the night? wet goddesse, do thou not envy e with me to spy;

m likewise didst love, though now unthought,

r a fleece of wool, which privily atmian shephord once unto thee

brought, asures with thee wrought. ore to us be favorable now; h of women's labours thou hast charge, neration goodly dost enlarge, thy will t' effect our wishfull vow, se chast womb informe with timely seed.

sy our comfort breed:

ich we cease our hopefull hap to sing; the woods us answer, nor our echo ring.

se of these theyr dreary accents sing; [And thou, great Juno! which with awful might

> The lawes of wedlock still dost patronize; And the religion of the faith first plight With sacred rites hast taught to solemnize; And eke for comfort often called art Of women in their smart-Eternally bind thou this lovely band. And all thy blessings unto us impart. And thou, glad genius! in whose gentle hand The brydale bowre and geniall bed remaine, Without blemish or staine; And the sweet pleasures of theyr love's delight With secret ayde dost succour and supply, Till they bring forth the fruitful progeny; Send us the timely fruit of this same night; And thou, fayre Hebe! and thou, Hymen free! Grant that it may so be; Till which we cease your further praise to sing, Ne any wood shall answor, nor your echo ring.

> And ye, high heavens, the temple of the gods, In which a thousand torches flaming bright Do burne, that to us wretched earthly clods In dreadful darknesse lend desired light; And all ye powers which in the same remayne,

> More than we men can fayne-Poure out your blessing on us plentiously, And happy influence upon us raine, That we may raise a large posterity, Which, from the earth which they may long possesse

> With lasting happinesse, Up to your haughty pallaces may mount; And, for the guerdon of theyr glorious merit, May heavenly tabernacles there inherit, Of blessed saints for to increase the count. So let us rest, sweet love, in hope of this, And cease till then our tymely joyes to sing: The woods no more us answer, nor our echc ring.

Song! made in lieu of many ornaments, With which my love should duly have been deckt Which cutting off through hasty accidents, Ye would not stay your due time to expect, But promist both to recompens; Be unto her a goodly ornament, And for short time an endlesse monument! EDWEND SYEMME.

EPITHALAMIUM.

I saw two clouds at morning,

Tinged by the rising sun,

And in the dawn they floated on,

And mingled into one;

I thought that morning cloud was blest,

It moved so sweetly to the west.

I saw two summer currents

Flow smoothly to their meeting,
And join their course with silent force,
In peace each other greeting;
Calm was their course through banks of
green,
While dimpling eddies played between.

Such be your gentle motion,

Till life's last pulse shall beat;
Like summer's beam, and summer's stream,

Float on, in joy, to meet

A calmer sea, where storms shall cease—

A purer sky, where all is peace.

JOHN G. C. BRAINARD.

NOT OURS THE VOWS.

Not ours the vows of such as plight
Their troth in sunny weather,
While leaves are green, and skies are bright,
To walk on flowers together.

But we have loved as those who tread
The thorny path of sorrow,
With clouds above, and cause to dread
Yet deeper gloom to-morrow.

That thorny path, those stormy skies,

Have drawn our spirits nearer;

And rendered us, by sorrow's ties,

Each to the other dearer.

Love, born in hours of joy and mirth,
With mirth and joy may perish;
That to which darker hours gave birth
Still more and more we cherish.

It looks beyond the clouds of time,
And through death's shadowy portal;
Made by adversity sublime,
By faith and hope immortal.

BERNARD BARTON.

MY LOVE HAS TALKED.

My love has talked with rocks and trees:

He finds on misty mountain-ground

His own vast shadow glory-crowned

He sees himself in all he sees.

Two partners of a married life,—
I looked on these and thought of the
In vastness and in mystery,
And of my spirit as of a wife.

These two, they dwelt with eye on eye;
Their hearts of old have beat in turn
Their meetings made December Jurn
Their every parting was to die.

Their love has never passed away;
The days she never can forget
Are earnest that he loves her yet,
Whate'er the faithless people say.

Her life is lone—he sits apart—
He loves her yet—she will not weep
Though, rapt in matters dark and of
He seems to slight her simple heart.

He thrids the labyrinth of the mind;
He reads the secret of the star—
He seems so near and yet so far;
He looks so cold: she thinks him kind.

She keeps the gift of years before—
A withered violet is her bliss;
She knows not what his greatness is
For that, for all, she loves him more.

For him she plays, to him she sings
Of early faith and plighted vows;
She knows but matters of the house
And he—he knows a thousand things.

Her faith is fixed and cannot move;
She darkly feels him great and wise
She dwells on him with faithful ey
"I cannot understand—I love."

ALFRED TENNY

THOU WERT BY MY SIDE, MY LOVE.

In thou wert by my side, my love, How fast would evening fail In green Bengala's palmy grove, Listening the nightingale!

If thou, my love, wert by my side,
My babies at my knee,
How gayly would our pinnace glide
O'er Gunga's mimic sea!

I miss thee at the dawning gray,
When, on our deck reclined,
In careless ease my limbs I lay
And woo the cooler wind.

I miss thee when by Gunga's stream
My twilight steps I guide,
But most beneath the lamp's pale beam
I miss thee from my side.

I spread my books, my pencil try, The lingering noon to cheer, But miss thy kind, approving eye, Thy meek, attentive ear.

But when at morn and eve the star Beholds me on my knee, I feel, though thou art distant far, Thy prayers ascend for me.

Then on! then on! where duty leads,
My course be onward still,
O'er broad Hindostan's sultry meads,
O'er bleak Almorah's hill.

That course nor Delhi's kingly gates,
Nor mild Malwah detain;
For sweet the bliss us both awaits
By yonder western main.

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright, they

blue sea;
s so light and gay

) Eb

A WISH.

MINE be a cot beside the hill;
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear;
A willowy brook, that turns a mill,
With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow oft beneath my thatch
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring

Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;

And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing

In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church among the trees,
Where first our marriage vows were given
With merry peals shall swell the breeze
And point with taper spire to heaven.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING.

She is a winsome wee thing, She is a handsome wee thing, She is a bonnie wee thing, This sweet wee wife o' mine.

I never saw a fairer,
I never lo'ed a dearer,
And neist my heart I'll wear her.
For fear my jewel tine.

She is a winsome wee thing, She is a handsome wee thing, She is a bonnie wee thing, This sweet wee wife of mine.

The warld's wrack, we share c't.
The warstle and the care o't,
Wi' her I'll blythely bear it,
And think my lot divine.

THE FIRESIDE.

DEAR Chloe, while the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In folly's maze advance;
Though singularity and pride
Be called our choice, we'll step aside,
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire

To our own family and fire,

Where love our hours employs;

No noisy neighbor enters here,

No intermeddling stranger near,

To spoil our heartfelt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam;
The world hath nothing to bestow—
From our own selves our bliss must flow,
And that dear hut, our home.

Though fools spurn Hymen's centle powers,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring;
If tutored right, they 'll prove a spring
Whence pleasures ever rise;
We'll form their minds with studious care
To all that's manly, good, and fair,
And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, support our age,
And crown our hoary hairs;
They'll grow in virtue every day,
And thus our fondest loves repay,
And recompense our cares.

No borrowed joys, they're all our own, While to the world we live unknown, Or by the world forgot;

Monarchs! we envy not your state.

We look with pity on the great,

And bless our humble lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed;
But then how little do we need,
For nature's calls are few;
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish with content
Whate'er kind Providence has sent.
Nor aim beyond our power;
For, if our stock be very small,
'T is prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

To be resigned when ills betide,
Patient when favors are denied,
And pleased with favors given—
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part,
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance smells to heaven.

We'll ask no long-protracted treat,
Since winter-life is seldom sweet;
But, when our feast is o'er,
Grateful from table we'll arise,
Nor grudge our sons, with envious eyes,
The relics of our store.

Thus hand in hand through life we'll go;
Its chequered paths of joy and woe
With cautious steps we'll tread;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble, or a fear,
And mingle with the dead;

While conscience, like a faithful friend, Shall through the gloomy vale attend, And cheer our dying breath—Shall, when all other comforts cease, Like a kind angel whisper peace, And smooth the bed of death.

NATRAMENL COTTO



THE POET'S BRIDAL-DAY SONG.

POET'S BRIDAL-DAY SONG.

love's like the steadfast sun, ms that deepen as they run; ry hairs, nor forty years, nents between sighs and tears, its of thought, nor days of pain, its of glory dreamed in vain, th, nor sweetest song that flows 'joys and soften woes, to my heart or fancy flee, nent, my sweet wife, from thee.

nile I muse, I see thee sit
en bloom and matron wit,
itle as when first I sued,
i, but of sedater mood;
heart leaps as foud for thee
i, beneath Arbigland tree,
ed and wooed, and thought the moon
he sea an hour too soon;
red 'mid the falling dew,
oks were fond and words were few.

I see smiling at thy feet

and ac fair daughter sweet,

c, and care, and birthtime woes

nmed thine eye and touched thy rose,
and thoughts of thee, belong

r charms me in tale or song.

ords descend like dews, unsought,
ams of deep, enthusiast thought,

cy in her heaven flies free,

me, my love, they come from thee.

in more thought we gave, of old,
; than some give to gold,
weet to sit and ponder o'er
should deck our humble bower;
weet to pull, in bope, with thee,
len fruit of fortune's tree;
seter still to choose and twine
ad for that brow of thine—
wreath which may grace my Jean,
vers flow, and woods grow green.

s there come, as come there ought, noments of sedater thought, artune frowns, nor lends our night am of her inconstant light; And hope, that decks the peasant's bower, Shines like a rainbow through the shower; Oh then I see, while seated nigh, A mother's heart shine in thine eye, And proud resolve and purpose meek, Speak of thee more than words can speak. I think this wedded wife of mine, The best of all that's not divine.

ALLAH OTHERSMAN.

TO SARAH.

One happy year has fled, Sall,
Since you were all my own;
The leaves have felt the autumn blight,
The wintry storm has blown.
We heeded not the cold blast,
Nor the winter's icy air;
For we found our climate in the heart,
And it was summer there.

The summer sun is bright, Sall,

The skies are pure in hue—
But clouds will sometimes sadden them,
And dim their lovely blue;
And clouds may come to us, Sall,
But sure they will not stay;
For there's a spell in fond hearts
To chase their gloom away.

In sickness and in sorrow

Thine eyes were on me still,
And there was comfort in each glauce
To charm the sense of ill;
And were they absent now, Sall,
I'd seek my bed of pain,
And bless each pang that gave me back
Those looks of love again.

Oh, pleasant is the welcome kiss
When day's dull round is o'er,
And sweet the music of the step
That meets me at the door.
Though worldly cares may visit us,
I reck not when they fall,
While I have thy kind lips, my Sali,
To smile away them all.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

THE POET'S SONG TO HIS WIFE.

How many summers, love,
Have I been thine?
How many days, thou dove,
Hast thou been mine?
Time, like the winged wind
When 't bends the flowers,
Hath left no mark behind,
To count the hours!

Some weight of thought, though loth,
On thee he leaves;
Some lines of care round both
Perhaps he weaves;
Some fears,—a soft regret
For joys scarce known;
Sweet looks we half forget;—
All else is flown!

Ah!—With what thankless heart
I mourn and sing!
Look, where our children start,
Like sudden spring!
With tongues all sweet and low,
Like a pleasant rhyme,
They tell how much I owe
To thee and time!

Baser Corrwald.

THE BLISSFUL DAY.

The day returns, my bosom burns,
The blissful day we twa did meet.
Tho' winter wild in tempest toiled,
Ne'er summer sun was half sae sweet.

Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
And crosses o'er the sultry line—
Than kingly robes, and crowns and gle
Heaven gave me more; it made the

While day and night can bring delight
Or nature aught of pleasure give—
While joys above my mind can move,
For thee and thee alone I live;
When that grim foe of life below
Comes in between to make us part,
The iron hand that breaks our band,
It breaks my bliss—it breaks my her
Bosser 1

JOHN ANDERSON.

JOHN ANDRESON, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your looks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is bald, John,
Your locks are like the snow;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo!

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a canty day, John,
We 've had wi' are anither;
Now we mann totter down, John.
But hand in hand we 'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

Bonner '





PART V.

POEMS OF AMBITION.

Parmors have toiled, and in their country's cause Bled nobly; and their deeds, as they deserve, Receive proud recompense. We give in charge Their names to the sweet lyre. The historic Muse, Proud of the treasure, marches with it down To latest times; and Sculpture, in her turn, Gives bond in stone and ever-during brass To guard them, and to immortalize her trust.

COWPER

On courage! there he comes;
What ray of honor round about him looms!
Oh, what new beams from his bright oyes do glance!
O princely port! presageful countenance
Of hap at hand! He doth not nicely prank
In clinquant pomp, as some of meanest rank,
But armed in steel; that bright habiliment
Is his rich valor's so'e rich ornament.

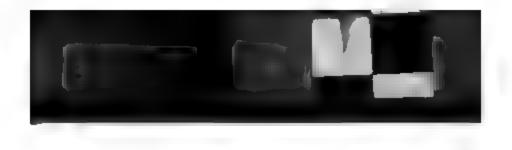
JOSHUA STLYESTELL

Es avant l'marchons
Contre leurs canons!
A travers le fer, le feu des battaillons,
Courons à la victoire!
CASMIS DE LA VIGNE,

The perfect best of that celestial fire,
That so inflames the pure heroic breast,
And lifts the thought, that it can never rest
Till it to heaven attain its prime desire.

LORD THURLOW.

•			



POEMS OF AMBITION.

HORATIUS.

ABOUT THE YEAR OF BOME COULE.

L

ena of Clusium,
nine gods he swore
great house of Tarquin
suffer wrong no more,
ne gods he swore it,
ned a trysting day,
his messengers ride forth,
rest and south and north,
non his array.

n.

vest and south and north sengers ride fast, r and town and cottage ard the trumpet's blast, the false Etruscan gers in his home, sena of Clusium e march for Rome!

Ш

men and the footmen
ring in amain
y a stately market-place,
any a fruitful plain,
y a lonely bamlet,
hid by beech and pine,
gle's nest hangs on the crest
de Apennine;

İŦ.

From lordly Volaterrae,
Where seewls the far-famed hold
Piled by the hands of giants
For godlike kings of old;
From sea-girt Populonia,
Whose sentinels descry
Sardinia's snowy mountain-tope
Fringing the southern sky;

٧.

From the proud mart of Pisae,
Queen of the western waves,
Where ride Massilia's triremes,
Heavy with fair-haired alaves;
From where sweet Clanis wanders
Through corn and vines and flowers,
From where Cortona lifts to heaven
Her diadem of towers.

٧L

Tall are the oaks whose acoms
Drop in dark Auser's rill;
Fat are the stags that champ the boughs
Of the Ciminian hill;
Beyond all streams, Clitumous
Is to the herdsman dear;
Best of all pools the fowler loves
The great Volsinian mere.

VIL.

But now no stroke of woodman
Is heard by Auser's rill;
No hunter tracks the stag's green path
Up the Ciminian hill;

Unwatched along Clitumnus
Grazes the milk-white steer;
Unharmed the water-fowl may dip
In the Volsinian mere.

VIII.

The harvests of Arretium,
This year, old men shall reap;
This year, young boys in Umbro
Shall plunge the struggling sheep;
And in the vats of Luna,
This year, the must shall
Round the white feet of is
Whose sires have march

LX.

There be thirty chosen;
The wisest of the land
Who alway by Lars Por
Both morn and evenic
Evening and morn the t
Have turned the vers
Traced from the right on
By mighty seers of yore;

¥.

And with one voice the thirty
Have their glad answer given:
"Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena—
Go forth, beloved of heaven!
Go, and return in glory
To Clusium's royal dome,
And hang round Nurscia's altars
The golden shields of Rome!"

II.

And now hath every city
Sent up her tale of men;
The foot are fourscore thousand,
The horse are thousands ten.
Before the gates of Sutrium
Is met the great array;
A proud man was Lars Porsena
Upon the trysting day.

XII.

For all the Etruscan armies
Were ranged beneath his eye,
And many a banished Roman,
And many a stout ally;

And with a mighty following,
To join the muster, came
The Tusculan Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name,

XIII.

But by the yellow Tiber

Was tumult and affright;

From all the spacious champaign

To Rome men took their flight.

A mile around the city

The throng stopped up the ways:

A fearful sight it was to see

Through two long nights and days.

xiv.

And women great with child,
And mothers, sobbing over babes
That clung to them and smiled,
And sick men borne in litters
High on the necks of slaves,
And troops of sunburned husbandmes
With reaping-hooks and staves,

XV.

And droves of mules and asses
Laden with skins of wine,
And endless flocks of goats and sheep
And endless herds of kine,
And endless trains of wagons,
That creaked beneath the weight
Of corn-sacks and of household good
Choked every roaring gate.

XVI.

Now, from the rock Tarpelan,
Could the wan burghers spy
The line of blazing villages
Red in the midnight sky.
The fathers of the city,
They sat all night and day,
For every hour some horseman came
With tidings of dismay.

XVΠ.

To eastward and to westward

Have spread the Tuscan bands,
Nor house, nor fence, nor dovecot,
In Crustumerium stands.



HORATIUS.

Verbenna down to Ostia

Eath wasted all the plain';
Aster bath stormed Janicolum,
And the stout guards are slain.

TVIII.

I wis, in all the senate

There was no heart so bold

But sore it ached, and fast it beat,

When that ill news was told.

Forthwith up rose the consul,

Up rose the fathers all;

In haste they girded up their gowns,

And hied them to the wall.

XIX.

They held a council, standing

Before the river-gate;

Short time was there, ye well may guess,

For musing or debate.

Out spake the consul roundly:

"The bridge must straight go down;

For, since Janiculum is lost,

Nought else can save the town."

XI.

Just then a scout came flying,
All wild with haste and fear:
"To arms! to arms! sir consul—
Lars Porsena is here."
On the low hills to westward
The consul fixed his eye,
And saw the swarthy storm of dust
Rise fast along the sky.

III

Doth the red whirlwind come;
And louder still, and still more loud,
From underneath that rolling cloud,
Is heard the trumpets' war-note proud,
The trampling and the hum.
And plainly and more plainly
Now through the gloom appears,
I'm to left and far to right,
Is broken gleems of dark-blue light,
The long array of spears.

XXII.

And plainly and more plainly,
Above that glimmering line,
Now might ye see the banners
Of twelve fair cities shine;
But the banner of proud Clusium
Was highest of them all—
The terror of the Umbrian,
The terror of the Gaul.

TILL.

And plainly and more plainly
Now might the burghers know,
By port and vest, by horse and creet,
Each warlike Lucumo:
There Cilnius of Arretium
On his fleet roan was seen;
And Astur of the fourfold shield,
Girt with the brand none else may wield;
Tolumnius with the belt of gold,
And dark Verbenna from the hold
By reedy Thrasymene.

XXIV.

Fast by the royal standard,
O'erlooking all the war,
Lars Porsena of Clusium
Sat in his ivory car.
By the right wheel rode Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name;
And by the left false Sextus,
That wrought the deed of shame.

IIV.

But when the face of Sextus
Was seen among the foes,
A yell that rent the firmament
From all the town arose.
On the housetops was no woman
But spat towards him and hissed,
No child but screamed out curses,
And shook its little fist.

XXVI.

But the consul's brow was sad,
And the consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe:

"Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town!"

EKVII.

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The captain of the gate:
"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful
For the ashes of his fa
And the temples of

XXVIII

"And for the tender n
Who dandled him to
And for the wife who
His baby at her brea
And for the hely maid
Who feed the eterns
To save them from false

That wrought the deed of shame?

XXIX.

"Hew down the bridge, sir consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play—
In you strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?"

XXX.

Then out spake Spurius Lartius—
A Ramnian proud was he:
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee."
And out spake strong Herminius—
Of Titian blood was he:
"I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee."

XXXL

"Horatius," quoth the consul,
"As thou sayest, so let it be."

And straight against that great array

Forth went the dauntless three.

For Romans in Rome's quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life
In the brave days of old.

XXXII.

Then all were for the state;
Then all were for the state;
Then the great man helped the poor
And the poor man loved the great
Then lands were fairly portioned!
Then spoils were fairly sold:
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.

XXXIII.

Now Roman is to Roman
More hateful than a foc,
And the tribunes beard the high,
And the fathers grind the low.
As we wax hot in faction,
In battle we wax cold:
Wherefore men fight not as they for
In the brave days of old.

XXXIV.

Now while the three were tightening. Their harness on their backs,
The consul was the foremost man. To take in hand an axe;
And fathers, mixed with commons. Seized hatchet, bar, and crow.
And smote upon the planks above,
And loosed the props below.

IIIV

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured the And spears advanced, and ensigns a Rolled slowly towards the bridge's
Where stood the dauntless three



HORATIUS.

IXIVL

ree stood calm and silent,
I looked upon the foes,
great shout of laughter
n all the vanguard rose;
with three chiefs came spurring
we that deep array;
rth they sprang, their swords they
drew,
fted high their shields, and flew
vin the narrow way.

TITYIL

, from green Tifernum,
I of the hill of vines;
eius, whose eight hundred slaves
en in Ilva's mines;
'icus, long to Clusium
sal in peace and war,
ed to fight his Umbrian powers
that gray crag where, girt with
towers,
extress of Nequinum lowers
t the pale waves of Nar.

THEY III.

Lartius hurled down Aunus
the stream beneath;
inius struck at Seius,
I clove him to the teeth;
cus brave Horatius
ted one fiery thrust,
he proud Umbrian's gilded arms
shed in the bloody dust.

XXXIX.

Jenus of Falerii
bed on the Roman three;
ausulus of Urgo,
rover of the sea;
runs of Volsinium,
slew the great wild boar—
eat wild boar that had his der.
det the reeds of Cosa's fen,
asted fields, and slaughtered men,
g Albinia's shore.

XL,

ius emote down Arune; us laid Ocnus low; o the heart of Lausulus time sent a blow: "Lie there," he cried, "fell pirate!
No more, aghast and pale,
From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark
The track of thy destroying bark;
No more Campania's hinds shall fly
To woods and caverns, when they spy
Thy thrice-accursed sail!"

III,

But now no sound of laughter
Was heard among the foes;
A wild and wrathful clamor
From all the vanguard rose.
Six spears' lengths from the entrance
Halted that deep array,
And for a space no man came forth
To win the narrow way.

XLII,

But, hark! the cry is Astur:
And lo! the ranks divide;
And the great lord of Luna
Comes with his stately stride
Upon his ample shoulders
Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
Which none but he can wield.

XLIII.

He smiled on those bold Romans,
A smile serene and high;
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
And scorn was in his eye.
Quoth he, "The she-wolf's litter
Stand savagely at bay;
But will ye dare to follow,
If Astur clears the way?"

XLIV.

Then, whirling up his broadsword
With both hands to the height.
He rushed against Horatius.
And smote with all his might.
With shield and blade Horatius
Right deftly turned the blow.
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh,
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh—
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow.

XLV.

He reeled, and on Herminius

He leaned one breathing space—

Then, like a wild-cat mad with wounds,

Sprang right at Astur's face.

Through teeth, and skull, and helmet,

So fierce a thrust he sped,

The good sword stood a hand-breadth out

Behind the Tuscan's head.

XLVI.

And the great lord of Luna
Fell at that deadly stroke,
As falls on Mount Avernus
A thunder-smitten oak.
Far o'er the crashing forest
The giant arms lie spread;
And the pale augurs, muttering low,
Gaze on the blasted head.

XLVII.

On Astur's throat Horatius
Right firmly pressed his heel,
And thrice and four times tugged amain,
Ere he wrenched out the steel.
"And see," he cried, "the welcome,
Fair guests, that waits you here!
What noble Lucumo comes next
To taste our Roman cheer?"

XLVIII.

But at his haughty challenge
A sullen murmur ran,
Mingled with wrath, and shame, and dread,
Along that glittering van.
There lacked not men of prowess,
Nor men of lordly race;
For all Etruria's noblest
Were round the fatal place.

XLIX.

But all Etruria's noblest
Felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses,
In the path the dauntless three,
And from the ghastly entrance,
Where those bold Romans stood,
All shrank—like boys who, unaware,
Ranging a wood to start a hare,

Come to the mouth of the dark lair Where, growling low, a fierce old be Lies amidst bones and blood.

L

Was none who would be foremost

To lead such dire attack;
But those behind cried "Forward!"

And those before cried "Back!"

And backward now, and forward,

Wavers the deep array;

And on the tossing sea of steel

To and fro the standards reel,

And the victorious trumpet-peal

Dies fitfully away.

LI.

Yet one man for one moment
Strode out before the crowd;
Well known was he to all the three,
And they gave him greeting loud:
"Now welcome, welcome, Sextus!
Now welcome to thy home!
Why dost thou stay, and turn away!
Here lies the road to Rome."

LII.

Thrice looked he at the city;
Thrice looked he at the dead;
And thrice came on in fury,
And thrice turned back in dread;
And, white with fear and hatred,
Scowled at the narrow way
Where, wallowing in a pool of blook
The bravest Tuscans lay.

LIII.

But meanwhile axe and lever

Have manfully been plied;

And now the bridge hangs tottering

Above the boiling tide.

"Come back, come back, Horatius!

"Come back, come back, Horatius!
Loud cried the fathers all—

"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius! Back, ere the ruin fall!"

LIV.

Back darted Spurius Lartius—
Herminius darted back;
And, as they passed, beneath their in
They felt the timbers crack.



HORATIUS.

tey turned their faces, te farther shore loratius stand alone, ld have crossed once more;

LV.

rash like thunder loosened beam, dam, the mighty wreck athwart the stream; shout of triumph the walls of Rome, ghest turret-tops hed the yellow foam.

LVI.

norse unbroken,
t he feels the rein,
river struggled hard,
d his tawny mane,
he curb, and bounded,
to be free;
g down, in fierce career,
and plank, and pier,
eadlong to the sea.

LVII

brave Horatius,
ant still in mind—
y thousand foes before,
road flood behind.
h him! " cried false Sextus,
lile on his pale face;
thee," cried Lars Porsena,
ld thee to our grace!"

LVIII.

ed he, as not deigning ven ranks to see: ce he to Lare Porsena, nought spake he; on Palatinus porch of his home; to the noble river by the towers of Rome:

LIX.

father Tiber! the Romans pray, life, a Roman's arms, i in charge this day!" So he spake, and, speaking, sheathed The good aword by his side, And, with his harness on his back, Plunged headlong in the tide.

LI,

Was heard from either bank,
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

LXI.

But fiercely ran the current,
Swellen high by months of rain,
And fast his blood was flowing;
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armor,
And spent with changing blows;
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

LXII.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing place;
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber
Bare bravely up his chin.

LXIII.

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus,—
"Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town!"
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsens,
"And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before."

LXIV.

And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the fathers
To press his gory hands;
And now, with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the river-gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

LXV.

They gave him of the corn-land,

That was of public right,

As much as two strong oxen

Could plough from morn till night;

And they made a molten image,

And set it up on high—

And there it stands unto this day

To witness if I lie.

LXVI.

It stands in the comitium,
Plain for all folk to see,—
Horatius in his harness,
Halting upon one knee;
And underneath is written,
In letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

LXVII.

And still his name sounds stirring
Unto the men of Rome,
As the trumpet-blast that cries to them
To charge the Volscian home;
And wives still pray to Juno
For boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
In the brave days of old.

LXVIII.

And in the nights of winter,
When the cold north winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst the snow;
When round the lonely cottage
Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus
Roar louder yet within;

LXIX.

When the oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit;
When the chestnuts glow in the em
And the kid turns on the spit;
When young and old in circle
Around the firebrands close;
When the girls are weaving basket
And the lads are shaping bows:

LXX.

When the goodman mends his arm.
And trims his helmet's plume;
When the goodwife's shuttle merril
Goes flashing through the loom;
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

LORD MAC

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENN RIB.

THE Assyrian came down like the the fold,

And his cohorts were gleaming in pugold;

And the sheen of their spears was li

When the blue wave rolls nightly Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when is green,

That host with their banners at sunseen:

Like the leaves of the forest when hath flown,

That host on the morrow lay withe strown.

For the angel of death spread his the blast,

And breathed in the face of th



IT IS GREAT FOR OUR JOUNTRY TO DIE.

and the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chili,

and their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still !

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide.

But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;

and the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,

And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale, With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;

And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,

The knows unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail;

And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal; And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,

dath melted like snow in the glance of the

LORD BYBON.

HARMODIUS AND ARISTOGEITON.

I'm wreathe my sword in myrtle bough, The sword that laid the tyrant low, When patriots burning to be free, To Athens gave equality.

Harmodius, hail! though 'reft of breath, Thou ne'er shalt feel the stroke of death; The heroes' happy isles shall be The bright abode allotted thee.

I'll wreathe my sword in myrtle bough, The sword that laid Hipparchus low, When at Athena's adverse fane He knelt, and never rose again.

While freedom's name is understood, You shall delight the wise and good; You dared to set your country free, And gave her laws equality.

Probaban of Land Dunmast. Callinguages (Grook).

IT IS GREAT FOR OUR COUNTRY TO DIE,

Ou! it is great for our country to die, where ranks are contending:

Bright is the wreath of our fame; glory awaits us for aye-

Glory, that never is dim, shining on with light never ending-

Glory that never shall fade, never, oh! never away.

Oh! it is sweet for our country to die! How softly reposes

Warrior youth on his bier, wet by the tears of his love,

Wet by a mother's warm tears; they crown him with garlands of roses,

Weep, and then joyously turn, bright where he triumphs above.

Not to the shades shall the youth descend, who for country hath perished;

Hebe swaits him in heaven, welcomes him there with her smile;

There, at the banquet divine, the patriot spirit is cherished;

Gods love the young who ascend pure from the funeral pile.

Not to Elysian fields, by the still, oblivious river;

Not to the isles of the blest, over the blue, rolling sea;

But on Olympian heights shall dwell the devoted for ever;

There shall assemble the good, there the wise, valiant, and free.

Oh! then, how great for our country to die, in the front rank to perish,

Firm with our breast to the foe, victory's shout in our ear!

Long they our statues shall crown, in songs our memory cherish;

We shall look forth from our heaven, pleased the sweet music to hear.

17 EDWIN GYLER EARCHAST

LEONIDAS.

Who died along this shore,
Who died within this mountain's glen!
For never nobler chieftain's head
Was laid on valor's crimson bed,

Nor ever prouder gore Sprang forth, than theirs who won the day Upon thy strand, Thermopylæ!

Shout for the mighty men

Who on the Persian tents, Like lions from their midnight den Bounding on the slumbering deer, Rushed—a storm of sword and spear;

Like the roused elements, Let loose from an immortal hand To chasten or to crush a land!

But there are none to hear—

Greece is a hopeless slave.

Leonidas! no hand is near

To lift thy fiery falchion now;

No warrior makes the warrior's vow

Upon thy sea-washed grave.

The voice that should be raised by men
Must now be given by wave and glen.

And it is given!—the surge,

The tree, the rock, the sand On freedom's kneeling spirit urge, In sounds that speak but to the free, The memory of thine and thee!

The vision of thy band Still gleams within the glorious dell Where their gore hallowed as it fell!

And is thy grandeur done?

Mother of men like these!
Has not thy outcry gone
Where justice has an ear to hear?—
Be holy! God shall guide thy spear,

Till in thy crimsoned seas Are plunged the chain and scimitar. Greece shall be a new-born star!

GRORGE CROLY.

PERICLES AND ASPASIA

This was the ruler of the land
When Athens was the land of fa
This was the light that led the ban
When each was like a living flar
The centre of earth's noblest ring—
Of more than men the more than k

Yet not by fetter, nor by spear,
His sovereignty was held or won
Feared—but alone as freemen fear,
Loved—but as freemen love alor
He waved the sceptre o'er his kind
By nature's first great title—mind!

Resistless words were on his tongue. Then eloquence first flashed belo Full armed to life the portent sprue Minerva from the thunderer's but And his the sole, the sacred hand That shook her ægis o'er the land.

And throned immortal by his side, A woman sits with eye sublime, Aspasia, all his spirit's bride;

But, if their solemn love were concernity the beauty and the sage—
Their crime was in their darkened

He perished, but his wreath was we He perished in his height of fam Then sunk the cloud on Athens' sur Yet still she conquered in his natifilled with his soul, she could not Her conquest was posterity!

GRORGE

BOADICEA.

When the British warrior queen, Bleeding from the Roman rod: Sought, with an indignant mien, Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath the spreading oak
Sat the druid, hoary chief;
Every burning word he spoke
Full of rage and full of grief.



THE BULL-FIGHT OF GAZUL.

Princess: if our aged eyes

Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
T is because resentment ties

All the terrors of our tongues.

Rome shall perish—write that word In the blood that she has spilt; Perish, hopeless and abhorred, Deep in ruin as in guilt.

Rome, for empire far renowned,
Tramples on a thousand states;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier's name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.

Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Armed with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

Regions Casar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway;
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they.

Such the bard's prophetic words, Pregnant with celestial fire, Bending as he swept the chords Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride, Felt them in her bosom glow: Rushed to battle, fought, and died; Dying, hurled them at the foe.

Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due;
Empire is on us bestowed,
Shame and ruin wait for you.

WILLIAM COMPRE

THE BULL-FIGHT OF GAZUL.

L

Kine Almanzor of Granada, he hath bid the trumpet sound,

He hath summoned all the Moorish lords from the hills and plains around;

From Vega and Sierra, from Betis and Xenil, They have come with helm and cuirass of gold and twisted steel.

II.

'T is the holy Baptist's feast they hold in royalty and state,

And they have closed the spacious lists beside the Alhambra's gate;

In gowns of black, and silver-laced, within the tented ring,

Eight Moors, to fight the bull, are placed in presence of the king.

щ

Eight Moorish lords of valor tried, with stalwart arm and true,

The onset of the beasts abide, come trooping furious through;

The deeds they've done, the spoils they've won, fill all with hope and trust;

Yet, ere high in heaven appears the sun, they all have bit the dust.

tv.

Then sounds the trumpet clearly; then clange the loud tambour:

Make room, make room for Gazul—throw wide, throw wide the door!

Blow, blow the trumpet clearer still, more loudly strike the drum-

The Alcayde of Algava to fight the bull doth come!

٧,

And first before the king he passed, with reverence stooping low,

And next he bowed him to the queen, and the infantas all a-rowe;

Then to his lady's grace he turned, and she to him did throw

A scarf from out her balcony, was whiter than the snow. VL.

With the life-blood of the slaughtered lords | Upon the forehead of the bull the horns stand all slippery is the sand,

Yet proudly in the centre hath Gazul ta'en his stand;

And ladies look with heaving breast, and lords with anxious eye-

But the lance is firmly in its rest, and his look is calm and high.

VII.

Three bulls against the knight are loosed, and two come roaring on;

He rises high in stirrup, forth stretching his rejon;

Each furious beast upon the breast he deals him such a blow,

He blindly totters and gives back, across the sand to go.

VIII.

"Turn, Gazul, turn," the people cry—"the third comes up behind;

Low to the sand his head holds he, his nostrils snuff the wind;"

The mountaineers that lead the steers without stand whispering low,

"Now thinks this proud Alcayde to stun Harpado so?"

IX.

From Guadiana comes he not, he comes not from Xenil,

From Guadalarif of the plain, or Barves of the hill;

But where from out the forest burst Xarama's waters clear,

Beneath the oak trees was he nursed, this proud and stately steer.

Dark is his hide on either side, but the blood within doth boil;

And the dun hide glows, as if on fire, as he paws to the turmoil.

His eyes are jet, and they are set in crystal rings of snow;

But now they stare with one red glare of brass upon the foe.

IL.

close and near,

From out the broad and wrinkled skull like daggers they appear;

His neck is massy, like the trunk of some old knotted tree,

Whereon the monster's shagged mane, like billows curled, ye see.

XIL.

His legs are short, his hams are thick, his hoofs are black as night,

Like a strong flail he holds his tail in fierceness of his might;

Like something molten out of iron, or hew from forth the rock,

Harpado of Xarama stands, to bide the A cayde's shock.

XIII.

Now stops the drum—close, close they com--thrice meet, and thrice give back;

The white foam of Harpado lies on the char ger's breast of black-

The white foam of the charger on Harpado' front of dun:

Once more advance upon his lance—once more, thou fearless one!

XIV.

Once more, once more—in dust and gore to ruin must thou reel;

In vain, in vain thou tearest the sand with furious heel-

In vain, in vain, thou noble beast, I see, I see thee stagger;

Now keen and cold thy neck must hold the stern Alcayde's dagger!

XV.

They have slipped a noose around his feet six horses are brought in,

And away they drag Harpado with a loud and joyful din.

Now stoop thee, lady, from thy stand, and the ring of price bestow

Upon Gazul of Algava, that hath laid Harpado low.

ANONYMOUS. (Spanish.) Translation of John Gibson Loubland.



CHBVY-CHASE.

CHEVY-OHASE.

God prosper long our noble king, Our lives and safeties all; A woful hunting once there did In Chevy-Chase befall.

To drive the deer with bound and born Earl Percy took his way; The child may rue that is unborn The bunting of that day.

The stout earl of Northumberland A vow to God did make, His pleasure in the Scottish woods Three summer days to take—

The chiefest harts in Chevy-Chase
To kill and bear away.
These tidings to Earl Douglas came,
In Scotland where he lay;

Who sent Earl Percy present word He would prevent his sport. The English earl, not fearing that, Did to the woods resort.

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold, All chosen men of might, Who knew full well in time of need To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran To chase the fallow deer; On Monday they began to hunt When day-light did appear;

And long before high noon they had A hundred fat bucks slain; Then having dined, the drovers went To rouse the deer again.

The bowmen mustered on the hills, Well able to endure; And all their rear, with special care, That day was guarded sure. The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,

The nimble deer to take,

That with their cries the hills and dales
An echo shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went, To view the slaughtered deer; Quoth he, "Earl Douglas promised This day to meet me here;

But if I thought he would not come,

No longer would I stay; "

With that a brave young gentleman

Thus to the earl did say:

"Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas come His men in armor bright; Full twenty hundred Scottish spears All marching in our sight;

All men of pleasant Teviotdale,
Fast by the river Tweed;"
"Then cease your sports," Earl Percy said,
"And take your bows with speed;

And now with me, my countrymen, Your courage forth advance; For never was there champion yet, In Scotland or in France,

That ever did on horseback come, But if my hap it were, I durst encounter man for man, With him to break a spear."

Earl Douglas on his milk-white steed, Most like a baron bold, Rode foremost of his company, Whose armor shone like gold.

"Show me," said he, "whose men you be,
That hunt so boldy here,
That, without my consent, do chase
And kill my fallow-deer."

The first man that did answer make,
Was noble Percy he—
Who said, "We list not to declare,
Nor show whose men we be:

Yet will we spend our dearest blood Thy chiefest harts to slay." Then Douglas swore a solemn oath, And thus in rage did say:

"Ere thus I will out-braved be,
One of us two shall die;
I know thee well, an earl thou art—
Lord Percy, so am I.

But trust me, Percy, pity it were,
And great offence, to kill
Any of these our guiltless men,
For they have done no ill.

Let you and me the battle try,
And set our men aside."
"Accursed be he," Earl Percy said,
"By whom this is denied."

Then stepped a gallant squire forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who said, "I would not have it told
To Henry, our king, for shame,

That e'er my captain fought on foot,
And I stood looking on.
You two be earls," said Witherington,
"And I a squire alone;

I'll do the best that do I may,
While I have power to stand;
While I have power to wield my sword,
I'll fight with heart and hand."

Our English archers bent their bows— Their hearts were good and true; At the first flight of arrows sent, Full fourscore Scots they slew.

Yet stays Earl Douglas on the bent, As chieftain stout and good; As valiant captain, all unmoved, The shock he firmly stood. His host he parted had in three, As leader ware and tried; And soon his spearmen on their Bore down on every side.

Throughout the English archery
They dealt full many a wound
But still our valiant Englishmen
All firmly kept their ground.

And throwing straight their bov They grasped their swords so And now sharp blows, a heavy s On shields and helmets light.

They closed full fast on every side. No slackness there was found. And many a gallant gentleman Lay gasping on the ground.

In truth, it was a grief to see
How each one chose his spear,
And how the blood out of their
Did gush like water clear.

At last these two stout earls did Like captains of great might, Like lions wode, they laid on low And made a cruel fight.

They fought until they both did With swords of tempered stee Until the blood, like drops of ra They trickling down did feel.

"Yield thee, Lord Percy," Doug "In faith I will thee bring Where thou shalt high advanced By James, our Scottish king.

Thy ransom I will freely give,
And this report of thee,
Thou art the most courageous ki
That ever I did see."

"No, Douglas," saith Earl Percy
"Thy proffer I do scorn;
I will not yield to any Scot
That ever yet was born."



With that there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart;
A deep and deadly blow;

Who never spake more words than these:

"Fight on, my merry men all; For why, my life is at an end; Lord Percy sees my fall."

Then leaving life, Earl Percy took
The dead man by the hand;
And said, "Earl Douglas, for thy life
Would I had lost my land.

In truth, my very heart doth bleed With sorrow for thy sake; For sure a more redoubted knight Mischance did never take."

A knight amongst the Scots there was Who saw Earl Douglas die, Who straight in wrath did vow revenge Upon the Earl Percy.

Sir Hugh Mountgomery was he called, Who, with a spear full bright, Well mounted on a gallant steed, Ran fiercely through the fight;

And pest the English archers all, Without a dread or fear; And through Earl Percy's body then He thrust his hateful spear;

With each vehement force and might He did his body gore, The staff ran through the other side A large cloth-yard and more.

So thus did both these nobles die, Whose courage none could stain. An English archer then perceived The noble earl was slain.

He had a bow bent in his hand, Made of a trusty tree; An arrow of a cloth-yard long To the hard head haled he. Against Sir Hugh Mountgomery
So right the shaft he set,
The gray goose wing that was thercon
In his heart's blood was wet.

This fight did last from break of day
Till setting of the snn;
For when they rung the evening-bell,
The battle scarce was done.

With stout Earl Percy there were slain Sir John of Egerton, Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John, Sir James, that bold baron.

And with Sir George and stout Sir James,
Both knights of good secount,
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slain,
Whose prowess did surmount.

For Witherington my heart is wo That ever he slain should be, For when his legs were hewn in two, He knelt and fought on his knee.

And with Earl Douglas there was elain Sir Hugh Mountgomery, Sir Charles Murray, that from the field One foot would never flee.

Sir Charles Murray of Ratcliff, too— His sister's son was he; Sir David Lamb, so well esteemed, But saved he could not be.

And the Lord Maxwell in like case Did with Earl Douglas die: Of twenty hundred Scottish spears, Scarce fifty-five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen, Went home but fifty-three; The rest in Chevy-Chase were slair, Under the greenwood tree.

Next day did many widows come,
Their husbands to bewail;
They washed their wounds in brinish
tears,
But all would not prevail.

Their bodies, bathed in purple blood They bore with them away; They kissed them dead a thousand times, Ere they were clad in clay.

The news was brought to Edinburgh, Where Scotland's king did reign, That brave Earl Douglas suddenly Was with an arrow slain:

"Oh heavy news," King James did say; "Scotland can witness be I have not any captain more Of such account as he."

Like tidings to King Henry came Within as short a space, That Percy of Northumberland Was slain in Chevy-Chase:

"Now God be with him," said our king, "Since 't will no better be; I trust I have within my realm Five hundred as good as he:

Yet shall not Scots or Scotland say But I will vengeance take: I'll be revenged on them all, For brave Earl Percy's sake."

This vow full well the king performed After at Humbledown; In one day fifty knights were slain With lords of high renown;

And of the rest, of small account, Did many hundreds die: Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy-Chase, Made by the Earl Percy.

God save the king, and bless this land, With plenty, joy, and peace; And grant, henceforth, that foul debate Twixt noblemen may cease!

AMONTMOUS.

THE BALLAD OF AGINCOU

FAIR stood the wind for France When we our sails advance, Nor now to prove our chance Longer will tarry; But putting to the main, At Kaux, the mouth of Seine, With all his martial train, Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort, Furnished in warlike sort, Marched towards Agincourt In happy hour— Skirmishing day by day With those that stopped his we Where the French gen'ral lay With all his power,

Which in his height of pride, King Henry to deride, His ransom to provide To the king sending; Which he neglects the while. As from a nation vile, Yet, with an angry smile,

And turning to his men, Quoth our brave Henry then: Though they to one be ten, Be not amazed; Yet have we well begun-

Their fall portending.

Battles so bravely won Have ever to the sun

By fame been raised.

And for myself, quoth he, This my full rest shall be; England ne'er mourn for me,

Nor more esteem me. Victor I will remain, Or on this earth lie slain; Never shall she sustain Loss to redeem me

Poitiers and Cressy tell, When most their pride did s Under our swords they fell; No less our skill is

Than when our grandsire great, Claiming the regal seat, By many a warlike feat Lopped the French lilies.

The duke of York so dread
The eager vaward led;
With the main Henry sped,
Amongst his henchmen.
Excester had the rear—
A braver man not there:
O Lord! how hot they were
On the false Frenchmen!

They now to fight are gone;
Armour on armour shone;
Drum now to drum did groan—
To hear was wonder;
That with the cries they make
The very earth did shake;
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham!
Which did the signal aim
To our hid forces;
When, from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
Struck the French horses,

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
Piercing the weather;
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilbows drew,
And on the French they flew,
Not one was tardy:
Arms were from shoulders sent;
Scalps to the teeth were rent;
Down the French peasants went;
Our men were hardy.

49

This while our noble king,
His broadsword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding,
As to o'erwhelm it;
And many a deep wound lent,
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
Bruised his helmet.

Glo'ster, that duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood,
With his brave brother—
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight
Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade;
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made,
Still as they ran up.
Suffolk his axe did ply;
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily,
Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay
To England to carry;
Oh, when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry?
MICHAEL DEAVION

THE CAVALIER'S SONG.

A steed! a steed of matchlesse speed,
A sword of metal keene!
All else to noble heartes is drosse,
All else on earth is meane.
The neighyinge of the war-horse prowde,
The rowlinge of the drum,
The clangor of the trumpet lowde,
Be soundes from heaven that come;
And oh! the thundering presse of knightes,
Whenas their war cryes swell,
May tole from heaven an angel bright.
And rouse a fiend from hell.

all, And don your helmes amaine: Deathe's couriers, fame and honor, call Us to the field againe. No shrewish teares shall fill our eye When the sword-hilt's in our hand -Heart whole we'll part, and no whit sighe

For the fayrest of the land; Let piping swaine, and craven wight, Thus weepe and puling crye; Our business is like men to fight, And hero-like to die!

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL

PRINCE EUGENE.

PRINCE EUGENE, our noble leader, Made a vow in death to bleed, or Win the emperor back Belgrade: "Launch pontoons, let all be ready To bear our ordnance safe and steady Over the Danube"—thus he said.

There was mustering on the border When our bridge in marching order Breasted first the roaring stream; Then at Semlin, vengeance breathing, We encamped to scourge the heathen Back to Mahound, and fame redeem.

'T was on August one-and-twenty, Scouts and glorious tidings plenty Galloped in, through storm and rain; Turks, they swore, three hundred thousand Marched to give our prince a rouse, and Dared us forth to battle-plain.

Then at Prince Eugene's head-quarters Met our fine old fighting Tartars Generals and field marshals all; Every point of war debated, Each in his turn the signal waited, Forth to march and on to fall.

Then mounte! then mounte, brave gallants | For the onslaught all were eager When the word sped round our leaguer "Soon as the clock chimes twelve to-Then, bold hearts, sound boot and saddle Stand to your arms, and on to battle, Every one that has hands to fight!"

> Musqueteers, horse, yagers, forming, Sword in hand each bosom warming, Still as death we all advance; Each prepared, come blows or booty, German-like to do our duty, Joining hands in the gallant dance.

Our cannoneers, those tough old heroes Struck a lusty peal to cheer us, Firing ordnance great and small; Right and left our cannon thundered, Till the pagans quaked, and wondered, And by platoons began to fall.

On the right, like a lion angered, Bold Eugene cheered on the bold vangu Ludovic spurred up and down, Crying "On, boys; every hand to't; Brother Germans nobly stand to 't: Charge them home, for our old renow

Gallant prince! he spoke no more; he Fell in early youth and glory, Struck from his horse by some curst b Great Eugene long sorrowed o'er him. For a brother's love he bore him; Every soldier mourned his fall.

In Waradin we laid his ashes; Cannon peals and musket flashes O'er his grave due honors paid: Then, the old black eagle flying, All the pagan powers defying, On we marched and stormed Belgrade ANONYMOUR (Gen)

· Translation of JOHN HUGHES.

BANNOOK-BURN.

' BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

wha hae wi' Wallace bled sham Bruce has aften led se to your gory bed, Or to victorie!

the day, and now's the hour; front o' battle lower; reach proud Edward's power— Thains and slaverie!

ill be a traitor knave?
n fill a coward's grave?
e base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

r Scotland's king and law.

n's sword will strongly draw,
n stand or freeman fa'—

Let him follow me!

ression's wees and pains!
r sons in servile chains!
l drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

proud usurpers low!
fall in every foe!
's in every blow!
Let us do, or die!

ROBERT BURNS.

IVRY.

y to the Lord of hosts, from whom glories are!

to our sovereign liege, King Henry Navarre!

there be the merry sound of music 1 of dance,

thy corn-fields green, and sunny sea, O pleasant land of France! And thou. Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proudcity of the waters,

Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters;

As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy;

For cold and stiff and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.

Hurrah! hurrah! a single field bath turned the chance of war!

Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre.

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,

We saw the army of the league drawn out in long army;

With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,

And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.

There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land;

And dark Mayenne was in the midet, a truucheon in his hand;

And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,

And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;

And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war.

To fight for llis own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The king is come to marshal us, in all bis armor drest;

And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.

He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;

He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.

Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,

Down all our line, a deafening shout: God save our lord the king!

"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may-

For never I saw promise yet of such a bloody fray—

Press where ye see my white plume shine amidst the ranks of war,

And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din,

Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin.

The fiery duke is pricking fast across Saint André's plain,

With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.

Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,

Charge for the golden lilies—upon them with the lance!

A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,

A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;

And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,

Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours: Mayenne hath turned his rein;

D'Aumale hath cried for quarter; the Flemish count is slain;

Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;

The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.

And then we thought.on vengeance, and, all along our van,

Remember Saint Bartholomew! was passed from man to man.

But out spake gentle Henry—"No Frenchman is my foe:

Down, down, with every foreigner, but let your brethren go"—

Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,

As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre?

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for France to-day;

And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey.

But we of the religion have borne us be fight;

And the good lord of Rosny hath ta'es cornet white—

Our own true Maximilian the cornet hath ta'en,

The cornet white with crosses black, the of false Lorraine.

Up with it high; unfurl it wide—that all host may know

How God hath humbled the proud hath which wrought His Church such

Then on the ground, while trumpets state their loudest point of war,

Fling the red shreds, a footcloth meet Henry of Navarre.

Ho! maidens of Vienna; ho! matron Lucerne—

Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those never shall return.

Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mer pistoles,

That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for poor spearmen's souls.

Ho! gallant nobles of the league, look your arms be bright;

Ho! burghers of St. Genevieve, keep w and ward to-night;

For our God hath crushed the tyrant, God hath raised the slave,

And mocked the counsel of the wise, and valor of the brave.

Then glory to His holy name, from whom glories are;

And glory to our sovereign lord, King Hoof Navarre!

LORD MACAUL

GIVE A ROUSE.

I.

King Charles, and who 'll do him in now?

King Charles, and who's ripe for fight a Give a rouse: here's in hell's despite no King Charles!

IL.

me the goods that went since?
me the house that sank once?
me to gold I spent since?
me in wine you drank once?
'es, and who'll do him right now?
es, and who's ripe for fight now?
:: here's in hell's despite now,
es!

ш.

sed my boy George quaff else, cool's side that begot him? lid he cheer and laugh else, adamned troopers shot him? ce, and who'll do him right now? ce, and who's ripe for fight now? there's in hell's despite now, les!

ROBERT BROWNING.

NASEBY.

sfore come ye forth in triumph ie north,

ands, and your feet, and your raill red?

fore doth your rout send forth a shout?

e be the grapes of the wine-press: tread?

as the root, and bitter was the

n was the juice of the vintage that d;

npled on the throng of the haughty e strong,

in the high places and slew the of God.

ut the noon of a glorious day of

w their banners dance and their es shine,

nan of blood was there, with his seenced hair,

7, and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert Rhine.

Like a servant of the Lord, with his bible and his sword,

The general rode along us to form as for the fight;

When a murmuring sound broke out, and swelled into a shout

Among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant's right.

And hark! like the roar of the billows on the shore,

The cry of battle rises along their charging line:

For God! for the cause! for the Church! for the laws!

For Charles, king of England, and Rupert of the Rhine!

The furious German comes, with his clarions and his drums,

His bravoes of Alsatia and pages of White-hall;

They are bursting on our flanks! Grasp your pikes! Close your ranks!

For Rupert never comes, but to conquer, or to fall.

They are here—they rush on—we are broken—we are gone—

Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast.

O Lord, put forth thy might! O Lord, defend the right!

Stand back to back, in God's name! and fight it to the last!

Stout Skippen hath a wound—the centre hath given ground.

Hark! hark! what means the trampling of horsemen on our rear?

Whose banner do I see, boys? 'Tis he! thank God! 't is he, boys!

Bear up another minute! Brave Oliver is here!

Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row:

Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the dikes, Our ouirassiers have burst on the ranks of the accurat,

And at a shock have scattered the forest of his pikes.

Fast, fast, the gallants ride, in some safe nook to hide

Their coward heads, predestined to rot on Temple Bar;

And he—he turns I he flies I shame on those cruel eyes

That bore to look on tori look on war!

Ho, comrades! scour the strip the slain,

First give another stab to secure;

Then shake from sleeves broad-pieces and lock

The tokens of the wanton, poor.

Fools! your doublets shone with gold, and your hearts were gay and bold,

When you kissed your lily hands to your lemans to-day;

And to-morrow shall the fox from her chambers in the rocks

Lead forth her tawny cubs to how! shove the prey.

Where be your tongues, that late mocked at heaven, and hell, and fate?

And the fingers that once were so busy with your blades?

Your perfumed satin clothes, your catches and your oaths?

Your stage-plays and your sonnets, your diamonds and your spades?

Down! down! for ever down, with the mitre and the crown!

With the Belial of the court, and the Mammon of the Pope!

There is woe in Oxford halls, there is wail in Durham's stalls;

The Jesuit smites his bosom, the bishop rends his cope.

And she of the seven hills shall mon children's ills.

And tremble when she thinks on the di-England's sword:

And the kings of earth in fear shall do when they hear

What the hand of God hath wronght a houses and the word!

LORD MARKET

AN HORATIAN ODE

TPON CROMWELL'S RETURN FROM 1985

The forward youth that would appear
Must now forsake his Muses dear;
Nor in the shadows sing
His numbers languishing.

'T is time to leave the books in dust, And oil the unused armor's rust; Removing from the wall The coralet of the hall.

So restless Cromwell could not ceas-In the inglorious arts of peace, But through adventurous war Urged his active star;

And like the three-forked lightning, Breaking the clouds where it was no Did thorough his own side His fiery way divide.

For 't is all one to courage high, The emulous, or enemy; And, with such, to enclose Is more than to oppose.

Then burning through the air he we And palaces and temples rent;
And Casar's head at last
Did through his laurels blast



AN HORATIAN ODE.

is madness to resist or blame he face of angry beaven's flame; And, if we would speak true, Much to the man is due,

The, from his private gardens, where le lived reserved and austere, (As if his highest plot To plant the bergamot,)

Could by industrious valor climb To rain the great work of time, And cast the kingdoms old Into another mould!

Though justice against fate complain, and plead the ancient rights in vain— But those do hold or break, As men are strong or weak.

lature, that hateth emptiness,
llows of penetration less,
And therefore must make room
Where greater spirits come.

icat field of all the civil war, here his were not the deepest scar? And Hampton shows what part He had of wiser art:

here, twining subtle fears with hope, wove a net of such a scope That Charles himself might chase To Carisbrook's narrow case;

hat thence the royal actor borne, he tragic scaffold might adorn. While round the armed bands Did clap their bloody hands,

e nothing common did or mean pon that memorable scene; But with his keener eye The axe's edge did try:

or called the gods, with vulgar spite, o vindicate his helpless right; But bowed his comely head Down, as upon a bed. This was that memorable hour,
Which first assured the forced power;
So, when they did design
The capitol's first line,

A bleeding head, where they begun.

Did fright the architects to run:

And yet in that the state

Foresaw its happy fate.

And now the Irish are ashamed
To see themselves in one year tamed;
So much one man can do,
That does both act and know.

They can affirm his praises best, And have, though overcome, confeet How good he is, how just, And fit for highest trust:

Nor yet grown stiffer by command, But still in the republic's hand, How fit he is to sway That can so well obey.

He to the commons' feet presents

A kingdom for his first year's rents,

And, what he may, forbears

His fame to make it theirs:

And has his sword and spoils ungirt,
To lay them at the public's skirt.
So when the falcon high
Falls heavy from the sky,

She, having killed, no more does seared But on the next green bough to perch; Where, when he first does lure, The falconer has her sure.

What may not then our isle presume,
While victory his crest does plume?
What may not others fear
If thus he crowns each year:

As Casar he, ere long, to Gaul;
To Italy an Hannibal;
And to all states not free
Shall climacteric be

The Pict no shelter now shall find Within his parti-colored mind; But from this valor sad Shrink underneath the plaid,

Happy, if in the tufted brake
The English hunter him mistake,
Nor lay his hounds in near
The Caledonian deer.

But thou, the war's and fortuncia acm
March indefatigably on;
And, for the last effect,
Still keep the sword erect!

Besides the force it has to frigh The spirits of the shady night, The same arts that did gain A power, must it maintain.

SONNETS.

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL,

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through a cloud

Not of war only, but detractions rude, Guided by faith and matchless fortitude, To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,

And on the neck of crowned fortune proud Hast reared God's trophics, and his work pursued,

While Darwen stream with blood of Scots imbrued,

And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud, And Worcester's laureat wreath. Yet much remains

To conquer still; peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war. New foes arise
Threatening to bind our souls with secular
chains;

Help us to save free conscience from the paw

Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

ON THE DETRACTION WHICH POLLOWED UPO MY WRITING CERTAIN THEATHER.

I pm but prompt the age to quit their closs.

By the known rules of ancient liberty,

When straight a barbarous noise environ

Of owls and cuckoos, assee, spes, and dogs:

As when those hinds that were transformed to frogs

de at Latona's twin-born progeny, ch after held the sun and moon is fee.

is is got by easting pearl to hogs, tawl for freedom in their sension thood, still revolt when truth would set the free.

ase they mean when they ary Liberty: be loves that must first be wise and good; from that mark how far they rove

For all this waste of wealth, and loss of blood,

TO CYRIAO SEINNER.

CYRIAO, this three years day these eyes, the clear

To outward view of blemish or of spot.

Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot:

Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear

Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year.

Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not Against heaven's hand or will, nor bate jot

Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer

Right onward. What supports me, doct that ask?

The conscience, friend, t' have lost them overplied

In liberty's defence, my noble task, Of which all Europe rings from side to side.

This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask,

Content though blind, had I no better guide

Jean Marie

WHEN BANNERS ARE WAVING.

Ī.

When banners are waving,
And lances a- pushing;
When captains are shouting,
And war-horses rushing;
When cannon are roaring,
And hot bullets flying,
He that would honor win,
Must not fear dying.

11.

Though shafts fly so thick
That it seems to be snowing;
Though streamlets with blood
More than water are flowing;
Though with sabre and bullet
Our bravest are dying,
We speak of revenge, but
We ne'er speak of flying.

m.

Come, stand to it, heroes!

The heathen are coming;
Horsemen are round the walls,
Riding and running;
Maidens and matrons all
Arm! arm! are crying,
From petards the wildfire's
Flashing and flying.

The trumpets from turrets high
Loudly are braying;
The steeds for the onset
Are snorting and neighing;
As waves in the ocean,
The dark plumes are dancing;
As stars in the blue sky,
The helmets are glancing.

Their ladders are planting,
Their sabres are sweeping;
Now swords from our sheaths
By the thousand are leaping;
Like the flash of the levin
Ere men hearken thunder,
Swords gleam, and the steel caps
Are cloven asunder.

The shouting has ceased.

And the flashing of cannon!
I looked from the turret
For crescent and pennon:
As flax touched by fire,
As hail in the river,
They were smote, they were fallen,
And had melted for ever.

ANONTHOUS

THE COVENANTERS' BATTLE-CHANT.

To slaughter and strife!

To slaughter and strife!

For a sad, broken covenant

We barter poor life.

The great God of Judah

Shall smite with our hand,

And break down the idols

That cumber the land.

Uplift every voice
In prayer, and in song;
Remember the battle
Is not to the strong;—
Lo, the Ammonites thicken!
And onward they come,
To the vain noise of trumpet,
Of cymbal, and drum.

They haste to the onslaught,
With hagbut and spear;
They lust for a banquet
That's deathful and dear.
Now horseman and footman
Sweep down the hill-side;
They come, like fierce Pharaolis,
To die in their pride!

See, long plume and pennon
Stream gay in the air!
They are given us for slaughter,
Shall God's people spare!
Nay, nay; lop them off—
Friend, father, and son;
All earth is athirst till
The good work be done.

Brace tight every buckler, And lift high the sword! For biting must blades be That fight for the Lord. Remember, remember, How saints' blood was shed, As free as the rain, and

Homes desolate made!

Among them 1—among them ! Unburied bones cry: Avenge us,—or, like us, Faith's true martyrs die! Hew, hew down the spoiler Slay on, and spare none Then shout forth in gladn-Heaven's battle is won! WILLIAM M

THE CAMERONIAN'S DREAM.

la a dream of the night I was waited away To the murland of mist, where the martyrs

Where Cameron's sword and his bible are

Engraved on the stone where the heather grows green.

'Twas a dream of those ages of darkness and blood

When the minister's home was the mountain and wood;

When in Wellwood's dark valley the standard of Zion,

All bloody and torn, 'mong the heather was lying.

Twas morning; and summer's young sun from the east

Lay in loving repose on the green mountain's breast;

On Wardlaw and Cairntable the clear shin-

Glistened there 'mong the heath bells and The curiew and plover in concert were size mountain flowers blue.

And far up in heaven, near the white an cloud.

The song of the lark was melodious and loud;

And in Glenmuir's wild solitude, lengthers and deep,

Were the whistling of plovers and bleets of sheep.

And Wellwood's sweet valley breathed main and gladness—

resh meadow blooms hung in beaut and redness;

ighters were happy to hail the return

rink the delight of July's sweet mon ing.

al there were hearts cherished far other feelings,

d by the light of prophetic revel

frank from the scenery of beauty but sorrow.

For they knew that their blood would beden it to-morrow.

'Twas the few faithful ones who with Cameron were lying

Concealed 'mong the mist where the heathfowl was crying;

For the horsemen of Earlshall around them were hovering,

And their bridle reins rung through the the misty covering

Their faces grew pale, and their swords were unsheathed,

But the vengeance that darkened their brow was unbreathed;

With eyes turned to heaven in calm resigns. tion,

They sang their last song to the God of salvation.

The hills with the deep mournful music were ringing.

ing ;

the melody died 'mid derision and laughter.

the host of ungodly rushed on to the slaughter.

ngh in mist, and in darkness, and fire they were shrouded,

the souls of the righteous were calm and unclouded;

eir dark eyes flashed lightning, as, firm and unbending,

ey stood like the rock which the thunder is rending.

e muskets were flashing, the blue swords were gleaming,

e helmets were cleft, and the red blood was streaming,

e heavens grew dark, and the thunder was rolling,

hen in Wellwood's dark muirlands the mighty were falling.

hen the righteous had fallen, and the combar was ended,

chariot of fire through the dark cloud descended;

drivers were angels on horses of white-

nd its burning wheels turned upon axles of brightness.

seraph unfolded its doors bright and shining,

Il dazzling like gold of the seventh refining,

nd the souls that came forth out of great tribulation,

ave mounted the chariots and steeds of salvation.

the arch of the rainbow the chariot is gliding.

wough the path of the thunder the horsemen are riding—

ide swiftly, bright spirits the prize is before ye—

crown never fading, a kingdom of glory!

JAMES HYSLOP

THE BONNETS OF BONNIE DUNDEE.

To the lords of convention 't was Claverhouse who spoke,

"Ere the king's crown shall fall there are crowns to be broke;

So let each cavalier who loves honor and me Come follow the bonnets of bonnie Dundee!"

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can; Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;

Come open the Westport and let us gang free,

And it's room for the bonnets of bonnie
Dundee!

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street, The bells are rung backward, the drums they are beat;

But the provost, douce man, said, "Just e'en let him be,

The gude toun is well quit of that deil of Dundee!"

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;

Come open the Westport and let us gang free,

And it's room for the bonnets of bonnic Dundee!

As he rode down the sanctified bends of the Bow

Ilk carline was flyting and shaking her pow; But the young plants of grace they looked cowthie and slee,

Thinking, Luck to thy bonnet, thou bonnie Dundee!

Come fill up my sup, come fill up my can, Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;

Come open the Westport and let us gang free,

And it's room for the bonnets of bonnic Dundee!

With sour-featured whigs the grass-market was thranged

As if half the west had set tryst to be hanged

There was spite in each look, there was fear in each ee,

As they watched for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can; Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;

Come open the Westport and let us gang free,

And it's room for the bounds of bonnie

Dundee 1

These cowls of Kilmarnock had sy spears.

And lang-hafted gullies to kill cav But they shrunk to close-heads, and way was free

At the toss of the bonnet of bon Come fill up my cup, come fill Come saddle your horses, and a men:

> Come open the Westport and a free.

And it's room for the bonnets of bonnie
Dundee!

He spurred to the foot of the proud castle rock,

And with the gay Gordon be gallantly spoke:
"Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak two
words or three.

For the love of the bonnet of bonnic Dundee."

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can; Come saddle your horses, and call up your men:

Come open the Westport and let us gang free,

And it's room for the bonnets of bonnie

Dundee!

The Gordon demands of him which way he goes—

"Where'er shall direct me the shade of Montrose!

Your grace in short space shall hear tidings of me,

Or that low lies the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.

Come fill up my oup, come fill up my ame Come saddle your horses, and call up you men;

Come open the Westport and let us gas

And it's room for the bonnets of bonds

"There are hills beyond Pentland and half beyond Forth;

If there's lords in the Lowlands, there's chilling in the north:

are wild Duniewassals three thousal

cy 'Hoigh!' for the bonnet of bounds.

nne fill up my oup, come fill up my on; nne saidle your horses, and call up you men ;

time oper the Westport and let us gen free,

nd it's room for the bonnets of bend Dundee!

"There's brass on the target of barkened bull-hide,

There's steel in the scabbard that dangles 'oside;

The brass shall be burnished, the steel shall flash free,

At a toss of the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my com;

Come saddle your horses, and call up your

men:

Come open the Westport and let us good free,

And it's room for the bonnets of beams

Dundee!

"Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks, Ere I own an usurper I'll couch with the fox; And tremble, false whige, in the midst of your glee,

You have not seen the last of my bonnet and

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my con, Come saddle your horses, and call up you men;

Come open the Westport and let us game free,

And it's room for the brance of beaning



HERE'S TO THE KING, SIR

waved his proud hand, and the trumpets were blown,

e kettle-drums clashed, and the horsemen rode on,

l on Ravelston's cliffs and on Clermiston's

ed away the wild war-notes of bonnie Dundes.

Come fill up my oup, come fill up my can; Come saddle the horses, and call up the men;

Come open your doors and let me gae free,
For it's up with the bonnets of bonnie
Dundee!

SIB WALTER SCOTE

LOOHABER NO MORE.

famewers to Lochaber! and farewell, my Jean,

There heartsome with thee I has mony day been!

The Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more, to il maybe return to Lochaber no more! has tears that I shed they are a' for my dear, and no for the dangers attending on war, bough borne on rough seas to a far bloody shore.

tybe to return to Lochaber no more.

ough hurricanes rise, and rise every wind, my 'll ne'er make a tempest lake that in my mind;

ough loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,

at's naething like leaving my love on the shore.

leave thee behind me my heart is sair pained;

ease that's inglorious no fame can be gained;

d beauty and love's the reward of the brave,

d I must deserve it before I can crave.

en glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuse:

thout it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
d without thy favor I'd better not be.

I gae then, my lass, to win honor and fame, And if I should luck to come gloriously hame, I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,

And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

HERE'S TO THE KING, SLR'

Here's to the king, sir!
Ye ken wha I mean, sir—
And to every honest man
That will do't again!
Fill, fill your bumpers high;
Drain, drain your glasses dry;
Out upon him!—fie! oh, fie!—
That winns do't again.

Here's to the chieftains
Of the gallant Highland class!
They has done it mair nor ance,
And will do't again.
Fill, fill your bumpers high;
Drain, drain your glasses dry;
Out upon him!—fie! oh, fie!—
That winna do't again,

When you hear the trumpet's sound Tuttie taittie to the drums.
Up wi' swords and down wi' guns,
And to the loons again!
Fill, fill your bumpers high;
Drain, drain your glasses dry;
Out upon him!—fie! oh, fie!—
That winns do't again.

Here's to the king o' Swede!
Fresh laurels crown his head!
Shame fa' every sneaking blade
That winns do't again!
Fill, fill your bumpers high;
Drain, drain your glasses dry;
Out upon him!—fis! oh, fis!—
That winns do't again.

But to make a' things right now, He that drinks maun fight too, To show his heart's upright too, And that he'll do't again! Fill, fill your bumpers high;
Drain, drain your glasses dry;
Out upon him!—fie! oh, fie!—
That winna do't again.

ANONTMOUS.

CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

Twas on a Monday morning
Richt early in the year,
That Charlie cam' to our toun,
The young chevalier.

And Charlie he's my darling,
My darling, my darling;
Charlie he's my darling,
The young chevalier!

As he was walking up the street,
The city for to view,
Oh, there he spied a bonnie lass
The window looking through.
And Charlie he's my darling,
My darling, my darling;
Charlie he's my darling,
The young chevalier!

Say licht's he jumped up the stair,
And tirled at the pin;
And wha sae ready as hersel'
To let the laddie in?
And Charlis he's my darling,
My darling, my darling;
Charlis he's my darling,
The young chevalier!

He set his Jenny on his knee,
All in his Highland dress;
For brawly weel he kenned the way
To please a bonnie lass.
And Charlie he's my darling,
My darling, my darling;
Charlie he's my darling,
The young chevalier!

It's up you heathery mountain,
And down you scroggy glen,
We daurna gang a-milking,
For Charlie and his men.
And Charlie he's my darling,
My darling, my darling;
Charlie he's my darling,
The young chevalier!

VECKARAGE

THE GALLANT GRAHAMS.

To wear the blue I think it best,

Of a' the colors that I see;

And I'll wear it for the gallant Grahams

That are banished free their ain country

I'll crown them east, I'll crown them we The bravest lads that e'er I saw; They bore the gree in free fighting, And ne'er were slack their swords to dr

They wan the day wi' Wallace wight;
They were the lords o' the south count
Cheer up your hearts, brave cavaliers,
Till the gallant Grahams come o'er
sea.

At the Gouk head, where their camp set,

They rade the white horse and the gra
A' glancing in their plated armor,

As the gowd shines in a summer's day.

But woe to Hacket, and Strachan baith, And ever an ill death may they die, For they betrayed the gallant Grahams, That aye were true to majesty.

Now fare ye weel, sweet Ennerdale,
Baith kith and kin that I could name;
Oh, I would sell my silken snood
To see the gallant Grahams come hame
Anomyso

KENMURE'S ON AND AWA

On, Kenmure's on and awa, Willie!
Oh, Kenmure's on and awa!
And Kenmure's lord's the bravest lore
That ever Galloway saw.

Success to Kenmure's band, Willie!
Success to Kenmure's band;
There's no a heart that fears a Whigh
That rides by Kenmure's hand.

enmure's health in wine, Willie!
Kenmure's health in wine;
'er was a coward o' Kenmure's
e,
it o' Gordon's line.

nure's lads are men, Willie! nmure's lads are men; arts and swords are metal true at their face shall ken.

live or die wi' fame, Willie! l live or die wi' fame; , wi' sounding victorie, enmure's lord come hame.

im that's far awa, Willie!

him that's far awa;

's the flower that I love best—

se that's like the snaw.

ROBERT BURNS.

AWA.

ealth to them that 's awa,
e 's to them that 's awa;
vinna wish guid luck to our cause,
er guid luck be their fa'!
) be merry and wise,
to be honest and true,
o support Caledonia's cause,
e by the buff and the blue.

e's to them that's awa;
nealth to Charlie, the chief o' the

,
nat his band be sma'.
y meet wi' success!
dence protect her fra evil!
ts and tyranny tine in the mist,
nder their way to the devil!

ealth to them that 's awa, e's to them that 's awa; ealth to Tammie, the Norland lad-

es at the lug o' the law!

Here's freedom to him that wad read,
Here's freedom to him that wad write!
There's nane ever feared that the truth should
be heard
But they wham the truth wad indite.

Here's a health to them that's awa.

And here's to them that's awa;
Here's Maitland and Wycombe. and wha does na like 'em

We'll build in a hole o' the wa'.
Here's timmer that's red at the heart,
Here's fruit that's sound at the core!
May he that would turn the buff and blue coat Be turned to the back o' the door.

Here's a health to them that's awa,
And here's to them that's awa;
Here's Chieftain M'Leod, a chieftain worth
gowd,

Though bred amang mountains o' snaw!
Here's friends on baith sides o' the Forth,
And friends on baith sides o' the Tweed;
And wha would betray old Albion's rights,
May they never eat of her bread!

ROBERT BURNS.

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

WIZARD—LOCHIEL.

WIZARD.

LOCHIEL, Lochiel! beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle
array!

For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight, And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight.

They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown;

Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!

Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,

And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.

But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war

What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?

'T is thine, oh Glenullin! whose bride shall await,

Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.

A steed comes at morning: no rider is there; But its bridle is red with the sign of despair. Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led— Oh weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead;

For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave, Culloden that reeks with the blood of the brave.

LOCHIEL.

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!

Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear, Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

WIZARD.

Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?

Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!

Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth From his home in the dark rolling clouds of the north?

Lo! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode

Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;

But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!

Ah! home let him speed—for the spoiler is nigh.

Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast

Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?

'T is the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven

From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven.

Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might, Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,

Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;

Return to thy dwelling! all lonely return!

For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,

And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

LOOHIEL.

False wizard, avaunt! I have marshalled my clan;

Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!

They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,

And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.

Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!

Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!

But wee to his kindred, and wee to his cause When Albin her claymore indignantly draws. When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,

Clanronald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,

All plaided and plumed in their tartan array-

WIZARD.

——Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day;
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seed
But man cannot cover what God would re
veal;

'T is the sunset of life gives me mystical lore. And coming events cast their shadows before I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall risk With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king.

Lo! anointed by heaven with the vials of wrath,

Behold, where he flies on his desolate path!

Now in darkness and billows he sweeps from my sight:

Rise, rise! ye wild tempests, and cover be flight!

'T is finished. Their thunders are hushed of the moors;

Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.

But where is the iron-bound prisoner where?

For the red eye of bettle is shut in despair



PIBROOH OF DONUIL DHU.

- s he the ocean-wave, banished,
- from his country cast bleeding
- a darker departure is near; im is muffled and black is the bier; all is tolling. Oh! mercy, dispel hat it freezes my spirit to tell! convulsed in his quivering limbs, ood-streaming nostril in agony
- e the fagots that blaze at his feet, teart shall be thrown ere it ceases at,

moke of its sahes to poison the

sootless insulter! I trust not the

hall Albin a destiny meet th dishonor, so foul with retreat. perishing ranks should be strewed eir gore, weeds heaped on the surf-beaten

ainted by flight or by chains, kindling of life in his bosom res, exult, or in death be laid low, ck to the field, and his feet to the

g in battle no blot on his name, ly to heaven from the death-bed me

THOMAS CAMPBELL

BORDER BALLAD.

ch, Ettrick and Treviotdale!
de'il dinna ye march forward in
r?
ch, Eskdale and Liddesdale!
e Bonnets are over the Border!
any a banner spread
utters above your head,
at that is famous in story!—
ount and make ready, then,
ons of the mountain glen,
the queen and our old Scottish
y!

Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing;

Come from the glen of the buck and the roe;

Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing; Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow.

Trumpets are sounding;
War-steeds are bounding;
Stand to your arms, and march in good order,
England shall many a day
Tell of the bloody fray,
When the Blue Bonnets came over the Border.

BUR WALTER BOOTE.

PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU.

Presect of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew
Summon Clan-Conuil!
Come away, come away—
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and
From mountain so rocky;
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlochy.
Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one;
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterred,
The bride at the altar;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges:
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come whom
Forests are rended;
Come as the waves come when
Navies are stranded

Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster—
Chief, vassal, page, and groom,
Tenant and master!

Fast they come, fast they come—
See how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle plume,
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set!
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Kneel for the onset!
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

WAE'S ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE.

A wee bird came to our ha' door;
He warbled sweet and clearly;
And aye the o'ercome o' his sang
Was "Wae's me for Prince Charlie!"
Oh! when I heard the bonny, bonny bird,
The tears came drapping rarely;
I took my bonnet aff my head,
For weel I lo'ed Prince Charlie.

Quoth I: "My bird, my bonnie, bonnie oird,
Is that a tale ye borrow?
Or is 't some words ye 've learned by rote,
Or a lilt o' dool and sorrow?"
"Oh! no, no, no!" the wee bird sang,
"I've flown sin' morning early;
But sic a day o' wind and rain!—
Oh! wae 's me for Prince Charlie!

On hills that are by right his ain

He roams a lonely stranger;
On ilka hand he 's pressed by want,
On ilka side by danger.

Yestreen I met him in the glen,
My heart near bursted fairly;
For sadly changed indeed was he—
Oh! wae 's me for Prince Charlie!

Dark night came on; the tempest howled
Out owre the hills and valleys;
And whare was't that your prince lay down,
Whase hame should be a palace?
He rowed him in a Highland plaid,
Which covered him but sparely,
And slept beneath a bush o' broom—
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

But now the bird saw some red coats,

And he shook his wings wi' anger:

"Oh! this is noa land for me—

I'll tarry here nae langer."

A while he hovered on the wing,

Ere he departed fairly;

But weel I mind the farewell strain,

'T was "Wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

WILLIAM GLEE

HAME, HAME, HAME!

HAME, hame, hame! oh hame I fain would be Oh hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie! When the flower is i' the bud and the leaf on the tree,

The lark shall sing me hame to my ain courtrie.

Hame, hame, hame! oh hame I fain would be Oh hame, hame, hame, to my ain countries

The green leaf o' loyaltie's beginning ncw fa';

The bonnie white rose, it is withering an's But we'll water it wi' the bluid of usurpin tyrannie,

And fresh it shall blaw in my ain countrie! Hame, hame, hame! oh hame I fain would be Oh hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

Oh there's nocht now frae ruin my count can save,

But the keys o' kind heaven to open the grave.

That a' the noble martyrs who died for keys altie

May rise again and fight for their ain countries. Hame, hame, hame! oh hame I fain would? Oh hame, hame, hame, to my ain countries.

The great now are gone wha attempted save,

The green grass is growing abune the grave:

Yet the sun through the mist seems to proise to me,

"I'll shine on ye yet in your ain countrie."

Hame, hame, hame! oh hame I fain would be
Oh hame, hame, hame, to my ain countries.

ARLAN CONNECTED

MY AIN COUNTREE.

nd fair sets he;
has tint the blythe blink he had
my ain countree.
dness comes to many,
ut sorrow comes to me,
ook o'er the wide ocean
o my ain countree.

s nae my ain ruin
hat saddens aye my e'e,
le love I left in Galloway,
i'i' bonnie bairnies three,
mely hearth burnt bonnie,
n' smiled my fair Marie:
eft my heart behind me
1 my ain countree.

nd comes back to summer, nd the blossom to the bee; Il win back—oh never, o my ain countree. al to the high heaven, Thich will be leal to me, here I'll meet ye a' sune rae my ain countree.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

DADSWORDS OF SCOTLAND.

's peace on the shore, now there 's a on the sea,

to the heroes whose swords kept ree,

endants of Wallace, Montrose, and idee.

he broadswords of old Scotland!
h, the old Scottish broadswords!

lph Abercromby, the good and the

ee from our board, let him sleep h the slave,

ation comes slow while we honor grave.

h, the old Scottish broadswords!

Though he died not, like him, amid victory's roar,

Though disaster and gloom wove his shroud on the shore,

Not the less we remember the spirit of Moore.

Oh, the broadswords of old Scotland!

And oh, the old Scottish broadswords!

Yea, a place with the fallen the living shall claim;

We'll entwine in one wreath every glorious name,

The Gordon, the Ramsay, the Hope, and the Graham,

All the broadswords of old Scotland!

And oh, the old Scottish broadswords!

Count the rocks of the Spey, count the groves of the Forth,

Count the stars in the clear, cloudless heaven of the north;

Then go blazon their numbers, their names, and their worth,

All the broadswords of old Scotland!
And oh, the old Scottish broadswords!

The highest in splendor, the humblest in place,

Stand united in glory, as kindred in race, For the private is brother in blood to his Grace.

Oh, the broadswords of old Scotland!
And oh, the old Scotlish broadswords!

Then sacred to each and to all let it be, Fill a glass to the heroes whose swords kept us free,

Right descendants of Wallace, Montrose, and Dundee.

Oh, the broadswords of old Scotland!

And oh, the old Scottish broadswords!

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHARE

SONG.

As by the shore, at break of day,
A vanquished chief expiring lay,
Upon the sands, with broken sword,
He traced his farewell to the free;
And, there, the last unfinished word
He dying wrote, was "Liberty!"

At night a sea-bird shrieked the knell
Of him who thus for freedom fell;
The words he wrote, ere evening came,
Were covered by the sounding sea;
So pass away the cause and name
Of him who dies for liberty!

THOMAS MOORE.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

The harp that once through Tara's halls

The soul of music shed,

Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,

As if that soul were fled.

So sleeps the pride of former days,

So glory's thrill is o'er,

And hearts that once beat high for praise,

Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone that breaks at night
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks
To show that still she lives.

THOMAS MOORE.

ODE.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest By all their country's wishes bressed! When spring, with dewy fingers cold, Returns to deck their hallowed mould, She there shall dress a sweeter sod Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

WILLIAM COLLING.

PEACE TO THE SLUMBERER

Prace to the slumberers!

They lie on the battle-plain,
With no shroud to cover them;
The dew and the summer rain
And all that sweep over them.
Peace to the slumberers!

Vain was their bravery!

The fallen oak lies where it lay
Across the wintry river;

But brave hearts, once swept awa
Are gone, alas! forever.

Vain was their bravery!

Woe to the conqueror!
Our limbs shall lie as cold as then
Of whom his sword bereft us,
Ere we forget the deep arrears
Of vengeance they have left us!
Woe to the conqueror!

THOMAS)

SHAN VAN VOCHT.

Oh! the French are on the say,
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
The French are on the say,
Says the Shan Van Vocht!
Oh! the French are in the bay;
They'll be here without delay,
And the Orange will decay,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
Oh! the French are in the l
They'll be here by break of a
And the Orange will decay,
Says the Shan Van Vocht

And where will they have their Says the Shan Van Vocht; Where will they have their camp Says the Shan Van Vocht, On the Currach of Kildare; The boys they will be there With their pikes in good repair, Says the Shan Van Vocht.



GOD SAVE KING.

Ourrach of Kildare

se they will repair,

rd Edward will be there,

the Shan Van Vocht.

will the yeomen do?
Shan Van Vocht;
he yeomen do?
Shan Van Vocht;
d the yeomen do,
off the red and blue,
that they'll be true
ian Van Vocht.
should the yeoman do,
row off the Red and Blue,
rear that they'll be true
he Shan Van Vocht!

Solor will they wear?
Shan Van Vocht;
will they wear?
Shan Van Vocht;
should be seen,
fathers' homes have been,
n immortal green?
Shan Van Vocht.
color should be seen,
our fathers' homes have been,
tr own immortal green?
the Shan Van Vocht.

reland then be free?
Shan Van Vocht;
d then be free?
Shan Van Vocht!
nd shall be free,
entre to the sea;
if for liberty!
Shan Van Vocht.
Ireland shall be free,
the centre to the sea;
hurra! for liberty!
s the Shan Van Vocht.

Аполумога

GOD BAVE THE KING.

God save our gracious king!
Long live our noble king!
God save the king!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us—
God save the king!

O Lord our God, arise!
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall,
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks;
On him our hopes we fix,
God save us all!

Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour;
Long may be reign.
May be defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
To sing with heart and voice—
God save the king!

ANORYMOUS

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

I spraxe to the stirrup, and Joris and he: I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;

"Good speed!" cried the watch as the gatebolts undrew,

"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through.

Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest.

And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great

Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place; I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight.

Then shortened each stirrup and set the pique right.

Rebuckled the check-strap, chained slacker the bit,

Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

I was a moonset at starting; but while we drew near

Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;

At Boom a great yellow star came out to see; At Düffeld 't was morning as plain as could be;

And from .Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime—

So Joris broke silence with "Yet there is time!"

At Aerschot up leaped of a sudden the sun, And against him the cattle stood black every one,

To stare through the mist at us galloping past; And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last, With resolute shoulders, each butting away The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray;

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back

For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;

And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance

O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance;

And the thick heavy spume-flakes, which are and anon

His tierce lips shook upward in galloping on.

By Hasselt Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!

Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her;

We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze

Of her chest, saw the stretched neck, and staggering knees,

And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,

As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were last galloping, Joris and Past Looz and past Tongres, no clot sky;

The broad sun above laughed a pitile 'Neath our feet broke the brittle, but ble like chaff;

Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire white,

And "Gallop" gasped Joris, "for . sight!"

"How they'll greet us!"—and all ment his roan

Rolled neck and croup over, lay d stone;

And there was my Roland to bear to weight

Of the news which alone could save. her fate,

With his nostrils like pits full of bloobrim,

And with circles of red for his eye rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each let fall,

Shook off both my jack-boots, let go all.

Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, p ear.

Called my Roland his pet-name, r without peer—

Clapped my hands, laughed and s noise, bad or good,

Till at length into Aix Roland gallestood.

And all I remember is friends flocking. As I sate with his head 'twixt my the ground;

And no voice but was praising thi of mine,

As I poured down his throat our le ure of wine,

Which (the burgesses voted by comment)

Was no more than his due who brounews from Ghent.

Bouner B



INDIAN DEATH-SONG.

INDIAN DEATH-SONG.

sun sets in night, and the stars shun the day;

glory remains when their lights fade away.

in, you tormentors! your threats are in vain.

the sons of Alknomook will never complain.

nember the arrows he shot from his bow; nember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low!

y so slow? do you wait till I shrink from the pain?

! the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

member the wood where in ambush we lay,

d the scalps which we bore from your nation away.

w the flame rises fast, you exult in my pain;

t the son of Alknomook can never complain.

to the land where my father is gone;
 ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son.
 ath comes, like a friend, to relieve me from pain;

d thy son, O Alknomook! has scorned to complain.

ANNE HUNTER.

INDIAN DEATH-SONG,

Ox the mat he's sitting there—
See! he sits upright—
With the same look that he ware
When he saw the light,

Forth the pipe-smoke blew !

But where now the hand's clenched weight? Where the breath he drew, That to the Great Spirit late Where the eyes that, falcon-keen,
Marked the reindeer pass.
By the dew upon the green,
By the waving grass?

These the limbs that, unconfined, Bounded through the snow, Like the stag that's twenty-tyned, Like the mountain roe!

These the arms that, stout and tense.
Did the bow-string twang!
See, the life is parted hence!
See, how loose they hang!

Well for him! he's gone his ways,
Where are no more snows;
Where the fields are decked with maise
That unplanted grows;—

Where with beasts of chase each wood, Where with birds each tree, Where with fish is every flood Stocked full pleasantly.

We, alone and dim,

Left to celebrate his deeds,

And to bury him.

Bring the last sad offerings hither; Chant the death-lament; All inter, with him together, That can him content.

'Neath his head the hatchet hide That he swung so strong; And the bear's ham set beside, For the way is long;

Then the knife—charp let it be—
That from foeman's crown,
Quick, with dexterous cuts but three,
Skin and tuft brought down;

Paints, to smear his frame about, Set within his hand, That he redly may shine out In the spirits' land.

FREDERICE SCHILLER. (German.)
Translation of N. L. FROTRINGHAM.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS IN NEW-ENGLAND.

"Look now abroad—another race has filled
Those populous borders—wide the wood recedes,
And towns shoot up, and fertile realms are tilled;
The land is full of harvests and green meads."

BRYANT.

BETANT

THE breaking waves dashed high,
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark,

The hills and waters o'er,

When a band of exiles moored their bark

On the wild New-England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,

They, the true-hearted, came;

Not with the roll of the stirring drums,

And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;—
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods
rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean eagle soared

From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
This was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band:
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,

Lit by her deep love's truth;

There was manhood's brow serenely high,

And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?

Bright jewels of the mine?

The wealth of seas, the spoils of war!—

They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,

The soil where first they trod;—

They have left unstained what there found—

Freedom to worship God.

FELICIA HE

ON THE PROSPECT OF PLANT ARTS AND LEARNING IN AMERICA.

The Muse, disgusted at an age and clin Barren of every glorious theme, In distant lands now waits a better tim Producing subjects worthy fame;

In happy climes, where from the genis And virgin earth such scenes ensue, The force of art by nature seems outdo And fancied beauties by the true;

In happy climes the seat of innocence,
Where nature guides and virtue rule
Where men shall not impose for true
sense,

The pedantry of courts and schools.

There shall be sung another golden ag
The rise of empire and of arts,
The good and great uprising epic rage
The wisest heads and noblest hearts

Not such as Europe breeds in her deca Such as she bred when fresh and you When heavenly flame did animate her By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire take it
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

Gross But

CARMEN BELLIOOSUM.

their ragged regimentals
tood the old continentals,
Yielding not,
Then the grenadiers were longing,
and like hail fell the plunging
Cannon-shot;
When the files
Of the isles,
the smoky night encampment, bore the
banner of the rampant
Unicorn,
rummer, grummer, grummer rolled the
roll of the drummer,
Through the morn!

hen with eyes to the front all,
nd with guns horizontal,
Stood our sires;
nd the balls whistled deadly,
nd in streams flashing redly
Blazed the fires;
As the roar
On the shore,
the strong battle-breakers o'er the
green-sodded acres
Of the plain;
louder, louder, cracked the
black gunpowder,
Cracking amain!

ow like smiths at their forges
lorked the red St. George's
Cannoniers;
Ind the "villainous saltpetre"
ung a fierce, discordant metre
Round their ears;
As the swift
Storm-drift,
hot sweeping anger, came the horse-guards' clangor
On our flanks,
higher, higher, burned the old-fashioned fire
Through the ranks!

hen the old-fashioned colonel alloped through the white infernal Powder-cloud; And his broad sword was swinging,
And his brazen throat was ringing
Trumpet loud.
Then the blue
Bullets flew,
And the trooper-jackets redden at the touch
of the leaden
Riffe-breath;
And rounder, rounder, roared the
iron six-pounder,
Hurling death!

GUT HUMPHREY McMasten,

SONG OF MARION'S MEN.

Our leader frank and bold;
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good greenwood,
Our tent the cypress-tree;
We know the forest round us,
As seamen know the sea;
We know its walls of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass.

We to the English soldiery
That little dread us near!
On them shall light at midnight
A strange and sudden fear;
When, waking to their tents on fire,
They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
Are beat to earth again;
And they who fly in terror, deem
A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
From danger and from toil;
We talk the battle over,
And share the battle's spoil.
The woodlands ring with laugh and shout
As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
To crown the soldier's cup.

With merry songs we mock the wind That in the pine-top grieves, And slumber long and sweetly On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
The band that Marion leads—
The glitter of their rifles,
The scampering of their steeds.

T is life to guide the fiery barb Across the moonlight plan; T is life to feel the night-wind That lifts his tossing mane.

A moment in the British camp-A moment—and away! Back to the pathless forest,

Back to the pathless forest, Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Grave men with hoary hair Their hearts are all with Mari

For Marion are their prayer And levely ladies greet our be

With kindliest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer,
And team like those of suring

And tears like those of spring.

For them we wear these trusty arms,

And lay them down no more

Till we have driven the Briton,
For ever, from our shore.

WILLIAM CULLEY BEYANY.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

On! say, can you see by the dawn's early light

What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming—

Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,

O'er the ramparts we watched, were so ga'lantly streaming!

And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air

Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;

Oh say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave

O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

On that shore, dimly seen through the min-

Where the foe's haughty host in dread along reposes,

What is that which the breeze, o'er the hope ering steep,

As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now decloses?

Now it catches the gleam of the members first beam,

in full glory reflected, now shines on the stream;
to star-spangled banner; oh, long to it wave
to land of the free, and the home of the brave!

there is that band who so vaunting awore he have of war and the battle's rem

fusion
ns and a country should leave w a
more f

Their blood has washed out their foul foot steps' pollution.

No refuge could save the hireling and slave From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;

And the star-spangled banner in triumph orth wave

O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand

Between their loved homes and the wart desolution!

Blest with victory and peace, may the heaver rescued land

Praise the power that hath made and proserved us a nation.

Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just;

And this be our motto—" In God is out true."—

And the star-spangled banner in triumpi shall wave

O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

FRANCE SHOP EXT.



THE AMERICAN FLAG.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

T.

tried her standard to the air, ore the azure robe of night, d set the stars of glory there; singled with its gorgeous dyes nilky baldric of the skies, striped its pure, celestial white streakings of the morning light; from his mansion in the sun alled her eagle bearer down, yave into his mighty hand ymbol of her chosen land.

Π.

tic monarch of the cloud!

to rear'st aloft thy regal form,

ar the tempest-trumpings loud,
see the lightning lances driven,
ten strive the warriors of the storm,
rolls the thunder-drum of heaven—
of the sun! to thee 't is given
guard the banner of the free,
over in the sulphur smoke,
ard away the battle-stroke,
bid its blendings shine afar,
rainbows on the cloud of war,
e harbingers of victory!

III.

of the brave! thy folds shall fly, e sign of hope and triumph high, a speaks the signal trumpet tone, id the long line comes gleaming on; ret the life-blood, warm and wet, is dimmed the glistening bayonet, soldier eyo shall brightly turn where thy sky-born glories burn, as his springing steps advance, h war and vengeance from the glance when the cannon-mouthings loud save in wild wreathes the battle-sbroud, gory sabres rise and fall, shoots of flame on midnight's pall, ion shall thy meteor-glances glow, cowering foes shall sink beneath sch gallant arm that strikes below lovely messenger of death.

IV.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In trimpph o'er his closing eye.

V

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
For ever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

Journal Bornas Drane.

O MOTHER OF A MIGHTY RACE.

O MOTHER of a mighty race,
Yet lovely in thy youthful grace!
The elder dames, thy haughty peers,
Admire and hate thy blooming years;
With words of shame
And taunts of scorn they join thy name.

For on thy cheeks the glow is spread That tints thy morning hills with red; Thy step—the wild deer's rustling feet Within thy woods are not more fleet;

Thy hopeful eye
Is bright as thine own sunny sky.

Ay, let them rail—those haughty ones, While safe thou dwellest with thy sons! They do not know how loved thou art, How many a fond and fearless heart

Would rise to throw Its life between thee and the foe.

They know not, in their hate and pride,
What virtues with thy children bide—

How true, how good, thy graceful maids
Make bright, like flowers, the valley shades;
What generous men
Spring, like thine caks, by hill and glen;

What cordial welcomes greet the guest By thy lone rivers of the west; How faith is kept, and truth revered, And man is loved, and God is feared, In woodland homes, And where the ocean border foams.

There 's freedom at thy gates
For earth's down-trodden a
A shelter for the hunted he
For the starved laborer toil
Power at the born

Power, at thy bour Stops, and calls back his bal

O fair young mother l on the Shall sit a nobler grace that Deep in the brightness of the The thronging years in glorand, as they fleet,

Drop strength and riches at thy feet,

Thme eye, with every coming hour,
Shall brighten, and thy form shall tower;
And when thy sisters, elder born,
Would brand thy name with words of scorn,
Before thine eye
Upon their lips the taunt shall lie.

WHEREM CULLER BRYANT.

OUR STATE.

The south-land boasts its teeming cane, The prairied west its heavy grain, And sunset's radiant gates unfold On rising marts and sands of gold!

Rough, bleak and hard, our little state Is scant of soil, of limits strait; Her yellow sands are sands alone, Her only mines are ice and stone!

From autumn frost to April rain,
Too long her winter woods complain.
From budding flower to falling leaf,
Her summer time is all too brief.

Yet, on her rocks, and on her sands, And wintry hills, the school-house dani And what her rugged soul denies The harvest of the mind supplies.

The riches of the commonwealth Are free, strong minds, and hearts of beal And more to her than gold or grain. The cunning hand and cultured brain.

For well she keeps her ancient stock,
in stubborn strength of Pilgrim Reck;
ad still maintains, with milder laws,
ad clearer light, the good old cause!

br heeds the sceptic's puny hands.

life near her school the churchen

stands;

or fears the blinded bigot's rule, hile near her church-spire stands school,

JOHN GREENLEAP WHITH

THE BATTLE-FIELD.

Once this soft turf, this rivulet's sands, Were trampled by a hurrying crowd, And fiery hearts and armed hands Encountered in the battle-cloud.

Ah! never shall the land forget

How gushed the life-blood of her brave
Gushed, warm with hope and courage ye
Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now all is calm, and fresh, and still;
Alone the chirp of flitting bird,
And talk of children on the hill,
And bell of wandering kine are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by
The black-mouthed gun and stagger
wain;

Men start not at the battle-cry— Oh, be it never heard again!

Soon rested those who fought; but thee Who minglest in the harder strife For truths which men receive not now.

Thy warfare only ends with life.

warfare! lingering long weary day and weary year; many-weaponed throng thy front, and flank, and rear.

y spirit to the proof, th not at thy chosen lot; nod may stand aloof, may frown—yet faint thou not.

e shaft too surely cast, and hissing bolt of scorn; y side shall dwell, at last, y of endurance born.

ed to earth, shall rise again al years of God are hers; rounded, writhes in pain, among his worshippers.

thou lie upon the dust,
y who helped thee flee in fear,
ope and manly trust,
who fell in battle here!

Ind thy sword shall wield,
hand the standard wave,
trumpet's mouth is pealed
of triumph o'er thy grave.
WILLIAM CULLEN BEYANT.

MONTEREY.

ot many—we who stood be iron sleet that day; gallant spirit would s years if but he could n with us at Monterey.

ow there, the shot it hailed drifts of fiery spray, ngle soldier quailed ded comrades round them wailed ag shout at Monterey.

ill on our column kept
walls of flame its withering way;
the dead, the living stept,
ig on the guns which swept
ery streets of Monterey.

riking where he strongest lay, d his flanking batteries past, g full their murderous blast, home the towers of Monterey. Our banners on those turrets wave,
And there our evening bugles play;
Where orange boughs above their grave,
Keep green the memory of the brave
Who fought and fell at Monterey.

We are not many—we who pressed

Beside the brave who fell that day;

But who of us has not confessed

He'd rather share their warrior rest

Than not have been at Monterey?

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

Up from the meadows rich with corn, Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep, Apple and peach-tree fruited deep,

Fair as a garden of the Lord To the eyes of the famished rebel horde;

On that pleasant morn of the early fall When Lee marched over the mountain wall, -

Over the mountains, winding down, Horse and foot into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars, Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind; the sun Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then, Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town, She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic-window the staff she set, To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread, Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right He glanced: the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast;

"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash; It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;

She leaned far out on the window-sill, And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old grey head, But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame, Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word:

Who touches a hair of you grey head Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street Sounded the tread of marching feet;

All day long that free flag tost Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er, And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave, Flag of freedom and union, wave!

Peace, and order, and beauty draw Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE BLACK REGIMENT. MAY 27TH, 1863.

DARK as the clouds of even,
Ranked in the western heaven,
Waiting the breath that lifts
All the dead mass, and drifts
Tempest and falling brand
Over a ruined land;—
So still and orderly,
Arm to arm, knee to knee,
Waiting the great event,
Stands the black regiment

Down the long dusky line
Teeth gleam and eyeballs shine;
And the bright bayonet,
Bristling and firmly set,
Flashed with a purpose grand,
Long ere the sharp command
Of the fierce rolling drum
Told them their time had come,
Told them what work was sent
For the black regiment.

"Now," the flag-sergeant cried,
'Though death and hell betide.
Let the whole nation see
If we are fit to be
Free in this land; or bound
Down, like the whining hound—
Bound with red stripes of pain
In our cold chains again!"
Oh! what a shout there went
From the black regiment!

"Charge!" Trump and drum awoke Onward the bondmen broke: Bayonet and sabre-stroke Vainly opposed their rush. Through the wild battle's crush, With but one thought affush, Driving their lords like chaff, In the guns' mouths they laugh; Or at the slippery brands Leaping with open hands, Down they tear man and horse, Down in their awful course; Trampling with bloody heel Over the crashing steel;—. All their eyes forward bent, Rushed the black regiment.

"Freedom!" their battle-cry"Freedom! or leave to die!"
Ah! and they meant the word,
Not as with us 'tis heard,
Not a mere party shout;
They gave their spirits out,
Trusted the end to God,
And on the gory sod
Rolled in triumphant blood.
Glad to strike one free blow,
Whether for weal or woe;
Glad to breathe one free breath,
Though on the lips of deeth;



INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

;—alas! in vain!—
ey might fall again,
could once more see
arst to liberty!
as what "freedom" lent
black regiment.

ds on hundreds fell;
y are resting well;
s and shackles strong
hall do them wrong.
the living few,
, be just and true!
em as comrades tried;
ith them side by side;
in field or tent,
he black regiment!

GRORGE HEATT BOKER.

I OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

t.

re French stormed Ratisbon. so away,
nound, Napoleon
our storming-day;
at-thrust, you fancy how,
, arms locked behind,
nee the prone brow,
> with its mind.

п.

aps he mused, "My plans to earth may fall, army-leader Lannes yonder wall,"— he battery-smokes there flew ound on bound g; nor bridle drew eached the mound.

W.

re flung in smiling joy,
himself erect
forse's mane, a boy:
ly could suspect—
kept his lips compressed,
y blood came through)
twice ere you saw his breast
at shot in two.

IV.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon!
The marshal's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his
plans
Soared up again like fire.

Ŧ.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes:
"You're wounded!" "Nay," his soldier's
pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, sire!" And, his chief beside,
Smiling, the boy fell dead.
ROBERT BROWNEG.

HOHENLINDEN.

On Linden, when the sun was low, All bloodless lay the untrodden snow, And dark as winter was the flow Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed, Each horseman drew his battle-blade, And furious every charger neighed To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven; Then rushed the steeds to battle driven; And, louder than the bolts of heaven, Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet those fires shall glow On Linden's hills of crimsoned snow, And bloodier yet shall be the flow Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

T is morn; but scarce you level sun.
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,

Where furious Frank and flery Hun Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave, Who rush to glory or the grave! Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave, And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet! The snow shall be their winding-sheet; And every turf beneath their feet Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

THOMAS CAMPBELL,

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE AT BALAKLAVA.

Half a league, half a league, Half a league onward, All in the valley of death, Rode the six hundred.

Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred;
For up came an order which
Some one had blundered.
"Forward, the light brigade!
Take the guns!" Nolan said:
Into the valley of death,
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward the light brigade!"
No man was there dismayed—
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die—
Into the valley of death,
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered.
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well;
Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell,
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare, Flashed all at once in air, Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered.
Plunged in the battery smoke,
With many a desp'rate stroke
The Russian line they broke;
Then they rode back, but not—
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them,
Volleyed and thundered.
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
Those that had fought so well
Came from the jaws of death,
Back from the mouth of hell.
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,

When can their glory fade?
Oh the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the light brigade,
Noble six hundred!

ALFRED TENNI

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND:

A NAVAL ODE.

I

YE mariners of England!
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved, a thousand yet
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again,
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!—
For the deck it was their field of fame
And ocean was their grave.
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,



BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

e stormy winds do blow e battle rages loud and long, stormy winds do blow.

m.

needs no bulwarks,
salong the steep;
h is o'er the mountain-wave,
s is on the deep.
nders from her native oak
s the floods below,
oar on the shore
stormy winds do blow—
battle rages loud and long,
stormy winds do blow.

IV.

or flag of England
terrific burn,
r's troubled night depart,
tar of peace return.
n, ye ocean-warriors!
and feast shall flow
ne of your name,
storm has ceased to blow—
fiery fight is heard no more,
torm has ceased to blow.

THOMAS CAMPBRILL

TLE OF THE BALTIC.

I.

and the north
lorious day's renown,
sattle fierce came forth
ght of Denmark's crown,
arms along the deep proudly
;
in the lighted brand
letermined hand,
rince of all the land
ou,

Ħ.

hans affoat
sulwarks on the brine;
sign of battle flew
y British line—
53

It was ten of April morn by the chime.
As they drifted on their path
There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

ш.

But the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleeter rushed
O'er the deadly space between.
"Hearts of oak!" our captain cried; when
each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

IV.

Again! again! again!
And the havock did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back;
Their shots along the deep slowly boom—
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shattered sail,
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.

٧.

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hailed them o'er the wave:
"Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save;
So peace instead of death let us bring.
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at Eugland's feet,
And make submission meet
To our king."

¥1.

Then Denmark blessed our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the
day.
While the sun looked smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light

Died away.

VII.

Now joy, old England, raise!
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light;
And yet, amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!

VIII.

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died,
With the gallant good Riou—
Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave!
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave!

THOMAS CAMPBELL

THE SEA FIGHT.

AS TOLD BY AN ANCIENT MARINER.

Aн, yes—the fight! Vell, messmates, well, I served on board that Ninety-eight; Yet what I saw I loathe to tell.

To-night, be sure a crushing weight Upon my sleeping breast—a hell

Of dread will sit. At any rate,

Though land-locked here, a watch I'll keep—

Grog cheers us still. Who cares for sleep?

That Ninety-eight I sailed on board;
Along the Frenchman's coast we flew;
Right aft the rising tempest roared;
A noble first-rate hove in view;
And soon high in the gale there soared
Her streamed-out bunting—red, white,
blue!
We also and for fight, and landword hore

We cleared for fight, and landward bore, To get between the chase and shore.

Masters, I cannot spin a yarn
Twice laid with words of silken stuff.

A fact's a fact; and ye may larn
The rights o' this, though wild and rough

My words may loom. T is your consern.

Not mine, to understand. Enough;—
We neared the Frenchman where he lay,
And as we neared, he blazed away.

We tacked, hove to; we filled, we wore
Did all that seamanship could do
To rake him aft, or by the fore—
Now rounded off, and now broached to
And now our starboard broadside bore,

And showers of iron through and thro His vast hull hissed; our larboard then Swept from his three-fold decks his men.

As we, like a huge serpent, toiled,
And wound about, through that wild a
The Frenchman each manœuvre foiled—
'Vantage to neither there could be.
Whilst thus the waves between us boiled,
We both resolved right manfully
To fight it side by side;—began
Then the fierce strife of man to man.

Gun bellows forth to gun, and pain
Rings out her wild, delirious scream!
Redoubling thunders shake the main;
Loud crashing, falls the shot-rent beam.
The timbers with the broadsides strain;
The slippery decks send up a steam
From hot and living blood—and high
And shrill is heard the death-pang cry.

The shredded limb, the splintered bone,
Th' unstiffened corpse, now block the w
Who now can hear the dying groan?
The trumpet of the judgment day,
Had it pealed forth its mighty tone,
We should not then have heard,—to w
Would be rank sin; but this I tell,
That could alone our madness quell

Upon the fore-castle I fought
As captain of the for'ad gun.
A scattering shot the carriage caught!
What mother then had known her son
Of those who stood around?—distraught
And smeared with gore, about they re
Then fall, and writhe, and howling die!
But one escaped—that one was I!

ward of us lay the foe.

ward over keeled,

l not fight his guns below;

s going to strike—when reeled

e., as if some vast blow

lmighty hand had rent

ship from her element.

ed the thunder. Tumult then ned herself to silence. Round ered lightning-blasted men! nmast went. All stifled, drowned, Frenchman's shout. Again burst on us, and we found all gone—our decks all riven: ar mocks faintly that of heaven!

-nay, messmates, laugh not now—
nazed, one minute stood
at rout; I know not how—
ilence all—the raving flood,
hat pealed from stem to bow,
d's own thunder—nothing could
ll that tumult hear,
nght of that scene of fear.

ly o'er her humming wheel;
e, orchard, and the moor—
em plainly all. I'll kneel,
I saw them! Oh, they wore
ill peace. Could I but feel
bliss that then I felt,
my heart, like childhood's, melt!

ed with that old smile I know:
me, mother, turn and speak,"
my quivering lips—when lo!
ed, and a dark, red streak
vild and vivid from the foe,
ed upon the blood-stained water—
id aft the flames had caught her.

and hailed us. On us fast ing, helplessly, she came more near; and not a mast to help us from that flame. I the bravest stood aghast— I can the wicked, on the name ger and with guilt appalled,) o long neglected, called. Th' eddying flames with ravening tongue
Now on our ship's dark bulwarks dash—
We almost touched—when ocean rung
Down to its depths with one loud crash!
In heaven's top vault one instant hung
The vast, intense, and blinding flash!
Then all was darkness, stillness, dread—
The wave moaned o'er the valiant dead.

She's gone! blown up! that gallant foe!
And though she left us in a plight,
We floated still; long were, I know,
And hard, the labors of that night
To clear the wreck. At length in tow
A frigate took us, when 't was light;
And soon an English port we gained—
A hulk all battered and blood-stained.

I like not of that fight to tell.

Come, let the cheerful grog go round!

Messmates, I've done. A spell, ho, spellThough a pressed man, I'll still be found
To do a seaman's duty well.

I wish our brother landsmen knew
One half we jolly tars go through.

ANONTMOUL

17

CASABIANCA.

THE boy stood on the burning deck
Whence all but he had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though child-like form.

The flames rolled on—he would not go Without his father's word; That father, faint in death below, His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud—"Say, father, say,
If yet my task is done?"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father!" once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone!"
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And looked from that lone post of death
In still, yet brave despair.

And shouted but once more aloud,
"My father! must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendor wild, They caught the flag on high, And streamed above the gallant child, Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound—
The boy—oh! where was he?
Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strewed the sea!—

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part—
But the noblest thing that perished there
Was that young, faithful heart!

FELICIA DOBOTHEA HEMANS.

SONG OF THE GREEK POET.

THE isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!

Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace—
Where Delos rose, and Phæbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet;
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,

The hero's harp, the lover's lute,

Have found the fame your shores refuse;

Their place of birth alone is mute

To sounds which echo further west

Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea:
And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free;
For standing on the Persians' grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations—all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set, where were they

And where are they? and where art the My country? On thy voiceless shore The heroic lay is tuneless now—

The heroic bosom beats no more!

And must thy lyre, so long divine,

Degenerate into hands like mine?

Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
Though linked among a fettered race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must we but weep o'er days more blest?

Must we but blush?—Our fathers bled.

Earth! render back from out thy breast

A remnant of our Spartan dead!

Of the three hundred grant but three,

To make a new Thermopylæ!

What! silent still? and silent all?

Ah no!—the voices of the dead

Sound like a distant torrent's fall,

And answer, "Let one living head,

But one, arise—we come, we come!"

T is but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain; strike other chords;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call,
How answers each bold Bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like thee
It made Anacreon's song divine;
He served—but served Polycrates—

our masters then east our countrymen.

the Chersonese
n's best and bravest friend;
as Miltiades!
present hour would lend
of the kind!
s his were sure to bind.

owl with Samian wine!
ck, and Parga's shore,
mant of a line
Doric mothers bore;
haps some seed is sown
an blood might own.

freedom to the Franks—
king who buys and sells;
rds, and native ranks,
pe of courage dwells;
orce, and Latin fraud,
your shield, however broad.

dance beneath the shade—
rious black eyes shine;
on each glowing maid,
urning tear-drop laves,
breasts must suckle slaves.

Sunium's marbled steep, sing, save the waves and I, mutual murmurs sweep; 1-like, let me sing and die. 'es shall ne'er be mine on cup of Samian wine!

LORD BYRON.

ARCO BOZZARIS.

in his guarded tent,
ras dreaming of the hour
, her knee in suppliance bent,
nble at his power.
rough camp and court, he bore
of a conqueror;
nis song of triumph heard;
s monarch's signet-ring—
that monarch's throne—a king;
noughts, and gay of wing,
yarden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,

Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band—
True as the steel of their tried blades,

Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood,

On old Platea's day;

And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,

With arms to strike, and soul to dare,

As quick, as far, as they.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke:
That bright dream was his last;
He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the
Greek!"
He woke—to die midst flame, and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:
"Strike—till the last armed foe expires;
Strike—for your alters and your fires;

Strike—for the green graves of your sires;

God—and your native land!"

They fought—like brave men, long and well;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain;
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose.
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, death,

Come to the mother's, when she feels,

For the first time, her first-born's breath;

Come when the blessed seals

That close the pestilence are broke,

And crowded cities wail its stroke;

Come in consumption's ghastly form,

The earthquake-shock, the ocean-storm;

Come when the heart beats high and warm,

With banquet-song, and dance, and wine; And thou art terrible—the tear, The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier; And all we know, or dream, or fear Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword

Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard

The thanks of millions yet to be.

Come, when his task of fame is wrought— Come, with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought—

Come in her crowning hour—and then Thy sunken eye's unearthly light To him is welcome as the sight

Of sky and stars to prisoned men; Thy grasp is welcome as the hand Of brother in a foreign land; Thy summons welcome as the cry That told the Indian isles were nigh

To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land-wind, from woods of palm,
And orange-groves, and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
She wore no funeral weeds for thee,

Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume, Like torn branch from death's leafless tree, In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,

The heartless luxury of the tomb.
But she remembers thee as one
Long loved, and for a season gone.
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
For thee she rings the birth-day bells;
Of thee her babes' first lisping tells;
For thine her evening prayer is said
At palace couch, and cottage bed;
Her soldier, closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;
His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him, the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears.

And she, the mother of thy boys, Though in her eye and faded cheek Is read the grief she will not speak,

The memory of her buried joys—And even she who gave thee birth, Will, by her pilgrim-circled hearth,

Talk of thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art freedom's now, and fame'
One of the few, the immortal names
That were not born to die.

FITZ-GREEFE HAI

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAL

Who fears to speak of Ninety-eight!
Who blushes at the name?
When cowards mock the patriot's fa
Who hangs his head for shame?
He 's all a knave, or half a slave,
Who slights his country thus;
But a true man, like you, man,
Will fill your glass with us.

We drink the memory of the brave,
The faithful and the few—
Some lie far off beyond the wave—
Some sleep in Ireland, too;
All, all are gone—but still lives on
The fame of those who died—
All true men, like you, men,
Remember them with pride.

Some on the shores of distant lands
Their weary hearts have laid,
And by the stranger's heedless han
Their lonely graves were made;
But, though their clay be far away
Beyond the Atlantic foam—
In true men, like you, men,
Their spirit's still at home.

The dust of some is Irish earth;
Among their own they rest;
And the same land that gave them
Has caught them to her breast;
And we will pray that from their of
Full many a race may start
Of true men, like you, men,
To act as brave a part.

in dark and evil days
their native land;
led here a living blaze
thing shall withstand.
might can vanquish right—
l and passed away;
nen, like you, men,
nty here to-day.

's their memory—may it be
guiding light,
our strife for liberty,
ch us to unite.
ood and ill, be Ireland's still,
sad as theirs your fate;
men, be you, men,
ose of Ninety-eight!

JOHN KELLS INGRAM.

AN ODE.

constitutes a state? sed battlement or labored mound, rall or moated gate; proud with spires and turrets)wned; is and broad-armed ports, ghing at the storm, rich navies e; rred and spangled courts, prowed baseness wafts perfume to de. nen, high-minded men, 's as far above dull brutes endued it, brake, or den, cel cold rocks and brambles rude ho their duties know, their rights, and, knowing, dare lintain, t the long-aimed blow, the tyrant while they rend the ain; constitute a state; gn law, that state's collected will, rones and globes elate, s, crowning good, repressing ill. y her sacred frown, liseension, like a vapor sinks; en the all-dazzling crown nt rays, and at her bidding shrinks. Such was this heaven-loved isle,
Than Lesbos fairer and the Cretan shore!
No more shall freedom smile?
Shall Britons languish, and be men no more?
Since all must life resign,
Those sweet rewards which decorate the brave
'T is folly to decline,
And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

SIE WILLIAM JONES.

SONNETS.

LONDON, 1802.

MILTON! thou shouldst be living at this hour; England hath need of thee. She is a fen Of stagnant waters. Altar, sword, and pen, Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower, Have forfeited their ancient English dower Of inward happiness. We are selfish men: Oh, raise us up, return to us again, And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power! Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart; Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea;

Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free, So didst thou travel on life's common way In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

TO TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

Toussaint, the most unhappy man of men!
Whether the whistling rustic tend his plough
Within thy hearing, or thy head be now
Pillowed in some deep dungeon's earless den—
O miserable chieftain! where and when
Wilt thou find patience? Yet die not; do
thou

Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow.

Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,

Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left be

hind

Powers that will work for thee—air, earth. and skies.

There's not a breathing of the common wind That will forget thee. Thou hast great allies. Thy friends are exultations, agonics, And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

MILLIAM MORDOWORTH

ON A BUST OF DANTE.

SEE, from this counterfeit of him Whom Arno shall remember long, How stern of lineament, how grim, The father was of Tuscan song! There but the burning sense of wrong, Perpetual care, and scorn, abide—Small friendship for the lordly throng, Distrust of all the world beside.

Faithful if this wan image be,
No dream his life was—but a fight;
Could any Beatrice see
A lover in that anchorite?
To that cold Ghibeline's gloomy sight
Who could have guessed the visions came
Of beauty, veiled with heavenly light,
In circles of eternal flame?

The lips as Cumæ's cavern close,
The cheeks with fast and sorrow thin,
The rigid front, almost morose,
But for the patient hope within,
Declare a life whose course hath been
Unsullied still, though still severe,
Which, through the wavering days of sin,
Kept itself icy-chaste and clear.

Not wholly such his haggard look
When wandering once, forlorn, he strayed,
With no companion save his book,
To Corvo's hushed monastic shade;
Where, as the Benedictine laid
His palm upon the pilgrim guest,
The single boon for which he prayed
The convent's charity was rest.

Peace dwells not here—this rugged face
Betrays no spirit of repose;
The sullen warrior sole we trace,
The marble man of many woes.
Such was his mien when first arose
The thought of that strange tale divine—When hell he peopled with his foes,
The scourge of many a guilty line.

War to the last he waged with all
The tyrant canker-worms of earth;
Baron and duke, in hold and hall,
Cursed the dark hour that gave him birth;

He used Rome's harlot for his min Plucked bare hypocrisy and crime But valiant souls of knightly work Transmitted to the rolls of time.

O time! whose verdicts mock our The only righteous judge art thou That poor, old exile, sad and lone Is Latium's other Virgil now. Before his name the nations bow. His words are parcel of mankind, Deep in whose hearts, as on his b The marks have sunk of Dante's I

ON A SERMON AGAINST GI

Come then, tell me, sage divine
Is it an offence to own
That our bosoms e'er incline
Toward immortal glory's thr
For with me nor pomp, nor ple
Bourbon's might, Braganza's to
So can fancy's dream rejoice,
So conciliate reason's choice,
As one approving word of her impar

If to spurn at noble praise

Be the passport to thy heave
Follow thou those gloomy way

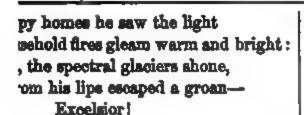
No such law to me was given Nor, I trust, shall I deplore me Faring like my friends before n Nor an holier place desire Than Timoleon's arms acquire, And Tully's curule chair, and Milton lyre.

MARK

EXCELSIOR.

The shades of night were falling. As through an Alpine village pas A youth, who bore, 'mid snow as A banner with the strange device Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye benea Flashed like a faulchion from its: And like a silver clarion rung The accents of that unknown ton Excelsion!



not the pass," the old man said:
clowers the tempest overhead;
uring torrent is deep and wide!"
nod that clarion voice replied,
Excelsion!

tay," the maiden said, "and rest 'eary head upon this breast!"

'stood in his bright blue eye,
ill he answered, with a sigh,

Excelsior!

are the pine-tree's withered branch! to the awful avalanche! " This was the peasant's last good-night:
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsion!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried, through the startled air,
Excelsion!

A traveller, by the faithful bound, Half-buried in the snow was found, Still grasping in his hand of ice That banner with the strange device, Excelsion!

There in the twilight cold and gray, Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay, And from the sky, serene and far, A voice fell, like a falling star— Excelsior!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

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PART VI.

POEMS OF COMEDY.

On! never wear a brow of care, or frown with rueful gravity,

For wit's the child of wisdom, and good humor is the twin;

No need to play the Pharisee, or groan at man's depravity,

Let one man be a good man, and let all be fair within.

Speak sober truths with smiling lips; the bitter wrap in sweetness—

Sound sense in seeming nonsense, as the grain is hid in chaff;

And fear not that the lesson e'er may seem to lack completeness—

A man may say a wise thing, though he say it with a laugh.

"A soft word oft turns wrath aside," (so says the great instructor.

A smile disarms resentment, and a jest drives gloom away;

A cheerful laugh to anger is a magical conductor,

The deadly flash averting, quickly changing night to day.

Then, is not he the wisest man who rids his brow of wrinkles,

Who bears his load with merry heart, and lightens it by half—

Whose pleasant tones ring in the ear, as mirthful music tinkles,

And whose words are true and telling, though they echo in a laugh?

So temper life's work—weariness with timely relaxation;
Most witless wight of all is he who never plays the fool;
The heart grows gray before the head, when sunk in sad prostration;
Its winter knows no Christmas, with its glowing log of Yule.
Why weep, faint-hearted and forlorn, when evil comes to try us?
The fount of hope wells ever nigh—'t will cheer us if we quaff;
And, when the gloomy phantom of despondency stands by us,
Let us, in calm defiance, exorcise it with a laugh!

VACHAMORT



POEMS OF COMEDY.

HEIR OF LINNE.

PART FIRST.

en, gentlemen;
ing I will begin:
of fair Scotland,
the unthrifty heir of Linne.

a lady of high degree;
! were dead him fro,
ed keeping company.

lay with merry cheer, d revel every night, ice from even to morn, en, his heart's delight.

i, to rant, to roar, pend and never spare, vere the king himself, fee he might be bare.

nthrifty heir of Linne, old is gone and spent; sell his lands so broad, and lands, and all his rent.

. a keen steward,
'Scales was called he;
come a gentleman,
as got both gold and fee.

ne, welcome, lord of Linne; disturb thy heavy cheer; ll thy lands so broad, of gold I'll give thee here."

"My gold is gone, my money is spent,
My land now take it unto thee:
Give me the gold, good John o' Scales,
And thine for aye my land shall be."

Then John he did him to record draw, And John he gave him a god's-penny; But for every pound that John agreed, The land, I wis, was well worth three.

He told him the gold upon the board;
He was right glad the land to win:
"The land is mine, the gold is thine,
And now I'll be the lord of Linne."

Thus he hath sold his land so broad;
Both hill and holt, and moor and fen,
All but a poor and lonesome lodge,
That stood far off in a lonely glen.

For so he to his father hight:

"My son, when I am gone," said he,

"Then thou wilt spend thy land so broad,
And thou wilt spend thy gold so free;

"But swear me now upon the rood,
That lonesome lodge thou'lt never spend;
For when all the world doth frown on thee,
Thou there shalt find a faithful friend."

The heir of Linne is full of gold;
And, "Come with me, my friends," said he:
"Let's drink, and rant, and merry make,
And he that spares, ne'er mote he thee."

They ranted, drank, and merry made,

Till all his gold it waxed thin;

And then his friends they slunk away;

They left the unthrifty heir of Linne.

He had never a penny left in his purse, Never a penny left but three; The one was brass, the other was lead, And t'other it was white money.

'Now well-a-way!" said the heir of Linne,
"Now well-a-way, and woe is me!
For when I was the lord of Linne,
I never wanted gold nor fee.

"But many a trusty friend have I,
And why should I feel dole or care?
I'll borrow of them all by turns,
So need I not be ever bare."

But one, I wis, was not at home;
Another had paid his gold away;
Another called him thriftless loon,
And sharply bade him wend his way

Now well-a-way!" said the heir of Linne,
"Now well-a-way, and woe is me!
For when I had my land so broad,
On me they lived right merrily.

"To beg my bread from door to door,
I wis, it were a burning shame:
To rob and steal it were a sin:
To work my limbs I cannot frame.

"Now I'll away to the lonesome lodge,
For there my father bade me wend:
When all the world should frown on me,
I there should find a trusty friend."

PART SECOND

Away then hied the heir of Linne, O'er hill and holt, and moor and fen, Until he came to the lonesome lodge, That stood so low in a lonely glen.

He looked up, he looked down,
In hope some comfort for to win;
But bare and lothely were the walls:
"Here's sorry cheer!" quoth the heir of
Linne.

The little window. dim and dark,
Was hung with ivy, brier, and yew;
No shimmering sun here ever shone;
No halesome breeze here ever blew.

No chair, no table, he mote spy,
No cheerful hearth, no welcome bed,
Nought save a rope with a running noos,
That dangling hung up o'er his head.

And over it, in broad letters,
These words were written, so plain to a
"Ah! graceless wretch, hath spent thy all,
And brought thyself to penury?

"All this my boding mind misgave,
I therefore left this trusty friend:
Now let it shield thy foul disgrace,
And all thy shame and sorrows end"

Sorely vexed with this rebuke,
Sorely vexed was the heir of Linne;
His heart, I wis, was near to burst,
With guilt and sorrow, shame and sin.

Never a word spake the heir of Linne.

Never a word he spake but three:

"This is a trusty friend indeed,

And is right welcome unto me."

Then round his neck the cord he drew,
And sprung aloft with his body;
When lo! the ceiling burst in twain,
And to the ground came tumbling be.

Astonished lay the heir of Linne,
Nor knew if he were live or dead;
At length he looked and saw a bill,
And in it a key of gold so red.

He took the bill and looked it on;
Straight good comfort found he there:
It told him of a hole in the wall
In which there stood three chests in-fer

Two were full of the beaten gold;
The third was full of white money
And over them, in broad letters,
These words were written so plain to

thy life and follies past; hou amend thee of thy life, pe must be thy end at last."

it be," said the heir of Linne et it be, but if I amend:

will make mine avow,
de shall guide me to the end."

n went the heir of Linne, se went with merry cheer; either stint nor stayed, n o' the Scales' house he came near.

i he came to John o' the Scales, he spere then looked he; three lords at the board's end, rinking of the wine so free.

respoke the heir of Linne;
1 o' the Scales then could he:
hee now, good John o' the Scales,
ty pence for to lend me."

away! this may not be: se be on my head," he said, r I lend thee one penny."

ooke the heir of Linne, a o' the Scales' wife then spake he: some alms on me bestow, for sweet Saint Charity."

thou gettest no alms of me; should hang any losel here, t we would begin with thee."

sat at John o' the Scales his board: 1rn again, thou heir of Linne; 1me thou was a well good lord:

me a good fellow thou hast been, aredst not thy gold and fee;

I'll lend thee forty pence, her forty if need be.

"And ever I pray thee, John o' the Scales,
To let him sit in thy company;
For well I wot thou hadst his land,
And a good bargain it was to thee."

Then up bespoke him John o' the Scales, All woode he answered him again: "Now a curse be on my head," he said, "But I did lose by that bargain.

"And here I proffer thee, heir of Linne,
Before these lords so fair and free,
Thou shalt have 't back again better cheap,
By a hundred merks, than I had it of thee."

"I draw you to record, lords," he said;
With that he gave him a god's-penny:
"Now, by my fay," said the heir of Linne,
"And here, good John, is thy money."

And he pulled forth the bags of gold,
And laid them down upon the board;
All wo-begone was John o' the Scales,
So vexed he could say never a word.

He told him forth the good red gold,

He told it forth with mickle din;

"The gold is thine, the land is mine,

And now I'm again the lord of Linne!"

Says, "Have thou here, thou good fellow;
Forty pence thou didst lend me;
Now I'm again the lord of Linne,
And forty pounds I will give thee."

"Now well-a-way!" quoth Joan o' the Scales,
"Now well-a-way, and wo is my life!
Yesterday I was lady of Linne,
Now I'm but John o' the Scales his wife."

"Now fare-thee-well," said the heir of Linne,
"Farewell, good John o' the Scales," said
he:

"When next I want to sell my land, Good John o' the Scales, I'll come to thee."

Anonymour

THE DRAGON OF WANTLEY.

OLD stories tell how Hercules
A dragon slew at Lerna,
With seven heads and fourteen eyes,
To see and well discern-a;
But he had a club this dragon to drub,
Or he ne'er had done it, I warrant ye;
But More, of More-hall, with nothing at all,
He slew the dragon of Wantley.

This dragon had two furious wings,
Each one upon each shoulder;
With a sting in his tail as long as a flail,
Which made him bolder and bolder.
He had long claws, and in his jaws
Four and forty teeth of iron;
With a hide as tough as any buff,
Which did him round environ.

Have you not heard how the Trojan horse
Held seventy men in his belly?
This dragon was not quite so big,
But very near, I'll tell ye;
Devoured he poor children three,
That could not with him grapple;
And at one sup he ate them up,
As one would eat an apple.

All sorts of cattle this dragon would eat,
Some say he ate up trees,
And that the forests sure he would
Devour up by degrees;
For houses and churches were to him geese
and turkeys;
He ate all and left none behind,
But some stones, dear Jack, that he could not
crack,
Which on the hills you will find.

Hard by a furious knight there dwelt;

Men, womer girls, and boys,

Sighing and sobving, came to his lodging,

And made a hideous noise.

Oh, save us all, More of More-hall,

Thou peerless knight of these woods;

Do but slay this dragon, who won't leave us

a rag on,

We'll give thee all our goods.

This being done, he did engage

To hew the dragon down;
But first he went new armor to

Bespeak at Sheffield town;
With spikes all about, not within but with the spikes all about, not within but within the spikes all about, not within but within the spikes all about, not within the spikes all about and the spikes all about and the spikes all about all

Had you but seen him in this dress,
How fierce he looked, and how big,
You would have thought him for to be
Some Egyptian porcupig:
He frighted all, cats, dogs, and all,
Each cow, each horse, and each hog;
For fear they did flee, for they took him
Some strange, outlandish hedge-hog.

To see this fight all people then
Got up on trees and houses,
On churches some, and chimneys too;
But these put on their trousers,
Not to spoil their hose. As soon as her
To make him strong and mighty,
He drank, by the tale, six pots of ale,
And a quart of aqua-vitse.

It is not strength that always wins,
For wit doth strength excel;
Which made our cunning champion
Creep down into a well,
Where he did think this dragon would d
And so he did in truth;
And as he stooped low, he rose up and
boh!
And kicked him in the mouth.

Oh! quoth the dragon, with a deep signand turned six times together,
Sobbing and tearing, cursing and swear
Out of his throat of leather.
More of More-hall, oh thou rascal!
Would I had seen thee never!
With the thing at thy foot thou hast pure my throat,
And I'm quite undone forever!



GOOD ALE.

surder! the dragon cried,
slack, for grief!
out missed that place, you could
one me no mischief.
head he shaked, trembled, and
aked,

aked, wn he lay and cried; ne knee, then on back tumbled he,

OLD BALLAD. (English.) COVENTRY PATMORE.

ned, and kicked, and died.

GOOD ALE.

stomach is not good;
are, I think that I can drink
th him that wears a hood.
gh I go bare, take ye no care;
m nothing a-cold—
f my skin so full within
jolly good ale and old.
and side go bare, go bare;
th foot and hand go cold;
belly, God send thes good ale
enough,
hether it be new or old!

no roast but a nut-brown toast,
d a crab laid in the fire;
le bread shall do me stead—
ch bread I not desire.
ost nor snow, nor wind, I trow,
n hurt me if I wold—
so wrapt, and thorowly lapt
jolly good ale and old.
and side go bare, go bare;
th foot and hand go cold;
belly, God send thee good ale
mough,
hether it be new or old!

Tyb, my wife, that as her life veth well good ale to seek, oft drinks she, till you may see a tears run down her cheek;

Then doth she trowl to me the bowl,
Even as a malt-worm should;
And saith, "Sweetheart, I took my part
Of this jolly good ale and old,"
Back and side go bare, go bare;
Both foot and hand go cold;
But, belly, God send thee good ale
enough,
Whether it be new or old!

Now let them drink till they nod and wink, Even as good fellows should do; They shall not miss to have the blies Good ale doth bring men to; And all poor souls that have scoured bowls, Or have them lustily trowled, God save the lives of them and their wires. Whether they be young or old! Back and side go bare, go bare ; Both foot and hand go cold; But, belly, God send thee good ale enough, Whether it be new or old!

Jour Street.

THE JOVIAL BEGGAR.

There was a jovial beggar,
He had a wooden leg,
Lame from his cradle,
And forced for to beg.
And a-begging we will go,
Will go, will go,
And a-begging we will go.

A bag for his oatmeal,
Another for his salt,
And a long pair of crutches,
To show that he can halt.
And a-begging we will go,
Will go, will go,
And a-begging we will go.

A bag for his wheat,
Another for his rye,
And a little bottle by his side,
To drink when he's a-dry.

And a-begging we will go,
Will go, will go,
And a-begging we will go.

Seven years I begged
For my old master Wilde,
He taught me how to beg
When I was but a child.

And a-begging we will go,
Will go, will go,
And a begging we will go.

I begged for my master,
And got him store of pelf,
But goodness now be praised,
I'm begging for myself.
And a-begging we will go,
Will go, will go,
And a-begging we will go.

In a hollow tree
I live, and pay no rent,
Providence provides for me,
And I am well content.

And a-begging we will go,
Will go, will go,
And a-begging we will go.

Of all the occupations

A beggar's is the best,

For whenever he 's a-weary,

He can lay him down to rest.

And a-begging we will go,

Will go, will go,

And a-begging we will go,

I fear no plots against me,
I live in open cell;
Then who would be a king, lads,
When the beggar lives so well?
And a-begging we will go,
Will go, will go,
And a-begging we will go.

ANONYMOUL

TAKE THY OLD CLOAKE ABOUT

And frost doth freese on every hill;
And Boreas blows his blastes so cold
That all ur cattell are like to spill.
Bell, my wife, who loves no strife,
Shee sayd unto me quietlye,
Rise up, and save cowe Crumbocke's life—
Man, put thy old cloake about thee.

HR.

O Bell, why dost thou flyte and scorne?
Thou kenst my cloake is very thin;
It is so bare and overworne
A cricke he thereon can not renn.
Then Ile no longer borrowe or lend
For once Ile new apparelled be;
To morrow Ile to towne, and spend,
For Ile have a new cloake about me.

SHE.

She has been alwayes true to the payk;

Cow Crumbocke is a very good cow-

trow,
And other things she will not fayle;
I wold be loth to see her pine;
Good husbande, counsel take of me—
It is not for us to go so fine;

Man, take thy old cloake about thee.

HE.

It hath been alwayes true to the weare:
But now it is not worth a groat;
I have had it four and-forty yeare.
Sometime it was of cloth in graine;
'Tis now but a sigh clout as you may so
It will neither hold nor winde nor raineAnd He have a new cloake about me.

SHE.

It is four-and-forty yeeres ago
Since the one of us the other did ken;
And we have had betwixt us towe
Of children either nine or ten;



MALBROUCK.

brought them up to women and i ire of God I trowe they be; wilt thou thyself misken to thy old cloaks about thee.

HE.

wife, why dost thou floate?

now, and then was then;

all the world throughout,

nst not clownes from gentlemen;

alad in blacke, greene, yellowe, or

y,

bove their own degree—

y life He do as they,

nave a new cloake about me.

SHE.

hen was a worthy peere—
ches cost him but a crowne;
tem sixpence all too deere,
te he called the tailor loon.
wight of high renowne,
that puts this countrye downe;
ke thy old cloake about thee.

ĦB.

rife, she loves not strife,
will lead me if she can;
live a quiet life
red to yield though I be good-man.
r a man with a woman to threepe,
ie first give o'er the plea;
ran sae will we leave,
tak my old cloake about me.

Анонтноов.

MALBROUCK.

UCE, the prince of commanders, to the war in Flanders; e is like Alexander's; . when will be come home?

at Trinity feast; or he may come at Easter. he had better make haste, or fear he may never come. For Trinity feast is over,
And has brought no news from Dover;
And Easter is past, moreover,
And Malbrouck still delays.

Milady in her watch-tower Spends many a pensive hour, Not knowing why or how her Dear lord from England stave.

While sitting quite forlorn in That tower, she spice returning A page clad in deep mourning, With fainting steps and slow.

"O page, prythee, come faster!
What news do you bring of your master!
I fear there is some disaster—
Your looks are so full of woe,"

"The news I bring, fair lady,"
With sorrowful accent said he,
"Is one you are not ready
So soon, alas! to hear.

"But since to speak I'm hurried,"
Added this page quite flurried,
"Malbrouck is dead and buried!"
—And here he shed a tear.

"He's dead! he's dead as a herring!
For I beheld his berring,
And four officers transferring
His corpse away from the field.

"One officer carried his sabre;
And he carried it not without labor,
Much envying his next neighbor,
Who only bore a shield.

"The third was helmet-bearer— That helmet which on its wearer Filled all who saw with terror, And covered a hero's brains.

"Now, baving got so far, I
Find, that—by the Lord Harry!—
The fourth is left nothing to carry;—
So there the thing remains."

Апонтноов. (Prench.)

Translation of FATHER PROUT.

THE OLD AND YOUNG COURTIER.

An old song made by an aged old pate,
Of an old worshipful gentleman who had a
great estate,

That kept a brave old house at a bountiful rate,

And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate;

Like an old courtier of the queen's, And the queen's old courtier.

With an old lady, whose anger one word assuages;

They every quarter paid their old servants their wages,

And never knew what belonged to coachmen, footmen, nor pages,

But kept twenty old fellows with blue coats and badges;

Like an old courtier of the queen's, And the queen's old courtier.

With an old study filled full of learned old books;

With an old reverend chaplain—you might know him by his looks;

With an old buttery hatch worn quite off the hooks;

And an old kitchen that maintained half a dozen old cooks;

Like an old courtier of the queen's, And the queen's old courtier.

With an old hall, hung about with pikes, guns, and bows,

With old swords and bucklers, that had borne many shrewd blows;

And an old frieze coat, to cover his worship's trunk hose,

And a cup of old sherry, to comfort his copper nose;

> Like an old courtier of the queen's, And the queen's old courtier.

With a good old fashion, when Christmas was come,

To call in all his old neighbors with bagpipe and drum;

With good cheer enough to furnish ever room,

And old liquor able to make a cat speak

Like an old courtier of the quee And the queen's old courtier.

With an old falconer, huntsman, and a loof hounds,

That never hawked, nor hunted, but own grounds;

Who, like a wise man, kept himself his own bounds,

And when he dyed, gave every child a sand good pounds;

Like an old courtier of the quee And the queen's old courtier.

But to his eldest son his house and la assigned,

Charging him in his will to keep to bountiful mind—

To be good to his old tenants, and neighbors be kind:

But in the ensuing ditty you shall here he was inclined,

Like a young courtier of the kind And the king's young courtier.

Like a flourishing young gallant, newly to his land,

Who keeps a brace of painted madams command;

And takes up a thousand pound upon ther's land;

And gets drunk in a tavern, till he continued ther go nor stand;

Like a young courtier of the kind the king's young courtier.

With a new-fangled lady, that is daint and spare,

Who never knew what belonged to housekeeping or care;

Who buys gaudy-colored fans to pla wanton air,

And seven or eight different dressings women's hair;

Like a young courtier of the kand the king's young courtier.



AN BLEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG

ith a new-fashioned hall, built where the old one stood,

eng round with new pictures, that do the poor no good;

ith a fine marble chimney, wherein burns neither coal nor wood;

ad a new smooth shovelboard, whereon no victuals ne'er stood;

Like a young courtier of the king's, And the king's young courtier.

Fith a new study, stuft fell of pamphlets and plays;

and a new chaplain, that swears faster than he prays;

With a new buttery hatch, that opens once in four or five days,

And a new French cook, to devise fine kickshaws, and toys;

> Like a young courtier of the king's, And the king's young courtier.

With a new fashion when Christmas is drawing on-

On a new journey to London straight we all must be gone,

And leave none to keep house, but our new porter John,

Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back with a stone;

Like a young courtier of the king's, And the king's young courtier.

With a new gentleman usher, whose carriage is complete;

With a new coachman, footmen, and pages to carry up the meat;

With a waiting gentlewoman, whose dressing is very neat—

Who, when her lady has dined, lets the servants not eat;

> Like a young courtier of the king's, And the king's young courtier.

With new titles of honor bought with his father's old gold,

'or which sundry of his ancestors' old manors are sold:

And this is the course most of our new gallants hold,

Which makes that good housekeeping is now grown so cold

Among the young courtiers of the king, Or the king's young courtiers.

ABOUTHOUS.

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

Good people all, of every sort, Give ear unto my song; And if you find it wond'rous short It cannot hold you long.

In lalington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say
That still a godly race he ran
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had, To comfort friends and foes; The naked every day he clad, When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain his private enda,
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighboring streets
The wandering neighbors ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad To every Christian eye:

And while they swore the dog was mad. They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That showed the rogues they lied:
The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died.

OTTAKE GOLDMALLE

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

AN HEROI-COMICAL POEM.

Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos; Sed juvat hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis.—Marr.

CANTO I.

What dire offence from amorous causes springs,

What mighty contests rise from trivial things, I sing—This verse to Caryl, muse! is due; This, e'en Belinda may vouchsafe to view: Slight is the subject, but not so the praise, If she inspire, and he approve my lays.

Say what strange motive, goddess! could compel

A well-bred lord t' assault a gentle belle?

Oh, say what stranger cause, yet unexplored,
Could make a gentle belle reject a lord?

In tasks so bold can little men engage,
And in soft bosoms dwell such mighty rage?

Sol through white curtains shot a timorous ray,

And ope'd those eyes that must eclipse the day.

Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing shake,

And sleepless lovers just at twelve awake: Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knocked the ground,

And the pressed watch returned a silver sound.

Belinda still her downy pillow prest— Her guardian sylph prolonged the balmy rest; 'T was he had summoned to her silent bed The morning-dream that hovered o'er her head;

A youth more glittering than a birthnight beau,

(That e'en in slumber caused her cheek to glow.)

Seemed to her ear his winning lips to lay, And thus in whispers said, or seemed to say:

"Fairest of mortals, thou distinguished care
Of thousand bright inhabitants of air!
If e'er one vision touched thy infant thought
Of all the nurse and all the priest have
taught.

Of airy elves by moonlight-shadows seen, The silver token, and the circled green; Or virgins visited by angel powers
With golden crowns and wreaths of heave
flowers—

Hear and believe! thy own important know,

Nor bound thy narrow views to things bek Some secret truths, from learned pride of cealed,

To maids alone and children are revealed: What though no credit doubting wits magive?

The fair and innocent shall still believe.

Know, then, unnumbered spirits round to fly—

The light militia of the lower sky:

These, though unseen, are ever on the wire Hang o'er the box, and hover round the rise Think what an equipage thou hast in air, And view with scorn two pages and a character As now your own, our beings were of old, And once enclosed in woman's beauted mould;

Thence, by a soft transition, we repair From earthly vehicles to these of air.

Think not, when woman's transient breath fled,

That all her vanities at once are dead; Succeeding vanities she still regards, And, though she plays no more, o'erlooks to cards.

Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,
And love of ombre, after death survive;
For when the fair in all their pride expire.
To their first elements their souls retire;
The sprites of fiery termagant in flame
Mount up, and take a salamander's name;
Soft yielding minds to water glide away.
And sip, with nymphs, their elemental terms are prude sinks downward to gnome

In search of mischief still on earth to roa The light coquettes in sylphs aloft repair, And sport and flutter in the fields of air.

"Know further yet; whoever fair chaste

Rejects mankind, is by some sylph embrace For spirits, freed from mortal laws, with a Assume what sexes and what shapes the please.

What guards the purity of melting maids, In courtly balls and midnight macquerade

spark,

glance by day, the whisper in the dark en kind occasion prompts their warm desires.

en music softens, and when dancing fires?

s but their sylph, the wise celestials know,

sugh honor is the word with men below.

Some nymphs there are, too conscious of
their face,

r life predestined to the gnome's embrace; ese swell their prospects and exalt their pride,

hen offers are disdained, and love denied; en gay ideas crowd the vacant brain, hile peers, and dukes, and all their sweeping train,

ad garters, stars, and coronets appear, ad in soft sounds, 'Your grace,' salutes their ear.

is these that early taint the female soul, struct the eyes of young coquettes to roll; sch infant cheeks a bidden blush to know, ad little hearts to flutter at a beau.

"Oft when the world imagine women stray,

e sylphs through mystic mazes guide their way;

rough all the giddy circle they pursue,
dold impertinence expel by new.
nat tender maid but must a victim fall
one man's treat, but for another's ball?
nen Florio speaks, what virgin could withstand,

entle Damon did not squeeze her hand?

th varying vanities from every part

y shift the moving toy-shop of their heart;

ere wigs with wigs, with sword-knots

sword-knots strive,

nx banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.

blind to truth! the sylphs contrive it all.
Of these am I, who thy protection claim;
ratchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.

e, as I ranged the crystal wilds of air,
he clear mirror of thy ruling star,
w, alas! some dread event impend,
to the main this morning's sun descend;
heaven reveals not what, or how, or
where:

Warned by the sylph, O pious maid, beware This to disclose is all thy guardian can; Beware of all, but most beware of man!" He said; when Shock, who thought she

slept too long, Leaped up, and waked his mistress with his

tongue.
'T was then, Belinda, if report say true,
Thy eyes first opened on a billet-doux;
Wounds, charms, and ardors, were no sooner

But all the vision vanished from thy head.

And now, unveiled, the toilet stands displayed,

Each silver vase in mystic order laid.

First, robed in white, the nymph intent adores,

With head uncovered, the cosmetic powers.

A heavenly image in the glass appears—
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
Th' inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling begins the sacred rites of pride.
Unnumbered treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glittering
spoil.

This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The tortoise here, and elephant unite,
Transformed to combs—the speckled, and the
white.

Here files of pins extend their shining rows;
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy sylphs surround their darling care,
These set the head, and these divide the hair;
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the
gown;

And Betty's praised for labors not her own.

CANTO II.

Not with more glories, in the ethereal plain,
The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launched on the bosom of the silver Thames

Fair nymphs and well-dressed youths around The powers gave car, and granted half i her shone,

But every eye was fixed on her alone. On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,

Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore; Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose— Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those; Favors to none, to all she smiles extends; Oft she rejects, but never once offends. Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike; All but the sylph—with careful thoughts of And, like the sun, they shine on all alike. Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of

pride,

hide:

If to her share some female errors fall, Look on her face, and you'll forget them all. This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,

Nourished two locks, which graceful hung behind

In equal curls, and well conspired to deck With shining ringlets the smooth, ivory neck. Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains, And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.

With hairy springes we the birds betray; Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey; Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare, And beauty draws us with a single hair.

Th' adventurous baron the bright locks admired;

He saw, he wished, and to the prize aspired. Resolved to win, he meditates the way, By force to ravish, or by fraud betray; For when success a lover's toil attends, Few ask if fraud or force attained his ends. For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had im-

plored Propitious heaven, and every power adored; But chiefly love—to love an altar built, Of twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt. There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves, And all the trophies of his former loves; With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre, And breathes three amorous sighs to raise Some, less refined, beneath the moon's pa the fire.

Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night eves

Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize.

prayer;

The rest the winds dispersed in empty air. But now secure the painted vessel glides The sunbeams trembling on the floating tide While melting music steals upon the sky, And softened sounds along the waters die:

Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gent play,

Belinda smiled, and all the world was gay. prest,

Th' impending woe sat heavy on his breast. He summons straight his denizens of air; Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to The lucid squadrons round the sails repair; Soft o'er the shrouds aërial whispers breath That seemed but zephyrs to the train be neath.

> Some to the sun their insect-wings unfold, Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight, Their fluid bodies half dissolved in light; Loose to the wind their airy garments flew-Thin, glittering textures of the filmy dew, Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies, Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes: While every beam new transient color flings

Colors that change whene'er they wav their wings.

Amid the circle, on the gilded mast, Superior by the head, was Ariel placed; His purple pinions opening to the sun, He raised his azure wand, and thus begun:

"Ye sylphs and sylphids, to your chie give ear!

Fays, fairies, genii, elves, and demons, hear Ye know the spheres and various tasks signed

By laws eternal to the aërial kind: Some in the fields of purest ether play, And bask and whiten in the blaze of day;

Some guide the course of wandering orbs high,

Or roll the planets through the boundle

light

Or suck the mists in grosser air below, Or dip their pinions in the painted bow, r fierce tempests on the wintry main, the glebe distill the kindly rain; on earth, o'er human race preside, all their ways, and all their actions suide:

s the chief the care of nations own, nard with arms divine the British hrone.

humbler province is to tend the fair, ss pleasing, though less glorious care; the powder from too rude a gale, th' imprisoned essences exhale; v fresh colors from the vernal flowers;

d from rainbows, ere they drop in howers.

ter wash; to curl their waving hairs, heir blushes, and inspire their airs; , in dreams, invention we bestow, ge a flounce, or add a furbelow. s day black omens threat the brightst fair

r deserved a watchful spirit's care; re disaster, or by force or slight; at, or where, the fates have wrapped a night—

r the nymph shall break Diana's law, frail china jar receive a flaw;

her honor, or her new brocade; ner prayers, or miss a masquerade; her heart, or necklace, at a ball; ther heaven has doomed that Shock nust fall—

hen, ye spirits! to your charge reair:

tering fan be Zephyretta's care;
ps to thee, Brillante, we consign;
omentilla, let the watch be thine;
, Crispissa, tend her favorite lock;
mself shall be the guard of Shock.
ifty chosen sylphs, of special note,
st the important charge, the pettioat—

we known that seven-fold fence to iil,

stiff with hoops, and armed with rits f whale—

strong line about the silver bound, and the wide circumference around. tever spirit, careless of his charge, neglect, or leaves the fair at large,

Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,

Be stopped in vials, or transfixed with pins
Or plunged in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedged whole ages in a bodkin's eye;
Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clogged he beats his silken wings in
vain;

Or alum styptics with contracting power
Shrink his thin essence like a rivaled flower;
Or, as Ixion fixed, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling mill;
In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the sea that froths below!"

He spoke; the spirits from the sails descend;

Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend; Some thread the mazy ringlets of her hair; Some hang upon the pendants of her ear; With beating hearts the dire event they wait, Anxious, and trembling for the birth of fate.

CANTO III.

Close by those meads, for ever crowned with flowers,

Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers,

There stands a structure of majestic frame, Which from the neighboring Hampton takes its name.

Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home; Here, thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,

Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste awhile the pleasures of a court;
In various talk the instructive hours they past:
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
One speaks the glory of the British queen;
And one describes a charming Indian screen.
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes—
At every word a reputation dies;
Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.

Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray;
The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that jurymen may dine;

The merchant from the Exchange returns in peace,

And the long labors of the toilet cease.

Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two adventurous knights
At ombre singly to decide their doom,
And swells her breast with conquests yet to
come.

Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,

Each band the number of the sacred nine.
Soon as she spreads her hand, the aërial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card:
First Ariel perched upon a matadore,
Then each according to the rank they bore;
For sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.
Behold; four kings in majesty revered,
With hoary whiskers and a forky beard;
And four fair queens, whose hands sustain a
flower,

The expressive emblem of their softer power;
Four knaves, in garbs succinet, a trusty band,
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their
hand;

And parti-colored troops, a shining train, Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.

The skilful nymph reviews her force with eare:

"Let spades be trumps!" she said, and trumps they were.

Now move to war her sable matadores,
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
Spadillio first, unconquerable lord!
Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board.

As many more Manillio forced to yield,
And marched a victor from the verdant field.
Him Basto followed, but his fate more hard
Gained but one trump and one plebeian card.
With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,
The hoary majesty of spades appears,
Puts forth one manly leg, to sight revealed,
The rest his many-colored robe concealed.
The rebel knave, who dares his prince engage,

Proves the just victim of his royal rage. E'en mighty Pam, that kings and queens o'erthrew,

And mowed down armies in the fights of loo.

Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid.
Falls undistinguished by the victor spade!
Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;
Now to the baron fate inclines the field.
His warlike amazon her host invades,
The imperial consort of the crown of spades
The club's black tyrant first her victim die
Spite of his haughty mien and barbaron
pride:

What boots the regal circle on his head, His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread— That long behind he trails his pompous rob And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe

The baron now his diamonds pours apace.

The embroidered king who shows but half his face,

And his refulgent queen, with powers combined,

Of broken troops an easy conquest find. Clubs, diamonds, hearts, in wild disorder seen,

With throngs promiscuous strew the level green.

Thus when dispersed a routed army rung. Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons—With like confusion different nations fly. Of various habit, and of various dye; The pierced battalions disunited fall In heaps on heaps—one fate o'erwhelmsthem all.

The knave of diamonds tries his wily arts.

And wins (oh, shameful chance!) the queet
of hearts.

At this the blood the virgin's cheek forsok A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look; She sees, and trembles at the approaching I Just in the jaws of ruin, and codille. And now (as oft in some distempered state) On one nice trick depends the general fate: An ace of hearts steps forth; the king unsee Lurked in her hand, and mourned his capital queen;

He springs to vengeance with an eager pace. And falls like thunder on the prostrate acc. The nymph, exulting, fills with shouts it sky;

The walls, the woods, and long canals reply
O thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate!
Sudden these honors shall be snatched away.
And cursed for ever this victorious day.

or lo! the board with cups and spoons is crowned;

berries crackle, and the mill turns round; shining altars of japan they raise silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze; m silver spouts the grateful liquors glide, ile China's earth receives the smoking tide. once they gratify their scent and taste, d frequent cups prolong the rich repast. aight hover round the fair her airy band: ne, as she sipped, the fuming liquor fanned; ne o'er her lap their careful plumes displayed,

mbling, and conscious of the rich brocade.

ffee (which makes the politician wise,
id see through all things with his half-shut
eyes)

at up in vapors to the baron's brain w stratagems, the radiant lock to gain. I cease, rash youth! desist ere 't is too late; ar the just gods, and think of Scylla's fate! langed to a bird, and sent to flit in air, e dearly pays for Nisus' injured hair! But when to mischief mortals bend their will,

w soon they find fit instruments of ill!
It then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace wo-edged weapon from her shining case:
ladies, in romance, assist their knight—
sent the spear and arm him for the fight.
takes the gift with reverence, and extends
little engine on his fingers' ends;

o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.

ft to the lock a thousand sprites repair, housand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;

I thrice they twitched the diamond in her ear;

ice she looked back, and thrice the foe drew near.

in that instant, anxious Ariel sought close recesses of the virgin's thought: on the nosegay in her breast reclined, watched the ideas rising in her mind, den he viewed, in spite of all her art, earthly lover lurking at her heart. azed, confused, he found his power expired,

igned to fate, and with a sigh retired.

The peer now spreads the glittering forfex wide,

T' enclose the lock; now joins it, to divide.
E'en then, before the fatal engine closed,
A wretched sylph too fondly interposed;
Fate urged the shears, and cut the sylph in twain,

(But airy substance soon unites again;)
The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!

Then flashed the living lightning from he eyes,

And screams of horror rend the affrighted skies.

Not louder shricks to pitying Heaven are cast

When husbands, or when lapdogs, breathe their last;

Or when rich china vessels, fallen from high, In glittering dust and painted fragments lie!

"Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,"

The victor cried "the glorious prize is mine! While fish in streams, or birds delight in air; Or in a coach and six the British fair; As long as Atalantis shall be read,

Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed; While visits shall be paid on solemn days,

When numerous wax-lights in bright order blaze;

While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,

So long my honor, name, and praise shall live!

What time would spare, from steel receives its date;

And monuments, like men, submit to fate!

Steel could the labor of the gods destroy,

And strike to dust the inverse of

And strike to dust the imperial towers of Troy;

Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,

And hew triumphal arches to the ground.

What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs should feel

The conquering force of unresisted steel?"

CANTO IV.

But anxious cares the pensive nymph oppress.

And secret passions labored in her breast.

Not youthful kings in battle seized alive; Not scornful virgins who their charms survive; Not ardent lovers robbed of all their bliss; Not ancient ladies when refused a kiss; Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die; Not Cynthia when her mantua's pinned awry,

E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair, As thou, sad virgin! for thy ravished hair.

For, that sad moment, when the sylphs withdrew,

And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew, Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite, As ever sullied the fair face of light, Down to the central earth, his proper scene, Repaired to search the gloomy cave of Spleen.

Swift on his sooty pinions flits the gnome, And in a vapor reached the dismal dome. No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows; The dreaded east is all the wind that blows. Here in a grotto sheltered close from air, And screened in shades from day's detested glare,

She sighs for ever on her pensive bed, Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head.

Two handmaids wait the throne; alike in place,

But differing far in figure and in face. Here stood Ill-nature, like an ancient maid, Her wrinkled form in black and white arrayed;

With store of prayers for mornings, nights, and noons,

Her hand is filled; her bosom with lampoons. There Affectation with a sickly mien, Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen; Practised to lisp, and hang the head aside, Faints into airs, and languishes with pride; On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe, Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for show-The fair ones feel such maladies as these, When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

A constant vapor o'er the palace flies; Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise— Dreadful, as hermits' dreams in haunted shades,

Or bright, as visions of expiring maids. Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling There she collects the force of female lung. BITTES.

Pule spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires;

Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes, And crystal domes, and angels in machines Unnumbered throngs on every side ar

Of bodies changed to various forms by Spleen Here living teapots stand, one arm held out, One bent—the handle this, and that the spout A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod walks; Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pie talks Men prove with child, as powerful fance

And maids, turned bottles, call aloud for

works;

Safe passed the gnome through this fantasti band,

A branch of healing spleenwort in his hand Then thus addressed the power—" Hail, wayward queen!

Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen; Parent of vapors and of female wit, Who give the hysteric or poetic fit, On various tempers act by various ways, Make some take physic, others scribble plays: Who cause the proud their visits to delay, And send the godly in a pet to pray.

A nymph there is that all your power dis dains,

And thousands more in equal mirth maintains But oh! if e'er thy gnome could spoil a grace Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face, Like citron-waters matrons' cheeks inflame Or change complexions at a losing game-If e'er with airy horns I planted heads, Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds, Or caused suspicion when no soul was rude, Or discomposed the headdress of a prude, Or e'er to costive lapdog gave disease, Which not the tears of brightest eyes coul ease-

Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin: That single act gives half the world the spleen."

The goddess, with a discontented air. Seems to reject him, though she grants b prayer.

A wondrous bag with both her hands st

Like that when once Ulysses held the wind Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war tongues.

next she fills with fainting fears, rrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears. ome rejoicing bears her gifts away, s his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.

c in Thalestris' arms the nymph he found,

e dejected, and her hair unbound. 'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,

I the furies issued at the vent.

a burns with more than mortal ire,
erce Thalestris fans the rising fire.
retched maid!" she spread her hands
and cried,

Hampton's echoes, "Wretched maid," replied,)

it for this you took such constant care idkin, comb, and essence to prepare? is your locks in paper durance bound? his with torturing irons wreathed around?

is with fillets strained your tender head?

anall the ravisher display your hair, the fops envy, and the ladies stare? forbid! at whose unrivalled shrine leasure, virtue, all our sex resign. ks already I your tears survey, y hear the horrid things they say; y see you a degraded toast, I your honor in a whisper lost! then be infamy to seem your friend! this prize, the inestimable prize, d through crystal to the gazing eyes, eightened by the diamond's circling rays,

t rapacious hand for ever blaze? shall grass in Hyde park circus grow, its take lodgings in the sound of Bow; let earth, air, sea, to chaos fall, nonkeys, lapdogs, parrots, perish all!" said; then, raging, to Sir Plume repairs,

ds her beau demand the precious hairs. me, of amber snuff-box justly vain, he nice conduct of a clouded cane, arnest eyes, and round, unthinking face, t the snuff-box opened, then the case, And thus broke out—"My lord, why, what the devil!

Z—ds! damn the lock! 'fore Gad, you must be civil!

Plague on 't! 't is past a jest—nay, prithee, pox!

Give her the hair."—He spoke, and rapped his box.

"It grieves me much (replied the peer again)

Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain;

But by this lock, this sacred lock, I swear, (Which never more shall join its parted hair; Which never more its honors shall renew, Clipped from the lovely head where late it grew,)

That, while my nostrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear."
He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph
spread

The long-contended honors of her head.

But Umbriel, hateful gnome, forbears not so;

He breaks the vial whence the sorrows flow Then see! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,

Her eyes half-languishing, half drowned in tears;

On her heaved bosom hung her drooping head,

Which with a sigh she raised, and thus she said:

"For ever cursed be this detested day,
Which snatched my best, my favorite curi
away;

Happy! ah ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton Court these eyes had never seer.
Yet am not I the first mistaken maid,
By love of courts to numerous ills betrayed.
Oh had I rather unadmired remained
In some lone isle, or distant northern land;
Where the gilt chariot never marks the way,
Where none learn ombre, none e'er taste
bohea!

There kept my charms concealed from mortal eye,

Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.
What moved my mind with youthful lords to roam?

Oh had I stayed, and said my prayers at home.

'T was this the morning omens seemed to tell, Thrice from my trembling hand the patchbox fell;

The tottering china shook without a wind, Nay, Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind!

A sylph, too, warned me of the threats of

In mystic visions, now believed too late! See the poor remnant of these slighted hairs! My hands shall rend what e'en thy rapine spares:

These in two sable ringlets taught to break, Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck; The sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone, And in its fellow's fate foresees its own; Uncurled it hangs, the fatal shears demands, And tempts once more thy sacrilegious hands. Oh hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!"

CANTO V.

She said: the pitying audience melt in tears; But Fate and Jove had stopped the baron's ears.

In vain Thalestris with reproach assails, For who can move when fair Belinda fails? Not half so fixed the Trojan could remain, While Anna begged and Dido raged in vain. Then grave Clarissa graceful waved her fan; Silence ensued, and thus the nymph began:

"Say, why are beauties praised and honored most,

The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast?

Why decked with all that land and sea afford? Why angels called, and angel-like adored? Why round our coaches crowd the whitegloved beaux?

How vain are all these glories, all our pains, Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains; That men may say, when we the front-box grace,

Behold the first in virtue as in face! Oh! if to dance all right, and dress all day Charmed the small-pox, or chased old age away.

Who would not scorn what housewife's cares produce,

Or who would learn one earthly thing of use? \ And scatters death sround from both box eye

To patch, nay ogle, might become a saint; Nor could it, sure, be such a sin to paint. But since, alas! frail beauty must decay; Curled or uncurled, since locks will turn to gray;

Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade, And she who scorns a man must die a maid What then remains, but well our power to

And keep good humor still, whate'er we lose! And trust me, dear, good humor can prevail When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding fail.

Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll-Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."

So spoke the dame, but no applause ensued; Belinda frowned, Thalestris called her prude "To arms, to arms!" the fierce virago cries, And swift as lightning to the combat flies. All side in parties, and begin the attack; Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones crack;

Heroes' and heroines' shouts confusedly rise. And bass and treble voices strike the skiss. No common weapons in their hands are

found—

Like gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.

So when bold Homer makes the gods @-

And heavenly breasts with human passions rage;

'Gainst Pallas Mars; Latona Hermes arms; And all Olympus rings with loud alarms; Jove's thunder roars, heaven trembles around,

Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps re sound;

Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows? | Earth shakes her nodding towers, the ground gives way,

> And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day Triumphant Umbriel, on a sconce's height Clapped his glad wings, and sat to view the fight;

> Propped on their bodkin-spears, the spritt survey

The growing combat, or assist the fray.

While through the press enraged Thalesto flies,

nd witling perished in the throng—
in metaphor, and one in song:
l nymph! a living death I bear,"
pperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
ful glance Sir Fopling upward cast,
eyes are made so killing"—was his
st.

Mæander's flowery margin lies ring swan, and as he sings he dies. bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa own,

ed to see the doughty hero slain, er smile the beau revived again. love suspends his golden scales in air, he men's wits against the lady's hair; abtful beam long nods from side to de;

h the wits mount up, the hairs subde.

erce Belinda on the baron flies, ore than usual lightning in her eyes; ed the chief th' unequal fight to try, ght no more than on his foe to die. bold lord, with manly strength enned,

re the breath of life his nostrils drew, e of snuff the wily virgin threw; nes direct, to every atom just, gent grains of titillating dust. with starting tears each eye o'erflows, high dome reechoes to his nose. meet thy fate!" incensed Belinda

meet thy fate!" incensed Belinda

w a deadly bodkin from her side.

ne, his ancient personage to deck,

t-great-grandsire wore about his neck,

e seal-rings; which after, melted

own,

a vast buckle for his widow's gown; nt grandame's whistle next it grew s she jingled, and the whistle blew; a bodkin graced her mother's hairs, long she wore, and now Belinda ears.)

it not my fall (he cried), insulting

some other shalt be laid as low; k to die dejects my lofty mind; I dread is leaving you behind!

Rather than so, ah let me still survive,
And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive."

"Restore the lock!" she cries; and all
around

"Restore the lock!" the vaulted roofs rebound.

Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain Roared for the handkerchief that caused his pain.

But see how oft ambitious aims are crossed, And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost! The lock, obtained with guilt, and kept with pain,

In every place is sought, but sought in vain; With such a prize no mortal must be blest, So heaven decrees! with heaven who can contest?

Some thought it mounted to the lunar sphere,

Since all things lost on earth are treasured there;

There heroes' wits are kept in ponderous vases,

And beaux' in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases; There broken vows, and deathbed alms are found,

And lovers' hearts with ends of ribbon bound, The courtier's promises, and sick men's prayers,

The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs, Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea, Dried butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

But trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise,
 Though marked by none but quick poetic eyes:

(So Rome's great founder to the heavens withdrew,

To Proculus alone confessed in view;)
A sudden star, it shot through liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Not Berenice's locks first rose so bright,
The heavens bespangling with dishevelled light.

The sylphs behold it kindling as it flies, And, pleased, pursue its progress through the skies.

This the beau monde shall from the Mall survey,

And hail with music its propitious ray;
This the blest lover shall for Venus take,
And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake;

This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies

When next he looks through Galileo's eyes; And hence the egregious wizard shall foredoom

The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.

Then cease, bright nymph! to mourh thy ravished hair,

Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!
Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,
Shall draw such envy as the lock you lost.
For after all the murders of your eye,
When, after millions slain, yourself shall die;
When those fair suns shall set, as set they
must,

And all those tresses shall be laid in dust— This lock the Muse shall consecrate to fame, And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name.

ALEXANDER POPE.

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN,

SHOWING HOW HE WENT FARTHER THAN HE INTENDED, AND CAME SAFE HOME AGAIN.

John Gilpin was a citizen
Of credit and renown;
A trainband captain eke was he,
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear—
"Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton
All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister, and my sister's child,
Myself, and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we."

He soon replied, "I do admire Of womankind but one, And you are she, my dearest dear; Therefore it shall be done. "I am a linendraper bold,
As all the world doth know;
And my good friend, the calender,
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well said And, for that wine is dear, We will be furnished with our own, Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was ben
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brong But yet was not allowed.

To drive up to the door, lest all Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stay.

Where they did all get in—

Six precious souls, and all agog

To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went wheels—

Were never folks so glad;
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride—
But soon came down again:

For saddletree scarce reached had he, His journey to begin, When, turning round his head, he saw Three customers come in.

So down he came: for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'T was long before the customers
Were suited to their mind;
When Betty, screaming, came down sta
"The wine is left behind!"



THE HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN.

lack!" quoth he—"yet bring it me, eathern belt likewise,
th I bear my trusty sword
a I do exercise."

istress Gilpin (careful soul!) two stone bottles found, the liquor that she loved, keep it safe and sound.

ottle had a curling ear, agh which the belt he drew, ag a bottle on each side, ake his balance true.

rer all, that he might be ped from top to toe, 3 red cloak, well brushed and neat, anfully did throw.

e him mounted once again his nimble steed, wly pacing o'er the stones, caution and good heed.

ling eoon a smoother road ath his well shod feet, rting beast began to trot, h galled him in his seat.

ir and softly," John he cried, ohn he cried in vain; it became a gallop soon, te of curb and rein.

ning down, as needs he must cannot sit upright, ped the mane with both his hands, ke with all his might.

e, who never in that sort andled been before, ing upon his back had got onder more and more.

ent Gilpin, neck or nought; went hat and wig; dreamt, when he set out, uning such a rig.

d did blow—the cloak did fly, streamer long and gay; p and button failing both, t it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had alung—
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, "Well done!"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he!

Bis fame soon spread around—

"He carries weight! he rides a race!

'Tis for a thousand pound!"

And still as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His recking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,

Most piteous to be seen,

Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still be seemed to carry weight, With leathern girdle braced; For all might see the bottle necks Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols did he play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the wash about On both sides of the way, Just like unto a trandling mop, Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife

From the balcony spied

Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin! here's the house.
They all at once did cry;

"The dinner waits, and we are tired:"
Said Gilpin--"So am I.\"

57

But yet his horse was not a whit Inclined to tarry there;
For why?—his owner had a house Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew, Shot by an archer strong; So did he fly—which brings me to The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see

His neighbor in such trim,

Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,

And thus accosted him:

"What news? what news? your tidings tell;
Tell me you must and shall—
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit, And loved a timely joke; And thus unto the calender In merry guise he spoke:

"I came because your horse would come;
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here,
They are upon the road."

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig:
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear—
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus showed his ready wit—
"My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

"But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case."

Said John, "It is my wedding day,
And all the world would stare
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware."

So turning to his horse, he said.
"I am in haste to dine;
'Twas for your pleasure you came he
You shall go back for mine."

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless box For which he paid full dear! For, while he spake, a braying ass Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might.
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig:
He lost them sooner than at first,
For why?—they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half a crown;

And thus unto the youth she said,

That drove them to the Bell,

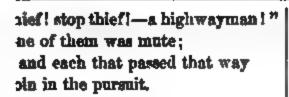
"This shall be yours when you bring
My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meed John coming back amain—
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frighted steed he frighted more.
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went post-boy at his heela,
The post-boy's horse right glad to mix
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With post-boy scampering in the rear
They reised the hue and cry:



w the turnpike gates again open in short space; -men thinking as before, Gilpin rode a race.

he did, and won it too, e got first to town; pped till where he had got up d again get down.

: us sing, long live the king! Gilpin, long live he; sen he next doth ride abroad, I be there to see!

WILLIAM COWPER.

GY ON THE GLORY OF HER X, MRS. MARY BLAIZE.

eople all, with one accord nt for Madame Blaize ver wanted a good word those who spoke her praise.

dy seldom passed her door, always found her kind; ely lent to all the poor left a pledge behind.

ove the neighborhood to please manners wondrous winning; ver followed wicked ways when she was sinning.

rch, in silks and satin new, hoop of monstrous size, her slumbered in her pow when she shut her eyes.

e was sought, I do aver, wenty beaux and more; ig himself has followed her a she has walked before.

w, her wealth and finery fled, nangers-on cut short all; The doctors found, when she was dead— Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament in sorrow sore,

For Kent street well may say,
That had she lived a twelvemonth more,
She had not died to-day.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

SIR SIDNEY SMITH.

GENTLEFOLKS, in my time, I've made many a rhyme,

But the song I now trouble you with, Lays some claim to applause, and you'll grant it, because

The subject's Sir Sidney Smith, it is; The subject's Sir Sidney Smith.

We all know Sir Sidney, a man of such kidney,

He'd fight every foe he could meet;

Give him one ship for two, and without more ado,

He'd engage if he met a whole fleet, he would,

He'd engage if he met a whole fleet,

Thus he took every day, all that came in his way,

Till fortune, that changeable elf.

Ordered accidents so, that while taking the foe,

Sir Sidney got taken himself, he did, Sir Sidney got taken himself.

His captors right glad of the prize they now had,

Rejected cach offer we bid,

And ewore he should stay locked up till doomsday;

But he swore he'd be d--d if he did, he did;

But he swore he'd be hanged if he did.

So Sir Sid got away, and his jailer next day Cried "sacre, diable, morbleu, Mon prisonnier'scape; I 'ave got in von scrape, And I fear I must run away too, I work, I fear I must run away too!" If Sir Sidney was wrong, why then blackball my song,

E'en his foes he would scorn to deceive;

His escape was but just, and confess it you must,

For it only was taking French leave, you know,

It only was taking French leave.

THOMAS DIBDIN.

MASSACRE OF THE MACPHERSON.

I.

Against the clan M'Tavish—
Marched into their land
To murder and to rafish;
For he did resolve
To extirpate the vipers,
With four-and-twenty men,
And five-and-thirty pipers.

II.

But when he had gone
Half-way down Strath-Canaan,
Of his fighting tail
Just three were remainin'.
They were all he had
To back him in ta battle;
All the rest had gone
Off to drive ta cattle.

III.

"Fery coot!" cried Fhairshon—
"So my clan disgraced is;
Lads, we'll need to fight
Pefore we touch ta peasties.
Here's Mhic-Mac-Methusaleh
Coming wi'his fassals—
Gillies seventy-three,
And sixty Dhuinéwassels!"

IV.

"Coot tay to you, sir!
Are you not ta Fhairshon?
Was you coming here
To visit any person?

You are a plackguard, sir!

It is now six hundred

Coot long years, and more,

Since my glen was plundered.

v.

"Fat is tat you say?

Dar you cock your peaver?

I will teach you, sir,

Fat is coot pehaviour!

You shall not exist

For another day more;

I will shot you, sir,

Or stap you with my claymore

VI.

"I am fery glad
To learn what you mention,
Since I can prevent
Any such intention."
So Mhic-Mac-Methusaleh
Gave some warlike howls,
Trew his skhian-dhu,
An' stuck it in his powels.

VII.

In this fery way

Tied ta faliant Fhairshon,

Who was always thought

A superior person.

Fhairshon had a son,

Who married Noah's daughted

And nearly spoiled ta flood

By trinking up ta water

VIII.

Which he would have done.

I at least believe it,
Had ta mixture peen
Only half Glenlivet.
This is all my tale:
Sirs, I hope 't is new t'ye!
Here 's your fery good healths,
And tamn ta whusky tuty!

WILLIAM EDMONDERONE AT

TAM O'SHANTER.

A TALE.

ownyis and of Bogilis full is this Buke.

Gawin Douglass.

apman billies leave the street, thy neebors neebors meet, t-days are wearing late, begin to tak the gate; sit bousing at the nappy, ng fou and unco happy, na on the lang Scots miles, es, waters, slaps, and styles, etween us and our hame, s our sulky, sullen dame, ; her brows like gathering storm, ier wrath to keep it warm. uth fand honest Tam o' Shanter, ie Ayr, ae night did canter, r, wham ne'er a town surpasses, st men and bonnie lasses). ! hadst thou been but sae wise hy ain wife Kate's advice! thee weel thou was a skellum, ing, blust'ring, drunken blellum; November till October, et-day thou was na sober; melder, wi' the miller, as lang as thou had siller; y naig was ca'd a shoe on, and thee gat roaring fou on; he L—d's house, ev'n on Sunday, nk wi' Kirten Jean till Monday. hesied that, late or soon, ild be found deep drowned in Doon; ed wi' warlocks in the mirk, ay's auld haunted kirk. ntle dames! it gars me greet how monie counsels sweet, nie lengthened sage advices, and frae the wife despises! our tale: Ae market night got planted unco right, in ingle, bleezing finely, ing swats, that drank divinely; is elbow souter Johnny, ent, trusty, drouthy crony d him like a vera brither d been fou for weeks thegither.

The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter,
And ay the ale was growing better;
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favors secret, sweet, and precious;
The souter tauld his queerest stories;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus;
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drowned himself amang the nappy;
As bees flee hame wi'lades o' treasure,
The minutes winged their way wi' pleasure;
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow-fall in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.
Nae man can tether time or tide;
The hour approaches Tam maun ride—
That hour o' night's black arch the keystane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
And sic a night he takes the road in
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattling showers rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallowed;
Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellowed;
That night a child might understand
The Deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray mare, Meg,
(A better never lifted leg),
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire—
Whyles holding fast his guid blue bonnet,
Whyles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet,
Whyles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares;
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Where ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,
Whare in the snaw the chapman smoored;
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Whare drunken Charlie brak 's neck bane;
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
Whare hunters fand the murdered bairn;

And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Where Mungo's mither hanged hersel.
Before him Doon pours all his floods:
The doubling storm roars through the woods;
The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
Near and more near the thunders roll;
When glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk Alloway seemed in a bleeze;
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing,
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.
Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
Wi' tippenny we fear nac evil;
Wi' usquabae we'll face the Devil!—
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,

Fair play, he cared na Deils a bodle. But Maggie stood right sair astonished, Till, by the heel and hand admonished, She ventured forward on the light; And, wow! Tam saw an unco sight; Warlocks and witches in a dance: Nae cotillion brent new frae France, But hornpipes, jigs, strathspreys, and reels Put life and mettle in their heels. A winnock-bunker in the east, There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast— A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large— To gie them music was his charge; He screwed the pipes and gart them skirl, Till roof an' rafter a' did dirl. Coffins stood round like open presses, That shawed the dead in their last dresses; And by some devilish cantrips sleight, Each in its cauld hand held a light— By which heroic Tam was able To note upon the haly table, A murderer's banes in gibbet airns; Twa span-lang, wee, unchristened bairns; A thief, new cutted fra a rape, Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape; Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red rusted; Five seymitars, wi' murder crusted; A garter which a babe had strangled; Λ knife a father's throat had mangled, Whom his ain son o' life bereft— The gray hairs yet stack to the heft; Three lawyers' tongues turned inside out, Wi' lies seamed like a beggar's clout; And priests' hearts, rotten, black as muck, Lay stinking, vile, in every neuk:

Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu' Which ev'n to name would be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowred, amazed, and curious:
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious;
The piper loud and louder blew;
The dancers quick and quicker flew;
They reeled, they set, they crossed, the cleckit,

Till ilka carlin swat and reekit, And coost her duddies to the wark, And linket at it in her sark.

Now Tam, O Tam! had they been quest.
A' plump and strapping in their teens:
Their sarks, instead of creeshie flannen,
Been snaw-white seventeen-hunder linen;
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,
I wad hae gi'en them aff my hurdies,
For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies!

But withered beldams, auld and droll, Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal, Lowping an' flinging on a crummock— I wonder did na turn thy stomach.

But Tanı kenn'd what was what fu' brawli There was ae winsome wench and walie, That night inlisted in the core, (Lang after kenn'd on Carrick shore! For monie a beast to dead she shot, And perished monie a bonnie boat, And shook baith meikle corn and bear, And kept the country-side in fear), Her cutty-sark o' Paisley harn, That while a lassic she had worn— In longitude tho' sorely scarty, It was her best, and she was vaunty. Ah! little kenn'd thy reverend grannie That sark she coft for her wee Nannie, Wi' twa pund Scots (twas a' her riches)— Wad ever graced a dance o' witches!

But here my Muse her wing maun cowers
Sic flights are far beyond her power;
To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
(A souple jad she was and strang);
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitched,
And thought his very een enriched.
Ev'n Satan glowred, and fidged fu' fain,
And hotched and blew wi' might and main
Till first ae caper, syne anither—
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
And in an instant a' was dark;



THE DRVIL'S THOUGHTS.

arcely had he Maggie rallied, ont the bellish legion sallied, ses bizz out wi' angry fyke, lundering herds essail their byke; a pussie's mortal foes, op! she starts before their nose: or runs the market-crowd. Datch the thief / resounds aloud: gie runs—the witches follow. nie an eldritch skreech and hollow. fam! ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairm'l they'll roast thee like a herrin! thy Kate awaits thy comin'on will be a woefu' woman | o thy speedy utmost, Meg, n the key-stane of the brig; t them thou thy tail may tossing stream they dare na cross. the key-stane ahe could make. it a tail she had to shake; anie, far before the rest. pon noble Maggie prest, w at Tam wi' furious ettle: le wist she Maggie's mettleng brought aff her master hale, behind her ain grey tail: lin claught her by the rump, t poor Maggie scarce a stump. wha this tale o' truth shall read. and mother's son take heed; er to drink you are inclined. y-sarks run in your mind, ye may buy the joys o'er dear ber Tam o' Shanter's mare.

Roune Bone.

COLOGNE.

tements fanged with murderous stones, sements fanged with murderous stones, gs, and hags, and hideous wenches—ed two and seventy stenches, defined and several stinks! The phs that reign o'er sewers and sinks, or Rhine, it is well known, ash your city of Cologne; me, nymphs! what power divine smeeforth wash the river Rhine?

THE DEVIL'S THOUGHTS.

1

From his brimstone bed at break of day
A walking the devil is gone,
To visit his snug little farm, the earth,
And see how his stock goes on.

П.

Over the hill and over the dale,
And he went over the plain;
And backward and forward he switched his
long tail,
As a gentleman switches his cane.

Ш.

And how then was the devil drest?
Oh! he was in his Sunday's best:
His jacket was red and his breeches were
blue,
And there was a hole where the tail came
through.

TY.

He saw a lawyer killing a viper
On a dunghill hard by his own stable;
And the devil smiled, for it put him in mind
Of Cain and his brother Abel.

¥.

He saw an apothecary on a white horse Ride by on his vocations; And the devil thought of his old friend Death, in the Revelations.

VI.

He saw a cottage with a double coach-house,
A cottage of gentility;
And the devil did grin, for his darling sin
Is pride that apes humility.

ŦIJ

He peeped into a rich bookseller's shop— Quoth he, "We are both of one college! For I sate, myself, like a cornorant, once, Hard by the tree of knowledge."

٧Ш,

Down the river did glide, with wind and with tide,

A pig with vast celerity;

And the devil looked wise as he saw how, the while,

It cut its own throat. "There!" quoth he with a smile,
"Goes England's commercial prosperity."

TX.

As he went through Cold-Bath Fields he saw A solitary cell;

And the devil was pleased, for it gave him a

For improving his pri

x.

He saw a turnkey in a t
Fetter a troublesome t
"Nimbly," quoth he, "
If a man be but used

X

XII.

He saw an old acquaintance
As he passed by a Methodist meeting;
She holds a consecrated key,
And the devil nods her a greeting.

XIII.

She turned up her nose, and said, "Avaunt!—my name 's Religion!"
And she looked to Mr. ——,
And leered like a love-sick pigeon.

XIV.

He saw a certain minister, A minister to his mind, Go up into a certain house, With a majority behind;

XV.

The devil quoted Genesis.

Like a very learned clerk,

How "Noah and his creeping things

Went up into the ark."

XTL

He took from the poor,
And he gave to the rich,
And he shook hands with a Scotchmet
For he was not afraid of the

XYII

General — burning face

He saw with consternation,

And back to hell his way did he takeor the devil thought by a slight mist

It was a general conflagration.

SANUEL TAYLOR COM

THE HAG.

The hag is astride,
This night for to ride—
The devil and she together;
Through thick and through this,
Now out and then in,
Though ne'er so foul be the weather.

A thorn or a burr

She takes for a spur;

With a lash of the bramble she rides

Through brakes and through brien

O'er ditches and mires,

She follows the spirit that guides not

No beast, for his food,
Dares now range the wood,
But husht in his lair he lies lurking;
While mischiefs, by these,
On land and on seas,
At noon of night are a-working.

The storm will arise,
And trouble the skies,
This night; and, more the wonder,
The ghost from the tomb
Affrighted shall come,
Called out by the clap of the thunds



PRIEND OF HUMARITY.

knife-grinder | whither are you ing?

the road; your wheel is out of order.
ows the blast;—your hat has got a
sle in 't;

So have your breeches!

knife-grinder! little think the proud

heir coaches roll along the turnpikenat hard work 't is crying all day Knives and

icissors to grind O11

e, kuife-grinder, how came you to ind knives?

rich man tyrannically use you?

se squire? or parson of the parish?

r the attorney?

the squire for killing of his game? or parson for his tithes distraining? sh lawyer made you lose your little Il in a lawsuit?

you not read the Rights of Man, by om Paine?)
'compassion tremble on my eyelids,
'fall as soon as you have told your itiful story."

ENIFE-GRINDER.

God bless you! I have none to tell, r; st night, a-drinking at the Chequers, or old hat and breeches, as you see,

ere

Torn in a scuffle.

bles came up for to take me into ; they took me before the justice;)ldmixon put me in the parishstocks for a vagrant. "I should be glad to drink your honor's health in

A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence; But for my part, I never love to meddle With politics, sir."

PRIEND OF HUMANITY.

"I give thee sixpence! I will see thee damned first—

Wretch! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to vengeance—

Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded, Spiritless outcast!"

[Kicks the knife-grinder, overturns his wheel, and soll in a transport of republican enthusiasm and universal philanthropy.]

Guonen Cammus.

BONG

OF ONE ELEVEN YEARS IN PRISON.

WHENE'ER with haggard eyes I view
This dungeon that I 'm rotting in,
I think of those companions true
Who studied with me at the U-

niversity of Gottingen, niversity of Gottingen.

[Weeps and pulls out a bive kerchief, with which he wipes his eyes; gaving tenderly at it, he proceeds:]

Sweet kerchief, checked with heavenly blue, Which once my love sat knotting in— Alas, Matilda then was true!

At least I thought so at the U-

niversity of Gottingen, niversity of Gottingen.

[As the repetition of this line he clarks his chains in cadence.]

Barbs! barbs! alas! how swift you flew,
Her neat post-wagon trotting in!
Ye bore Matilda from my view;
Forlorn I languished at the University of Gottingen,
niversity of Gottingen.

This faded form! this pallid hue!
This blood my veins is clotting in!
My years are many—they were few
When first I entered at the U-

viversity of Gottingen

There first for thee my passion grew, Sweet, sweet Matilda Pottingen! Thou wast the daughter of my tutor, law-professor at the University of Gettingen, niversity of Gottingen.

Sun, moon, and thou, vain world, adieu, That kings and priests are plotting in; Here doomed to starve on water gruol, never shall I see the U-

[During the last elanes he c against the walks of his hard us to produce a pi thrown himself on the flow tain drops, the music still to scholly fallen.]

A RECEIPT FOR SALAD.

To make this condiment your poet begs The pounded yellow of two hard-boiled eggs; Two boiled potatoes, passed through kitchen sieve,

Smoothness and softness to the salad give; Let onion atoms luck within the bowl, And, half suspected, animate the whole; Of mordent mustard add a single spoon, Distrust the condiment that bites so soon: But deem it not, thou man of herbs, a fault To add a double quantity of salt; Four times the spoon with oil from Lucca

And twice with vinegar, procured from town: And lastly, o'er the flavored compound toss A magic soupcon of anchovy sauce.

Oh, green and glorious! Oh, herbaceous treat!

T would tempt the dying anchorate to eat: Back to the world he'd turn his fleeting soul, And plunge his fingers in the salad bowl: Serenaly full, the epicare would say, "Fate cannot harm me,-I have dined to-

day."

Crown,

BYDERY SHIPE.

THE ESSENCE OF OPERAT

OR, ALMANZOR AND IMOGES.

An Opera, in three Acts.

SUBJECT OF THE OPERA, A brave young prince a young princess aim A combat kills him, but a god restores.

PROLOGUE.

A Musician. People, appear, approli vance l

To Singers.

You that can sing, the chorus beat.

To Dancers.

You that can turn your toes out, Let's celebrate this faithful pair.

ACT L

IMOGEN. My love!

My soni! ALMANZOR.

At length then we units! eople, sing, dance, and show us yourd

CRORUS. Let's sing, and dance, and 'em our delight.

ACT II.

IMOGEN. O love!

[A noise of war. The prince appears, pursue enemies. Combat. The princess foists. The is mortally wounded.]

Alasi ALMANZOR.

IMOGEN.

Ah, what!

ALMANZOB.

I die!

IMOGEN.

Ah me!

People, sing, dance, and show your mit CHORUS. Let's sing, and dance, and our misery.

AOT III.

[Pallas descends in a cloud to Almanus and

Almanzor, live! PALLAS.

IMOGEN, Oh, bliss!

Almanzon. What do I see !

Tero. People, sing, dance, and he prodigy!

CHORUS. Let's sing, and dance, at this prodigy.

Anonymous Trensistion.

Аповемось. (В:



By myself walking, To myself talking When as I ruminate On my untoward fate, Scarcely seem I Alone sufficiently. Black thoughts continually Crowding my privacy. They come unbidden, Like foes at a wedding, Thrusting their faces In better guests' places, Peevish and malcontent, Clownish, impertinent, Dashing the merriment: So, in like fashions, Dim cogitations Follow and haunt me, Striving to daunt me, In my heart festering, In my ears whispering-. Thy friends are treacherous, Thy foes are dangerous, Thy dreams ominous."

Fierce anthropophagi,
Spectres, diaboli—
What scared St. Anthony—
Hobgoblins, lemures,
Dreams of antipodes!
Night-riding incubi
Troubling the fantasy,
All dire illusions
Causing confusions:
Figments heretical,
Scruples fantastical,
Doubts diabolical!
Abaddon vexeth me,
Mahu perplexeth me;
Lucifer teareth me—

Jon! Maria / liberate nos ab his diris unationibis Inimici.

CHANGE LANS.

A FAREWELL TO TOBACCO.

May the Babylonish curse Strait confound my stammering verse, If I can a passage see In this word-perplexity, Or a fit expression find, Or a language to my mind (Still the phrase is wide or scant), To take leave of thee, great plant! Or in any terms relate Half my love, or half my hate; For I hate, yet love, thee so, That, whichever thing I shew, The plain truth will seem to be A constrained hyperbole, And the passion to proceed More for a mistress than a weed.

Scoty retainer to the vine!

Bacchus's black servant, negro fine!

Sorcerer! that mak'st us dote upon

Thy begrimed complexion,

And, for thy pernicious sake,

More and greater onths to break

Than reclaimed lovers take

'Gainst women! Thou thy siege dost lay

Much, too, in the female way,

While thou suck'st the lab'ring breath

Faster than kisses, or than death.

Thou in such a cloud dost bind us
That our worst foes cannot find us,
And ill fortune, that would thwart us,
Shoots at rovers, shooting at us;
While each man, through thy height'ning
steam,

Does like a smoking Etna seem; And all about us does express (Fancy and wit in richest dress) A Sicilian fruitfulness.

Then through such a mist dost show us.
That our best friends do not know us,
And, for those allowed features.
Due to reasonable creatures,
Liken'st us to fell chimeras,
Monsters—that who see us, feat us;

Worse than Cerberus or Geryon, Or, who first loved a cloud, Ixion.

Bacchus we know, and we allow
His tipsy rites. But what art thou,
That but by reflex can'st shew
What his deity can do—
As the false Egyptian spell
Aped the true Hebrew miracle?
Some few vapors thou may'st raise,
The weak brain ma
But to the reins an
Can'st nor life nor

Brother of Bacch

The old world was
Wanting thee, that
The god's victories
All his panthers, ar
Of his piping Bacch
These, as stale, wa
Or judge of thee ma
His true Indian conquest art;
And, for ivy round his dart,
The reformed god now weaves
A finer thyrsus of thy leaves.

Scent to match thy rich perfume Chemic art did ne'er presume— Through her quaint alembic strain, None so sovereign to the brain. Nature, that did in thee excel, Framed again no second smell. Roses, violeta, but toys For the smaller sort of boys, Or for greener damsels meant; Thou art the only manly scent.

Stinkingest of the stinking kind!
Filth of the mouth and fog of the mind!
Africa, that brags her foyson,
Breeds no such prodigious poison!
Henbane, nightshade, both together,
Hemlock, aconite——

Nay, rather,
Plant divine, of rarest virtue!
Blisters on the tongue would hurt you!

Twas but in a sort I blamed th None e'er prospered who defin Irony all, and feigned abuse, Such as perplext lovers use At a need, when, in despuir To paint forth their fairest fair. Or in part but to express That exceeding comeliness Which their fancies doth so strike They borrow language of dislike: And, instead of degreet Miss. Jewel, honey, sweetheart, bliss, And those forms of old admiring Call her cockatrice and siren. Basilisk, and all that 's evil. Witch, hyena, mormaid, devil. Ethiop, wench, and blacksmoot, Monkey, ape, and twenty more-Friendly trait'ress, loving foe-Not that she is truly eo. But no other way they know, A contentment to express Borders so upon excess That they do not rightly wot Whether it be from pain or not.

Or, as men, constrained to part With what's nearest to their hear. While their sorrow's at the height Lose discrimination quite, And their hasty wrath let fall, To appease their frantic gall, On the darling thing, whatever, Whence they feel it death to sever Though it be, as they, perforce, Guiltless of the sad divorce.

For I must (nor let it grieve the Friendliest of plants, that I must) thee.

For thy sake, tobacco, I
Would do anything but die,
And but seek to extend my days
Long enough to sing thy praise.
But, as she, who once hath been
A king's consort, is a queen
Ever after, nor will hate
Any tittle of her state



PAITHLESS NELLIE GRAY.

. widow, or divorced n thy converse forced, ame and style retain, latherine of Spain; nt, too, 'mongst the joys est tobacco boys; ough I, by sour physician, red the full fruition vors, I may catch ateral sweets, and snatch odors, that give life ces from a neighbor's wife; live in the by-places suburbs of thy graces; y borders take delight, quered Cannanite.

CHARLES LAND.

LESS NELLY GRAY.

PATHETIC BALLAD.

cte was a soldier bold, ed to war's alarms; non-ball took off his legs, aid down his arms.

ney bore him off the field, , "Let others shoot? I leave my second leg, e Forty-second foot."

-surgeons made him limbs: , "They're only pegs; 's as wooden members quite, 'esent my legs."

he loved a pretty maid me was Nelly Gray; at to pay her his devours, se devoured his pay.

he called on Nelly Gray, de him quite a scoff; a she saw his wooden legs, to take them off. "O, Nelly Gray! O, Nelly Gray!
Is this your love so warm?
The love that loves a scarlet cost
Should be more uniform."

Said she, "I loved a soldier once, For he was blithe and brave; But I will never have a man With both legs in the grave.

"Before you had those timber toes
Your love I did allow;
But then, you know, you stand upon
Another footing now."

"O, Nelly Gray! O, Nelly Gray!
For all your jeering speeches,
At duty's call I left my legs
In Badajos's breaches."

"Why then," said she, "you 've lost the feet Of legs in war's alarms, And now you cannot wear your show Upon your feats of arms."

"O, false and fickle Nelly Gray!
I know why you refuse:
Though I've no feet, some other man
Is standing in my shoes.

"I wish I ne'er had seen your face;
But, now, a long farewell!
For you will be my death;—alse!
You will not be my Nell!"

Now when he went from Nelly Gray His heart so heavy got, And life was such a burden grown. It made him take a knot.

So round his melancholy neck
A rope he did entwine,
And, for his second time in life,
Enlisted in the line.

One end he tied around a beam,
And then removed his pegs;
And, as his legs were off,—of course
He soon was off his legs.

And there he hung, till he was dead As any nail in town; For, though distress had cut him up, It could not cut him down.

A dozen men sat on his corpse,
To find out why he died—
And they buried Ben in four cross-roads,
With a stake in his inside.

THOMAS HOOD.

FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN.

AN OLD BALLAD.

Young Ben he was a nice young man, A carpenter by trade; And he fell in love with Sally Brown, That was a lady's maid.

But as they fetched a walk one day, They mot a press-gang orew; And Sally she did faint away, Whilst Ben he was brought to.

The boatswain swore with wicked words, Enough to shock a saint, That though she did seem in a fit, 'T was nothing but a feint.

"Come, girl," said he, "hold up your head— He'll be as good as me; For when your swain is in our boat A boatswain he will be."

So when they'd made their game of her, And taken off her elf, She roused, and found she only was A-coming to herself.

"And is he gone, and is he gone?"
She cried, and wept outright;
"Then I will to the water-side,
And see him out of sight."

A waterman came up to her;
"Now, young woman," said he,
"If you weep on so, you will make
Eye water in the sea."

"Alas! they 've taken my beau, B To sail with old Benbow; " And her woe began to run afresh, As if she'd said, Gee woe!

Says he, "They 've only taken time To the tender ship, you see." "The tender ship," cried Sally Brow "What a hard ship that must be!

"Oh! would I were a mermaid and
For then I'd follow him;
But oh!—I'm not a fish woman,
And so I cannot swim.

"Alas! I was not born beneath
The virgin and the scales,
So I must curse my cruel stars,
And walk about in Wales."

Now Ben had sailed to many a place
That's underneath the world;
But in two years the ship came how
And all her sails were furled.

But when he called on Sally Brown
To see how she got on,
He found she'd got another Ben,
Whose Christian-name was John

O, Sally Brown, O, Sally Brown, How could you serve me so? I've met with many a breeze befor But never such a blow!"

Then reading on his 'bacco box,
He heaved a heavy sigh,
And then began to eye his pipe,
And then to pipe his eye.

And then he tried to sing "All's "
But could not, though he tried;
His head was turned—and so he ci
His pigtail till he died.

His death, which happened in his At forty-odd befell;
They went and told the sexton, as The sexton tolled the bell.

Trout

THE LADY AT SEA.

CABLES entangling her; Ship-spars for mangling her; Ropes sure of strangling her; Blocks over-dangling her; Tiller to batter her; Topmast to shatter her; Tobacco to spatter her; Boreas blustering; Boatswain quite flustering; Thunder-clouds mustering, To blast her with sulphur— If the deep don't ingulph her; Sometimes fear's scrutiny Pries out a mutiny, Sniffs conflagration, Or hints at starvation; All the sea dangers, Buccaneers, rangers, Pirates, and Sallee-men, Algerine galleymen, Tornadoes and typhons, And horrible syphons, And submarine travels Thro' roaring sea-navels; Every thing wrong enough— Long-boat not long enough; Vessel not strong enough; Pitch marring frippery; The deck very slippery; And the cabin—built sloping; The captain a-toping; And the mate a blasphemer, That names his Redeemer-With inward uneasiness; The cook known by greasiness; The victuals beslubbered; Her bed—in a cupboard; Things of strange christening, Snatched in her listening; Blue lights and red lights, And mention of dead lights; And shrouds made a theme of— Things horrid to dream of; And buoys in the water; To fear all exhort her. Her friend no Leander-Herself no see gander:

And ne'er a cork jacket On board of the packet; The breeze still a-stiffening; The trumpet quite deafening; Thoughts of repentance, And doomsday, and sentence; Every thing sinister— Not a church minister; Pilot a blunderer; Coral reefs under her, Ready to sunder her: Trunks tipsy-topsy; The ship in a dropsy; Waves oversurging her; Sirens a-dirging her; Sharks all expecting her; Sword-fish dissecting her; Crabs with their hand-vices Punishing land vices; Sea-dogs and unicorns, Things with no puny horns; Mermen carnivorous— "Good Lord deliver us!"

THOMAS HOOD

THE WHITE SQUALL.

On deck, beneath the awning,
I dozing lay and yawning;
It was the gray of dawning,
Ere yet the sun arose;
And above the funnel's roaring,
And the fitful wind's deploring,
I heard the cabin snoring
With universal nose.
I could hear the passengers snorting—
I envied their disporting—
Vainly I was courting
The pleasure of a doze.

So I lay, and wondered why light
Came not, and watched the twilight,
And the glimmer of the skylight.
That shot across the deck;
And the binnacle pale and steady,
And the dull glimpse of the dead-eye,
And the sparks in fiery eddy
That whirled from the chimney neck.
In our jovial floating prison

There was sleep from fore to mizzen,
And never a star had risen
The hazy sky to speck.
Strange company we harbored:
We'd a hundred Jews to larboard,
Unwashed, uncombed, unbarbered—
Jews black, and brown, and gray.

With terror it would seize ye,
And make your souls uneasy,
To see those Rabbis greesy,
Who did nought h
Their dirty children
Their dirty saucepan
Their durty fingers h
Their swarming fic

To starboard Turks (
Whiskered and brow
Enormous wide their
Their pipes did pu
Each on his mat alle
In silence smoked at
Whilst round their c

In pretty, pleasant play.

He can't but smile who traces

The smiles on those brown faces,

And the pretty, prattling graces

Of those small heathers gay.

And so the hours kept tolling— And through the ocean rolling Went the brave Iberia bowling, Before the break of day——

When a squall, upon a sudden, Came o'er the waters scudding; And the clouds began to gather, And the sea was lashed to lather, And the lowering thunder grumbled, And the lightning jumped and tumbled; And the ship, and all the ocean, Woke up in wild commotion. Then the wind set up a howling, And the poodle dog a yowling, And the cocks began a crowing, And the old cow raised a lowing, As she heard the tempest blowing; And fowls and geese did cackle; And the cordage and the tackle Began to shrick and crackle;

And the spray dashed o'er the far.

And down the deck in runnin;

And the rushing water soaks all.

From the seamen in the fo'ksal.

To the stokers, whose black faces.

Peer out of their bed-places;

And the captain he was bawling.

And the sailors pulling, hanling,

And the quarter-deck tarpaning.

Was shivered in the squalling;

And the passengers awaken,

Most pitifully shaken;

And the steward jumps up, and her

For the necessary basins.

Then the Greeks they groaned ered. And they knelt, and mouned, and di As the plunging waters met them, And splashed and overset them: And they called in their emergence Upon countless saints and virgina; And their marrowbones are bends And they think the world is ended And the Turkish women for ard Were frightened and behorrored, And, shricking and bewildering, The mothers clutched their childres The men sang "Allah! Illah! Mashallah Bismillah i " As the warring waters doused them, And splashed them and soused them

Then all the fleas in Jewry
Jumped up and bit like fury:
And the progeny of Jacob
Did on the main-deck wake up,
(I wot those greasy Rabbins
Would never pay for cabins;)
And each man moaned and jabbered
His filthy Jewish gabardine,
In woe and lamentation,
And howling consternation.
And the splashing water drenches
Their dirty brats and wenches;
And they crawl from bales and beed
In a hundred thousand stenches.

And they called upon the prophet,

And thought but little of it.

This was the white equal famous. Which latterly o'ercame as,



ST. PATRICK WAS A GENTLEMAN.

hich all will remember, 28th September: a Prussian captain of Lancers tight-laced, whiskered prancers) on the deck astonished, t wild squall admonished, ondering cried, "Potz tausend, : der Sturm jetzt brausend?" oked at captain Lewis, almly stood and blew his n all the bustle, porned the tempest's tussle; t we've thought thereafter e beat the storm to laughter; all he knew his vessel hat vain wind could wrestle: hen a wreck we thought her, comed ourselves to slaughter, aily he fought her, rough the hubbub brought her, the tempest caught her, "George, some brandy and water!"

hen, its force expended, amless storm was ended, the sunrise splendid to blushing o'er the sea,—tht, as day was breaking, le girls were waking, niling, and making rayer at home for me.

WILLIAM MARRPRACE THAORRES.

TRICK WAS A GENTLEMAN.

St. Patrick was a gentleman, he came of decent people; will a church in Dublin town, and on it put a steeple. Sather was a Gallagher; a mother was a Brady; annt was an O'Shaughnessy, a uncle an O'Grady.

"" he 's a saint so clever; he goes the makes and toads a twist, and bothered them for ever!

The Wicklow hills are very high,
And so's the Hill of Howth, sir;
But there's a hill, much bigger still,
Much higher nor them both, sir.
'T was on the top of this high hill
St. Patrick preached his sarmint
That drove the frogs into the bogs,
And banished all the varmint.
So, success attend St. Patrick's fist,
For he's a saint so clever;
Oh! he gave the snakes and toads a twist,
And bothered them for ever!

There's not a mile in Ireland's isle
Where dirty varmin musters,
But there he put his dear fore-foot,
And murdered them in clusters.
The toads went pop, the frogs went lop
Slap-dash into the water;
And the snakes committed suicide
To save themselves from slaughter.
So, success attend St. Patrick's fist,
For he's a saint so clever;
Oh! he gave the snakes and toads a twist,
And bothered them for ever!

Nine hundred thousand reptiles blue
He charmed with sweet discourses,
And dined on them at Killaloe
In soups and second courses.
Where blind worms crawling in the grast
Disgusted all the nation,
He gave them a rise, which opened their
eyes

To a sense of their situation.

So, success attend St. Patrick's fist,

For he's a saint so clever;

Oh! he gave the snakes and toads a twist,

And bothered them for ever!

No wonder that those Irish lads
Should be so gay and frisky,
For sure St. Pat he taught them that,
As well as making whiskey;
No wonder that the saint himself
Should understand distilling,
Since his mother kept a shebeen shop
In the town of Enniskillen.
So, success attend St. Patrick's fist,
For he's a saint so cleter;
Oh! he gave the enakes and toads a twist,
And bothered them for ever!

Oh! was I but so fortunate As to be back in Munster, 'T is I 'd be bound that from that ground I never more would once stir. For there St. Patrick planted turf, And plenty of the praties, With pigs galore, ma gra, ma 'store, And cabbages—and ladies | Then my blessing on St. Patrick's flat. For he's the darling saint oh! Oh ! he gave the anakes and toads a troist : The pewter he lifted in sport He's a beauty withou

ST. PATRICK OF IRELA

A PIG for St. Denis of France He's a trumpery fellow to A fig for St. George and his Which spitted a heathenish And the saints of the Welshman or Scot Are a couple of pitiful pipers, Both of whom may just travel to pot, Compared with that patron of swipers-St. Patrick of Ireland, my dear!

He came to the Emerald Isle On a lump of a paving-stone mounted; The steamboat he beat by a mile, Which mighty good sailing was counted. Says he, "The salt water, I think, Has made me most bloodily thirsty. 60 bring me a flagon of drink To keep down the mulligrubs, burst ye! Of drink that is fit for a saint!"

He preached, then, with worderful force, The ignorant natives a-teaching; With a pint he washed down his discourse, "For," says he, "I detest your dry preaching," The people, with wonderment struck At a pastor so pious and civil, Exclaimed—"We 're for you, my old buck ! And we pitch our blind gods to the devil, Who dwells in hot water below!"

This ended, our worshipful spoon Went to visit an elegant fellow, Whose practice, each cool afternoon, Was to get most delightfully mellow. That day, with a black-jack of beer, It chanced he was treating a party; Says the saint—"This good day, do you his I drank nothing to speak of, my bearty So give me a pull at the pot!"

delieve me, I tell you no fable): allon he drank from the quart, nd then placed it full on the table. miracle!" every one saidnd they all took a haul at the stings; y were capital hands at the trade, nd drank till they fell; yet, by jings The pot still frothed over the be

2 day, quoth his host, " 'T is a fact, ad I've nought in my larder but me l on Fridays who 'd make such repost except an unchristian-like glutton! Says Pat, "Cease your noncouse, I beg-

What you tell me is nothing but games Take my compliments down to the leg, And bid it come hither a salmon!" And the leg most politely complet

You've heard, I suppose, long ago, How the snakes, in a manner most and, He marched to the county Mayo, And trundled them into th' Atlantic. Hence, not to use water for drink, The people of Ireland determine-With mighty good reason, I think, Since St. Patrick has filled it with verns And vipers, and such other suff:

Oh I he was an elegant blade As you'd meet from Fairhead to Kilow per; And though under the sod he is laid, Yet here goes his health in a bumper! I wish he was here, that my glass He might by art magic replenish,

But since he is not—why, alse! My ditty must come to a finish,— Because all the liquor is out!

WHERE THE



THE GROVES OF BLARNEY.

THE IRISHMAN.

T.

was a lady lived at Leith,
y very stylish, man—
t, in spite of all her teeth,
ell in love with an Irishman—
nesty, ugly Irishman—
wild, tremendous Irishman—
;, swearing, thumping, bumping,
ng, roaring Irishman.

Π.

was no ways beautiful,
tith small-pox 't was scarred across;
e shoulders of the ugly dog
almost double a yard across.
the lump of an Irishman—
e whiskey devouring Irishman—
he-rogue with his wonderful brogue
fighting, rioting Irishman!

ш

his eyes was bottle green,
the other eye was out, my dear;
calves of his wicked-looking legs
more than two feet about, my dear!
the great big Irishman—
e rattling, battling Irishman—
ping, ramping, swaggering, staggereathering swash of an Irishman.

I¥.

k so much of Lundy-foot
he used to snort and snuffle oh;
shape and size the fellow's neck
as bad as the neck of a buffalo.
t, the horrible Irishman—
e thundering, blundering Irishman—
hing, dashing, smashing, lashing,
hing, hashing Irishman.

¥.

me was a terrible name, indeed, g Timothy Thady Mulligan; henever he emptied his tumbler of peach

He 'd not rest till he filled it full again;
The boozing, bruising Irishman—
The 'toxicated Irishman—
The whiskey, frisky, rummy, gummy, brandy, no dandy Irishman.

71.

This was the lad the lady loved,

Like all the girls of quality;

And he broke the skulls of the men of

Leith,

Just by the way of jollity;

Oh, the leathering Irishman—

The barbarous, savage Irishman—

The hearts of the maids and the gentlemen's heads were bothered I'm sure by this Irishman.

William Massaw.

THE GROVES OF BLARNEY.

The groves of Blarney they look so charming, Down by the purlings of sweet silent brooks—

All decked by posies, that spontaneous grow there,

Planted in order in the rocky nooks.
'T is there the daisy, and the sweet carnation,
The blooming pink, and the rose so fair;
Likewise the lily, and the daffodilly—
All flowers that scent the sweet, open air.

'Tis Lady Jeffers owns this plantation,
Like Alexander, or like Helen fair;
There's no commander in all the nation
For regulation can with her compare.
Such walls surround her, that no nine-pounder
Could ever plunder her place of strength;
But Oliver Cromwell, he did her pommel,
And made a breach in her battlement.

There's gravel walks there for speculation.
And conversation in sweet solitude;
'T is there the lover may hear the dove, or
The gentle plover, in the afternoon.
And if a young lady should be so engaging
As to walk alone in those shady bowers,
'T is there her courtier he may transport her
In some dark fort, or under the ground.

For 't is there's the cave where no daylight enters,

But bats and badgers are for ever bred;
Being mossed by natur', that makes it sweeter
Than a coach and six, or a feather bed.
'T is there 's the lake that is stored with
perches,

And comely eels in the verdant mud; Besides the leeches, and the groves of beeches, All standing in order for to guard the flood.

'T is there 's the kitchen hangs many a flitch in,

With the maids a-stitching upon the stair;
The bread and biske', the beer and whiskey,
Would make you frisky if you were there.
'T is there you'd see Peg Murphy's daughter
A washing praties forenent the door,
With Roger Cleary, and Father Healy,
All blood relations to my Lord Donoughmore.

There's statues gracing this noble place in,
All heathen goddesses so fair—
Bold Neptune, Plutarch, and Nicodemus,
All standing naked in the open air.
So now to finish this brave narration,
Which my poor geni' could not entwine;
But were I Homer, or Nebuchadnezzar,
'T is in every feature I would make it shine.

RICHARD ALFRED MILLIEM.

THE BATTLE OF LIMERICK.

Yz genii of the nation,
Who look with veneration,
And Ireland's desolation onsaysingly deplore,
Ye sons of Gineral Jackson,
Who thrample on the Saxon,
Attend to the thransaction upon Shannon shore.

When William, Duke of Schumbug,
A tyrant and a humbug,
With cannon and with thunder on our city
bore,
Our fortitude and valliance
Insthructed his battalions,
To rispict the galliant Irish upon Shannon shore.

Since that capitulation,
No city in the nation
So grand a reputation could boast before
As Limerick prodigious,
That stands with quays and bridge
And ships up to the windies of the Ships shore.

'T is William Smith O'Brine,
Reprisints this darling Limerick this ten
or more;
Oh the Saxons can't endure
To see him on the flure,

A chief of ancient line,

And thrimble at the Cicero from Shashore!

This valiant son of Mars
Had been to visit Par's,
That land of revolution, that grows the color;
And to welcome his return

From pilgrimages furren,
We invited him to tay on the Shannon

Then we summoned to our board
Young Meagher of the sword;
'T is he will sheathe that battle-axe in
gore;

And Mitchil of Belfast
We bade to our repast,
To dthrink a dish of coffee on the Si
shore.

Convaniently to hould
These patriots so bould,
We took the opportunity of Tim D
store;

And with ornamints and banners
(As becomes gintale good manner.
We made the loveliest tay-room upon St
shore.

'T would binifit your sowls

To see the butthered rowls,

The sugar-tongs and sangwidges and
galyore,

And the muffins and the crumpets And the band of harps and thrum To celebrate the sworry upon Shannon Sare the imperor of Bohay Would be proud to dthrink the tay hat Misthress Biddy Rooney for O'Brine did pour;

And, since the days of Strongbow,

There never was such Congo—

tchil dthrank six quarts of it—by Shannon shore.

But Clarndon and Corry
Connellan beheld this sworry
ith rage and imulation in their black hearts'
core;

And they hired a gang of ruffins

To interrupt the muffins,
d the fragrance of the Congo on the Shannon shore.

When full of tay and cake,
O'Brine began to spake,
t juice a one could hear him, for a sudden
roar

Of a ragamuffin rout
Began to yell and shout,
I frighten the propriety of Shannon shore.

As Smith O'Brine harangued,
They batthered and they banged;
Doolan's doors and windies down they
tore;

They smashed the lovely windies (Hung with muslin from the Indies), shuing of their shindies upon Shannon shore.

With throwing of brickbats,
Drowned puppies and dead rats,
se ruffin democrats themselves did lower;
Tin kettles, rotten eggs,
Cabbage-stalks, and wooden legs,
y flung among the patriots of Shannon
shore.

Oh, the girls began to scrame,
And upset the milk and crame;
the honorable jintlemin they cursed and
swore:

And Mitchil of Belfast,
'T was he that looked aghast,
on they roasted him in effigy by Shannon
shore.

Oh, the lovely tay was spilt
On that day of Ireland's guilt;
Says Jack Mitchil, "I am kilt! Boys, where's
the back door!
'T is a national disgrace;
Let me go and veil me face!"
And he boulted with quick pace from th
Shannon shore.

Says Meagher of the sword,

"This conduct would disgrace any blackamoor;"

But millions were arrayed,

So he shaythed his battle-blade,

Rethrayting undismayed from the Shannon

shore.

"Cut down the bloody horde!"

Immortal Smith O'Brine
Was raging like a line;
'T would have done your sowl good to have heard him roar;
In his glory he arose,
And he rushed upon his foes,
But they hit him on the nose by the Shannon shore.

Then the futt and the dthragoons
In squadthrons and platoons,
With their music playing chunes, down upon
us bore;

And they bate the rattatoo,
And the Peelers came in view,
And ended the shaloo on the Shannon shore.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

MOLONY'S LAMENT.

O Tim, did you hear of thim Saxons,
And read what the peepers repoort?
They're goan to recal the liftinant,
And shut up the castle and coort!
Our desolate counthry of Oireland
They're bint, the blagyards, to desthroy;
And now, having murdthered our counthry
They're goin to kill the viceroy,
Dear boy!—
'T was he was our proide and our joy.

And will we no longer behould him, Surrounding his carriage in throngs, As he weaves his cocked hat from the wind.es

And smiles to his bould aid-de-congs? I liked for to see the young haroes, All shoining with sthripes and with stars, A horsing about in the Phaynix, And winking the girls in the cyars— Like Mars, A smokin' their poipes and cigyars,

Dear Mitchel, exoiled to Bermudies, Your beautiful oilids you'll ope!— And there'll be an abondance of croyin From O'Brine at the Keep of Good Hope— When they read of this news in the peepers, Acrass the Atlantical wave, That the last of the Oirish liftinants Of the oisland of Seents has tuck lave. God save The queen—she should betther behave!

And what 's to become of poor Dame sthreet, And who'll ait the puffs and the tarts, Whin the coort of imparial splindor From Doblin's sad city departs? And who'll have the fiddlers and pipers When the deuce of a coort there remains; And where 'll be the bucks and the ladies, To hire the coort-shuits and the thrains? In sthrains It's thus that ould Erin complains!

There's Counsellor Flanagan's leedy, 'T was she in the coort didn't fail, And she wanted a plinty of popplin For her dthress, and her flounce, and her tail; She bought it of Misthress O'Grady-

Eight shillings a yard tabinet— But now that the coort is concluded The divvle a yard will she get: I bet,

Bedad, that she wears the old set.

There's Surgeon O'Toole and Miss Leary, They'd daylings at Madam O'Riggs'; Each year, at the dthrawing-room sayson, They mounted the natest of wigs.

When spring, with its bads and its dai Comes out in her beauty and bloom, Thim tu'll never think of new jasies, Because there is no dthrawing-room For whom They'd choose the expense to ashun

There's Alderman Toad and his lady, T was they gave the clart and the p And the poine-apples, turbots, and lob To feast the lord liftinant's coort. But now that the quality 's goin, I warnt that the aiting will stop, And you'll get at the alderman's teeble The divvle a bite or a dthrop, Or chop, And the butcher may shut up his sh

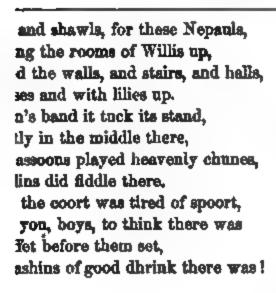
Yes, the grooms and the ushers are go And his lordship, the dear, honest n And the duchess, his eemiable leedy; And Corry, the bould Connellan; And little Lord Hyde and the childthre And the chewter and governess tu; And the servants are packing their box Oh, murther, but what shall I due Without you? O Meery, with ois of the blue! WILLIAM MAKEPBACE THACE

MR. MOLONY'S ACCOUNT OF BALL

GIVEN TO THE NEPAULESE AMBASSADOR I PENINSULAR AND ORIENTAL COMPAN

On will ye choose to hear the news? Bedad, I cannot pass it o'er: I'll tell you all about the ball To the Naypaulase ambassador. Begor! this fête all balls does bate At which I worn a pump, and I Must here relate the splendthor great Of th' Oriental company.

These men of sinse dispoised expinse, To fète these black Achilleses. "We'll show the blacks," says they, mack's, And take the rooms at Willis's."



fore the ball-room door

thy excellency was;

l and bowed to all the crowd—

ous and immense he was.

shuit, sublime and mute,

door-way followed him;

e noise of the blackguard boys,
hurrood and hollowed him;

chair stud at the stair,
le the dthrums to thump; and he
vince to that black prince
come of his company.
girls, and rich the curls,
ght the oys you saw there, was;
each oye, ye there could spoi,
ral Jung Bahawther was!

al great then tuck his sate, the other ginerals, s troat, his belt, his coat, zed with precious minerals;) there, with princely air, n on his cushion was, about his royal chair cezin and the pushin was.

h girls, such jukes and earls, shion and nobilitee!
of Tim, and fancy him
the hoigh gentility!
Lord De L'Huys, and the Portyse
er and his lady there;
konized, with much surprise,
semate, Bob O'Grady, there.

There was Baroness Brunow, that looked like Juno,
And Baroness Rehausen there,
And Countess Roullier, that looked peculiar
Well in her robes of gauze, in there.
There was Lord Crowhurst (I knew him first
When only Mr. Pips he was),
And Mick O'Toole, the great big fool,
That after supper tipsy was.

There was Lord Fingall and his ladies all.

And Lords Killeen and Dufferin,

And Paddy Fife, with his fat wife—

I wondther how he could stuff her in.

There was Lord Belfast, that by me past,

And seemed to ask how should I go there;

And the widow Macrae, and Lord A. Hay,

And the marchioness of Sligo there.

Yes, jukes and earls, and diamonds and pearls
And pretty girls, was spoorting there;
And some beside (the rogues!) I spied
Behind the windies, coorting there.
Oh, there's one I know, bedad, would show
As beautiful as any there;
And I'd like to hear the pipers blow,
And shake a fut with Fanny there!

WILLIAM MARRIPLACE TRACEMBAY.

THE RAIL.

I mer him in the cars,
Where resignedly he sat;
Ilis hair was full of dust,
And so was his cravat;
He was furthermore embellished
By a ticket in his hat.

The conductor touched his arm,
And awoke him from a nap;
When he gave the feeding flies
An admonitory slap,
And his ticket to the man
In the yellow-lettered cap.

So, launching into talk,
We rattled on our way,
With allusions to the crops
That along the meadows lay—
Whereupon his eyes were lit
With a speculative tay.

The heads of many men
Were bobbing as in sleep,
And many babies lifted
Their voices up to weep;
While the coal-dust darkly fell
On bonnets in a heap.

All the while the swaying cars
Kept rumbling o'er the rail,
And the frequent whistle sent
Shrieks of anguish to the gale,
And the cinders pattered down
On the grimy floor like hail.

When suddenly a jar,
And a thrice-repeated bump,
Made the people in alarm
From their easy cushions jump;
For they deemed the sounds to be
The inevitable trump.

A splintering crash below,
A doom-foreboding twitch,
As the tender gave a lurch
Beyond the flying switch—
And a mangled mass of men
Lay writhing in the ditch.

With a palpitating heart
My friend essayed to rise;
There were bruises on his limbs
And stars before his eyes,
And his face was of the hue
Of the dolphin when it dies.

I was very well content
In escaping with my life;
But my mutilated friend
Commenced a legal strife—
Being thereunto incited
By his lawyer and his wife.

And he writes me the result,
In his quiet way as follows:
That his case came up before
A bench of legal scholars,
Who awarded him his claim,
Of \$1500!

GEORGE H. CLARE.

ST. ANTHONY'S SERMON TO TI FISHES.

St. Anthony at church
Was left in the lurch,
So he went to the ditches
And preached to the fishes;
They wriggled their tails,
In the sun glanced their scales.

The carps, with their spawn,
Are all hither drawn;
Have opened their jaws,
Eager for each clause.
No sermon beside
Had the carps so edified.

Sharp-snouted pikes,
Who keep fighting like tikes,
Now swam up harmonious
To hear St. Antonius.
No sermon beside
Had the pikes so edified.

And that very odd fish,
Who loves fast days, the cod-fish
The stock-fish, I mean,—
At the sermon was seen.
No sermon beside
Had the cods so edified.

Good eels and sturgeon,
Which aldermen gorge on,
Went out of their way
To hear preaching that day.
No sermon beside
Had the eels so edified.

Crabs and turtles also,
Who always move slow,
Made haste from the bottom
As if the devil had got 'em.
No sermon beside
Had the crabs so edified.

Fish great and fish small,
Lords, lackeys, and all,
Each looked at the preacher,
Like a reasonable creature:
At God's word,
They Anthony heard.



THE VICAR OF BLAY.

eermon now ended,
turned and descended;
pikes went on stealing,
eals went on eeling;
Much delighted were they,
But preferred the old way.

orabs are backsliders, stock-fish thick-siders, carps are sharp-set, the sermon forget; Much delighted were they, But preferred the old way.

AMORTMOUL

HE VICAR OF BRAY.

King Charles's golden days, loyalty no harm meant, shigh-churchman was I, I got preferment.

my flock I never missed: were by God appointed, are those that dare resist chithe Lord's anointed.

this is law that I'll maintain atil my dying day, sir, t whatsoever king shall reign, sir.

yal James possessed the crown, pery grew in fashion, I laws I hooted down, ad the declaration; ch of Rome I found would fit all my constitution; d been a Jesuit, the revolution.

this is law that I'll maintain atil my dying day, sir, that soever king shall reign, ill I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.

lliam was our king declared; the nation's grievance; new wind about I steered, rore to him allegiance; iples I did revoke, adence at a distance;

Passive obedience was a joke,

A jest was non-resistance.

And this is low that I'll maintain

Until my dying day, sir,

That whatsoever king shall reign,

Still I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.

When royal Anne became our queen,
The church of England's glory,
Another face of things was seen
And I became a tory;
Occasional conformists base,
I blam'd their moderation;
And thought the church in danger was,
By such prevarication.
And this is low that I'll maintain,
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
Still I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.

When George in pudding-time came o'er,
And moderate men looked big, sir,
My principles I changed once more,
And so became a whig, sir;
And thus preferment I procured
From our new faith's defender;
And almost every day abjured
The pope and the pretender.

And this is law that I'll maintain,
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
Still I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.

Th' illustrious house of Hanover,
And Protestant succession,
To these I do allegiance swear—
While they can keep possession:
For in my faith and loyalty
I never more will falter,
And George my lawful king shall be—
Until the times do alter.
And this is law that I'll maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
Still I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir

THE VICAR.

Some years ago, ere time and taste

Had turned our parish topsy-turvy,
When Darnel park was Darnel waste,
And roads as little known as scurvy,
The man who lost his way between
St. Mary's Hill and Sandy Thicket
Was always shown across the green,
And guided to the parson's wicket.

Back flew the bolt of lissom lath;
Fair Margaret, in her tidy kirtle,
Led the lorn traveller up the path,
Through clean-clipt rows of box and myrtle;
And Don, and Sancho, Tramp and Tray,
Upon the parlor steps collected,
Wagged all their tails, and seemed to say,
"Our master knows you; you're expected."

Up rose the reverend Doctor Brown,
Up rose the doctor's "winsome marrow;"
The lady laid her knitting down,
Her husband clasped his ponderous Barrow.
Whate'er the stranger's caste or creed,
Pundit or papist, saint or sinner,
He found a stable for his steed,
And welcome for himself, and dinner.

If, when he reached his journey's end,
And warmed himself in court or college,
He had not gained an honest friend,
And twenty curious scraps of knowledge;
If he departed as he came,
With no new light on love or liquor,
Good sooth, the traveller was to blame,
And not the vicarage or the vicar.

His talk was like a stream which runs
With rapid change from rocks to roses;
It slipped from politics to puns;
It passed trom Mahomet to Moses;
Beginning with the laws which keep
The planets in their radiant courses,
And ending with some precept deep
For dressing eels or shoeing horses.

He was a shrewd and sound divine,
Of loud dissent the mortal terror;
And when, by dint of page and line,
He 'stablished truth or startled error,

The Baptist found him far too deep,

The Deist sighed with saving sorrow,

And the lean Levite went to sleep

And dreamt of eating pork to-morrow

His sermon never said or showed

That earth is foul, that heaven is grad
Without refreshment on the road,
From Jerome or from Athanasius;
And sure a righteous zeal inspired
The hand and head that penned and plathem,

For all who understood admired,
And some who did not understand the

He wrote too, in a quiet way,
Small treatises, and smaller verses.
And sage remarks on chalk and clay,
And hints to noble lords and nurses;
True histories of last year's ghost;
Lines to a ringlet or a turban;
And trifles for the "Morning Post;"
And nothings for Sylvanus Urban.

He did not think all mischief fair,
Although he had a knack of joking;
He did not make himself a bear,
Although he had a taste for smoking
And when religious sects ran mad,
He held, in spite of all his learning,
That if a man's belief is bad,
It will not be improved by burning.

And he was kind, and loved to sit

In the low hut or garnished cottage,
And praise the farmer's homely wit,
And share the widow's homelier potts
At his approach complaint grew mild,
And when his hand unbarred the shu
The clammy lips of fever smiled
The welcome that they could not utte

He always had a tale for me
Of Julius Cæsar or of Venus;
From him I learned the rule of three,
Cat's-cradle, leap-frog, and Quæ genu
I used to singe his powdered wig,
To steal the staff he put such trust in
And make the puppy dance a jig
When he began to quote Augustine.



TWENTY-RIGHT AND TWENTY-NINE.

note change! In vain I look
unts in which my boyhood trifled;
lawn, the trickling brook,
see I climbed, the beds I rifled!
ch is larger than before,
such it by a carriage entry;
three hundred people more,
ews are fitted for the gentry.

vicar's seat; you'll hear extrine of a gentle Johnian, and is white, whose voice is clear, tone is very Ciceronian. the old man laid? Look down enstrue on the alab before you at Gulielmus Brown, alld non donandus laure."

WISTEROP MACEWORTH PRAIS.

Y-EIGHT AND TWENTY-NINE.

to a sick man's dying sigh,
I an infant's idle laughter:
Id year went with mourning by—
new came dancing after!
trow shed her lonely tear—
reveiry hold her ladle;
boughs of cypress for the bier—
g roscs on the cradle;
to wait on the funeral state,
es to pour the wine:
niem for twenty-eight,
a health to twenty-nine!

if or human sorrow!

sterday is nothingness—
it else will be our morrow?

santy must be stealing hearts,
knavery stealing purses;
oks must live by making tarts,
wits by making verses;
sages prate, and courts debate,
same stars set and shine;
ne world, as it rolled through twenty-eight,
t roll through twenty-nine.

king will come, in Heaven's good time, he tomb his eather came to; Some thief will wade through blood and orime

To a crown he has no claim to;
Some suffering land will rend in twain
The manacles that bound her,
And gather the links of the broken chain
To fasten them proudly round her;
The grand and great will love and hate,
And combat and combine;
And much where we were in twenty-eight,
We shall be in twenty-nine.

O'Connell will toil to raise the rent,
And Kenyon to sink the nation;
And Shiel will abuse the Parliament,
And Peel the association;
And thought of bayonets and swords
Will make ex-chancellors merry;
And jokes will be cut in the house of
lords,
And throats in the county of Kerry;

And throats in the county of Kerry;
And writers of weight will speculate
On the cabinet's design;
And just what it did in twenty-eight
It will do in twenty-nine.

And the goddess of love will keep her smiles, And the god of cups his orgies;

And there'll be riots in St. Giles,
And weddings in St. George's:
And mendicants will sup like kings,
And lords will swear like lacqueys:
And black eyes oft will lead to rings,
And rings will lead to black eyes;
And pretty Kate will scold her mate,
In a dialect all divine;

Alas! they married in twenty-eight, They will part in twenty-nine.

My uncle will swathe his gouty limbs,
And talk of his oils and blubbers;
My aunt, Miss Dobbs, will play longer
hymns,

And rather longer rubbers:

My cousin in Parliament will prove

How utterly ruined trade is;

My brother, at Eton, will fall in love

With half a hundred ladies:

My patron will sate his pride from plate,
And his thirst from Bordeaux wine—
His nose was red in twenty-eight,
'T will be redder in twenty-nine.

And oh! I shall find how, day by day,
All thoughts and things look older—
How the laugh of pleasure grows less gay,
And the heart of friendship colder;

But still I shall be what I have Sworn foe to Lady Reason,
And seldom troubled with the s
And fond of talking treason;
I shall buckle my skate, and les
And throw and write my line
And the woman I worshipped
eight

I shall worship in twenty-nin-WINTEROP MACKWOI



PART VII.

OEMS OF TRAGEDY AND SORROW.

The mournful funeral slow proceeds behind,
Arrayed in black, the heavy head declined;
Wide yawns the grave; dull tolls the solemn bell;
Oark lie the dead; and long the last farewell.
There music sounds, and dancers shake the ball;
But here the silent tears incessant fall.
Ere Mirth can well her comedy begin,
The tragic demon oft comes thundering in,
Confounds the actors, damps the merry show.
And turns the loudest laugh to deepest woe.

Jour Wilson.

		•	
	•		
			•



IS OF TRAGEDY AND SORROW.

PATRICK SPENS.

in Dunfermline town, he blude-red wine: will I get a skeely skipper is new ship of mine?"

ake an eldern knight, king's right knee: Spens is the best sailor sailed the sea."

written a braid letter, it with his hand, o Sir Patrick Spens, og on the strand.

y, to Noroway, ty o'er the faem; nighter of Noroway, naun bring her hame!"

d that Sir Patrick read, and laughed he; rd that Sir Patrick read, indit his e'e.

his has done this deed, the king o' me, it at this time of the year, n the sea?

be it weet, be it hail, be it

ust sail the faem; ughter of Noroway, ust fetch her hame." They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn Wi' a' the speed they may; They hae landed in Noroway Upon a Wodensday.

They hadna been a week, a week In Noroway, but twae, When that the lords o' Noroway Began aloud to say:

- "Ye Scottishmen spend a' our king's gowd And a' our queenis fee."
- "Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud! Fu' loud I hear ye lie!
- "For I has brought as much white monie
 As gane my men and me,—
 And I has brought a half-fou o' gude red
 gowd
 Out owre the sea wi' me.
- "Make ready, make ready, my merry men a'! Our gude ship sails the morn." "Now, ever alake! my master dear. I fear a deadly storm!
- "I saw the new moon, late yestreen, Wi' the suld moon in her arm; And if we gang to sea, master, I fear we'll come to harm."

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league, but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind
blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea.

The ankers brak, and the topmasts lap,
It was sic a deadly storm;
And the waves came o'er the broken ship
Till a' her sides were torn.

*Oh where will I get a gude sailor
To take my helm in hand,
Till I get up to the tall topmast
To see if I can spy land?"

"Oh here am I, a sailor gude,
To take the helm is 1 - 1
Till you go up to the
But I fear you Il ne

He hadna gane a step,
A step, but barely a
When a boult flew on
And the salt sea it c

"Gae fetch a web o' t
Another o' the twix
And wap them into o
And letna the sea coun-

They fetched a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And they wapped them roun' that gude
ship's side,
—But still the sea came in.

Oh laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
To weet their cork-heeled shoon!
But lang or a' the play was played,
They wat their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather-bed
That floated on the faem;
And mony was the gude lord's son
That never mair came hame.

The ladyes wrang their fingers white,—
The maidens tore their hair;
A' for the sake of their true loves,—
For them they'll see na mair.

Oh lang, lang may the ladyes sit, Wi' their fans into their hand, Before they see Sir Patrick Spens Come sailing to the strand! And lang lang may the maidens and Wi' their gowd kalms in their he A' waiting for their ain dear lover.

For them they 'll see as mair.

Oh forty miles off Aberdour
'T is fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spt
W'' the Scots lords at his feet.

CHILD NORYCE.

OHILD NORYCE is a clever young ma He wavers wi' the wind; His horse was silver shed before, With the beaten gold behind.

He called to his little man John, Enying, "You don't see what I do For oh yonder I see the very first we That ever loved me.

"Here is a glove, a glove," he said,
"Lined with the silver gray;
You may tell her to come to the
green wood,
To speak to child Nory.

"Here is a ring, a ring," he says,
"It's all gold but the stane;
You may tell her to come to the
green wood,
And ask the leave o' name."

"So well do I love your errand, my I
But far better do I love my life;
Oh would ye have me go to Lord Ba
castel,
To betray away his wife i"

"Oh do n't I give you meat," he says,
"And do n't I pay you feet
How dare you stop my errand?" be
"My orders you must obey."

Oh when he came to Lord Barnard's
He tinkled at the ring;
Who was as ready as Lord Barnard's
To let this little boy in t



PAIR ANNIE OF LOCHROYAN.

a glove, a glove," he says, with the silver gray; idden to come to the merry green od, k to Child Nory.

a ring, a ring," he says,
il gold but the stane:
idden to come to the merry green
od,
the leave o' nane."

and he was standing by, angry man was he: did I think there was a lord in s world loved but me!"

sed himself in the Holland smooks, rments that was gay; away to the merry green wood, k to Child Nory.

yee sits on yonder tree stles and he sings: he to me," says Child Noryce, er my mother comes!"

yee he came off the tree, ther to take off the horse; ce, alace!" says Child Noryce, other was ne'er so gross."

nard he had a little small sword, ung low down by his knee; e head off Child Noryce, t the body on a tree.

he came to his castel, his lady's hall, the head into her lap, "Lady, there is a ball!"

d up the bloody head, ed it frae cheek to chin: er do I love this bloody head I my royal kin.

was in my father's castel, virginitie, se a lord into the north, ild Noryce with me."

"Oh was be to thee, Lady Margaret," he said.

"And an ill death may you die;
For if you had told me he was your sou,
He had ne'er been slain by me."

AROFTHOUR

FAIR ANNIE OF LOCHROYAN.

"On wha will shoe my fair foot, And wha will glove my han'? And wha will lace my middle jimp Wi' a new made London ban'?

"Or wha will kemb my yellow hair Wi's new-made silver kemb? Or wha'll be father to my young baira, Till love Gregor come hame?"

"Your father 'll shoe your fair foot, Your mother glove your han'; Your sister lace your middle jimp Wi' a new-made London ban';

"Your brethren will kemb your yellow hair Wi' a new made silver kemb;
And the king o' heaven will father you bairn,
Till love Gregor come hame."

"Oh gin I had a bonny ship,
And men to sail wi' me,
It's I wad gang to my true love,
Sin he winna come to me!"

Her father's gien her a bonny ship, And sent her to the stran'; She's taen her young son in her arms, And turned her back to the lan.'

She hadna been o' the sea sailin'
About a month or more,
Till landed has she her bonny ship
Near her true-love's door.

The nicht was dark, and the wind blew cald.
And her love was fast asleep,
And the bairn that was in her twa arms
Fu' sair began to greet.

Lang stood ahe at her true love's door,
And lang tirled at the pin;
At length up gat his fause mother,
Says, "Wha's that wad be in?"

"Oh it is Annie of Lochroyan,
Your love, come o'er the sea,
But and your young son in her arms;
So open the door to me."

"Awa, awa, ye ill woman!
You're nac come!
You're but a witch,
Or mermaid o' the

"I'm use a witch or Or mermaiden," si "I'm but your Anni-Oh open the door

"Oh gin ye be Annie
As I trust not ye b
What taiken can ye a
I kept your companie!"

"Oh dinna ye mind, love Gregor," she says,
"When we sat at the wine,
How we changed the napkins frac our
necks?
It's nac sac lang sinsync.

"And yours was gude, and gude enough, But nae sae gude as mine; For yours was o' the cambrick clear, But mine o' the silk sae fine.

"And dinna ye mind, love Gregor," she

"As we two sat at dine, How we changed the rings frac our fingers, And I can show thee thine:

"And yours was gude, and gude enough, Yet nae see gude as mine; For yours was o' the gude red gold, But mine o' the diamonds fine.

"See open the door, now, love Gregor, And open it wi' speed; Or your young son, that is in my arms, For cald will soon be dead." "Awa, awa, ye ill woman!
Gae frae my door for shame;
For I hae gotten anither fair love—
Sae ye may hie you hame."

"Oh has ye gotten anither fair long.

For a' the oaths ye sware?

Then fare ye weel, now, fause Grap

For me ye's never see mair!"

Oh hooly, hooly gaed also back,
As the day began to peep;
She set her foot on good ship board,
And sair, sair did she weep.

"Tak down, tak down the mast o' g Bet up the must o' tree; Ill sets it a forsaken lady To sail sae gallantlie.

"Tak down, tak down the sails o' d Set up the sails o' skin; Ill sets the outside to be gay, Whan there's sic grief within!"

Love Gregor started frae his sleep, And to his mother did say:

"I dreamt a dream this night, mithe That make my heart richt wae;

"I dreamt that Annie of Lochroyan The flower o' a' her kin, Was standin' mournin' at my door. But nane wad lat her in."

"Oh there was a woman stood at the d-Wi' a bairn intill her arms; But I wadna let her within the bow For fear she had done you harm."

Oh quickly, quickly raise he up, And fast ran to the strand; And there he saw her, fair Ancie, Was sailing frae the land.

And "heigh, Annie!" and "how, .

O, Annie, winns ye bide!"

But ay the louder that he cried "!

The higher raired the tide.

And "heigh, Annie!" and "how, on O, Annie, speak to me!"

But ay the londer that he cried "!

The londer raised the sea.



THE DOWIE DENS OF YARROW.

w loud, and the sea grew

was rent in twain;
tw her, fair Annie,
g o'er the main,

ing son in her arms, aboon the tide; ands, and fast he ran, in the sea sae wide.

- by the yellow hair,
 r to the strand;
 iff was every limb,
 ached the land.
- her cherry cheek, kist her chin: it her ruby lips, is nae breath within.

was gauging down; his heart it brast, to heaven has flown.

AKONTHOUL

DENS OF YARROW.

rinking the wine, r paid the lawing, that them between, the dawing.

ime, my noble lord! ame, my marrow! er will you betray e houms of Yarrow."

eel, my ladye gaye!

reel, my Sarah!

e, though I ne'er return
vie banks o' Yarrow."

cheek, she kaimed his hair, ad done before, oh; . with his noble brand, ray to Yarrow.

As he gaed up the Tennies bank,
I wot he gaed wi' sorrow,
Till, down in a den, he spied nine armed
men,
On the dowie hours of Yarrow.

- "Oh come ye here to part your land,
 The bonnie forest thorough?
 Or come ye here to wield your brand,
 On the dowie hours of Yarrow?"—
- "I come not here to part my land, And neither to beg nor borrow; I come to wield my noble brand, On the bonnie banks of Yarrow.
- "If I see all, ye're nine to ane; And that's an unequal marrow: Yet will I fight, while lasts my brand, On the bonnie banks of Yarrow."

Four has he hurt, and five has slain,
On the bloody brace of Yarrow,
Till that stubborn knight came him behind
And ran his body thorough.

- "Gae hame, gae hame, good brother John, And tell your sister Sarah, To come and lift her leafu' lord; He's sleepin' sound on Yarrow."---
- "Yestreen I dreamed a dolefu' dream:
 I fear there will be sorrow!
 I dreamed I pu'd the heather green,
 Wi' my true love, on Yarrow.
- "O gentle wind, that bloweth south, From where my love repaireth, Convey a kiss from his dear mouth, And tell me how he fareth!
- "But in the glen strive armed men;
 They 've wrought me dole and sorrow;
 They 've slain—the comeliest knight they 've slain—
 He bleeding lies on Yarrow."

As she sped down you high, high hill, She gaed wi' dole and sorrow, And in the den spied ten slain men, On the dowie banks of Yarrow. She kissed his cheeks, she kaimed his hair, She searched his wounds all thorough; She kissed them, till her lips grow red, On the dowie houms of Yarrow.

"Now hand your tongue, my daughter dear!

For a' this breeds but sorrow;
I'll wed ye to a better lord,
Than him ye lost on Yarrow."-

"Oh hand your tongue, my fa
Ye mind me but of sorrow;
A fairer rose did never bloom
Than now lies cropped on Ye

THE BRAES OF YARI

- 'Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride.
 Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow!
 Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride,
 And think use mair of the brace of Yarrow."
- "Where got ye that bonnie, bonnie bride, Where got ye that winsome marrow?"
 "I got her where I daurna weel he seen, Pu'ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.
- Weep not, weep not, my bonnie, bonnie bride,

Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow!

Nor let thy heart lament to leave

Pu'ing the birks on the brace of Yarrow."

"Why does she weep, thy bonnie, bonnie bride?

Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?

And why date ye nae mair weel be seen

Pu'ing the birks on the brass of Yarrow?"

'Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she weep-

Lang maun she weep wi' dule and sorrow;

And lang mann I has mair weel be seen

Pu'ing the birks on the brace of Yarrow.

"For she has tint her lover, lover dear—
Her lover dear, the cause of sorrow;
And I has slain the comeliest swain
That e'er pu'd birks ou the brace of Yarrow

"Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow red?

Why on thy braces heard the voice of my

And why you melancholious weeds
Hung on the bonnie birks of Yarrow!

t's youder floats on the rucful, ra

at 's yonder floats !--Oh, dule and a row!

a the comely swain I slew a the dulefu' braes of Yarrow.

h, Oh wash his wounds, his wounds tears,

wounds in tears o' dule and sorrow; vrap his limbs in mourning weeds, And lay him on the banks of Yarrow.

"Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters and.
Ye sisters and, his tomb will sorrow;
And weep around, in waeful wise,
His hapless fate on the brace of Yarrow!

"Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shick The arm that wrought the deed of sorrow. The fatal spear that pierced his breast, His comely breast, on the brace of Yarrow!

"Did I not warn thee not to, not to love.

And warn from fight? But, to my sorres.

Too rashly bold, a stronger arm thou met's.

Thou met'st, and fell on the brace of Iss
row.

Sweet smells the birk; green grows, green grows the grass;

Yellow on Yarrow's brace the gowan;
Fair hangs the apple frace the rock;
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowing!

"Flows Yarrow sweet? As sweet, as sw

As green its grass; its gowan as yellow:
As sweet smells on its brace the with.
The apple from its rocks as m



RARE WILLIE DROWNED IN YARROW.

to thy love! fair, fair indeed thy love! very hands thou didst him fetter; he was fair, and well-beloved again, I he never loved thee better.

ye, then, busk, my bonnie, bonnie ride!
ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow!
, and lo'e me on the banks of Tweed hink nae mair on the brace of Yarow."

an I busk a bonnie, bonnie bride? an I busk a winsome marrow? I lo'e him on the banks of Tweed, lew my love on the brace of Yarrow?

ew, thy tender blossoms cover!
we was basely alain my love,
ve, as he had not been a lover.

y put on his robes, his robes of green, urple vest—'t was my ain sewing; stched me! I little, little kenned as, in these, to meet his ruin.

y took out his milk-white, milk-white teed, adful of my dule and sorrow; the too fa' of the night, y a corpse on the banks of Yarrow!

I rejoiced that wasfu', wasfu' day; ; my voice the woods returning; ; ere night the spear was flown slew my love, and left me mourning.

an my barbarous, barbarous father do, ith his cruel rage pursue me? r's blood is on thy spear—canst thou, barbarous man, then woo ie?

ppy sisters may be, may be proud; crucl and ungentle scoffing me seek, on Yarrow braes, ver nailed in his coffin.

other Douglas may upbraid,
strive, with threatening words, to
tove me;
r's blood is on thy spear—
cannt thou ever bid me love thee?

"Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of love! With bridal-sheets my body cover! Unbar, ye bridal-maids, the door! Let in the expected husband-lover!

"But who the expected husband, husband is?
"His hands, methinks, are bathed in slaugh-

Ah me! what ghastly spectre's you Comes in his pale shroud, bleeding after?

"Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down;
Oh lay his cold head on my pillow!
Take off, take off these bridal weeds,
And crown my careful head with willow.

"Pale though thou art, yet best, yet best beloved,

Oh could my warmth to life restore thee!
Yet lie all night within my arms—
No youth lay ever there before thee!

"Pale, pale indeed, O lovely, lovely youth!
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,
And lie all night within my arms,
No youth shall ever lie there after!"

"Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride!

Return, and dry thy useless sorrow!

Thy lover heeds nought of thy sighs;

He lies a corpse on the brace of Yarrow."

WILLIAM HAMILTON.

RARE WILLY DROWNED IN YARROW

"WILLY's rare, and Willy's fair,
And Willy's wondrous bonny;
And Willy heght to marry me,
Gin e'er he married ony.

"Yestreen I made my bed fu' braid, This night I'll make it narrow; For a' the livelang winter night I ly twined of my marrow.

"Oh came you by you water-side?
Pou'd you the rose or lily?
Or came you by you meadow green?
Or saw you my sweet Willy?"

She sought him east, she sought him west, She sought him braid and narrow; Syne in the cleaving of a craig, She found him drawned in Yarrow.

AHONYMOUS.

SONG.

Tay braes were bonny, Yarrow stream!
When first on them
Thy braes how dreary
When now thy way

For ever now, O Yari Thou art to me a st-For never on thy bank Behold my love, the

He promised me a mi
To bear me to his h
He promised me a litt
To 'squire me to his 1...

He promised me a wedding-ring—
The wedding-day was fixed to-morrow;
Now he is wedded to his grave,
Alas, his watery grave, in Yarrow!

Sweet were his words when last we met;
My passion I as freely told him!
Clasped in his arms, I little thought
That I should never more behold him!
Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost;
It vanished with a shrick of sorrow;
Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,
And gave a doleful groan thro' Yarrow.

His mother from the window looked,
With all the longing of a mother;
His little sister weeping walked
The green-wood path to meet her brother.
They sought him east, they sought him west,
They sought him all the forest thorough;
They only saw the cloud of night,
They only heard the roar of Yarrow!

No longer from thy window look,

Thou hast no son, thou tender mother!

No longer walk, thou lovely maid;

Alas, thou hast no more a brother!

No longer seek him east or wear,
And search no more the forcet the
For, wandering in the night so der.
He fell a lifeless corse in Yarrow.

The tear shall never leave my check.

No other youth shall be my manual.

I'll seek thy body in the stream.

And then with thee I'll sleep in You leave I.

THE CRUEL SISTER.

Binneris, O Binneris;
sere came a knight to be their wood

By the bonny milldams of Binneris

Binnorie, O Binnorie;

the lo'ed the youngest abune a' thin
By the bonny milldams of Binn

He courted the eldest with broach and Binnorie, O Binnorie;
But he lo'ed the youngest abune his life By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

The eldest she was vexed sair,

Binnorie, O Binnorie;

And sore envied her sister fair;

By the bonny milldams of Binn

The eldest said to the youngest ane,

Binnorie, O Binnorie—
"Will ye go and see our father's ships
in?"

By the bonny milldams of Binne

She's ta'en her by the lily hand,

Binnorie, O Binnerie—

And led her down to the river strand;

By the bonny milldame of Binne

The youngest stude upon a stane,

Binnorie, O Binnorie;

The eldest came and pushed her in:

By the bonny milldame.

took her by the middle sma',

Binnorie, O Binnorie;

dashed her bonny back to the jaw;

By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

sister, sister, reach your hand,

Binnorie, O Binnorie;
l ye shall be heir of half my land."—

By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

sister, I'll not reach my hand,

Binnorie, O Binnorie;
I'll be heir of all your land;

By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

ame fa' the hand that I should take,

Binnorie, O Binnorie:

twined me and my world's make."—

By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

sister, reach me but your glove,

Binnorie, O Binnorie;

sweet William shall be your love."—

By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

Ik on, nor hope for hand or glove!

Binnorie, O Binnorie;

sweet William shall better be my love,

By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

ur cherry cheeks and your yellow hair,

Binnorie, O Binnorie;
ed me gang maiden evermair."

By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

etimes she sunk, and sometimes she swam,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;
I she cam to the miller's dam;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

Eather, father, draw your dam!

Binnorie, O Binnorie;
e's either a mermaid, or a milk-white swan."

By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

miller hasted and drew his dam,

Binnorie, O Binnorie;

there he found a drowned woman;

By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

You could not see her yellow hair,

Binnorie, O Binnorie;

For gowd and pearls that were so rare;

By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

You could not see her middle sma',

Binnorie, O Binnorie;

Her gowden girdle was sae bra';

By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

A famous harper passing by,

Binnorie, O Binnorie;

The sweet pale face he chanced to spy;

By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

And when he looked that lady on,

Binnorie, O Binnorie;

He sighed and made a heavy moan;

By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

He made a harp of her breast-bone,

Binnorie, O Binnorie;

Whose sounds would melt a heart of stone;

By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

The strings he framed of her yellow hair,

Binnorie, O Binnorie—

Whose notes made sad the listening ear;

By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

He brought it to her father's hall,

Binnorie, O Binnorie;

And there was the court assembled all;

By the bonny milldams of Binnoric

He laid his harp upon a stone,

Binnorie, O Binnorie;

And straight it began to play alone;

By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

"Oh yonder sits my father, the king,

Binnorie, O Binnorie;

And yonder sits my mother, the queen;"

By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

"And yonder stands my brother Hugh,

Binnorie, O Binnorie;

And by him my William, sweet and true."

By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

But the last tune that the harp played then,

Binnorie, O Binnorie;

Was—"Woe to my sister, false Helen!"

By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

B.TOMYKOKA

LORD RANDAL.

- "Он where hae ye been, Lord Randal, my son?
- Oh where hae ye been, my handsome young man?"
- "I hae been to the wild wood; mother, make my bed soon,
- For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."
- "Where gat ye your dinner, Lord Randal, my son?
- What gat ye to your dinner, my handsome young man?"
- "I dined wi' my true-love; mother, make my bed soon,
- For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."
- "What gat ye to your dinner, Lord Randal, my son?
- What gat ye to your dinner, my handsome young man?"
- "I gat eels boiled in broo; mother, make my bed soon,
- For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."
- What became of your bloodhounds, Lord Randal, my son?
- What became of your bloodhounds, my handsome young man?"
- "Oh they swelled and they died; mother, make my bed soon,
- For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."
- Oh I fear ye are poisoned, Lord Randal, my son!
- Oh I fear ye are poisoned, my handsome young man!"
- "Oh yes! I am poisoned; mother, make my bed soon,
- For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wald lie down."

ANONTHOUS

EDWARD, EDWARD.

- "Quny dois zour brand sae drop wi' blud, Edward, Edward
- Quhy dois zour brand sae drop wi' bluid,
 And quhy sae sad gang zee oh!"
- "Oh I hae killed my hauke sac guid,
 Mither, mither:
- Oh I hae killed my hauk sae guid,

 And I had nae mair bot hee oh
- "Zour haukis bluid was nevir sae reid,
 Edward, Edward:
- Zour haukis bluid was nevir sae reid— My deir son, I tell thee oh."
- "Oh I hae killed my reid-roan steid,
 Mither, mither:
- Oh I hae killed my reid-roan steid, That erst was sae fair and free ch.*
- "Zour steid was auld, and ze hae gat mair, Edward, Edward:
- Zour steid was auld, and ze hae got mair-Sum other dule ze drie oh."
- "Oh I hae killed my fader deir,
 Mither, mither:
- Oh I hae killed my fader deir—
 Alas! and wae is mee oh!"
- "And quhatten penance wul ze drie for that Edward, Edward!
- And quhatten penance wul ze drie for that!

 My deir son, now tell me oh."
- "Ile set my feit in zonder boat,
 - Mither, mither:
- He set my feit in zonder boat,

 And He fare ovir the sea oh."
- "And quhat wul ze doe wi' zour towirs and zour ha',
 - Edward, Edward

Mither, mither:

- And quhat wul ze doe wi' zour towirs and zour ha',
- That were sae fair to see oh!"
 "He let thame stand til they down fa',
- Ile let thame stand til they down fa',
 For here nevir mair mann I bee ch.



THE TWA BROTHERS.

at wul ze leive to zour bairns and r wife,

Edward, Edward?

wul ze leive to zour bairns and
r wife,

whan ze gang ovir the sea oh?"

when ze gang ovir the sea oh?"

dis room—late them beg throw life,

Mither, mither:

is room—late them beg throw life, or theme nevir mair wal Isee oh."

at wul ze leive to zour ain mither

Edward, Edward?
wul se leive to zour ain mither

ly deir son, now tell me oh."
s of hell frac me sall ze beir,
Mither, mither:

of hell frae me sall ze beir—
ic counseils ze gave to me ch. "
Anonymous.

THE TWA BROTHERS.

e twa brothers at the scule, en they got awa', ye play at the stane-chucking, ye play at the ba'? gas up to you hill head, re we'll warsel a fa'?"

play at the stane-chucking,
. I play at the ba';
to up to you bonnie green hill,
re we'll warsel a fa'?"

led up, they warsled down, a fell to the ground; out of William's pouch, a John a deadly wound.

to upon your back—
to you well fair;
my bluidy wounds o'er and o'er,
y'll ne'er bleed nae mair."

I his brother upon his back, m to you well fair; ed his bluidy wounds o'er and o'er, r bleed sy mair and mair.

"Tak ye aff my Holland sark,
And rive it gair by gair,
And row it in my bluidy wounds,
And they'll ne'er bleed nae mair."

He 's taken aff his Holland sark.

And torn it gair by gair;
He 's rowit it in his bluidy wounds,
But they bleed ay mair and mair.

"Tak now aff my green cleiding,
And row me saftly in;
And tak me up to you kirk style,
Whare the grass grows fair and green."

He 's taken aff the green cleiding,
And rowed him saftly in;
He 's laid him down by you kirk style,
Where the grass grows fair and green.

"What will ye say to your father dear, When ye gae hame at e'en?" "I'll say ye 're lying at you kirk style, Whare the grass grows fair and green."

"Oh no, oh no, my brother dear,
Oh you must not say so;
But say that I am gane to a foreign land
Where nae man does me know."

When he sat in his father's chair, He grew baith pale and wan:

- "Oh what blude 's that upon your brow O dear son, tell to me."
- "It is the blude o' my gude gray steed— He wadna ride wi' me."
- "Oh thy steed's blude was ne'er sae red, Nor e'er sae dear to me.
- Oh what blude 's this upon your cheek? O dear son, tell to me."
- "It is the blude of my greyhound— He wadna hunt for me."
- "Oh thy hound's blude was ne'er see red, Nor e'er see dear to me.
- Oh what blude 's this upon your hand?
 O dear son, tell to me."
- "It is the blude of my gay goes hawk-He wadna flee for me."

- "Oh thy hawk's blude was ne'er sae red, Nor e'er sae dear to me.
- Oh what blude's this upon your dirk?

 Dear Willie, tell to me."
- "It is the blude of my ac brother, Oh dule and wae is me!"
- "Oh what will ye say to your father?

 Dear Willie, tell to me."
- "I'll saddle my steed, and awa' I'll ride To dwell in some far countrie."
- "Oh when will ye come hame again?
 Dear Willie, tell to me."
- "When sun and mune leap on you hill—And that will never be."

She turned hersel' right round about, And her heart burst into three:

"My ae best son is deid and gane,
And my tother ane I'll ne'er see."

ANONYMOUS.

THE TWA CORBIES.

As I gaed down by you house-en'
Twa corbies there were sittan their lane:
The tane unto the tother sae,
"Oh where shall we gae dine to-day?"

"Oh down beside you new-faun birk There lies a new-slain knicht; Nae livin kens that he lies there, But his horse, his hounds, and his lady fair.

"His horse is to the huntin gane, His hounds to bring the wild deer hame; His lady's taen another mate; Sae we may make our dinner swate.

"Oh we'll sit on his bonnie briest-bane, And we'll pyke out his bonnie grey een; Wi ae lock o' his gowden hair We'll theek our nest when it blaws bare.

"Mony a ane for him maks mane, But mane sall ken where he is gane; Ower his banes, when they are bare, The wind sall blaw for evermair!"

THOMAROGE'

BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL

And low upon Tay,
Bonnie George Campbell
Rade out on a day.
Saddled and bridled
And gallant rade he;
Hame cam his gude horse,
But never cam he!

Out cam his auld mither,
Greeting fu' sair;
And out cam his bonnie bride
Rivin' her hair.
Saddled and bridled
And booted rade he;
Toom hame came the saddle,
But never cam he!

"My meadow lies green,
And my corn is unshorn;
My barn is to big,
And my baby's unborn."
Saddled and bridled
And booted rade he;
Toom hame cam the saddle,
But never cam he!

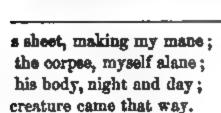
Anos

LAMENT OF THE BORDER WI

My love he built me a bonny bower And clad it a' wi' lilye flour; A brawer bower ye ne'er did see Than my true love he built for me.

There came a man, by middle day; He spied his sport, and went away And brought the king that very nig Who brake my bower, and slew my

He slew my knight, to me sae dear He slew my knight, and poin'd his My servants all for life did flee, And left me in extremitie.



ody on my back, s I gaed, and whiles I sat; grave, and laid him in, ed him with the sod sae green.

na ye my heart was sair, id the moul' on his yellow hair? ia ye my heart was wae, rned about, away to gae?

man I'll love again, my lovely knight is slain: k of his yellow hair my heart for evermair.

ABOUTHOUS.

FAIR HELEN.

e where Helen lies; sy on me she cries. re where Helen lies, recunell lee!

heart that thought the thought, e hand that fired the shot, arms burd Helen dropt, to succour me!

ye my heart was sair, 'e dropt down and spak nae mair f e swoon wi' meikle care, roonnell lee.

wn the water side,
foe to be my guide—
foe to be my guide,
reennell lee—

on my sword to draw;
in pieces sma'—
in pieces sma',
ke that died for me,

beyond compare, parland of thy hair, y heart for evermair, lay I die!

Oh that I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
Out of my bed she bids me rise—
Says, "Haste and come to me!"

O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!
If I were with thee I were blest,
Where thou lies low, and takes thy rest,
On fair Kirconnell lee.

I wish my grave were growing green, A winding-sheet drawn ower my een, And I in Helen's arms lying, On fair Kirconnell lee.

I wish I were where Helen lies! Night and day on me she cries; And I am weary of the skies, For her sake that died for me.

AROUYMOUS.

SONG.

"O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee 1"
The western wind was wild and dank wi' foar.
And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see;
The blinding mist came down and bid the land.
And never home came she.

"Oh is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
A tress o' golden hair,
O' drowned maiden's hair—
Above the nets at sea?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair,
Among the stakes on Dee."

The cruel, crawling foam,
The cruel, crawling foam,
The cruel, hungry foam—
To her grave beside the sea;
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle
home
Across the sands o' Dee.

CHARLES EXPROSES.

SOHRAB AND RUSTUM.

AN EPISODE.

And the first gray of morning filled the east,
And the fog rose out of the Oxus stream;
But all the Tartar camp along the stream
Was hushed, and still the men were plunged
in sleep.

Sohrab alone, he slept not; all night along
He had lain wakeful, tossing on his bed;
But when the gray dawn stole into his tent,
He rose, and clad himself, and girt his sword,
And took his horseman's cloak, and left his
tent,

And went abroad into the cold wet fog,
Through the dim camp to Peran-Wisa's tent.
Through the black Tartar tents he passed,
which stood,

Clustering like bee-hives, on the low flat strand

Of Oxus, where the summer floods o'erflow When the sun melts the snows in high Pamere:

Through the black tents he passed, o'er that low strand,

And to a hillock came, a little back

From the stream's brink, the spot where first
a boat,

Crossing the stream in summer, scrapes the land.

The men of former times had crowned the top

With a clay fort. But that was fallen; and now

The Tartars built there Peran-Wisa's tent,

A dome of laths; and o'er it felts were
spread.

And Sohrab came there, and went in, and stood

Upon the thick-piled carpets in the tent,
And found the old man sleeping on his bed
Of rugs and felts; and near him lay his arms.
And Peran-Wisa heard him, though the step
Was dulled; for he slept light, an old man's
sleep;

And he rose quickly on one arm, and said:
"Who art thou? for it is not yet clear
dawn.

Speak! is there news, or any night alarm?"

But Sohrab came to the bedside, and said
"Thou know'st me, Peran-Wisa; it is I.
The sun is not yet risen, and the foe
Sleep; but I sleep not. All night long I is
Tossing and wakeful; and I come to thee.
For so did King Afrasiab bid me seek
Thy counsel, and to heed thee as thy son,
In Samarcand, before the army marched;
And I will tell thee what my heart desires.
Thou knowest if, since from Ader-baijan is
I came among the Tartars, and bore arms,
I have still served Afrasiab well, and show
At my boy's years, the courage of a man.
This, too, thou know'st, that while I di
bear on
The conquering Tartar ensigns through the

The conquering Tartar ensigns through a world,

And beat the Persians back on every field, I seek one man, one man, and one alone. Rustum, my father; who, I hoped, show greet,

Should one day greet upon some well-fout

His not unworthy, not inglorious son.
So I long hoped, but him I never find.
Come then, hear now, and grant me what ask.

Let the two armies rest to-day; but I
Will challenge forth the bravest Persian low
To meet me, man to man. If I prevail,
Rustum will surely hear it; if I fall—
Old man, the dead need no one, claim no li
Dim is the rumor of a common fight,
Where host meets host, and many names a
sunk;

But of a single combat fame speaks clear."

Ile spoke: and Peran-Wisa took the has
Of the young man in his, and sighed, a
said:

"O Sohrab, an unquiet heart is thine! Canst thou not rest among the Tartar chief And share the battle's common chance with us

Who love thee, but must press for ever first.
In single fight incurring single risk,
To find a father thou hast never seen!
That were far best, my son, to stay with use Unmurmuring—in our tents, while it is was And when 't is truce, then in Afrasial towns.

But, if this one desire indeed rules all,



SOHRAB AND RUSTUM.

seek out Rustum—seek him not through fight;

k him in peace, and carry to his arms—ohrab, carry an unwounded son!
far hence seek him; for he is not here.
now it is not as when I was young,
en Rustum was in front of every fray;
now he keeps apart, and sits at home,
liestan, with Zal, his father old;
ether that his own mighty strength at last
is the abhorred approaches of old age;
in some quarrel with the Persian king.

forebodes
oger or death awaits thee on this field.
a would I know thee safe and well, though
lost

me go; Thou wilt not! yet my heart

-fain therefore send thee hence, in peace

seek thy father, not seek single fights
vain. But who can keep the lion's cub
an ravening! and who govern Rustum's
son!

! I will grant thee what thy heart desires."
io said he, and dropped Schrab's hand, and

bed, and the warm rugs whereon he lay;
d o'er his chilly limbs his woollen cost
passed, and tied his sandals on his feet,
d threw a white cloak round him; and he
took

his right hand a ruler's staff, no sword;
d on his head he placed his sheep-skin
cap—

ck, glossy, curled, the fleece of Kara-Kul; d raised the curtain of his tent, and called herald to his side, and went abroad.

The sun, by this, had risen, and cleared the for

om the broad Oxus and the glittering

of from their tents the Tartar horsemen filed to the open plain: so Haman bade—man, who, next to Peran-Wisa, ruled e host, and still was in his lusty prime.

mu their black tents, long files of horse, they streamed:

when, some grey November morn, the files,

marching order spread, of long-necked oranes,

Stream over Casbin, and the southern slopes Of Elburz, from the Aralian estuaries,

Or some frore Caspian reed-bed-southward bound

For the warm Persian sea-board: so they streamed—

The Tartars of the Oxus, the king's guard, First, with black sheep-skin caps, and with long spears;

Large men, large steeds; who from Bokhara come,

And Khiva, and ferment the milk of mares. Next the more temperate Toorkmuns of the south,

The Tukas, and the lances of Salore,
And those from Attruck and the Caspian
sands—

Light men, and on light steeds, who only drink

The acrid milk of camels, and their wells.

And then a swarm of wandering horse, who came

From far, and a more doubtful service owned—

The Tartars of Ferghana, from the banks
Of the Jazartes—men with scanty beards
And close-set skull-caps; and those wilder
hordes

Who roam o'er Kipchak and the northern waste,

Kalmuks and unkemped Kuzzaks, tribes who stray

Nearest the pole; and wandering Kirghizes,
Who come on shaggy ponies from Pamere.
These all filed out from camp into the plair.
And on the other side the Persians formed:
First a light cloud of horse, Tartars they seemed,

The Ilyats of Khorassan; and behind, The royal troops of Persia, horse and foot, Marshalled battalions bright in burnished steel.

But Peran-Wisa with his herald came Threading the Tartar squadrons to the front, And with his staff kept back the foremost ranks.

And when Ferood, who led the Persians, saw That Peran-Wisa kept the Tartars back, He took his spear, and to the front he came And checked his ranks, and fixed them when they stood. And the old Tartar came upon the sand Betwixt the silent hosts, and spake, and said:—

"Ferood, and ye, Persians and Tartars, hear!

Let there be truce between the hosts to-day. But choose a champion from the Persian lords To fight our champion, Sohrab, man to man."

As, in the country, on a morn in June,
When the dew glistens on the pearled ears,
A shiver runs through the deep corn for joy—
So, when they heard what Peran-Wisa said,
A thrill through all the Tartar squadrons ran,
Of pride and hope for Sohrab, whom they
loved.

But as a troop of pedlars, from Cabool, Cross underneath the Indian Caucasus, That vast sky-neighboring mountain of milk snow,

Winding so high, that, as they mount, they pass

Long flocks of travelling birds dead on the snow,

Choked by the air; and scarce can they themselves

Slake their parched throats with sugared mulberries—

In single file they move, and stop their breath, For fear they should dislodge the o'erhanging snows—

So the pale Persians held their breath with fear.

And to Ferood his brother chiefs came up
To counsel. Gudurz and Zoarrah came;
And Feraburz, who ruled the Persian host
Second, and was the uncle of the king;
These came and counselled; and then Gudurz
said:—

"Ferood, shame bids us take their challenge up,

Yet champion have we none to match this youth;

He has the wild stag's foot, the lion's heart.
But Rustum came last night; aloof he sits,
And sullen, and has pitched his tents apart:
Him will I seek, and carry to his ear
The Tartar challenge, and this young man's name.

Haply he will forget his wrath, and fight.
Stand forth the while, and take their chalienge up."

So spake he; and Ferood stood forth and said:—

"Old man, be it agreed as thou hast said.

Let Sohrab arm, and we will find a man."

He spoke; and Peran-Wisa turned, and strots

Back through the opening squadrons to his

But through the anxious Persians Gudurz ran, And crossed the camp which lay behind, and reached,

Out on the sands beyond it, Rustum's tenta. Of scarlet cloth they were, and glittering gay, Just pitched. The high pavilion in the mids. Was Rustum's; and his men lay campal around.

And Gudurz entered Rustum's tent, and four Rustum. His morning meal was done; but still

The table stood beside him, charged will food—

A side of roasted sheep, and cakes of break.

And dark green melons. And there Rustes

sate

Listless, and held a falcon on his wrist,
And played with it; but Gudurz came stood

Before him; and he looked and saw him stand;

And with a cry sprang up, and dropped the bird,

And greeted Gudurz with both hands, and said:—

"Welcome! these eyes could see no better sight.

What news? But sit down first, and est and drink."

But Gudurz stood in the tent door, said:—

"Not now. A time will come to eat and drink,

But not to-day: to-day has other needs.

The armies are drawn out, and stand at game.

For from the Tartars is a challenge brought.

To pick a champion from the Persian lords.

To fight their champion—and thou know! his name—

Sohrab men call him, but his birth is hid.

O Rustum, like thy might is this your man's!

He has the wild stag's foot, the lion's heart. And he is young, and Iran's chiefs are old.



SOHRAB AND BUSTUM.

else too weak; and all eyes turn to thee.
see down and help us, Rustum, or we lose."
Ie spoke. But Rustum answered with a
smile:—

'Go to! if Iran's chiefs are old, then I colder. If the young are weak, the king strangely; for the king, for Kai Khosroo,

neelf is young, and honors younger men, d lets the aged moulder to their graves. stum he loves no more, but loves the young—

young may rise at Sohrab's vaunts, not I.
 what care I, though all speak Sohrab's fame?

would that I myself had such a son, d not that one slight helpless girl I have son so famed, so brave, to send to war, d I to tarry with the snow-haired Zal, father, whom the robber Afghans vex, d clip his borders short, and drive his herds;

d be has none to guard his weak old age.

ere would I go, and hang my armor up,
d with my great name fence that weak old
man,

d spend the goodly treasures I have got, d rest my age, and hear of Sohrab's fame, d leave to death the hosts of thankless kings,

d with these slaughterous hands draw sword no more."

Ie spoke, and smiled; and Gudurz made reply:—

'What then, O Rustum, will men say to this,

en Sohrab dares our bravest forth, and seeks

see most of all; and thou, whom most he seeks,

lest thy face ! Take heed, lest men should

s some old miser Rustum hoards his fame, I shune to peril it with younger men."

and, greatly moved, then Rustum made reply:—

O Gudurz, wherefore dost thou say such words?

a knowest better words than this to say. at is one more, one less, obscure or famed, ient or eraven, young or old, to me? Are not they mortal † Am not I myself?
But who for men of nought would do great
deeds?

Come, thou shalt see how Rustum hoards his fame.

But I will fight unknown, and in plain arms, Let not men say of Rustum, he was matched In single fight with any mortal man."

He spoke, and frowned; and Gudurz turned, and ren

Back quickly through the camp in fear and joy-

Fear at his wrath, but joy that Rustum came. But Rustum strode to his tent door, and called

His followers in, and bade them bring his arms,

And clad himself in steel. The arms he chose

Were plain, and on his shield was no device: Only his helm was rich, inlaid with gold; And from the fluted spine, atop, a plume

Of horse-hair waved, a scarlet horse-hair plume.

So armed, he issued forth; and Ruksh, his horse,

Followed him, like a faithful hound, at heel-

Ruksh, whose renown was noised through all the earth—

The horse, whom Rustum on a foray once Did in Bokhara by the river find,

A colt beneath its dam, and drove him home And reared him; a bright bay, with lofty crest,

Dight with a saddle-cloth of broidered green Crusted with gold; and on the ground were worked

All beasts of chase, all beasts which hunters know.

So followed, Rustum left his tents, and crossed The camp, and to the Persian host appeared. And all the Persians knew him, and with shouts

Hailed: but the Tartars knew not who he was.

And dear as the wet diver to the eyes

Of his pale wife, who wa'ts and weeps on
shore,

By sandy Bahrein, in the Persian Gulf—Plunging all day in the blue waves, at night,

Having made up his tale of precious pearls, Rejoins her in their hut upon the sands— So dear to the pale Persians Rustum came.

And Rustum to the Persian front advanced: And Sohrab armed in Haman's tent, and came.

And as a-field the reapers cut a swathe Down through the middle of a rich man's corn,

And on each side are squares of standing corn,

And in the midst a stubble, short and bare: So on each side were squares of men, with spears

Bristling; and in the midst, the open sand.

And Rustum came upon the sand, and cast
His eyes towards the Tartar tents, and saw
Sohrab come forth, and eyed him as he
came.

As some rich woman, on a winter's morn, Eyes through her silken curtains the poor drudge

Who with numb-blackened fingers makes her fire—

At cock-crow, on a starlit winter's morn, When the frost flowers the whitened window panes—

And wonders how she lives, and what the thoughts

Of that poor drudge may be: so Rustum eyed

The unknown adventurous youth, who from afar

Came seeking Rustum, and defying forth
All the most valiant chiefs. Long he perused
His spirited air, and wondered who he was.
For very young he seemed, tenderly reared;
Like some young cypress, tall, and dark, and
straight,

Which in a queen's secluded garden throws
Its slight dark shadow on the moonlit turf,
By midnight, to a bubbling fountain's sound—
So slender Sohrab seemed, so softly reared.
And a deep pity entered Rustum's soul
As he beheld him coming; and he stood,
And beckoned to him with his hand, and
said:

"Oh, thou young man, the air of heaven is soft,

And warm, and pleasant; but the grave is cold.

Heaven's air is better than the cold des grave.

Behold me: I am vast, and clad in iron, And tried; and I have stood on many a fiel Of blood, and I have fought with many foe;

Never was that field lost, or that foe saved. O Sohrab, wherefore wilt thou rush on death Be governed: quit the Tartar host, and con To Iran, and be as my son to me, And fight beneath my banner till I die.

There are no youths in Iran brave as thou So he spake, mildly. Sohrab heard h

voice,

The mighty voice of Rustum; and he saw
His giant figure planted on the sand—
Sole, like some single tower, which a chief
Has builded on the waste in former years
Against the robbers; and he saw that hes
Streaked with its first gray hairs. Hope file
his soul;

And he ran forward and embraced his kneed.

And clasped his hand within his own at said:—

"Oh, by thy father's head! by thine ow soul!

Art thou not Rustum? Speak! art thou me he?"

But Rustum eyed askance the kneeling youth,

And turned away, and spoke to his own soul

"Ah me, I muse what this young for me
mean.

False, wily, boastful, are these Tartar boys. For if I now confess this thing he asks, And hide it not, but say—Rustum is here—He will not yield indeed, nor quit our foes, But he will find some pretext not to fight, And praise my fame, and proffer courteed gifts—

A belt or sword perhaps—and go his way.
And on a feast day, in Afrasiab's hall,
In Samarcand, he will arise and cry—
'I challenged once, when the two armic camped

Beside the Oxus, all the Persian lords
To cope with me in single fight; but they
Shrank; only Rustum dared. Then he and
Changed gifts, and went on equal term
away.'

So will he speak, perhaps, while men apple

nd then he turned, and sternly spake aloud:

Rise! Wherefore dost thou vainly question thus

Rustum ? I am here, whom thou hast called

challenge forth. Make good thy vaunt, or yield.

t with Rustum only thou wouldst fight? h boy, men look on Rustum's face and flee. well I know, that did great Rustum stand

ore thy face this day, and were revealed, se would be then no talk of fighting more.

being what I am, I tell thee thisthou record it in thine inmost soulser thou shalt renounce thy vaunt, and

yield;

else thy bones shall strew this sand, till winds

ach them, or Oxus with his summer floods, as in summer, wash them all away."

le spoke; and Sohrab answered, on his

'Art thou so fierce? Thou wilt not fright me so.

n no girl, to be made pale by words.

t this thou hast said well: did Rustum atand

re on this field, there were no fighting

t Rustum is far hence, and we stand here. gin! Thou art more vast, more dread, than I;

d thou art proved, I know, and I am young-

t yet success sways with the breath of

d though thou thinkest that thou knowest sure

y victory, yet thou canst not surely know. · we are all, like swimmers in the sea, sed on the top of a huge wave of Fate, ich hangs uncertain to which side to fall;

d whether it will heave us up to land, whether it will roll us out to seek out to see, to the deep waves of death-

a were the chiefs of Iran shamed through | We know not, and no search will make us know:

Only the event will teach us in its hour."

He spake; and Rustum answered not, but hurled

His spear. Down from the shoulder, down it came-

As on some partridge in the corn, a hawk, That long has towered in the airy clouds,

Drops like a plummet. Sohrab saw it come, And sprang aside, quick as a flash. The spear Hissed, and went quivering down into the sand,

Which it sent flying wide. Then Sohrab threw

In turn, and full struck Rustum's shield. Sharp rang,

The iron plates rang sharp, but turned the spear.

And Rustum seized his club, which none but

Could wield—an unlapped trunk it was, and huge,

Still rough; like those which men, in treeless plains,

To build them bosts, fish from the flooded rivers,

Hyphasis or Hydaspes, when, high up

By their dark springs, the wind in wintertime

Has made in Himalayan forests wrack,

And strewn the channels with torn boughsso huge

The club which Rustum lifted now, and struck

One stroke; but again Sohrab sprang aside, Lithe as the glancing snake, and the club

сать Thundering to earth, and leapt from Rustum's hand.

And Rustum followed his own blow, and fell To his knees, and with his fingers clutched the sand.

And now might Sohrab have unsheathed his sword,

And pierced the mighty Rustum while he

Dizzy, and on his knees, and choked with sand;

But he looked on, and smiled, nor bared his sword;

But courteously drew back, and spoke, and said:

"Thou strik 'st too hard; that club of thine will float

Upor the summer floods, and not my bones. But rise, and be not wroth; not wroth am I. No, when I see thee, wrath forsakes my soul.

Thou sayest thou art not Rustum; be it so.
Who art thou then, that canst so touch my soul?

Boy as I am, I have seen battles too;
Have waded foremost in their bloody waves,
And heard their hollow roar of dying men;
But never was my heart thus touched before.
Are they from heaven, these softenings of the heart?

O thou old warrior, let us yield to heaven! Come, plant we here in earth our angry spears,

And make a truce, and sit upon this sand,
And pledge each other in red wine, like
friends;

And thou shalt talk to me of Rustum's deeds.

There are enough foes in the Persian host
Whom I may meet, and strike, and feel no pang;

Champions enough Afrasiab has, whom thou May'st fight: fight them, when they confront thy spear.

But oh, let there be peace 'twixt thee and me!"

He ceased. But while he spake, Rustum had risen,

And stood erect, trembling with rage. His club

He left to lie, but had regained his spear,

Whose fiery point now in his mailed right hand

Blazed bright and baleful—like that autumn star,

The baleful sign of fevers. Dust had soiled His stately crest, and dimmed his glittering arms.

His breast heaved; his lips foamed; and twice his voice

Was choked with rage. At last these words broke way:—

"Girl! nimble with thy feet, not with thy hands!

Curled minion, dancer, coiner of sweet words!

Fight! let me hear thy hateful voice more!

Thou art not in Afrasiab's gardens now With Tartar girls, with whom thou art wood to dance;

But on the Oxus sands, and in the dance Of battle, and with me, who make no play Of war. I fight it out, and hand to hand. Speak not to me of truce, and pledge, and wine!

Remember all thy valor; try thy feints
And cunning; all the pity I had is gone;
Because thou hast shamed me before both the
hosts,

With thy light skipping tricks, and thy girli wiles."

He spoke; and Sohrab kindled at hit taunts,

And he too drew his sword. At once the rushed

Together; as two eagles on one prey
Come rushing down together from the cloud
One from the east, one from the west. The
shields

Dashed with a clang together; and a din Rose, such as that the sinewy woodcutters Make often in the forest's heart at morn, Of hewing axes, crashing trees; such blows Rustum and Sohrab on each other hailed. And you would say that sun and stars took part

In that unnatural conflict; for a cloud Grew suddenly in Heaven, and darkened the sun

Over the fighters' heads; and a wind rose Under their feet, and moaning swept the plain,

And in a sandy whirlwind wrapped the pair In gloom they twain were wrapped, and the alone;

For both the on-looking hosts on either han Stood in broad daylight, and the sky was pur. And the sun sparkled on the Oxus stream. But in the gloom they fought, with bloodships.

eyes
And laboring breath. First Rustum struct
the shield

Which Sohrab held stiff out. The steel-spike spear

Rent the tough plates, but failed to reach the skin:



- d Rustum plucked it back with angry groan.
- en Sohrab with his sword smote Rustum's helm.
- r clove its steel quite through; but all the
- shore away; and that proud horsehair plume,
- wer till now defiled, sunk to the dust; d Rustum bowed his head. But then the gloom
- ew blacker; thunder rumbled in the air, d lightnings rent the cloud; and Ruksh, the horse,
- he stood at hand, uttered a dreadful cry. borse's cry was that, most like the roar some pained desert lion, who all day s trailed the hunter's javelin in his side, id comes at night to die upon the sand. a two hosts heard the cry, and quaked for fear:
- nd Oxus curdled as it crossed his stream. nt Sohrab heard, and quailed not-but rushed on,
- nd struck again; and again Rustum bowed s head. But this time all the blade, like glass,
- rang in a thousand shivers on the helm, d in his hand the hilt remained alone.
- ea Rustum raised his head; his dreadful
- wed, and he shook on high his menacing
- d shouted "Rustum!" Sohrab heard that shout,
- d shrank amazed; back he recoiled one
- id scanned with blinking eyes the advancing form;
- d then he stood bewildered; and he dropped
- covering shield, and the spear pierced his side.
- reeled, and staggering back, sunk to the ground.
- d then the gloom dispersed, and the wind
- d the bright sun broke forth, and melted 胍

- Saw Rustum standing, safe upon his feet, And Sohrab wounded, on the bloody sand.
 - Then with a bitter smile, Rustum began:-"Sohrab, thou thoughtest in thy mind to kill
- A Persian lord this day, and strip his corpse, And bear thy trophics to Afrasiab's tent;
- Or else that the great Rustum would come down
- Himself to fight, and that thy wiles would move
- His heart to take a gift, and let thee go. And then all the Tartar host would praise Thy courage or thy craft, and spread thy fame,
- To glad thy father in his weak old age. Fool! thou art slain, and by an unknown man l
- Dearer to the red jackals shalt thou be, Than to thy friends, and to thy father old." And with a fearless mien Sohrab replied :— "Unknown thou art; yet thy fierce vannt
 - is vain.
- Thou dost not slay me, proud and boastful man!
- No! Rustum slays me, and this filial heart. For were I matched with ten such men as thou.
- And I were he who till to-day I was, They should be lying here, I standing there. But that beloved name unnerved my arm-That name, and something, I confess, in thee, Which troubles all my heart, and made my shield
- Fall; and thy spear transfixed an unarmed
- And now thou boastest, and insult'st my fate. But hear thou this, fierce man-tremble to hear!
- The mighty Rustum shall avenge my death! My father, whom I seek through all the world,
- He shall avenge my death, and punish thee! As when some hunter in the spring hath found
- A breeding eagle sitting on her nest, Upon the craggy isle of a hill lake,
- And pierced her with an arrow as she rose, And followed her to find her where she fell cloud; and the two armies saw the Far off;—anon her mate comes winging back From hunting, and a great way off descries.

His huddling young left sole; at that, he | Nor did he yet believe it was his son checks

His pinion, and with short uneasy sweeps Circles above his eyry, with loud screams Chiding his mate back to her nest; but she Lies dying, with the arrow in her side, In some far stony gorge out of his ken-A heap of fluttering feathers. Never more Shall the lake glass her, flying over it; Never the black and dripping precipices Echo her stormy scream, as she sails by. As that poor bird flies home, nor knows his loss-

So Rustum knew not his own loss; but stood Over his dying son, and knew him not.

But with a cold, incredulous voice, he said:

"What prate is this of fathers and revenge? The mighty Rustum never had a son."

And, with a failing voice, Sohrab replied: "Ah yes, he had! and that lost son am I. Surely the news will one day reach his ear-Reach Rustum, where he sits, and tarries long,

Somewhere, I know not where, but far from here;

And pierce him like a stab, and make him

To arms, and cry for vengeance upon thee-Fierce man, bethink thee—for an only son! What will that grief, what will that vengeance be !

Oh, could I live till I that grief had seen! Yet him I pity not so much, but her, My mother, who in Ader-baijan dwells With that old king, her father, who grows In Ader-baijan. And he saw that youth, gray

With age, and rules over the valiant Koords. Her most I pity, who no more will see Sohrab returning from the Tartar camp, With spoils and honor, when the war is done. But a dark rumor will be bruited up, From tribe to tribe, until it reach her ear; And then will that defenceless woman learn That Sohrab will rejoice her sight no more; But that in battle with a nameless foe, By the far-distant Oxus, he is slain."

He spoke; and as he ceased he wept aloud, Thinking of her he left, and his own death. He spoke; but Rustum listened, plunged in thought.

Who spoke, although he called back name he knew;

For he had had sure tidings that the babe, Which was in Ader-baijan born to him, Had been a puny girl, no boy at all: So that sad mother sent him word, for fear Rustum should take the boy, to train in arms;

And so he deemed that either Sohrab took By a false boast, the style of Rustum's son; Or that men gave it him, to swell his fame. So deemed he; yet he listened, plunged in thought;

And his soul set to grief, as the vast tide Of the bright rocking ocean sets to shore At the full moon. Tears gathered in his eyes;

For he remembered his own early youth, And all its bounding rapture. As, at dawn, The shepherd from his mountain lodge decries

A far bright city, smitten by the sun, Through many rolling clouds—so Rustum His youth; saw Sohrab's mother, in he bloom;

And that old king, her father, who loved wel His wandering guest, and gave him his fair child

With joy; and all the pleasant life they led They three, in that long-distant summer time-

The castle, and the dewy woods, and hunt And hound, and morn on those delightful hills

Of age and looks to be his own dear son. Piteous and lovely, lying on the sand.

some rich hyacinth, which by the scythe

Of an unskilful gardener has been cut, Mowing the garden grass-plots near its bed And lies, a fragrant tower of purple bloom, On the mown, dying grass: so Sohrab lay, Lovely in death, upon the common sand. And Rustum gazed on him with grief, an said:

"O Sohrab, thou indeed art such a son Whom Rustum, wert thou his, might we have loved!

Yet here thou errest, Sohrab, or else men



SOHRAB AND RUSTUM.

r Rustum had no son. One child he hadt one-a girl; who with her mother now as some light female task, nor dreams of

us ahe dreams not, nor of wounds, nor war."

But Sohrab answered him in wrath; for

e anguish of the deep-fixed spear grew

d he desired to draw forth the steel, d let the blood flow free, and so to die. t first he would convince his stubborn foe; d, rising sternly on one arm, he said:

"Man, who art thou, who dost deny my words i

th sits upon the lips of dying men;

d falsehood, while I lived, was far from mine.

ell thee, pricked upon this arm I bear at seal which Rustum to my mother gave, at ske might prick it on the babe she bore." He spoke: and all the blood left Rustum's cheeks;

nd his knees tottered; and he smote his

ninst his breast, his beavy mailed hand, ut the hard iron corsiet clanked aloud; id to his heart he pressed the other hand, d in a hollow voice he spake, and said: "Sohrab, that were a proof which could

thou show this, then art thou Rustum's

Then, with weak, hasty fingers, Sohrab

• belt, and near the shoulder bared his arm, d showed a sign in faint vermilion points cked. As a cunning workman, in Pekin, cks with vermilion some clear porcelain 7856,

emperor's gift; at early morn he paints, i all day long; and, when night comes, the lamp

uts up his studious forehead and thin handa:

lelicately pricked the sign appeared Sohrab's arm—the sign of Rustum's seal. as that griffin, which of old reared Zal.

we told thee false-thou art not Rustum's Rustum's great father, whom they left to die,

> A helpless babe, among the mountain rocks. Him that kind creature found, and reared, and loved;

> Then Rustum took it for his glorious sign. And Sohrab bared that figure on his arm, And himself scanned it long with mournful

And then he touched it with his hand and said:

"How sayest thou? Is that sign the proper sign

Of Rustum's son, or of some other man's?" He spoke: but Rustum gazed, and gazed, and stood

Speechless; and then he uttered one sharp

"O, boy--Thy father!"-and his voice choked there.

And then a dark cloud passed before his eyes, And his head swam, and he sank down to earth.

But Sohrab crawled to where he lay, and

His arms about his neck, and kissed his lips, And with fond, faltering fingers stroked his cheeks,

Trying to call him back to life. And life Came back to Rustum, and he oped his eyes, And they stood wide with horror; and he eeized

In both his hands the dust which lay around, And threw it on his head, and smirched his bair—

His hair, and face, and beard, and glittering arms;

And strong, convulsive groanings shook his breast,

And his sobs choked him; and he clutched his sword

To draw it, and for ever let life out.

But Sohrab saw his thought, and held his hands;

And with a soothing voice he spoke, and said:

"Father, forbear! for I but meet to-day The doom that at my birth was written down In heaven, and thou art heaven's unconscious hand.

Surely my heart cried out that it was thou.

When first I saw thee; and thy heart spoke My mother told me of thee, thou br too,

I know it. But fate trod those promptings down

Under its iron heel; fate, fate engaged The strife, and hurled me on my father's spear.

But let us speak no more of this—I find My father; let me feel that I have found. Come, sit beside me on this sand, and take My head betwixt thy hands, and kiss my cheeks,

And wash them with thy tears, and say, 'My son!'

Quick! quick! for numbered are my sands of life,

And swift; for like the lightning to this field I came, and like the wind I go away— Sudden, and swift, and like a passing wind. But it was writ in heaven that this should be."

So said he: and his voice released the heart

Of Rustum, and his tears broke forth; he cast

His arms round his son's neck, and wept aloud,

And kissed him. And awe fell on both the

When they saw Rustum's grief; and Ruksh, the horse,

With his head bowing to the ground, and mane

Sweeping the dust, came near, and in mute woe,

First to the one then to the other moved His head, as if enquiring what their grief Might mean; and from his dark, compassionate eyes,

The big, warm tears rolled down, and caked the sand.

But Rustum chid him with stern voice, and said:

"Ruksh, now thou grievest; but, O Ruksh, thy feet

Should then have rotted on thy nimble joints, When first they bore thy master to this field." But Sohrab looked upon the horse and said;

"Is this then Ruksh? How often, in past days,

steed-

My terrible father's terrible horse! and That I should one day find thy lord thee.

Come, let me lay my hand upon thy mane O Ruksh, thou art more fortunate than I; For thou hast gone where I shall never go And snuffed the breezes of my father's ho And thou hast trod the sands of Seistan, And seen the river of Helmund, and

lake Of Zirrah; and the aged Zal himself Has often stroked thy neck, and given the food—

Corn in a golden platter soaked with wind And said—'O, Ruksh! bear Rustum well But I

Have never known my grandsire's furrow face.

Nor seen his lofty house in Selstan, Nor slaked my thirst at the clear Helmu stream;

But lodged among my father's foes, a seen

Afrasiab's cities only, Samarcand, Bokhara, and lone Khiva in the waste, And the black Toorkmun tents; and on drunk

The desert rivers, Moorghab and Tejend, Kohik, and where the Kalmuks feed the sheep,

The northern Sir; and this great Ox stream-

The yellow Oxus, by whose brink I die." And, with a heavy groan, Rustum replied "Oh that its waves were flowing over me! Oh that I saw its grains of yellow silt Roll tumbling in the current o'er my head!

And, with a grave, mild voice, Sohrab r plied:

"Desire not that, my father! Thou mu live;

For some are born to do great deeds, and liv As some are born to be obscured, and die-Do thou the deeds I die too young to do, And reap a second glory in thine age; Thou art my father, and thy gain is mine. But come! thou seest this great host of m

Which follow me; I pray thee, slay I these!

one I

Jowed me, my hope, my fame, my er.

1 all cross the Oxus back in peace. thou must bear hence, not send with юıп,

y me with thee to Selstan, se me on a bed, and mourn for meid the anow-haired Zal, and all thy

iends. u must lay me in that lovely earth, p a stately mound above my bones, it a far-seen pillar over all; the passing horseman on the waste my tomb a great way off, and say: the mighty Rustum's son, lies there, is great father did in ignorance kill-) not forgotten in my grave." with a mournful voice, Rustum re-

not! as thou hast said, Sohrab, my

it be; for I will burn my tents, the host, and bear thee hence with •

·y thee away to Seistan,

lied:

thee on a bed, and mourn for thee, 10 snow-headed Zal, and all my ienda.

ill lay thee in that lovely earth, ip a stately mound above thy bones, it a far-seen pillar over all; a shall not forget thee in thy grave; will spare thy host-yea, let them _

all cross the Oxus back in peace. ould I do with slaying any more? ld that all whom I have ever slain 3 once more alive—my bitterest foes, y who were called champions in their

ough whose death I won that fame I 37e---

ere nothing but a common man, mean soldier, and without renown; mightest live too, my son, my son! r, would that I, even I myself, w be lying on this bloody sand, ath, and by an ignorant stroke of ine,

entreat for them—what have they Not thou of mine; and I might die, not thou: And I, not thou, be borne to Seistan;

And Zal might weep above my grave, net thine;

And say-O son, I weep thee not too sore, For willingly, I know, thou met'st thine end/---

But now in blood and battles was my youth, And full of blood and battles is my age; And I shall never end this life of blood,"

Then at the point of death, Sohrab replied:—

"A life of blood indeed, thou dreadful man! But thou shalt yet have peace; only not now, Not yet. But thou shalt have it on that day When thou shalt sail in a high-masted ship, Thou and the other peers of Kai-Khosroo, Returning home over the salt, blue sea, From laying thy dear master in his grave."

And Rustum gazed on Sohrab's face, and said:—

"Soon be that day, my son, and deep that sea! Till then, if fate so wills, let me endure."

He spoke: and Sohrab smiled on him, and

The spear, and drew it from his side, and eased

His wound's imperious anguish. blood

Came welling from the open gash, and life Flowed with the stream; all down his cold white side

The crimson torrent ran, dim now, and soiled-

Like the soiled tissue of white violets Left, freshly gathered, on their native bank By romping children, whom their nurses call From the hot fields at noon. His head drooped low;

His limbs grew slack; motionless, white, he

White, with eyes closed; only when heavy

Deep, heavy gasps, quivering through all his

Convulsed him back to life, he opened them, And fixed them feebly on his father's face. Till now all strength was obbed, and from his limbs

Unwillingly the spirit fled away, Regretting the warm mansion which it left. And youth and bloom, and this delightful world.

So, on the bloody sand, Sohrab lay dead.

And the great Rustum drew his horseman's cloak

Down o'er his face, and sate by his dead son. As those black granite pillars, once high-reared

By Jemshid in Persepolis, to bear His house, now, mid their broken flights of steps,

Lie prone, enormous, down the mountain side—So in the sand lay Rustum by his son.

And night came down over the solemn waste,

And the two gazing hosts, and that sole pair,
And darkened all; and a cold fog, with night,
Crept from the Oxus. Soon a hum arose,
As of a great assembly loosed, and fires
Began to twinkle through the fog; for now
Both armies moved to camp, and took their
meal;

The Persians took it on the open sands Southward; the Tartars by the river marge. And Rustum and his son were left alone.

But the majestic river floated on,
Out of the mist and hum of that low land,
Into the frosty starlight, and there moved,
Rejoicing, through the hushed Chorasmian
waste,

Under the solitary moon. He flowed Right for the polar star, past Orgunje, Brimming, and bright, and large. Then sands begin

To hem his watery march, and dam his streams,

And split his currents—that for many a league

The shorn and parcelled Oxus strains along Through beds of sand, and matted, rushy isles—

Oxus forgetting the bright speed he had In his high mountain cradle in Pamere— A foiled, circuitous wanderer. Till at last The longed-for dash of waves is heard, and wide

His luminous home of waters opens, bright And tranquil, from whose floor the newbathed stars

Emerge, and shine upon the Aral sea.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

IPHIGENEIA AND AGAMEMNON.

IPHIGENEIA, when she heard her doom
At Aulis, and when all beside the king
Had gone away, took his right hand, and
said:

"O father! I am young and very happy.
I do not think the pious Calchas heard
Distinctly what the goddess spake;—old ag
Obscures the senses. If my nurse, who know
My voice so well, sometimes misunderstood,
While I was resting on her knee both arm,
And hitting it to make her mind my words,
And looking in her face, and she in mine.
Might not he, also, hear one word amiss,
Spoken from so far off, even from Olympus!"
The father placed his cheek upon her head,
And tears dropt down it; but the king of

Replied not. Then the maiden spake one more.

"O father! sayest thou nothing? Hearest thou not

Me, whom thou ever hast, until this hour,
Listened to fondly, and awakened me
To hear my voice amid the voice of birds,
When it was inarticulate as theirs,
And the down deadened it within the nest?
He moved her gently from him, silent still;
And this, and this alone, brought tears from
her,

Although she saw fate nearer. Then with sighs:

"I thought to have laid down my hair before
Benignant Artemis, and not dimmed
Her polished altar with my virgin blood;
I thought to have selected the white flowers
To please the nymphs, and to have asked of
each

By name, and with no sorrowful regret, Whether, since both my parents willed the change,

I might at Hymen's feet bend my clipt brown And (after these who mind us girls the most Adore our own Athene, that she would Regard me mildly with her azure eyes—But, father, to see you no more, and see Your love, O father! go ere I am gone!"

Gently he moved her off, and drew her beck Bending his lofty head far over here



THE LAMENTATION FOR CELIN.

baret.

turned away-not far, but silent still. e now first shuddered; for in him, so nigh, long a silence seemed the approach of death.

d like it. Once again she raised her voice:) father! if the ships are now detained, id all your yows move not the gods above, ten the knife strikes me there will be one prayer

eless to them; and purer can there be y, or more fervent, than the daughter's prayer

r ber dear father's safety and success?" groan that shook him shook not his resolve. seed man now entered, and without a word, stepped slowly on, and took the

wrist the pale maiden. She looked up, and saw

 fillet of the priest and calm cold eyes. an turned she where her parent stood, and cried:

) father! grieve no more the ships can sail."

Walter Bavage Landor

THE LAMENTATION FOR CELIN.

the gate of old Granada, when all its bolts are barred,

twilight, at the Vega-gate, there is a trampling heard;

ee is a trampling heard, as of horses treading slow,

da weeping voice of women, and a heavy sound of woe.

ut tower is fallen? what star is set? what chief comes these bewailing?

tower is fallen, a star is set! Alas! alas for Celin!"

ee times they knock-three times they cry-and wide the doors they throw; setedly they enter, and mournfully they go; gloomy lines they, mustering, stand beneath the hollow porch,

b horseman grasping in his hand a black and fleaning torch;

id the dark depths of nature heaved and Wet is each eye as they go by, and all around is wailing,

> For all have heard the misery.—" Alas! alas for Celin ! "

> Him, yesterday, a Moor did slay, of Bencerraje's blood-

> Twas at the solemn jousting—around the nobles stood;

> The nobles of the land were by, and ladies bright and fair

> Looked from their latticed windows, the haughty sight to share;

> But now the nobles all lament—the ladies are bewailing-

> For he was Granada's darling knight-"Alas! alas for Oelin!"

> Before him ride his vassals, in order two by

With ashes on their turbans spread, most pitifal to view :

Behind him his four sisters, each wrapped in sable veil,

Between the tambour's dismal strokes take up their doleful tale;

When stops the muffled drum ye hear their brotherless bewailing,

And all the people, far and near, cry-" Alasi alas for Celin!"

Oh! lovely lies he on the bier, above the purple pall,—

The flower of all Granada's youth, the loveliest of them all;

His dark, dark eyes are closed; his rosy lip is pale;

The crust of blood lies black and dim upon his burnished mail;

And ever more the hearse tambour breaks in upon their wailing-

Its sound is like no earthly sound-"Alas I alas for Celin!"

The Moorish maid at the lattice stands—the Moor stands at his door:

One maid is wringing of her hands, and one is weeping sore;

Down to the dust men bow their heads, and ashes black they strew

Upon their broidered garments of crimson green and blue;

Before each gate the bier stands still—then bursts the loud bewailing

From door and lattice, high and low—" Alas! alas for Celin!"

An old, old woman cometh forth, when she hears the people cry-

Her hair is white as silver, like horn her glazed eye;

'T was she that nursed him at her breastthat nursed him long ago;

She knows not whom soon she well sha. With one deep shrick, she when her ears rec "Let me kiss my Celin en for Celin!"

Translation of J. G. LOCKEAR!

A VERY MOURNED.

CN THE SIEGE AND CONQUEST OF ALHAMA, WHICH, IN THE ARABIC LANGUAGE, IS TO THE FOLLOWING PURPORT:

THE Moorish king rides up and down Through Granada's royal town; From Elvira's gates to those Of Bivarambla on he goes.

Wo is me, Alhama!

Letters to the monarch tell How Alhama's city fell: In the fire the scroll be threw, And the messenger be slew.

We is me, Alhama!

He quits his mule and mounts his horse, And through the street directs his course; Through the street of Zacatin To the Alhambra spurring in. We is me, Alhama!

When the Alhambra's walls he gained, On the moment he ordained That the trumpet straight should sound With the silver clarion round.

We is me, Alhama!

And when the hollow drums of we Beat the loud alarm afar. That the Moors of town and plain Might answer to the mortial strain. We is me, Alban

Then the Moors, by this aware
That bloody Mars recalled them the
One by one, and two by two,
To a mighty squadron grew.

Out then spake an aged Moor, In these words the king before: "Wherefore call on us, () king! What may mean this gathering!"
We is ms, Alban

"Friends! ye have, also! to know Of a most disastrone blow— That the Christians, stern and bold, Have obtained Alhama's hold."

Wo is me. Alban

We is me, Allan

Out then spake old Alfaqui,
With his beard so white to see:
"Good king! thou art justly served
Good king! this thou hast deserved.
We is me, Alham

"By thee were slain, in evil hour, The Abencerrage, Granada's flower And strangers were received by the Of Cordova the chivalry.

Wo is me, Alham

"And for this, O king! is sent
On thee a double chastisement;
Thee and thine, thy crown and resi
One last wreck shall overwhelm.
We is me, Alham

"He who holds no laws in awe.
He must perish by the law;
And Granada must be won,
And thyself with her undone."
We is ma. Allem

Fire flashed from out the old Moor's The monarch's wreth began to rise:



THE FISHERMEN.

he answered, and because exceeding well of laws. We is me, Alhama!

is no law to say such things lisgust the ear of kings:" orting with his choler, said rish king, and doomed him dead. We is me, Alhama!

faqui! Moor Alfaqui! thy beard so hoary be, ; hath sent to have thee seized, ima's loss displeased—

We is me, Alhama!

x thy head upon nambra's loftiest stone; for thee should be the law, ers tremble when they saw. Wo is ms, Alhama!

er, and man of worth!
words of mine go forth;
doorish monarch know
him I nothing owe.

Wo is me, Alhama!

my soul Alhama weighs, ny inmost spirit preys; le king his land hath lost, re may have lost the most.

Wo is me, Alhama!

ave lost their children, wives ds, and valiant men their lives; t best his love might claim ; another, wealth or fame.

Wo is me, Alhama!

damsel in that hour,
land the loveliest flower;
a hundred I would pay,
k her ransom cheap that day."
We is me, Alhama!

nese things the old Moor said, ered from the trunk his head; ne Alhambra's walls with speed rried, as the king decreed.

We is me, Alhama!

And men and infants therein weep.
Their loss, so heavy and so deep;
Granada's ladies, all she rears
Within her walls, burst into tears.
We is me, Alhama!

And from the windows o'er the walls. The sable web of mourning falls; The king weeps as a woman o'er. His loss, for it is much and sore.

Wo is me, Alhama!
ANONYMOUS (Spaulsh)

Translation of LORD BYROW.

THE FISHERMEN.

THREE fishers went sailing out into the

Out into the west as the sun went down; Each thought of the woman who loved him the best,

And the children stood watching them out of the town;

For men must work, and women must weep; And there's little to earn, and many to keep, Though the harbor bar be meaning.

Three wives sat up in the light-house tower And trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;

And they looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,

And the rack it came rolling up, ragged and brown;

But men must work, and women must weep, Though storms be sudden, and waters deep, And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went
down,

And the women are watching and wringing their hands,

For those who will never come back to the town;

For men must work, and women must weep—

And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep-

And good-bye to the bar and its musning CRANCE KIROLEY.

THE PRISONER CF CHILLON.

ETERNAL spirit of the chainless mind!

Brightest in dungeons, liberty, thou art,
For there thy habitation is the heart—

The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
And when thy sons to fetters are consigned—

To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom—

Their country conquers with their martyrdom,

And freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.

Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,

And thy sad floor an altar—for 't was trod Until his very steps have left a trace,

Worn as if thy cold pavement were a sod, By Bonnivard!—May none those marks efface!

For they appeal from tyranny to God.

I.

My hair is gray, but not with years,

Nor grew it white

In a single night,

As men's have grown from sudden fears;

My limbs are bowed, though not with toil,
But rusted with a vile repose;

For they have been a dungeon's spoil,

And mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly earth and air
Are banned and barred—forbidden fare.
But this was for my father's faith
I suffered chains and courted death.
That father perished at the stake

That father perished at the stake
For tenets he would not forsake;
And for the same his lineal race
In darkness found a dwelling-place.

We were seven, who now are one—

Six in youth, and one in age, Finished as they had begun,

Proud of persecution's rage;
One in fire, and two in field,
Their belief with blood have sealed—
Dying as their father died,
For the God their foes denied;
Three were in a dungeon cast,
Of whom this wreck is left the last

IL.

There are seven pillars, of Gothic mould. In Chillon's dungeons deep and old;
There are seven columns, massy and graded Dim with a dull imprisoned ray—
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
And through the crevice and the cleft. Of the thick wall is fallen and left. Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor lamp;
And in each pillar there is a ring,

And in each ring there is a chain; That iron is a cankering thing,

For in these limbs its teeth remain,
With marks that will not wear away
Till I have done with this new day,
Which now is painful to these eyes,
Which have not seen the sun so rise
For years—I cannot count them o'er;
I lost their long and heavy score
When my last brother drooped and died
And I lay living by his side.

Ш

They chained us each to a column stee And we were three—yet, each alone We could not move a single pace; We could not see each other's face, But with that pale and livid light That made us strangers in our sight; And thus together, yet apart— Fettered in hand, but joined in neart; 'T was still some solace, in the dearth Of the pure elements of earth, To hearken to each other's speech, And each turn comforter to each— With some new hope, or legend old, Or song heroically bold; But even these at length grew cold. Our voices took a dreary tone, An echo of the dungeon-stone, A grating sound—not full and free, As they of yore were wont to be; It might be fancy—but to me

IV.

I was the eldest of the three,
And to uphold and cheer the rest
I ought to do, and did, my best—
And each did well in his degree.

They never sounded like our own.



THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

ngest, whom my father loved, ir mother's brow was given vith eyes as blue as heaven my soul was sorely moved; might it be distrest h bird in such a nest; a beautiful as day lay was beautiful to me oung eagles, being free). day, which will not see ill its summer 's gone-less summer of long light, clad offspring of the sun: is be was, as pure and bright, s natural spirit gay, s for naught but other's ills; they flowed like mountain rills, could assuage the woe abhorred to view below.

¥.

was as pure of mind,
d to combat with his kind;
his frame, and of a mood
inst the world in war had stood,
bed in the foremost rank
y; but not in chains to pine.
withered with their clank;
silently decline—
perchance, in sooth, did mine!
forced it on, to cheer
cs of a home so dear.
hunter of the hills,
followed there the deer and wolf;
m this dungeon was a gulf,
red feet the worst of ills.

٧ı.

eman lies by Chillon's walls.

ad feet in depth below,
waters meet and flow;
h the fathom-line was sent
llon's snow-white battlement,
round about the wave enthrals:
dungeon wall and wave
le—and like a living grave,
e surface of the lake
vault lies wherein we lay;
I it ripple night and day;
ag o'er our heads it knocked.

ve falt the winter's spray

Wash through the bars when winds were high,

And wanton in the happy sky;
And then the very rock hath rocked,
And I have felt it shake, unshocked;
Because I could have smiled to see
The death that would have set me free.

VII.

I said my nearer brother pined; I said his mighty heart declined. He loathed and put away his food; It was not that 't was coarse and rude, For we were used to hunter's fare. And for the like had little care. The milk drawn from the mountain goet Was changed for water from the most; Our bread was such as captives' tears Have moistened many a thousand years, Since man first pent his fellow-men, Like brutes, within an iron den. But what were these to us or him? These wasted not his heart or limb; My brother's soul was of that mould Which in a palace had grown cold, Had his free breathing been denied The range of the steep mountain's side. But why delay the truth?—he died. I saw, and could not hold his head, Nor reach his dying hand—nor dead, Though hard I strove, but strove in vain, To rend and gnash my bonds in twain. He died-and they unlocked his chain, And scooped for him a shallow grave Even from the cold earth of our cave. I begged them, as a boon, to lay His corse in dust whereon the day Might shine—it was a foolish thought; But then within my brain it wrought, That even in death his freeborn breast In such a dungeon could not rest. I might have spared my idle prayer-They coldly laughed, and laid him there, The flat and turtless earth above The being we so much did love; His empty chain above it leant-Such murder's fitting monument!

VIII.

But he, the favorite and the flower, Most cherished since his natal hour,

His mother's image in fair face, The infant love of all his race, His martyred father's dearest thought, My latest care—for whom I sought To hoard my life, that his might be Less wretched now, and one day free— He, too, who yet had held untired A spirit natural or inspired— He, too, was struck, and day by day Was withered on the stalk away. O God! it is a fearful thing To see the human soul take wing In any shape, in any mood: I've seen it rushing forth in blood; I've seen it on the breaking ocean Strive with a swollen, convulsive motion; I 've seen the sick and ghastly bed Of sin, delirious with its dread; But these were horrors—this was woe Unmixed with such—but sure and slow. He faded, and so calm and meek, So softly worn, so sweetly weak, So tearless, yet so tender—kind, And grieved for those he left behind; With all the while a cheek whose bloom Was as a mockery of the tomb, Whose tints as gently sunk away As a departing rainbow's ray— An eye of most transparent light, That almost made the dungeon bright, And not a word of murmur, not A groan o'er his untimely lot— A little talk of better days, A little hope my own to raise; For I was sunk in silence—lost In this last loss, of all the most. And then the sighs he would suppress Of fainting nature's feebleness, More slowly drawn, grew less and less. I listened, but I could not hear— I called, for I was wild with fear; I knew 't was hopeless, but my dread Would not be thus admonished; called, and thought I heard a sound-I burst my chain with one strong bound, And rushed to him: I found him not. I only stirred in this black spot; I only lived—I only arew The accursed breath of dungeon-dew; The last, the sole, the dearest link Between me and the eternal brink,

Which bound me to my failing race,
Was proken in this fatal place.
One on the earth, and one beneath—
My brothers—both had ceased to breathe
I took that hand which lay so still—
Alas! my own was full as chill;
I had not strength to stir or strive,
But felt that I was still alive—
A frantic feeling, when we know
That what we love shall ne'er be so.

I know not why
I could not die,
I had no earthly hope—but faith,
And that forbade a selfish death.

IX.

What next befell me then and there I know not well—I never knew. First came the loss of light and air. And then of darkness too. I had no thought, no feeling—none: Among the stones I stood a stone; And was, scarce conscious what I wist, As shrubless crags within the mist; For all was blank, and bleak, and gray; It was not night—it was not day; It was not even the dungeon-light, So hateful to my heavy sight; But vacancy absorbing space, And fixedness, without a place; There were no stars, no earth, no time, No check, no change, no good, no crime; But silence, and a stirless breath Which neither was of life nor death-A sea of stagnant idleness, Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless.

X.

A light broke in upon my brain—
It was the carol of a bird;
It ceased, and then it came again—
The sweetest song ear ever heard;
And mine was thankful till my eyes
Ran over with the glad surprise,
And they that moment could not see
I was the mate of misery;
But then, by dull degrees came back
My senses to their wonted track:
I saw the dungeon walls and floor
Close slowly round me as before;



THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

glimmer of the sun as it before had done; igh the crevice where it came was perched as fond and tame, mer than upon the tree bird with azure wings, ; that said a thousand things, emed to say them all for me! aw its like before all see its likeness more. l, like me, to want a mate, not half so desolate: as come to love me when d to love me so again, ring from my dungeon's brink, ght me back to feel and think. ot if it late were free, se its cage to perch on mine; ring well captivity, bird! I could not wish for thineere, in winged guise, t from Paradise; ven forgive that thought, the while ade me both to weep and smile!-ies deemed that it might be er's soul come down to me; at last away it flew, 't was mortal well I knew; ould never thus have flown, ne twice so doubly lonebe corse within its shroud, solitary cloud, e cloud on a sunny day, the rest of heaven is clear. mon the atmosphere, no business to appear kies are blue, and earth is gay.

XI.

change came in my fate—
rs grew compassionate.
at what had made them so—
a inured to sights of woe;
was—my broken chain
s unfastened did remain;
s liberty to stride
cell from side to side,
ad down, and then athwart,
lit over every part;
d the pillars one by one,
; where my walk begun—

Avoiding only, as I trod,
My brothers' graves without a sod.
For if I thought with heedless tread
My step profaned their lowly bed.
My breath came gaspingly and thick.
And my crushed heart fell blind and sick.

XII.

I made a footing in the wall:

It was not therefrom to escape.

For I had buried one and all

Who loved me in a human shape;

And the whole earth would henceforth to

A wider prison unto me;

No child, no sire, no kin had I,

No partner in my misery.

I thought of this, and I was glad,

For thought of them had made me mad.

But I was curious to ascend

To my barred windows, and to bend

Once more upon the mountains high

The quiet of a loving eye.

XIII.

I saw them—and they were the same;
They were not changed, like me, in frame:
I saw their thousand years of snow
On high—their wide, long lake below,
And the blue Rhone in fullest flow;
I heard the torrents leap and gush
O'er channelled rock and broken bush;
I saw the white-walled distant town,
And whiter sails go skimming down;
And then there was a little isle,
Which in my very face did smile—

The only one in view;
A small, green isle, it seemed no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor;
But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were young flowers growing
Of gentle breath and bue.

The fish swam by the castle wall,
And they seemed joyous, each and all:
The eagle rode the rising blast—
Methought he never flew so fast
As then to me he seemed to fly;
And then new tears came in my eye,
And I felt troubled, and would fain
I had not left my recent chain;

And when I did descend again,
The darkness of my dim abode
Fell on me as a heavy load;
It was as is a new-dug grave,
Closing o'er one we sought to save;
And yet my glance, too much opprest,
Had almost need of such a rest.

XIV.

It might be months, or years, or days—
I kept no count, I took no note—
I had no hope my eyes to raise,
And clear them of their dreary mote;
At last came men to set me free,

I asked not why, and recked not where; It was at length the same to me, Fettered or fetterless to be;

1 .earned to love despair. And thus, when they appeared at last, And all my bonds aside were cast, These heavy walls to me had grown A hermitage—and all my own! And half I felt as they were come To tear me from a sacred home. With spiders I had friendship made, And watched them in their sullen trade; Had seen the mice by moonlight play-And why should I feel less than they? We were all inmates of one place, And I, the monarch of each race, Had power to kill; yet, strange to tell! In quiet we had learned to dwell. My very chains and I grew friends, So much a long communion tends To make us what we are:—even I Regained my freedom with a sigh.

LORD BYRON.

THE SEA.

Through the night, through the night,
In the saddest unrest,
Wrapt in white, all in white,
With her babe on her breast,
Walks the mother so pale,
Staring out on the gale
Through the night!

Through the night, through the night Where the sea lifts the wreck,

Land in sight, close in sight,

On the surf-flooded deckt

Stands the father so brave,

Driving on to his grave

Through the night!

RICHARD HENRY STOI

THE KING OF DENMARK'S RI

Word was brought to the Danish king (Hurry!)

That the love of his heart lay suffering And pined for the comfort his voice bring;

(Oh! ride as though you were flyi Better he loves each golden curl On the brow of that Scandinavian girl Than his rich crown jewels of ruby and And his rose of the isles is dying!

Thirty nobles saddled with speed; (Hurry!)

Each one mounting a gallant steed Which he kept for battle and days of n

(Oh! ride as though you were flying Spurs were struck in the foaming flank Worn-out chargers staggered and sank; Bridles were slackened, and girths were But ride as they would, the king rode! For his rose of the isles lay dying!

His nobles are beaten, one by one;
(Hurry!)

They have fainted, and faltered, and ward gone;

His little fair page now follows alone, For strength and for courage tryin

The king looked back at that faithful cl Wan was the face that answering smile They passed the drawbridge with clat din,

Then he dropped; and only the king r Where his rose of the isles lay dying

The king blew a blast on his bugle hor (Silence!)

No answer came; but faint and forlors An echo returned on the cold grey mor



LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

the breath of a spirit sighing.
e portal stood grimly wide;
elcomed the king from that weary
le;

, in the light of the dawning day, sweet form of the welcomer lay, ad yearned for his voice while dying!

ing steed, with a drooping crest, d weary.

returned from her chamber of rest, t sobs choking in his breast; , that dumb companion eyeing, s gushed forth which he strove to eck;

d his head on his charger's neck:

1—that every nerve didst strain,

2d, our ride hath been in vain

halls where my love lay dying!"

CAROLINE NORTON.

)RD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

Frain, to the Highlands bound, s, "Boatman, do not tarry! "Il give thee a silver pound ow us o'er the ferry."

who be ye, would cross Lochgyle, dark and stormy water?" I'm the chief of Ulva's isle, this Lord Ullin's daughter.

fast before her father's men e days we've fled together; sold he find us in the glen, slood would stain the heather.

orsemen hard behind us ride; ld they our steps discover, the will cheer my benny bride n they have slain her lover?"

to the hardy Highland wight, go, my chief—I'm ready.

t for your silver bright,
for your winsome lady.

"And by my word! the bonny bird In danger shall not tarry; So though the waves are raging white, I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace;
The water-wraith was shricking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind, And as the night grew drearer, Adown the glen rode armed men— Their trampling sounded nearer.

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her—
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar Of waters fast prevailing— Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore; His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade

His child he did discover;

One lovely hand she stretched for aid

One lovely hand she stretched for aid, And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,

"Across this stormy water;
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter!—O my daughter!"

'T was vain:—the loud waves lashed the shore,

Return or aid preventing.

The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

THOUGH OLINARIA.

ON THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

WRITTEN WHEN THE NEWS ARRIVED.

Total for the brave—
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the bears
Whose courage wel
Had made the vessel
And laid her on he.

And she was overs

Down went the Roy

With all her crew

Toll for the brave!
Brave Kempenfelt i
His last sea-fight is fougue,
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;
No tempest gave the shock;
She sprang no fatal leak;
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath;
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes!
And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again,
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone—
His victories are o'er;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the waves no more.

MILLIAM COMPRE

THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea— The ship was still as she might be; Her sails from heaven received no metas: Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their deal.
The waves flowed over the Inchespe red.
So little they rose, so little they fell,
7 did not move the Inchespe bell.

holy abbot of Aberbrothok
floated that bell on the Incheape red
the waves of the storm it floated
awang,
louder and louder its warning runs.

m the rock was hid by the tempert's sumariners heard the warning bell; then they knew the perilous rock, blessed the priest of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven shone so gay—
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea-birds screamed as they sported row
And there was pleasure in their sound.

The float of the Inchespe bell was seen, A darker speck on the ocean green; Sir Ralph the rover walked his deck, And he fixed his eye on the darker speck

He felt the cheering power of spring— It made him whistle, it made him sing; His heart was mirthful to excess; But the rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the bell and float: Quoth he, "My men, pull out the boat; And row me to the Inchcape rock, And I'll plague the priest of Aberbrothek."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row.

And to the Inchcape rock they go;

Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,

And cut the warning bell from the fort.

Down sank the bell with a gurgli The bubbles ross, and burst w



THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

r Ralph, "The next who comes to a rock bless the priest of Aberbrothok."

the rover sailed away-

- ed the seas for many a day; , grown rich with plundered store, his course to Scotland's shore.
- s haze o'erspreads the sky, id not see the sun on high; had blown a gale all day; ig it hath died away.

ck the rover takes his stand; ; is, they see no land. Ralph, "It will be lighter soon, is the dawn of the rising moon."

ear," said one, "the breakers roar?

r, methinks, should be the shore.
re we are I cannot tell,
we could hear the Incheape bell."

no sound; the swell is strong; ne wind hath fallen they drift along; esel strikes with a shivering shock— I it is the Incheape rock!

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

VRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

e schooner Hesperus sailed the wintry sen; kipper had taken his little daughter, ar him company.

her eyes as the fairy flax, heeks like the dawn of day, sosom white as the hawthorn buds, ope in the month of May.

er he stood beside the helm; ipe was in his mouth; stched how the veering flaw did blow moke, now west, now south. Then up and spake an old sailor.

Had sailed the Spanish main:

"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the northeast;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused like a frighted steed.
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring; Oh say, what may it be?"

"T is a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"

And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns; Oh say, what may it be!"

"Some ship in distress, that cannot live In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light;
Oh say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a wordA frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming

snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed

That saved she might be;

And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave

On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,

Through the whistling sleet and snow, Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever, the fitful gusts between,

A sound came from the land;

It was the sound of the trampling surf

The breakers were right beneath her bows; She drifted a dreary wreck;

On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

And a whooping billow swept the crew, Like icicles, from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves Looked soft as carded wool;

But the cruel rocks they gored her side Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice, With the mast went by the board;

Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank— Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,

Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast, The salt tears in her eyes;

And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed, On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow;
Ohrist save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFULLOW.

THE MARINER'S DREAM.

In slumbers of midnight the sailor boy
His hammock swung loose at the state wind;

But watch-worn and weary, his car away,

And visions of happiness danced of mind.

He dreamt of his home, of his dear bowers,

And pleasures that waited on life's morn;

While memory stood sideways half of with flowers,

And restored every rose, but secre thorn.

Then fancy her magical pinions sprea And bade the young dreamer in rise;

Now far, far behind him the green glide,

And the cot of his forefathers bles eyes.

The jessamine clambers in flowers c thatch,

And the swallow chirps sweet from nest in the wall;

All trembling with transport, he rai latch,

And the voices of loved ones reply call.

A father bends o'er him with looks light;

His cheek is impearled with a mother' tear;

And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss with the lips of the maid whom his holds dear.

The heart of the sleeper beats high breast;

Joy quickens his pulses—his hardship o'er:

And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest—

"O God! thou hast blest me—I ask for no more."

Ah' whence is that flame which now bursts on his eye?

Ah! what is that sound which now 'larms on his ear?

Tis the lightning's red gleam, painting hell on the sky!

T is the crashing of thunders, the groan of the sphere!

He springs from his hammock—he flies to the deck;

Amazement confronts him with images dire;

Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a wreck;

The masts fly in splinters; the shrouds are on fire.

Like mountains the billows tremendously swell;

Ir vain the lost wretch calls on mercy to save;

Enseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell, And the death-angel flaps his broad wings o'er the wave!

O sailor boy, woe to thy dream of delight!

In darkness dissolves the gay frost-work of bliss.

Where now is the picture that fancy touched bright—

Thy parents' fond pressure, and love's honeyed kiss?

O sailor boy! sailor boy! never again Shall home, love, or kindred, thy wishes repay;

Unblessed and unhonored, down deep in the main,

Full many a fathom, thy frame shall decay.

o tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee,

Or redeem form or fame from the merciless surge,

But the white foam of waves shall thy winding-sheet be,

And winds in the midnight of winter thy dirge!

On a bed of green sea-flowers thy limbs shall be laid—

Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow;

Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be made,

And every part suit to thy mansion below.

Days, months, years, and ages shall circle away,

And still the vast waters above thee shall roll;

Earth loses thy pattern forever and aye—
O sailor boy! sailor boy! peace to thy
soul!

WILLIAM DIMOND.

HOW'S MY BOY?

"Ho, sailor of the sea! How's my boy—my boy?"
"What's your boy's name, good wife,
And in what good ship sailed he?"

"My boy John—
He that went to sea—
What care I for the ship, sailor?
My boy's my boy to me.

"You come back from sea,
And not know my John?
I might as well have asked some landsman,
Yonder down in the town.
There's not an ass in all the parish

"How's my boy—my boy?
And unless you let me know
I'll swear you are no seilor,
Blue jacket or no—
Brass buttons:
Anchor and

But knows my John.

Sure his ship was the 'Jolly Briton'"—
"Speak low, woman, speak low!"

"And why should I speak low, sailor, About my own boy John?
If I was loud as I am proud
I'd sing him over the town!
Why should I speak low, sailor?"—
"That good ship went down."

"How's my boy—my boy?
What care I for the ship, sailor—
I was never aboard her.
Be she afloat or be she aground,
Sinking or swimming, I'll be bound
Her owners can afford her!
I say, how's my John?"—
"Every man on board went down,
Every man aboard her."

"How's my boy—my boy?
What care I for the men, sailor?
I'm not their mother—
How's my boy—my boy?
Tell me of him and no other!
How's my boy—my boy?"

SYDNEY DOBELL

TOM BOWLING.

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling—
For death has broached him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty;
His heart was kind and soft;
Faithful below, he did his duty;
But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed—
His virtues were so rare;
His friends were many and true-hearted;
His Poll was kind and fair.
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly—
Ah, many's the time and oft!
But mirth is turned to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weath When He, who all commands, Shall give, to call life's crew together, The word to pipe all hands. Thus death, who kings and tars desper In vain Tom's life has doffed; For, though his body's under hatches, His soul is gone aloft.

THE MOON WAS A-WANING

The moon was a-waning,
The tempest was over;
Fair was the maiden,
And fond was the lover;
But the snow was so deep
That his heart it grew weary;
And he sunk down to sleep,
In the moorland so dreary.

Soft was the bed
She had made for her lover,
White were the sheets
And embroidered the cover;
But his sheets are more white,
And his canopy grander;
And sounder he sleeps
Where the hill foxes wander.

Alas, pretty maiden,
What sorrows attend you!
I see you sit shivering,
With lights at your window;
But long may you wait
Ere your arms shall enclose!
For still, still he lies,
With a wreath on his bosom

How painful the task

The sad tidings to tell you!

An orphan you were

Ere this misery befell you;

And far in yon wild,

Where the dead-tapers hover.

So cold, cold and wan,

Lies the corpse of your lover!

Jarre



THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

as in the prime of summer time,
evening calm and cool,
four-and-twenty happy boys
me bounding out of school;
were some that ran and some that
eapt,
to troutlets in a pool.

y they sped with gamesome minds d souls untouched by sin; level mead they came, and there ey drave the wickets in: antly shone the setting sun er the town of Lynn.

sportive deer they coursed about, d shouted as they ran ing to mirth all things of earth, only boyhood can; he usher sat remote from all, melancholy man!

catch heaven's blessed breeze;
. burning thought was in his brow,
d his bosom ill at ease;
e leaned his head on his hands, and
'ead
e book between his knees!

after leaf he turned it o'er, r ever glanced aside; he peace of his soul he read that book the golden eventide; a study had made him very lean, ad pale, and leaden-eyed.

st he shut the ponderous tome; the fast and fervent grasp rained the dusky covers close, d fixed the brazen hasp: Fod! could I so close my mind d clasp it with a clasp!

leaping on his feet upright, ne moody turns he took--- Now up the mead, then down the mead,
And past a shady nook—
And, lo! he saw a little boy
That pored upon a book!

"My gentle lad, what is 't you read-Romance or fairy fable ! Or is it some historic page, Of kings and crowns unstable?" The young boy gave an upward giance— "It is 'The Death of Abel.'"

The usher took six hasty strides,
As smit with sudden pain—
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
Then slowly back again;
And down he sat beside the lad,
And talked with him of Cain;

And, long since then, of bloody men,
Whose deeds tradition saves;
And lonely folk out off unseen,
And hid in sudden graves;
And horrid stabs, in groves forlorn,
And murders done in caves;

And how the sprites of injured men Shriek upward from the sod; Aye, how the ghostly hand will point To show the burial clod; And unknown facts of guilty acts Are seen in dreams from God1

He told how murderers walk the earth
Beneath the curse of Cain—
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
And flames about their brain;
For blood has left upon their souls
Its everlasting stain!

"And well," quoth he, "I know, for truth,
Their pangs must be extreme—
Woe, woe, unutterable woe—
Who spill life's sacred stream!
For why? Methought, last night I wrought
A murder, in a dream!

- "One that had never done me wrong—
 A feeble man and old;
 I led him to a lonely field—
 The moon shone clear and cold:
 Now here, said I, this man shall die,
 And I will have his gold!
- "Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,
 And one with a heavy stone,
 One hurried gash with a hasty knife—
 And then the deed was done:
 There was nothing lying at my feet
 But lifeless flesh and bone!
- "Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
 That could not do me ill;
 And yet I feared him all the more,
 For lying there so still:
 There was a manhood in his look,
 That murder could not kill!
- 'And, lo! the universal air
 Seemed lit with ghastly flame;—
 Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
 Were looking down in blame;
 I took the dead man by his hand,
 And called upon his name!
- 'O God! it made me quake to see
 Such sense within the slain!
 But when I touched the lifeless clay,
 The blood gushed out amain!
 For every clot a burning spot
 Was scorching in my brain!
- "My head was like an ardent coal—
 My heart as solid ice;
 My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,
 Was at the devil's price.
 A dozen times I groaned—the dead
 Had never groaned but twice!
- "And now from forth the frowning sky,
 From the heaven's topmost height,
 I heard a voice—the awful voice
 Of the blood-avenging sprite:
 'Thou guilty man! take up thy dead,
 And hide it from my sight!'

- "And I took the dreary body up,
 And cast it in a stream—
 The sluggish water, black as ink,
 The depth was so extreme:
 My gentle boy, remember! this
 Is nothing but a dream!
- "Down went the corse with a borplunge,
 And vanished in the pool;
 Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,
 And washed my forehead cool,
 And sat among the urchins young,
 That evening in the school.
- "O heaven! to think of their white so And mine so black and grim! I could not share in childish prayer.

 Nor join in evening hymn;
 Like a devil of the pit I seemed,
 'Mid holy cherubim!
- "And peace went with them, one and And each calm pillow spread;
 But guilt was my grim chamberlain,
 That lighted me to bed,
 And drew my midnight curtains roun
 With fingers bloody red!
- "All night I lay in agony,
 In anguish dark and deep;
 My fevered eyes I dared not close,
 But stared aghast at sleep;
 For sin had rendered unto her
 The keys of hell to keep!
- "All night I lay in agony,
 From weary chime to chime;
 With one besetting horrid hint,
 That racked me all the time—
 A mighty yearning, like the first
 Fierce impulse unto crime—
- "One stern tyrannic thought, that man All other thoughts its slave!
 Stronger and stronger every pulse
 Did that temptation craveStill urging me to go and see
 The dead man in his grave!



YOUNG AIRLY.

fly I rose up, as soon ight was in the sky, night the black accursed pool has wild misgiving eye; saw the dead in the river bed, the faithless stream was dry.

ily rose the lark, and shook dew-drop from its wing; never marked its morning flight ver heard it sing; was stooping once again or the horrid thing.

breathless speed, like a soul in chase, ak him up and ran; was no time to dig a grave re the day began nesome wood, with heaps of leaves, I the murdered man!

all that day I read in school, my thought was other where; a as the mid-day task was done, scret I was there mighty wind had swept the leaves, still the corse was bare!

down I cast me on my face, first began to weep, new my secret then was one earth refused to keep—
I or sea, though he should be thousand fathoms deep.

alls the fierce avenging sprite, blood for blood stones! nough he's buried in a cave, trodden down with stones, care have rotted off his flesh world shall see his bones!

dt that horrid, horrid dream
ts me now awake!
-again, with diszy brain,
human life I take;
y red right hand grows raging hot,
Cranmer's at the stake.

"And still no peace for the restless clay
Will wave or mould allow;
The horrid thing pursues my soul—
It stands before me now!"
The fearful boy looked up, and saw
Huge drops upon his brow.

That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin's eyelids kissed,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn
Through the cold and heavy mist;
And Eugene Aram walked between,
With gyves upon his wrist.

THOMAS HOOD.

YOUNG AIRLY.

KEN ye aught of brave Lochiel?

Or ken ye aught of Airly?

They have belted on their bright broad swords,
And off and awa' wi' Charlie.

Now bring me fire, my merry, merry men,
And bring it red and yarely—

At mirk midnight there flashed a light
O'er the topmost towers of Airly.

What lowe is yon, quo' the gude Lochiel,
Which gleams so red and rarely?
By the God of my kin, quo' young Ogilvie,
It's my ain bonnie hame of Airly!
Put up your sword, said the brave Lochiel,
And calm your mood, quo' Charlie;
Ere morning glow we'll raise a lowe
Far brighter than bonnie Airly.

Oh, you fair tower's my native tower!

Nor will it soothe my mourning,

Were London palace, tower, and town,

As fast and brightly burning.

It's no my hame—my father's hame,

That reddens my cheek sae sairlie—

But my wife, and twa sweet babes I left

To smoor in the smoke of Airly.

ANOSTENOUS

A SNOW-STORM.

SCENE IN A VERMONT WINTER.

I.

As cold as it ever can be;
The roar of the blast is heard like the chime
Of the waves on an angry sea.
The moon is full; but her silver light
The storm dashes out with its wings to-night;
And over the sky from south to north
Not a star is seen, as the wind comes forth
In the strength of a mighty glee.

II.

All day had the snow come down—all day
As it never came down before;
And over the hills, at sun-set, lay
Some two or three feet, or more;
The fence was lost, and the wall of stone;
The windows blocked and the well-curbs
gone;

The haystack had grown to a mountain lift,

And the wood-pile looked like a monster

drift,

As it lay by the farmer's door.

The night sets in on a world of snow,

While the air grows sharp and chill,

And the warning roar of a fearful blow

Is heard on the distant hill;

And the norther, see! on the mountain peak
In his breath how the old trees writhe and

shriek!

He shouts on the plain, ho-ho! ho-ho!
He drives from his nostrils the blinding snow,
And growls with a savage will.

Ш.

Such a night as this to be found abroad,
In the drifts and the freezing air,
Sits a shivering dog, in the field, by the road,
With the snow in his shaggy hair.
He shuts his eyes to the wind and growls;
He lifts his head, and moans and howls;
Then crouching low, from the cutting sleet,
His nose is pressed on his quivering feet—
Pray what does the dog do there?

A farmer came from the village plain—
But he lost the travelled way;
And for hours he trod with might and many and a path for his horse and sleigh;
But colder still the cold winds blew,
And deeper still the deep drifts grew,
And his mare, a beautiful Morgan brown,
At last in her struggles floundered down,
Where a log in a hollow lay.

In vain, with a neigh and a frenzied snort,
She plunged in the drifting snow,
While her master urged, till his breath gre
short,

With a word and a gentle blow;
But the snow was deep, and the tugs we tight;

His hands were numb and had lost the might;

So he wallowed back to his half-filled sleig And strove to shelter himself till day, With his coat and the buffalo.

IV.

He has given the last faint jerk of the reference To rouse up his dying steed;
And the poor dog howls to the blast in various For help in his master's need.
For a while he strives with a wistful cry To catch a glance from his drowsy eye, And wags his tail if the rude winds flap The skirt of the buffalo over his lap, And whines when he takes no heed

V.

The wind goes down and the storm is o'e 'T is the hour of midnight, past;
The old trees writhe and bend no more In the whirl of the rushing blast.
The silent moon with her peaceful light Looks down on the hills with snow all what And the giant shadow of Camel's Hump,
The blasted pine and the ghostly stump.
Afar on the plain are cast.

But cold and dead by the hidden log

Are they who came from the town—

The man in his sleigh, and his faithful do

And his beautiful Morgan brown—

to anow desert, far and grand,

sp on his head and the rems in his

d-

ith his nose on his master's feet, have half seen through the crusted et,

The lay when she floundered down.
CHARLES GANAGE EASTMAN

HE HUNTER'S VISION.

rock that, high and sheer,
from the mountain's breast,
y hunter of the deer
sat hun down to rest,
red to the soft summer air
red brow and sweaty hair.

in haze the mountains lay,
dimmer vales between;
vers glimmered on their way,
brests faintly seen;
ever rose a murmuring sound,
brooks below and bees around.

med, till he seemed to hear rain, so soft and low thether in the mind or ear listener scarce might know; nch a tone, so sweet, so mild, telling mother lulis her child.

reary huntsman," thus it said,
on fault with toil and heat,
count land of rest is spread
to the very feet,
ose whem then wouldst gladly me
iting there to welcome thee."

tod, and 'twixt the earth and sky
the conditide haze,
bwy region that his eye
go a beneath I wante
a vapors of the air
illered into shapes a.

Groves freshened as he looked, and flowers
Showed bright on rocky bank,
And fountains welled beneath the bowers,
Where deer and pheasant drank.
He saw the glittering streams, he heard
The rustling bough and twittering bird.

And friends, the dead, in boylood dear,
There lived and walked again;
And there was one who many a year
Within her grave had lain,
A fair young girl, the hamlet's pride—
His heart was breaking when she died.

Bounding, as was her wont, she came
Right towards his resting place.
And stretched her hand and called his name.
With that sweet smiling face.
Forward with fixed and eager eyes.
The hunter leaned in act to rise:

Forward he leaned—and headlong down
Plunged from that craggy wall;
He saw the rocks, steep, stern, and brown
An instant, in his fall—
A frightful instant, and no more,
The dream and life at once were o'er.

William Culler Butary.

SOFTLY WOO AWAY HER BREATH.

Sorrix woo away her breath,
Gentle death!

Let her leave thee with no strife,
Tender, mouraful, murmuring life!

She hath seen her happy day—
blo hath had her bud and blossom

Now she pales and shrinks away,
Earth, into thy gentle bosom!

She hath done her ladding here,

Angela don't

Hear far perfect such above,

h of the skits—a sect love!

- no ard the mon, it must,

is wed to track.

- 60 common.

MARKET THRESTORY

THE MAY QUEEN.

I.

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;

To-morrow'll be the happiest time of all the glad new-year-

Of all the glad new-year, mother, the maddest, merriest day;

For I'm to be queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be queen o' the May.

II.

There's many a black, black eye, they say, but none so bright as mine;

There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and Caroline;

But none so fair as little Alice in all the land, they say:

So I'm to be queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be queen o' the May.

ш.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,

If you do not call me loud when the day begins to break;

But I must gather knots of flowers and buds, and garlands gay;

For I'm to be queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be queen o' the May.

IV.

As I came up the valley, whom think ye should I see,

But Robin leaning on the bridge beneath the hazel-tree?

He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him yesterday,—

But I'm to be queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be queen o' the May.

v.

He thought I was a ghost, mother. for I was all in white;

flash of light.

They call me cruel-hearted, but I care what they say,

For I'm to be queen o' the May, mot I'm to be queen o' the May.

VI.

They say he's dying all for love—bu: can never be;

They say his heart is breaking, mother—v is that to me?

There's many a bolder lad'll woo me summer day;

And I'm to be queen o' the May, mot I'm to be queen o' the May.

VII.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morro the green,

And you'll be there, too, mother, to se made the queen;

For the shepherd lads on every side 'll o from far away;

And I'm to be queen o' the May, mo I'm to be queen o' the May.

VIII.

The honeysuckle round the porch has w its wavy bowers,

And by the meadow-trenches blow the sweet cuckoo-flowers;

And the wild marsh-marigold shines lil in swamps and hollows gray;

And I'm to be queen o' the May, m I'm to be queen o' the May.

IX.

The night-winds come and go, mother. the meadow-grass,

And the happy stars above them se brighten as they pass;

There will not be a drop of rain the wl the livelong day;

And I'm to be queen o' the May, mothe to be queen o' the May.

X.

All the valley, mother, 'Il be fresh and and still,

And I ran by him without speaking, like a And the cowslip and the crowfoot as all the hill.



the rivulet in the flowery dale 'li merrily glance and play,

I'm to be queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be queen o' the May.

you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,

morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad new-year:

morrow 'll be of all the year the maddest, merriest day,

r I'm to be queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be queen o' the May.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

I.

you're waking, call me early, call me early, mother dear,

I would see the sun rise upon the glad new-year.

s the last new-year that I shall ever seem you may lay me low i' the mould, and think no more of me.

IL

night I saw the sun set—he set and left

. good old year, the dear old time, and all my peace of mind;

d the new-year's coming up, mother; but I shall never see

blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf upon | On the oat-grass and the sword-grass, and the the tree.

M.

May we made a crown of flowers; we had a merry day-

teath the hawthorn on the green they made me queen of May;

d we danced about the May-pole and in the hazel copse,

Charles's Wain came out above the tall white chimney-tops.

IV.

There's not a flower on all the hills—the frost is on the pane;

I only wish to live till the snowdrops come

I wish the snow would melt and the sun come out on high—

I long to see a flower so before the day I die.

The building rook 'll caw from the windy tall. elm-tree.

And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow

And the swallow 'll come back again with summer o'er the wave,

But I shall lie alone, mother, within the mouldering grave.

Upon the chancel-casement, and upon that grave of mine,

In the early, early morning the summer sun 'll ahîne,

Before the red cock crows from the farm upon the hill—

When you are warm-asleep, mother, and al! the world is still.

VЦ,

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the waning light

You'll never see me more in the long gray fields at night;

When from the dry dark wold the summer airs blow cool

bulrush in the pool.

You'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorn shade,

And you'll come sometimes and see me where I am lowly laid.

I shall not forget you, mother; I shall hear you when you pass,

With your feet above my head in the long and pleasant grass.

IX.

I have been wild and wayward, but you'll forgive me now;

You'll kiss me, my own mother, upon my cheek and brow;

Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let your grief be wild;

You should not fret for me, mother—you have another child.

X

If I can, I'll come again, mother, from out my resting-place;

Though you'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your face;

Though I cannot speak a word, I shall hearken what you say,

And be often, often with you when you think I'm far away.

XI.

Good-night! good-night! when I have said good-night for evermore,

And you see me carried out from the threshold of the door,

Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave be growing green—

She'll be a better child to you than ever I have been.

XII.

She 'll find my garden-tools upon the granary floor.

Let her take 'em—they are hers; I shall never garden more.

But tell her, when I'm gone, to train the rose-bush that I set

About the parlor-window, and the box of mignonette.

XIII.

Good-night, sweet mother! Call me before the day is born.

All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn;

But I would see the sun rise upon the glad new-year—

30, if you're waking, call me, call me early, mother dear.

CONCLUSION.

I.

I thought to pass away before, and yet alive I am;

And in the fields all round I hear the blesting of the lamb.

How sadly, I remember, rose the morning of the year!

To die before the snowdrop came, and now the violet's here.

II

Oh sweet is the new violet, that comes beneat the skies;

And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me that cannot rise;

And sweet is all the land about, and all the flowers that blow;

And sweeter far is death than life, to me that long to go.

Ш.

It seemed so hard at first, mother, to leave the blessed sun,

And now it seems as hard to stay; and yet, His will be done!

But still I think it can't be long before I find release;

And that good man, the clergyman, has wid me words of peace.

IV.

Oh blessings on his kindly voice, and on his silver hair!

And blessings on his whole life long, until he meet me there!

Oh blessings on his kindly heart and on his silver head!

A thousand times I blest him, as he knelt be side my bed.

٧.

He showed me all the mercy, for he taught me all the sin;

Now, though my lamp was lighted late there's One will let me in.

Nor would I now be well, mother, again, i that could be;

For my desire is but to pass to Him that die for me.



THE MAY QUEEN.

VĮ.

tch beatreeter token when the night ing meet; ly bed, mother, and put your

ie other side, and I will tell

VII.

March-morning I heard the <u>l</u> moon was setting, and the over all; to whisper, and the wind be-March-morning I heard them pul.

VIII.

in the house, and I no longer ngth I prayed for both-and

awake, I thought of you and

esigned,

ey came a swell of music on

ıı.

was fancy, and I listened in nething speak to me—I know was said; t and shuddering took hold mind, by came again the music on

I,

seping; and I said, "It's not -it's mine;" three times, I thought, I take it came, and close beside the)ATS--go right up to heaven and g the stars.

XI.

ie dog howl, mother, or the So now I think my time is near; I trust it is, I know

> The blessed music went that way my sou will have to go.

And for myself, indeed, I care not if I go to day:

But Effie, you must comfort her when I am past away.

XII.

And say to Robin a kind word, and tell him not to fret;

There's many worthier than I would make him happy yet.

If I had lived—I cannot tell—I might have been his wife;

But all these things have ceased to be, with my desire of life.

IU.

Oh look! the sun begins to rise! the heavens are in a glow;

He shines upon a hundred fields, and all of them I know.

And there I move no longer now, and there his light may shine-

Wild flowers in the valley for other hands than mine.

XIV.

Oh sweet and strange it seems to me, that ere this day is done

The voice that now is speaking may be beyond the sun-

For ever and for ever with those just souls and true—

And what is life, that we should mean? why make we such ado?

IV.

For ever and for ever, all in a blessed home, And there to wait a little while till you and Effie come—

To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your breast-

And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

LUNED TENYTON.

THE NYMPH COMPLAINING FOR THE DEATH OF HER FAWN.

THE wanton troopers, riding by, Have shot my fawn, and it will die. Ungentle men! they cannot thrive Who killed thee. Thou ne'er didst, alive, Them any harm; alas! nor could Thy death yet do them any good. I'm sure I never wished them ill— Nor do I for all this, nor will; But, if my simple prayers may yet Prevail with heaven to forget Thy murder, I will join my tears, But, oh my fears! Rather than fail. Heaven's king It cannot die so. Keeps register of every thing; And nothing may we use in vain; Even beasts must be with justice slain— Else men are made their deodands. Though they should wash their guilty hands In this warm life-blood, which doth part From thine and wound me to the heart, Yet could they not be clean—their stain Is dyed in such a purple grain; There is not such another in The world to offer for their sin.

Inconstant Sylvio! when yet
I had not found him counterfeit,
One morning (I remember well),
Tied in this silver chain and bell,
Gave it to me; nay, and I know
What he said then—I'm sure I do:
Said he, "Look how your huntsman here
Hath taught a fawn to hunt his dear!"
But Sylvio soon had me beguiled—
This waxed tame, while he grew wild;
And, quite regardless of my smart,
Left me his fawn, but took his heart.

Thenceforth, I set myself to play My solitary time away,
With this; and, very well content,
Could so mine idle life have spent.
For it was full of sport, and light
Of foot and heart, and did invite
Me to its game. It seemed to bless
Itself in me; how could I less
Than love it? Oh I cannot be
Unkind t' a beast that loveth me.

Had it lived long, I do not know
Whether it, too, might have done so
As Sylvio did—his gifts might be
Perhaps as false, or more, than he.
For I am sure, for aught that I
Could in so short a time espy,
Thy love was far more better than
The love of false and cruel man.

With sweetest milk, and sugar, first
I it at mine own fingers nursed;
And as it grew, so every day
It waxed more white and sweet than they
It had so sweet a breath! and oft
I blushed to see its foot more soft
And white—shall I say than my hand?
Nay, any lady's of the land.

It is a wondrous thing how fleet
'T was on those little silver feet!
With what a pretty, skipping grace
It oft would challenge me the race!
And when 't had left me far away,
'T would stay, and run again, and stay;
For it was nimbler, much, than hinds,
And trod as if on the four winds.

I have a garden of my own— But so with roses overgrown, And lilies, that you would it guess To be a little wilderness; And all the spring-time of the year It only loved to be there. Among the beds of lilies I Have sought it oft, where it should lie; Yet could not, till itself would rise, Find it, although before mine eyes; For in the flaxen lilies' shade It like a bank of lilies laid. Upon the roses it would feed, Until its lips ev'n seemed to bleed; And then to me 't would boldly trip, And print those roses on my lip. But all its chief delight was still On roses thus itself to fill; And its pure virgin limbs to fold In whitest sheets of lilies cold. Had it lived long, it would have been Lilies without, roses within.

Oh help! oh help! I see it faint,
And die as calmly as a saint!
See how it weeps! the tears do come,
Sad, slowly, dropping like a gum.
So weens the wounded balsam: so



LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

kincense doth flow; as Heliades umber tears as these. n vial will ro crystal tears; and fill erflow, with mine; in Diana's shrine. eet fawn is vanished to wans and turtles go; n to endure, ite lambs, and ermins pure. too fast! for I ak thy grave, and die. happy statue shall ble; and withal, oing too! But there sure his art may spare, thee bemosn eep though I be stone; s, still drooping, wear mselves engraving there. eet shalt thou be laid, aster made; ave thine image be 1, though not as thee.

ANDERW MARVELL.

F THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

n the stile, Mary,
a sat side by side
May mornin' long ago,
t you were my bride;
as springin' fresh and green,
ark sang loud and high;
I was on your lip, Mary,
ove-light in your eye.

little changed, Mary;
s bright as then;
oud song is in my ear,
corn is green again;
he soft clasp of your hand,
breath, warm on my check;
keep list'nin' for the words
r more will speak.

top down youder lane, little church stands near— 67 The church where we were wed, Mary;
I see the spire from here.
But the grave-yard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest—
For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary—
For the poor make no new friends;
But, oh! they love the better still
The few our Father sends!
And you were all I had, Mary—
My blessin' and my pride;
There's nothing left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary.
That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul.
And my arm's young strength was gone.
There was comfort ever on your lip,
And the kind look on your brow—
I bless you, Mary, for that same,
Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile

When your heart was fit to break—
When the hunger pain was gnawin' there.

And you hid it for my sake;
I bless you for the pleasant word,

When your heart was sad and sore—
Oh! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,

Where grief can't reach you more!

I'm biddin' you a long farewell,
My Mary—kind and true!
But I'll not forget you, darling,
In the land I'm goin' to;
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there—
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair!

And often in those grand old woods

I'll sit, and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again

To the place where Mary lies;
And I'll think I see the little stile

Where we sat side by side,
And the springin' corn, and the bright Maymorn,

When first you were my bride,

hen first you were my bride.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

"Drowned! Drowned!"—HANLEY.

ONE more unfortunate, Weary of breath, Rashly importunate, Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly, Lift her with care! Fashioned so slenderly— Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements,
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing!

Touch her not scornfully! Think of her mournfully, Gently and humanly—Not of the stains of her; All that remains of her Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny,
Rash and undutifui;
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers— One of Eve's family— Wipe those poor lips of hers, Oozing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb—
Her fair auburn tresses—
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh! it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed—
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river:
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurled—
Any where, any where
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly—
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran—
Over the brink of it!
Picture it—think of it!
Dissolute man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly— Lift her with care! Fashioned so slenderly— Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs, frigidly,
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently, kindly,
Smooth and compose them;
And her eyes, close them.
Staring so blindly!



THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest!
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness, Her evil behavior, And leaving, with meekness, Her sins to her Saviour!

THOMAS HOOD.

THE MOTHER'S LAST SONG.

moon abroad—no star is glowing; e river is deep, and the tide is flowing the land where you and I are going!

We are going afar,
Beyond moon or star,
To the land where the sinless angels are!

was melted away by his looks of fire)—
tgot my God, and my father's ire,
for the sake of a man's desire;
But now we'll go
Where the waters flow,
and make us a bed where none shall

world is cruel—the world is untrue;
foes are many, our friends are few;
work, no bread, however we sue!
at is there left for me to do,
But fly—fly

know.

From the cruel sky,

End hide in the deepest deeps—and die!

Banky Comwall.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

With eyelids heavy and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing sloof!
And work—work,
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It 's oh! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!

"Work—work—work
Till the brain begins to swim!
Work—work—work
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam—
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

"O men, with sisters dear!
O men, with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt—
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt!

"But why do I talk of death—
That phantom of grisly bone?
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own
Because of the fasts I keep;
O God 1 that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work—work—work!

My labor never flags;

And what are its wages? A bed of straw

A crust of bread—and rags,

That shattered roof—and this naked floor— A table—a broken chair— And a wall so blank my shadow I thank For sometimes falling there!

"Work—work—work!
From weary chime to chime!
Work—work—work—
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band—
Till the heart is sick as
As well as the wear

"Work—work—work
In the dull Decembe
And work—work—wo
When the weather is
While underneath the
The brooding swallo
As if to show me their
And twit me with the

"Oh! but to breathe the oreath
Of the cowalip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet!
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want
And the walk that costs a meal!

'Oh! but for one short hour—
A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart;
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch—
Would that its tone could reach the rich!—
She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

TROULS HOOD.

SONG OF THE BILENT LAI

laro the silent land!
Ah! who shall lead us thither?
Clouds in the evening sky more dark?
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on th
Who leads us with a gentle hand
Thither, oh, thither!
Into the silent land?

lute the silent land!
To you, ye boundless regions
Of all perfection! Tender morningOf beauteous souls! The future's pl
band!
Who in life's battle firm doth stand
Thall bear hope's tender blossoms
Into the silent land!

O land! O land!
For all the broken-hearted
The mildest herald by our fate ellotte
Beckons, and with inverted torch do
To lead us with a gentle hand
Into the land of the great departed—
Into the silent land!

JOHARN GAUDENE VON SAIM. (G.
Translation of H. W. LONGENLOW.

THE PAUPER'S DEATHBEI

Tread softly! bow the head— In reverent silence bow! No passing bell doth toll; Yet an immortal soul Is passing now.

Stranger, however great,
With lowly reverence bow!
There's one in that poor shedOne by that paltry bedGreater than thon.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
Lo! Death doth keep his statement in the country attendance in the country and a second attendance in the country palace gate.



THE LAST JOURNEY.

That pavement damp and cold No smiling courtiers tread; One silent woman stands, Lifting with meagre hands A dying head.

No mingling voices sound—
An infant wail alone;
A sob suppressed—again
That short deep gasp—and then
The parting groan!

Oh! change—oh! wondrous change!
Burst are the prison bars!
This moment there, so low,
So agonized—and now
Beyond the stars!

Oh! change—stupendous change!
There lies the soulless clod!
The sun eternal breaks;
The new immortal wakes—
Wakes with his God.

CAROLINE BOWLES SOUTHET.

THE LAST JOURNEY.

Stower, with measured tread,
Onward we bear the dead
To his lone home;
Short grows the homeward road—
On with your mortal load!—
O grave! we come.

Yet, yet—ah! hasten not
Past each remembered spot
Where he hath been—
Where late he walked in glee,
These from henceforth to be
Never more seen!

Rest ye—set down the bier!
One he loved dwelleth here;
Let the dead lie
A moment that door beside,
Wont to fly open wide
Ere he drew nigh.

Hearken!—he speaketh yet!—
"O friend! wilt thou forget
(Friend—more than brother!)
How hand in hand we've gone,
Heart with heart linked in one—
All to each other?

"O friend! I go from thee— Where the worm feasteth free, Darkly to dwell; Giv'st thou no parting kiss! Friend! is it come to this! O friend, farewell!"

Uplift your load again!
Take up the mourning strain—
Pour the deep wail!
Lo! the expected one
To his place passeth on—
Grave! bid him hail!

Yet, yet—ah! slowly move
Bear not the form we love
Fast from our sight—
Let the air breathe on him,
And the sun beam on him
Last looks of light.

Here dwells his mortal foe;
Lay the departed low,
Even at his gate!
Will the dead speak again—
Utt'ring proud boasts, and vain
Last words of hate?

Lo! the cold lips unclose—
List! list! what sounds are those,
Plaintive and low?
"O thou, mine enemy!
Come forth and look on me,
Ere hence I go.

"Curse not thy formen now— Mark! on his pallid brow Whose seal is set! Pardoning I pass thy way; Then wage not war with clay — Pardon—forget!" Now, now the goal is won!

O grave, we come!

Seal up the precious dust—

Land of the good and just,

Take the soul home!

CAROLINE BOWLES SOUTHEY.

THE PAUPER'S DRIVE.

THERE's a grim one-horse hearse in a jolly round trot—

To the church-yard a pauper is going, I wot; The road it is rough, and the hearse has no springs;

And hark to the dirge which the mad driver sings:

Rattle his bones over the stones!

He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!

Oh, where are the mourners? Alas! there are none—

He has left not a gap in the world, now he's gone—

Not a tear in the eye of child, woman, or man;

To the grave with his carcass as fast as you can:

Rattle his bones over the stones!

He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!

What a jolting, and creaking, and splashing, and din!

The whip how it cracks! and the wheels, how they spin!

How the dirt, right and left, o'er the hedges is hurled!—

The pauper at length makes a noise in the world!

Rattle his bones over the stones!

He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!

Poor pauper defunct! he has made some approach

To gentility, now that he's stretched in a coach!

He's taking a drive in his carriage at But it will not be long, if he goes on Rattle his bones over the stones! He's only a pauper, whom nobody of

You bumpkins! who stare at your conveyed—

Behold what respect to a cloddy is pai And be joyful to think, when by death laid low,

You've a chance to the grave like a g
to go!

Rattle his bones over the stones!

He's only a pauper, whom nobody or

But a truce to this strain; for my so sad,

To think that a heart in humanity class Should make, like the brutes, such a dend,

And depart from the light without le

Bear soft his bones over the stones!
Though a pauper, he's one whom his
yet owns!

THE DEATH-BED.

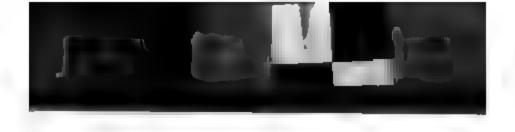
WE watched her breathing thro' the Her breathing soft and low, As in her breast the wave of life Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she sle
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came, dim and And chill with early showers, Her quiet eyelids closed—she had Another morn than ours.

Trockes



A DEATH-BED.

ering ended with the day; ved she at its close, athed the long, long night away, tue-like repose.

en the sun, in all his state, ed the eastern skies, sed through glory's morning-gate, walked in Paradise!

JAMES ALDERON.

! WHAT DO TEARS AVAIL!

hat can tears avail?
I dumb and pale,
m her eye
of lovely life is fading—
must die!
s the lover wroth—the friend upiding?
eply!

not dwelt too long
n, and grief, and wrong?
hy not die?
r again her doom of sorrow,
peless lie?
the trembling dream until to-mor??
reply!

Cake her to thine arms, stainless charms! th her fly aly haunts, where, clad in brights, els lie! her there, O death! in all her iteness? eply!

HESTER.

When maidens such as Hester die, Their place ye may not well supply, Though ye among a thousand try, With vain endeavor.

A month or more hath she been doed.
Yet cannot I by force be led
To think upon the wormy bed
And her, together.

A springy motion in her gait,
A rising step, did indicate
Of pride and joy no common rate,
That flushed her spirit;

I know not by what name beside
I shall it call:—if 't was not pride,
It was a joy to that allied,
She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule, Which doth the human feeling cool; But she was trained in nature's school— Nature had blessed her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind;
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind—
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbor, gone before To that unknown and silent shore! Shall we not meet, as heretofore, Some summer morning,

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray Hath struck a bliss upon the day— A bliss that would not go away— A sweet fore-warning?

CHARLES LAMB

LYCIDAS.

Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing
year.

Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear, Compels me to disturb your season due; For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime, Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer. Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme. He must not float upon his watery bier Unwept, and welter to the parching wind, Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin then, sisters of the sacred well,

That from beneath the seat of Jove doth
spring,

Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string. Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse; So may some gentle muse.

With lucky words favor my destined urn, And as he passes turn,

And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud;
For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and
rill.

Together both, ere the high lawns appeared

Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of
night,

Oft till the star that rose at evening bright Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.

Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute, Tempered to the oaten flute;

Rough satyrs danced, and fauns with cloven heel

From the glad song would not be absent long. And old Damætas loved to hear our song.

But oh, the heavy change, now thou art gone—

Now thou art gone, and never must return!
Thee, shepherd, thee the woods, and desert
caves,

With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'e grown,

And all their echoes, mourn;

The willows, and the hazel copses green,

Shall now no more be seen,
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,

Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,

Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,

When first the white-thorn blows;

Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ea.

Where were ye, nymphs, when the remorseless deep

Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycids!
For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old bards, the famous draids,
lie,

Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high, Nor yet where Deva spreads her wized stream—

Ay me! I fondly dream,

Had ye been there; for what could that have done?

What could the muse herself that Orpher bore,

The muse herself for her enchanting son, Whom universal nature did lament, When, by the rout that made the hideour roar,

His gory visage down the stream was sent.

Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore

Alas! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely, slighted shepherd's trade.
And strictly meditate the thankless muse!
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit dots

raise
(That last infirmity of noble minds)

To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,

Comes the blind fury with the abhorred

And slits the thin-spun life. But not the praise,

Phæbus replied, and touched my trembling ears;



plant that grows on mortal soil, zlistering foil ie world, nor in broad rumor lies; id spreads aloft by those pure eyes . witness of all-judging Jove; nunces lastly on each deed, fame in heaven expect thy meed. in Arethuse, and thou honored ing Mincius, crowned with vocal I heard was of a higher mood; y oat proceeds, to the herald of the sea in Neptune's ples; the waves, and asked the felon mishap hath doomed this gentle пî med every gust of rugged winds from off each beaked promontory; not of his story; ippotades their answer brings, s blast was from his dungeon ed: calm, and on the level brine be with all her sisters played. fatal and perfidious bark,

' eclipse, and rigged with curses

o low that sacred head of thine.

hairy, and his bonnet sedge.

nus, reverend sire, went footing

with figures dim, and on the edge, t sanguine flower, inscribed with

nath reft (quoth he) my dearest
ye?
and last did go,
'the Galilean Lake;
keys he bore of metals twain
opes, the iron shuts amain);
is mitred locks, and stern bespake:
ould I have spared for thee, young
o,
ch as for their bellies' sake
intrude, and climb into the fold?
re they little reckoning make,
to scramble at the shearers' feast,
away the worthy bidden guest;

Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold

A sheep-hook, or have learned aught else the least

That to the faithful herdsman's art belongs!
What recks it them? what need they? they
are sped;

And when they list, their lean and flashy songs

Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;

The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed, But, swollen with wind and the rank mist they draw,

Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said;
But that two-handed engine at the door,
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no
more.

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past, That shrunk thy streams; return Sicilian muse,

And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells, and flowerets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing
brooks.

On whose fresh lap the swart-star sparely looks,

Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes, That on the green turf suck the honied showers,

And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.

Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies, The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine, The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,

The glowing violet,

The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,

With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,

And every flower that sad embroidery wears
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laurent hearse where Lycid lies
For so to interpose a little case,

Let our frail thoughts daily with false wax mise.

Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas

Wash far away where'er thy bones are hurled, Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides, Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world; Or whether thou to our moist vows denied, Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old, Where the great vision of the guarded mount Looks towards Namancos and Bayona's hold; Look homeward angel now, and melt with ruth!

And, O ye dolphins, wast the hapless youth!
Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more!

For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor.
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled
ore

Flames in the forehead of the morning sky; So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high, Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves,

Where, other groves and other streams along, With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves, And hears the unexpressive nuptial song, In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love. There entertain bim all the saints above, In solemn troops and sweet societies, That sing, and singing in their glory move, And wipe the tears forever from his eyes. Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more; Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore, In thy large recompense, and shalt be good To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to th' oaks and rills,

While the still morn went out with sandals gray;

He touched the tender stops of various quills, With eager thought warbling his Doric lay.

And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,

And now was dropt into the western bay; At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue: To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

John Milton,

IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE HON EDWARD ERNEST VILLIERS.

ı.

A GRACE though melancholy, manly too, Moulded his being; pensive, grave, serene, O'er his habitual bearing and his mien Unceasing pain, by patience tempered three A shade of sweet austerity. But seen In happier hours and by the friendly few, That curtain of the spirit was withdrawn, And fancy light and playful as a fawn, And reason imped with inquisition keen, Knowledge long sought with ardor ever nev And wit love-kindled, showed in colors true What genial joys with sufferings can consist Then did all sternness melt as melts a mist Touched by the brightness of the gokle dawn,

Aërial heights disclosing, valleys green, And sunlights thrown the woodland tufts be tween,

And flowers and spangles of the dewy lawn

П

And even the stranger, though he saw not these,

Saw what would not be willingly passed by.

In his deportment, even when cold and shy,
Was seen a clear collectedness and ease,
A simple grace and gentle dignity,
That failed not at the first accost to please;
And as reserve relented by degrees,
So winning was his aspect and address,
His smile so rich in sad felicities,
Accordant to a voice which charmed no less
That who but saw him once remembered long,

And some in whom such images are strong
Have hoarded the impression in their heart
Fancy's fond dreams and memory's ion
among,

Like some loved relic of romantic song, Or cherished masterpiece of ancient art.

III.

His life was private; safely led, aloof
From the loud world,—which yet he under
stood



HENDERSON. ELEGY ON CAPTAIN

I wisely, as no worldling could. rivilege of his nature proof se glitter, from beneath the roof as from a cave, surveyed fast eye its flickering light and

judged for evil and for good. he mixed not for his own behoof trife, his spirit glowed with zeal, of action, for the public weal,nd justice as its warp and woof, n as its signature and seal. a sacred from the world, discharged ambition and inordinate care. rereised, by reverence rare by humility enlarged, emple and a place of prayer. ars he walked not singly there; is with him, ready at all hours his joys, his inmost thoughts to

intly his burthens helped to bear, d his altars daily with fresh flowers.

IV.

 may we pass not; for the ground an the muse herself may tread; I it should echo to a sound n than the service for the dead. erior matter,-my own loss,dear delights for ever fled, converse by affection fed, , counsel, solace, that across lest tracts a tender radiance shed. ny youth! though younger yet my by thy unerring insight clear ly way of life for many a year, ghtful friendship on thy death-bed my youth! whilst thou wast by my days still breathed a vernal breath; a charm thy life to me supplied and injury of time and tide, a disenchantment was thy death! HENRY TAYLOR.

ELEGY ON CAPTAIN MATTHEW HENDERSON.

O DEATH! thou tyrant fell and bloody! The muckle devil wi's woodie Haurl thee hame to his black smiddle, O'er hurcheon hides, And like stockfish come o'er his studdie Wi' thy auld sides!

He's gane! he's gane! he's frac us torn, The ae best fellow e'er was born! Thee, Matthew, nature's sel' shall mourn By wood and wild, Where, haply, pity strays forlorn, Frae man exiled.

Ye hills, near neebors o' the starns, That proudly cock your cresting cairns! Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing yearns, Where echo slumbers! Come join, ye nature's sturdiest bairs a My wailing numbers!

Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens! Ye hazelly shaws and briery dens! Ye burnies, wimplin down your gleus, Wi' todlin' din, Or foaming strang, wi' hasty stens, Frae linn to linn.

Mourn, little harebells owre the lea; Ye stately forgloves fair to see; Ye woodbinee hanging bonnilie, In scented bowers; Ye roses on your thorny tree, The first o' flowers!

At dawn, when every grassy blade Droops with a diamond at his head, At even, when beans their fragrance shed I' th' rustling gale, Ye maukins, whiddin' through the glade, Come, join my wail!

Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood Ye grouse that crap the heather bud. Ye carlews calling through a clud; Ye whistling plover; And mourn, ye whirring paitrick brood; He 's gade for ever!

Mourn, sooty coots, and speckled teals;
Ye fisher herons, watching eels;
Ye duck and drake, wi' airy wheels
Circling the lake;
Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels,
Rair for his sake!

Mourn, clam'ring craiks, at close o' day,
'Mang fields o' flowering clover gay!

And when ye wing your annual way

Frae our cauld shore,

Tell thae far worlds wha lies in clay,

Wham we deplore.

Ye howlets, frae your ivy bower,
In some auld tree, or eldritch tower,
What time the moon, wi' silent glower,
Sets up her horn,
Wail through the weary midnight hour
Till waukrife morn!

O rivers, forests, hills, and plains!
Oft have ye heard my cantie strains;
But now, what else for me remains
But tales of woe;
And frae my een the drapping rains
Maun ever flow!

Mourn, spring, thou darling of the year!
Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear;
Thou, simmer, while each corny spear
Shoots up his head,
Thy gay, green, flow'ry tresses shear,
For him that's dead!

Then autumn, wi' thy yellow hair,
In grief thy sallow mantle tear!
Thou, winter, hurling through the air
The roaring blast,
Wide o'er the naked world declare
The worth we 've lost!

Mourn him, thou sun, great source of light!

Mourn, empress of the silent night!

And you, ye twinkling starnies bright,

My Matthew mourn!

For through your orbs he's taen his flight.

For through your orbs he's taen his flight, Ne'er to return.

O Henderson! the man! the brother!
And art thou gone, and gone for ever?
And hast thou crossed that unknown river,
Life's dreary bound?
Like thee, where shall I find another,
The world around?

Go to your sculptured tomba ye great,
In a' the tinsel trash o' state!
But by thy honest turf I'll wait
Thou man of worth!
And weep the ae best fellow's fate
E'er lay in earth.

ROBERT BURN

A FUNERAL HYMN.

YE midnight shades, o'er nature spread!

Dumb silence of the dreary hour!

In honor of th' approaching dead,

Around your awful terrors pour.

Yes, pour around,

On this pale ground,

Through all this deep surrounding gloom,

The sober thought,

The tear untaught,
Those meetest mourners at a tomb.

Lo! as the surpliced train draw near
To this last mansion of mankind,
The slow sad bell, the sable bier,
In holy musings wrap the mind!
And while their beam,
With trembling stream,
Attending tapers faintly dart,
Each mouldering bone,
Each sculptured stone,
Strikes mute instruction to the heart!

Now, let the sacred organ blow,
With solemn pause, and sounding slow
Now, let the voice due measure keep,
In strains that sigh, and words that we
Till all the vocal current blended roll,
Not to depress, but lift the soaring soul

To lift it to the Maker's praise,

Who first informed our frame with brea
And, after some few stormy days,

Now, gracious, gives us o'er to death.

No king of fears

In him appears,

Who shuts the scene of human woes:

Beneath his shade

Securely laid,

The dead alone find true repose.



OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

ingle dust with dust,
rely good and wise,
God is just,
happy when he dies!
er past,
ng at last
rer flowery shore,
leasure's rose
d blows,
w are no more!

DAVID MALLEYY.

E BUT THE WINTER CAULD.

out the winter cauld, were but the snaw, in the wild woods, mroses blaw.

snaw at my head, at my feet, er o' death 's at my een, em to sleep.

my father, her sae dear; m baith in heaven ing o' the year.

ALLAN CONNINGHAM.

ID AWAY IN BEAUTY'S BLOOM.

'ny in beauty's bloom, iss no ponderous tomb; f shall roses rear he earliest of the year; press wave in tender gloom.

Jue gushing stream
can her drooping head,
rought with many a dream,
pause and lightly tread—
as if her step disturbed the

7 that tears are vain, r heeds nor hears distress: Will this unteach us to complain?

Or make one mourner weep the less?

And thou—who tell'st me to forget,

Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

Losp Breek.

CORONACH.

HE is gone on the mountain. He is lost to the forest, Like a summer-dried fountain. When our need was the sorest. The font re-appearing From the rain-drops shall borrow; But to us comes no cheering. To Duncan no morrow ! The hand of the reaper Takes the ears that are heary, But the voice of the weeper Wails manhood in glory. The autumn winds rushing. Waft the leaves that are searest, But our flower was in flushing, When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and for ever.

BIR WALTER SCOTT.

OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

On! breathe not his name! let it sleep in the shade,

Where cold and unhonored his relies are laid. Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we shed, As the night dew that falls on the grave o'er his head.

But the night dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,

Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;

And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,

Shall long keep his memory green in our scale.

A DIRGE.

I.

Now is done thy long day's work; Fold thy palms across thy breast— Fold thine arms, turn to thy rest.

Let them rave.
Shadows of the silver birk
Sweep the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

II.

Thee nor carketh care nor slander; Nothing but the small cold worm Fretteth thine enshrouded form.

Let them rave.

Light and shadow ever wander

O'er the green that folds thy grave.

Let them rave.

m.

Thou wilt not turn upon thy bed; Chanteth not the brooding bee Sweeter tones than calumny?

Let them rave.

Thou wilt never raise thine head

From the green that folds thy grave.

Let them rave.

IV.

Crocodiles wept tears for thee;
The woodbine and eglatere
Drip sweeter dews than traitor's tear.
Let them rave.

Rain makes music in the tree
O'er the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

٧.

Round thee blow, self-pleached deep Bramble roses, faint and pale, And long purples of the dale.

Let them rave.

These in every shower creep
Through the green that folds thy grave.

Let them rave.

VI.

The gold-eyed kingcups fine,
The frail bluebell peereth over
Rare broid'ry of the purple clover.

Let them rave.

Kings have no such couch as thine, As the green that folds thy grave. Let them rave.

VIL

Wild words wander here and there God's great gift of speech abused

Makes thy memory confused—

But let them rave.

The balm-cricket carols clear
In the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

ALFRED TENETR

THE DIRGE OF IMOGEN.

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun,

Nor the furious winter's rages;

Thou thy worldly task hast done,

Home art gone, and ta'en thy wage

Golden lads and girls all must,

As chimney-sweepers, come to dust

Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak.
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finished joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!

Nor no witchcraft charm thee!

Ghost unlaid forbear thee!

Nothing ill come near thee!

Quiet consummation have;

And renowned be thy grave!

SEAKESPEAK



DIRGE OF JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

F JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

SUNG BY THE VIRGINS.

the wonder of all dayes!

n, and pearl of praise!

martyr, ever blest
Above the rest
maiden traine! We come,
g fresh strewings to thy tombe.

is, and thus we compasse round ilesse and unhaunted ground; e sing thy dirge, we will The daffodill, r flowers, lay upon of our love, thy stone.

nder of all maids, rest here—
ters all, the decrest decre;
of virgins; nsy, the queen
Of this smooth green,
weet meades from whence we get
rose and the violet.

x, too deere, did Jephthah buy, id losse, our liberty; he bond and cov'nant, yet Thou paid'st the debt; I maid! he won the day, he conquest thou didst pay.

r brought with him along branch, and victor's song; he Ammonites we know— But to thy woe; e purchase of our peace was worse than the disease.

a obedient zeale of thine here, before thy shrine, for storax, teares for wine; And, to make fine thy herse-cloth, we will here se bestrew thee every yeere.

or this thy praise, our tears; his offering of our haires; hese christall vials, filled With tears distilled From teeming eyes; to these we bring, Each maid, her silver filleting,

To guild thy tombe; besides, these caules.

These laces, ribbands, and these faules—
These veiles, wherewith we use to hide
The bashfull bride,

When we conduct her to her groome;

All, all we key upon thy tombe.

No more, no more, since thou art dead, Shall we e'er bring coy brides to bed; No more, at yeerly festivalls, We cowalip balls, Or chaines of columbines, shall make

For this or that occasion's cake.

No, no! our maiden pleasures be
Wrapt in the winding-sheet with thee;
'T is we are dead, though not i' th' grave;
Or if we have
One seed of life left, 't is to keep
A Lent for thee, to fast and weep.

Sleep in thy peace, thy bed of spice, And make this place all paradise; May sweets grow here, and smoke from hence

Fat frankincense; Let balme and cassia send their scent From out thy maiden monument.

May no wolfe howle, or screech-owle stir A wing about thy sepulchre; No boysterous winds or storms come hither.

To starve or wither

Thy soft sweet earth; but, like a spring,
Love keep it ever flourishing.

May all shie maids, at wonted hours, Come forth to strew thy tombe with flowers May virgins, when they come to mourn,

Male incense burn Upon thine altar; then return, And leave thee sleeping in thy urn.

ROBERT HEARICK.

DIRGE.

- "On dig a grave, and dig it deep,
 Where I and my true-love may sleep!"
 We'll dig a grave, and dig it deep,
 Where thou and thy true love shall sleep!
- "And let it be five fathom low,
 Where winter winds may never blow!"
 And it shall be five fathoms low,
 Where winter winds shall never blow!
- "And let it be on yonder hill,
 Where grows the mountain daffodil!"
 And it shall be on yonder hill,
 Where grows the mountain daffodil!
- "And plant it round with holy briers,
 To fright away the fairy fires!"
 We'll plant it round with holy briers,
 To fright away the fairy fires!
- "And set it round with celandine,
 And nodding heads of columbine!"
 We'll set it round with celandine,
 And nodding heads of columbine!
- "And let the ruddock build his nest
 Just above my true-love's breast!"—
 The ruddock he shall build his nest
 Just above thy true-love's breast!—
- "And warble his sweet wintry song
 O'er our dwelling all day long!"

 And he shall warble his sweet song
 O'er your dwelling all day long.
- "Now, tender friends, my garments take, And lay me out for Jesus' sake!"

 And we will now thy garments take,
 And lay thee out for Jesus' sake!
- "And lay me by my true-love's side,
 That I may be a faithful bride!"
 We'll lay thee by thy true-love's side,
 That thou may'st be a faithful bride!
- "When I am dead, and buried be,
 Pray to God in heaven for me!"

 Now thou art dead, we'll bury thee,
 And pray to God in heaven for thee!

 Benedicite!

 WILLIAM STANLEY ROSCOR.

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE

SUNG BY GUIDERUS AND ARVIRAGUS OF FIDELE, SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall be
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear,
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No withered witch shall here be seen-No goblins lead their nightly crew; The female fays shall haunt the green, And dress thy grave with pearly de-

The redbreast oft, at evening hours,
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gathered flower.
To deck the ground where thou art

When howling winds and beating rain In tempests shake the sylvan cell, Or 'midst the chase, on every plain, The tender thought on thee shall de

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed;
Beloved till life can charm no more,
And mourned till pity's self be des
WILLIAM COL

DIRGE.

If thou wilt ease thine heart

Of love, and all its smart—

Then sleep, dear, sleep!

And not a sorrow

Hang any tear on your eyelashes:

Lie still and deep,

Sad soul, until the sea-wave wash

The rim o' the sun to-morrow,

In eastern sky.



DIRGE FOR A YOUNG GIRL.

nre thine heart
its smart—
lear, die!
eeter,
se bank to lie dreaming
d eye;
ne, amid the beaming
thou'lt meet her
sky.

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOM.

NG AND DIRGE.

and a rose-wreath sweet, and a winding-sheet, sed and a bier! isses, maid, love's alarms; youth, be laid 's cold arms: own charms—
1 Hymen both are here. scythe and torch, old church porch, the bells ring clear; the bed shall bloom, arthy heap up the tomb.

mples on your cheek—
ips to taste and speak,
ho kisses is near:
ideged fair,
power and force;
rizard bare,
t on a pale horse,
n to a corse—
id Hymen both are here.
scythe and torch,
old church porch,
I the bells ring clear;
iy the bed shall bloom,
earthy heap up the tomb.
THOMAL LOYELL BERDOOM

DIRGE.

ě.

Sorrey!
She is lying
With her lips apart.
Softly!
She is dying of a broken heart.

ά.

Whisper!
She is going
To her final rest.
Whisper!
Life is growing
Dim within her breast.

Ш.

Gently!
She is sleeping;
She has breathed her last.
Gently!
While you are weeping,
She to heaven has past!
CHARLES GARAGE EASTHAN

DIRGE FOR A YOUNG GIRL

Undernmath the sod low-lying,
Dark and drear,
Sleepeth one who left, in dying
Sorrow here.

Yes, they 're ever bending o'er her

Eyes that weep;

Forms, that to the cold grave bore her

Vigils keep.

When the summer moon is shining
Soft and fair,
Friends she loved in tears are twining
Chaplets there

Rest in peace, thou gentle spirit,

Throned above—

Souls like thine with God inherit

Life and love?

3000 T. Transa

A BRIDAL DIRGE.

WEAVE no more the marriage chain!
All unmated is the lover;
Death has ta'en the place of pain;
Love doth call on love in vain;
Life and years of hope are over!

No more want of marriage bell!

No more need of bridal favor!

Where is she to w

You beside the lov

Gone—with all

Paler than the stor Colder than the Wherefore did she (She with pity in 1 Mother's care, as

Youth and beauty
Last beyond a h
No—a prayer and them song.
This the truest lover's lot,
This the sum of human sorrow!
BARRY CORRWALL.

DIRGE.

Where shall we make her grave?

Oh, where the wild-flowers wave
In the free air!

When shower and singing bird

'Midst the young leaves are heard—
There—lay her there!

Harsh was the world to her— Now may sleep minister Balm for each ill; Low on sweet nature's breast Let the meek heart find rest, Deep, deep and still!

Murmur, glad waters, by !
Faint gales, with happy sigh,
Come wandering o'er
That green and mossy bed,
Where, on a gentle head,
Storms beat no more!

What though for her in vain
Falls now the bright spring-mi
Plays the soft wind?
Yet still, from where she lies,
Should blessed breathings rise,
Gracious and kind.

Therefore let song and detr,
Thence, in the heart renew
Life's vernal glow!
And o'er that hely earth
Scents of the violet's birth
Still come and go!

Oh, then, where wild-flowers we Make ye her mossy grave
In the free air!
Where shower and singing-hird Midst the young leaves are here.
There, lay her there!
FRANCE DOSONIES

THE PHANTOM.

AGAIN I sit within the mansion, In the old, familiar ceat; And shade and sunshine chase each O'er the carpet at my feet.

But the sweet-brier's arms have use upwards
In the summers that are past,
And the willow trails its branches leaf.
Than when I saw them last.

They strive to shut the sunshine will From out the haunted room—
To fill the house, that once was joy
With silence and with gloom.

And many kind, remembered faces
Within the doorway come—
Voices, that wake the sweeter musi
Of one that now is dumb.

They sing, in tones as glad as ever,
The songs ake loved to hear;
They braid the rose in summer gais
Whose flowers to her were dest.



ICHABOD.

ner footsteps in the passage, hes at the door, words of maiden welcome, ck to me once more.

getful of my sorrow, 'ul of my pain, has but newly left me, 1 will come again.

vithout, perchance, a moment, her dark-brown hair; rustle of her garments t step on the stair!

g heart! control thy tumult, profane should see betray the rush of rapture ing brings to me!

long: but lo! a whisper
he open door—
g through the quiet sunshine,
y on the floor!

e whispering pine that calls me, whose shadow strays; tient heart must still await her, e her long delays.

art grows sick with weary wait-

a time before: ever at the threshold, r passes o'er.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

I ON ELIZABETH L. H.

hou heare what man can say
—reader, stay!

this stone doth lye
eauty as could dye;
fe did harbor give
rtue than doth live.

had a fault,
ried in this vault.

was Elizabeth—
et it sleep with death:
re it dyed to tell,
it lived at all. Farewell!

Ban Jomon.

ICHABOD.

So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn
Which once he wore!
The glory from his gray bairs gone
For evermore!

Revile him not—the tempter hath
A snare for all!
And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,
Befit his fall!

Oh! dumb is passion's stormy rage,
When he who might
Have lighted up and led his age,
Falls back in night.

Scorn! Would the angels laugh, to mark
A bright soul driven,
Fiend-goaded, down the endless dark,
From hope and heaven?

Let not the land, once proud of him,
Insult him now;
Nor brand with deeper shame his dim,
Dishonored brow.

But let its humbled sons, instead,
From sea to lake,
A long lament, as for the dead,
In sadness make.

Of all we loved and honored, naught
Save power remains—
A fallen angel's pride of thought,
Still strong in chains.

All else is gone; from those great eyes
The soul has fled:
When faith is lost, when honor dies,
The man is dead!

Then, pay the reverence of old days

To his dead fame;

Walk backward, with averted gaze,

And hide the shame!

Journ Grandelle Williams

THE LOST LEADER.

I.

Just for a handful of silver he left us;
Just for a riband to stick in his coat—
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
Lost all the others she lets us devote.
They with the gold to give doled him out

They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver,

So much was theirs who so little allowed. How all our copper had gone for his service! Rags—were they purple, his heart had been proud!

We that had loved him so, followed him, honored him,

Lived in his mild and magnificent eye, Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,

Made him our pattern to live and to die! Shakspeare was of us, Milton was for us,

Burns, Shelley, were with us—they watch from their graves!

He alone breaks from the van and the freemen;

He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!

II.

We shall march prospering—not through his presence;

Songs may inspirit us—not from his lyre; Deeds will be done—while he boasts his quiescence,

Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire.

Blot out his name, then—record one lost soul more,

One task more declined, one more footpath untrod,

One more triumph for devils, and sorrow for angels,

One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!

Life's night begins; let him never come back to us!

There would be doubt, hesitation and pain, forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twilight,

Never glad, confident morning again !

Best fight on well, for we taught hin gallantly,

Aim at our heart ere we pierce thrown;

Then let him receive the new knowle wait us,

Pardoned in heaven, the first throne!

ROBERT BE

ON THE FUNERAL OF CHARTHE FIRST,

AT NIGHT IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, W

THE castle clock had tolled midnigle With mattock and with spade—And silent, by the torches' light—His corse in earth we laid.

The coffin bore his name; that the Of other years might know, When earth its secrets should disch Whose bones were laid below.

"Peace to the dead!" no children Slow pacing up the nave; No prayers were read, no knell was

As deep we dug his grave.

We only heard the winter's wind,
In many a sullen gust,
As o'er the open grave inclined,

We murmured, "Dust to dust!"

A moonbeam from the arch's height Streamed, as we placed the stone The long aisles started into light, And all the windows shone.

We thought we saw the banners the That shook along the walls, Whilst the sad shades of mailed mer Were gazing on the stalls.

'T is gone!—Again on tombs defaced Sits darkness more profound; And only by the torch we traced The shadows on the ground.



ON THE DEATH OF GRORGE THE THIRD.

w the chilling, freezing air out blew long and loud; or knees we breathed one prayer, e he slept in his abroud.

the broken marble floor, me, no trace appears! en we closed the sounding door, lought of him with tears.

WILLIAM LINER BOWLES.

AL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

m was heard, nor a funeral note, orse to the rampart we hurried; ier discharged his farewell shot grave where our hero we buried.

hun darkly at dead of night, with our bayonets turning, aggling moonbeams' misty light, lantern dimly burning.

coffin inclosed his breast, heet nor in shroud we bound him; like a warrior taking his rest, martial cloak around him!

hort were the prayers we said, spoke not a word of sorrow; eadfastly gazed on the face of the d.

bitterly thought of the morrow.

it, as we hollowed his narrow bed, nothed down his lonely pillow, and the stranger would tread o'er head,

far away on the billow!

ey'll talk of the spirit that's gone, his cold ashes upbraid him—
ie'll reck if they let him sleep on, rave where a Briton has laid him.

f our heavy task was done, ne clock struck the hour for retir-; new by the distant random gun, a foe was sullenly firing. Slowly and sadly we laid him down,

From the field of his fame fresh and gory;

We carved not a line, we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone in his glory.

CHARLES WOLFR.

ON THE DEATH OF GEORGE THE THIRD.

WRITTEN UNDER WINDSOR TERRAGE.

I saw him last on this terrace proud,
Walking in health and gladness,
Begirt with his court; and in all the crowd
Not a single look of sadness.

Bright was the sun, the leaves were green— Blithely the birds were singing; The cymbals replied to the tambourine, And the bells were merrily ringing.

I have stood with the crowd beside his bier, When not a word was spoken— When every eye was dim with a tear, And the silence by sobs was broken.

I have heard the earth on his coffin pour
To the muffled drums, deep rolling,
While the minute-gun, with its solemn roar,
Drowned the death-bells' tolling.

The time—since he walked in his glory thus.

To the grave till I saw him carried—

Was an age of the mightiest change to us,

But to him a night unvaried,

A daughter beloved, a queen, a son,
And a son's sole child, have perished;
And sad was each heart, save only the one
By which they were fondest cherished;

For his eyes were sealed and his mind was dark,

And he sat in his age's lateness— Like a vision throned, as a solemn mark Of the frailty of human greatness;

His silver beard, o'er a bosom spread
Unvexed by life's commotion,
Like a yearly lengthening snow-drift shed
On the calm of a frozen ocean.

Still o'er him oblivion's waters lay,

Though the stream of life kept flowing;

When they spoke of our king, 't was but to

say

The old man's strength was going.

At intervals thus the waves disgorge,
By weakness rent asunder,
A piece of the wreck of the Royal George,
To the people's pity and wonder.

He is gone at length—he is laid in the dust, Death's hand his slumbers breaking; For the coffined sleep of the good and just Is a sure and blissful waking.

His people's heart is his funeral urn;
And should sculptured stone be denied him,
There will his name be found, when in turn
We lay our heads beside him.

HOBACE SMITE.

THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS.

A MIST was driving down the British channel;

The day was just begun;

And through the window-panes, on floor and panel,

Streamed the red autumn sun.

It glanced on flowing flag and rippling pennon,

And the white sails of ships;

And, from the frowning rampart, the black cannon

Hailed it with feverish lips.

Sandwich and Romney, Hastings, Hithe, and Dover,

Were all alert that day,

To see the French war-steamers speeding over When the fog cleared away.

Sullen and silent, and like couchant lions,
Their cannon, through the night,
Holding their breath, had watched in grim
defiance

The sea-coast opposite.

And now they roared, at drumtheir stations
On every citadel;
Each answering each, with morn
tions,
That all was well!

And down the coast, all taking up t
Replied the distant forts—
As if to summon from his sleep the
And lord of the Cinque Ports

Him shall no sunshine from the azure,

No drum-beat from the wall,

No morning gun from the black for zure,

Awaken with their call!

No more, surveying with an eye in The long line of the coast, Shall the gaunt figure of the old fiel Be seen upon his post!

For in the night, unseen, a single v
In sombre harness mailed,
Dreaded of man, and surnamed the
The rampart wall has scaled!

He passed into the chamber of the The dark and silent room; And, as he entered, darker grew, a The silence and the gloom.

He did not pause to parley, or disse But smote the warden hoar— Ah! what a blow!—that made al tremble And groan from shore to shore

Meanwhile, without, the suriy cannot The sun rose bright o'erhead—Nothing in nature's aspect intimate That a great man was dead!

HENRY WADSWORTH LOS



STANZAS TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS HOOD.

AS TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS HOOD.

I.

c into thy bosom, earth,
ous, May-eyed morrow,
est child that ever mirth
be reared by sorrow!
—while rays half green, half gold,
o vernal bowers are burning,
ms their diamond-mirrors hold
mer's face returning—
o're thankful that his sleep
over more be lighter,
sweet-tongued companionship
bower, and beam grew brighter;

u.

e more intensely true
I gave out each feature
I love—each hue
I see of golden nature—
I still beneath it all
I the keen jags of anguish;
I the laurele clasped his brow
I oison made it languish.
I that like the nightingale
I was mournful singing,
I rer would his song prevail
I nost the thorn was stinging.

m.

nt bring freshness deeper,
his placid rest this morn
night the shrouded sleeper.
may lap his weary head
charnels choke the city,
mid woodlands, by his bed
en shall wake its ditty;
or far, while evening's star
to hearts regretting,
hat spot admiring thought
over, unforgetting.

IA.

us sentient, seething world r all, ideal, s immaterial furled resides the real, Freed one! there's a wail for thee this hour
Through thy loved elves' dominions;
Hushed is each tiny trumpet-flower,
And droopeth Ariel's pinions;
Even Puck, dejected, leaves his swing,
To plan, with fond endeavor,
What pretty buds and dews shall keep
Thy pillow bright for ever.

T

And higher, if less happy, tribes—
The race of early childhood—
Shall miss thy whims of frolio wit,
That in the summer wild-wood,
Or by the Christmas hearth, were bailed,
And hoarded as a treasure
Of undecaying merriment
And ever-changing pleasure.
Things from thy lavish humor flung
Profuse as scents, are flying
This kindling morn, when blooms are born
As fast as blooms are dying.

VI.

Sublimer art owned thy control—
The minstrel's mightiest magic,
With sadness to subdue the soul,
Or thrill it with the tragic.
Now listening Aram's fearful dream,
We see beneath the willow
That dreadful thing, or watch him steal,
Guilt-lighted, to his pillow.
Now with thee roaming ancient groves,
We watch the woodman felling
The funeral elm, while through its boughs
The ghostly wind comes knelling.

VИ,

Dear worshipper of Dian's face
In solitary places,
Shalt thou no more steal, as of yore,
To meet her white embraces?
Is there no purple in the rose
Henceforward to thy senses?
For thee have dawn and daylight's close
Lost their sweet influences?
No!—by the mental night untamed
Thou took'st to death's dark portal,
The joy of the wide universe
Is now to thee immortal!

VIII.

How fierce contrasts the city's roar With thy new-conquered quiet!— This stunning hell of wheels that pour With princes to their riot! Loud clash the crowds—the busy clouds With thunder-noise are shaken, While pale, and mute, and cold, afar Thou liest, men-forsaken. Hot life reeks on, nor recks that one -The playful, human-hearted-Who lent its clay less earthiness, Is just from earth departed. B. SDOKOWA

WHEN I BENEATH THE COLD, RED EARTH AM SLEEPING.

WHEN I beneath the cold, red earth am sleeping,

Life's fever o'er,

Will there for me be any bright eye weeping That I'm no more?

Will there be any heart still memory keeping Of heretofore?

When the great winds, through leafless forests rushing,

Like full hearts break—

When the swoll'n streams, o'er crag and gully gushing,

Sad music make—

Will there be one, whose heart despair is crushing,

Mourn for my sake?

When the bright sun upon that spot is shining

With purest ray,

And the small flowers, their buds and blossoms twining,

Burst through that clay— Will there be one still on that spot repining Lost hopes all day?

When the night shadows, with the ample sweeping

Of her dark pall,

The world and all its manifold creation ing-

The great and small— Will there be one, even at that dread weeping

For me—for all?

When no star twinkles with its eye of On that low mound,

And wintry storms have with their hoary

Its loneness crowned, Will there be then one versed in m story

Pacing it round?

It may be so—but this is selfish sorrow To ask such meed—

A weakness and a wickedness, to borro From hearts that bleed

The wailings of to-day, for what to-more Shall never need.

Lay me then gently in my narrow dwel Thou gentle heart!

And, though thy bosom should with gri swelling,

Let no tear start;

It were in vain—for time hath long knelling--

Sad one, depart!

WILLIAM MOTHERY

A POET'S EPITAPH.

Stop, mortal! Here thy brother lies-The poet of the poor.

His books were rivers, woods, and skies, The meadow and the moor;

His teachers were the torn heart's wail. The tyrant and the slave,

The street, the factory, the jail,

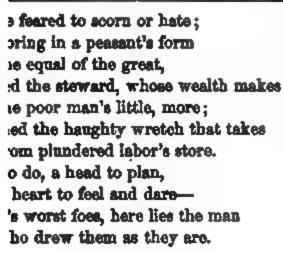
The palace—and the grave!

Sin met thy brother every where! And is thy brother blamed?

From passion, danger, doubt, and care

He no exemption claimed.

The meanest thing, earth's feeblest worm



ERRESER ELLIOTT.

SOLITUDE.

ot that my lot is low takes this silent tear to flow; at grief that bids me moan; that I am al! alone.

ids and glens I love to roam, the tired hedger hies him home; the woodland pool to rest, pale the star looks on its breast.

hen the silent evening sighs ballowed airs and symphonies, irit takes another tone, ighs that it is all alone.

tumn leaf is sere and dead to upon the water's bed; ld not be a leaf, to die at recording sorrow's sigh!

oods and winds, with sullen wail, it the same unvaried tale; one to smile when I am free, when I sigh to sigh with me.

thinks on me, and loves me too, thanks on me, and loves me too, t, and when the vision's flown, p that I am all alone.

HENRY KIRKS WALTS.

A LAMENT.

Swifter far than summer's flight, Swifter far than youth's delight, Swifter far than happy night,

Art thou come and gone;
As the earth when leaves are dead,
As the night when sleep is sped,
As the heart when joy is fled,
I am left lone, alone.

The swallow, summer, comes again; The owlet, night, resumes her reign; But the wild swan, youth, is fain

To fly with thee, false as thou.

My heart each day desires the morrow;

Sleep itself is turned to sorrow;

Vainly would my winter borrow

Sunny leaves from any bough.

Lilies for a bridal bed, Roses for a matron's head, Violets for a maiden dead—

Pansies let my flowers be;
On the fiving grave I bear.
Scatter them without a tear,
Let no friend, however dear,
Waste one hope, one fear for me.

PRECT BYSSER SHELLEY.

A LAMENT.

O world! O life! O time!
On whose last steps I climb,
Trembling at that where I had stood before,
When will return the glory of your prime?
No more—oh, never more!

Out of the day and night A joy has taken flight;

Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoat Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight

No more—oh, never more!

PERCY Brown SEELLEY.

"CALM IS THE NIGHT."

CALM is the night, and the city is sleeping— Once in this house dwelt a lady fair; Long, long ago, she left it, weeping; But still the old house is standing there.

Yonder a man at the heavens is staring,
Wringing his hands as in sorrowful case;
He turns to the moonlight, his countenance
baring—

Oh, heaven! he shows me my own sad face!

Shadowy form, with my own agreeing!

Why mockest thou thus, in the moonlight cold,

The sorrows which here once vexed my being, Many a night in the days of old?

HENRY HEINE. (German.)
Translation of Charles G. Leland.

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.

"Hast thou seen that lordly castle,
That castle by the sea?
Golden and red, above it
The clouds float gorgeously.

"And fain it would stoop downward To the mirrored wave below; And fain it would soar upward In the evening's crimson glow."

"Well have I seen that castle,
That castle by the sea—
And the moon above it standing,
And the mist rise solemnly."

"The winds and waves of ocean,
Had they a merry chime?
Didst thou hear, from those lofty chambers,
The harp and the minstrel's rhyme?"

"The winds and the waves of ocean,
They rested quietly;
But I heard on the gale a sound of wail,
And tears came to mine eye."

"And sawest thou on the turrets
The king and his royal bride?
And the wave of their crimson mantles?
And the golden crown of pride?

"Led they not forth, in rapture,
A beauteous maiden there—
Resplendent as the morning sun,
Beaming with golden hair?"

"Well saw I the ancient parents,
Without the crown of pride;
They were moving slow, in weeds or
No maiden was by their side!"

Lidwig Unland. (Ger Translation of Henry W. Longfellow.

MOTHER AND POET.

TURIN-AFTER NEWS FROM GAETA.

I

DEAD! one of them shot by the sea east,

And one of them shot in the west sea.

Dead! both my boys! When you sit feast

And are wanting a great song for Ital; Let none look at me!

II.

Yet I was a poetess only last year,
And good at my art, for a woman
said.

But this woman, this, who is agonized The east sea and west sea rhyme on head

For ever instead.

m.

What art can a woman be good at? oh, What art is she good at, but hurtin breast

With the milk teeth of babes, and a su the pain?

Ah, boys, how you hurt! you were!
as you pressed,
And I, proud by that test.

IV.

What art's for a woman! To hold or knees

Both larlings! to feel all their arms?



MOTHER AND POET.

gle a little! to sew by degrees ider the long-clothes and neat coat! dream and to dote.

T.

em. . . It stings there. I made indeed

in the word "country," I taught no doubt

try's a thing men should die for ed.

f liberty, rights, and about a tyrant turned out.

YL.

beir eyes flashed. . . O my beaueyes! . .

I may, let them go forth at the

, and denied not.—But then the ise,

e sits quite alone!—Then one s, then one kneels!

lod! how the house feels!

YIL

ppy news came, in gay letters d

kisses, of camp-life, and glory,

red me, and soon, coming home spoiled,

would fan off every fly from my

th their green laurel-bough.

viii.

iumph at Turin. "Ancona was

one came out of the cheers in reet

pale as stone, to say something

do was dead !--- I fell down at his

ile they cheered in the street.

IJ.

-friends soothed me: my grief d sublime som of Italy. One boy remained To be leant on and walked with, recalling the

When the first grew immortal, while both of us strained

To the height he had gained.

I,

And letters still came,—shorter, sadder, more strong,

Writ now but in one hand. "I was not to faint.

One loved me for two . . would be with me ere long:

And 'viva Italia' he died for, our eaint,
Who forbids our complaint."

XL

My Nanni would add "he was safe, and aware

Of a presence that turned off the balls . . . was imprest

It was Guido himself, who know what I could bear.

And how 't was impossible, quite dispossessed,

To live on for the rest."

XII.

On which without pause up the telegraph line

Swept smoothly the next news from Gaeta:
-- "Shot.

Tell his mother." Ah, ah, "his," "their" mother; not "mine."

No voice says "my mother" again to me. What!

You think Guido forgot?

xili

Are souls straight so happy that, dizzy with heaven,

They drop earth's affections, conceive not of woe!

I think not. Themselves were too lately forgiven

Through that love and sorrow which reconciled so

The above and below.

XIV.

O Christ of the seven wounds, who look'dst through the dark

To the face of thy mother! consider, I pray, How we common mother! stand desolate, mark,

Whose sons, not being Christs, die with eyes turned away,

And no last word to say!

XV.

Both boys dead! but that's out of nature; We all

Have been patriots, yet each house must always keep one.

'T were imbecile, hewing out roads to a wall.

And when Italy's made, for what end is it
done,

If we have not a son?

XVI.

Ah, ah, ah! when Gaeta's taken, what then? When the fair wicked queen sits no more at her sport

Of the fire-balls of death crashing souls out of men?

When your guns at Cavalli with final retort
Have cut the game short.—

XVII

When Venice and Rome keep their new jubilee,

When your flag takes all heaven for its white, green, and red,

When you have your country from mountain to sea,

When King Victor has Italy's crown on his head,

(And I have my dead,)

YVIII.

What then? Do not mock me. Ah, ring your bells low,

And burn your lights faintly!—My country is there,

Above the star pricked by the last peak of snow,

My Italy's there,—with my brave civic pair,

To disfranchise despair.

XIX.

Forgive me. Some women bear child strength,

And bite back the cry of their pain i scorn.

But the birth-pangs of nations will wr at length

Into such wail as this!—and we forlorn

When the man-child is born.

XX.

Dead! one of them shot by the sea west.

And one of them shot in the east sea!

Both! both my boys!—If in keeping the You want a great song for your Ital;

Let none look at me!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROW

THE FISHING SONG,

Down in the wide, gray river
The current is sweeping strong;
Over the wide, gray river
Floats the fisherman's song.

The oar-stroke times the singing.
The song falls with the oar;
And an echo in both is ringing.
I thought to hear no more.

Out of a deeper current

The song brings back to me

A cry from mortal silence

Of mortal agony.

Life that was spent and vanished,

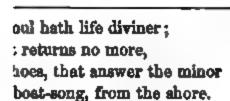
Love that had died of wrong,

Hearts that are dead in living,

Come back in the fisherman's so

I see the maples leafing,
Just as they leafed before;
The green grass comes no greener
Down to the very shore—

With the rude strain swelling, sink
In the cadence of days gone by,
As the oar, from the water drinkin
Ripples the mirrored sky.



ways of God are darkness; gment waiteth long; the heart of a woman tisherman's careless song.

Ross Teany.

K, BREAK, BREAK."

k, break dd gray stones, O sea! I that my tongue could utter this that arise in me.

the fisherman's boy houts with his sister at play! the sailor lad .ngs in his boat on the bay!

tely ships go on, ven under the hill; he touch of a vanished hand, ound of a voice that is still!

t, break at of thy crags, O sea! der grace of a day that is dead r come back to me,

ALPED TERRITOR.

THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE.

TEARS, idle tears! I know not what they

Tears, from the depth of some divine despair, Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes, In looking on the happy autumn fields, And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail
That brings our friends up from the underworld;

Sad as the last which reddens over one That sinks with all we love below the verge So sad, so flesh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns

The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering
square:

So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death, And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned On lips that are for others; deep as love, Deep as first love, and wild with all regret, O death in life! the days that are no more.

ALPED TENTIONS





PART VIII.

EMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

I know more than Apollo;
For oft, when he lies sleeping,
I behold the stars
At mortal wars,
And the rounded welkin weeping.
The moon embraces her shepherd;
And the queen of love her warrior;
While the first doth horn
The stars of the morn,
and the next the heavenly farrier.

With a host of furious fancies,

Whereof I am commander—

With a burning spear,

And a horse of air,

To the wilderness I wander;

ith a knight of ghosts and shadows,

I summoned am to tourney,

Ten leagues beyond

The wide world's end—

Methinks it is no journey!

Ton o' Dannan,





POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION.

3 ARTHUR'S DEATH.

Mondaye in the morne, attayle was doom'd to be, a knighte cry'd, Well-awaye! was the more pittie.

crowinge of the cocke, ne kinge in his bed laye, Sir Gawaine to him came, to him these wordes did saye:

on are mine uncle deare, prize your life, this daye with your foe in fighte; e battayle, if yee maye!

incelot is nowe in Fraunce, him many an hardye knighte, thin this moneth be backe, ssiste yee in the fighte."

en called his nobles all, breakings of the days, em howe Sir Gawaine came, to him these wordes did says.

I this counsayle gave:
'e in the morning, hee
way's an herauld at armes,
parley faire and free.

good knightes King Arthur chose, fall that with him were, th the fee in field, with him agreement faire.

The king he charged all his hoste
In readinesse there for to bee;
But noe man sholde noe weapon sturre.
Unlesse a sword drawne they shold see.

And Mordred, on the other parte,
Twelve of his knights did likewise bringe
The beste of all his companye,
To holde the parley with the kinge.

Sir Mordred alsoe charged his hoste In readinesse there for to bee; But noe man sholde noe weapon sturre, But if a sworde drawne they shold see.

For he durate not his uncle truste, Nor he his nephewe, sothe to tell; Alackel it was a woefulle case, As ere in Christentye befelle.

But when they were together mette,
And both to faire accordance broughte,
And a month's league betweene them sette,
Before the battayle sholds be foughte,

An addere crepte forthe of a bushe, Stunge one o' the king's knightes on the knee;

Alacke! it was a woefulle chance, As ever was in Christentie.

When the knighte found him wounded sore,
And sawe the wild-worme hangings there.
His swords he from his scabberds drews—
A piteous case, as ye shall bears.

71

For when the two hostes sawe the sworde
They joyned battayle instantlye;
Till of so manye noble knightes
On one side there were left but three.

For all were slaine that durst abide,
And but some fewe that fled awaye;
Ah mee! it was a bloodye fielde,
As ere was foughte on summer's daye.

Upon King Arthur's own partye
Onlye himselfe escaped there,
And Lukyn, duke of Gloster, free—
And the king's butler, Bedevere.

And when the king beheld his knightes
All dead and scattered on the molde,
The teares fast trickled downe his face—
That manlye face in fight so bolde.

"Nowe reste yee all, brave knights," he said-

"Soe true and faithful to your trust! And must yee then, yee valiant hearts, Be lefte to moulder into dust?

"Most loyal have yee been to mee,
Most true and faithful unto deathe;
And, oh! to rayse yee up againe,
How freelye could I yield my breathe!

"But see, the traitor's yet alive!

Lo where hee stalkes among the deade!

Nowe bitterlye he shall abye,

And vengeance fall upon his head."

"Oh staye, my liege!" then sayd the duke;
"Oh staye for love and charitie!
Remember what the vision spake,
Nor meete your foe, if it may bee."

"Oh staye mee not, thou worthye wight!
This debt my loyal knights I owe;
Betide me life, betide me death,
I will avenge them of their foe."

Then straite he grasped his trusty speare, And on his horse then mounted hee: As his butler holpe him to his horse His bowels gushed to his knee. "Alas!" then sayd the noble king,
"That I should live this sight to see!—
To see this good knight here be slaine,
All for his love in helping mee!"

He put his speare into his reste.

And to Sir Mordred loud gan crye:

"Nowe sette thyself upon thy guarde!

For, traitor, nowe thy death is nye!"

Sir Mordred lifted up his sworde,
And fierce to meet the king ran hee,
The king his speare he through him thrus
A fathom thorow his bodle.

When Mordred felt the stroke of death,
And found that he was wounded soe,
He thruste himselfe upon the speare,
And strucke the king a deadlye blowe.

Then grimmlye dyed Sir Mordered,
Presentlye upon that tree;
And bloody streames ranne from the king
Ere to the duke returned hee.

Sir Lukyn then he thus bespake:

"Sir knighte, thou hast been faithfutryde;

Nowe take my sword Excalibar,

That hangs so freelye by my syde—

"Oh take my sworde Excalibar,
And there into the river throwe;
For here, henceforth, benethe this tree,
All use of weapons I foregoe.

"And fare thee well, thou trustye sword!

A better neer had valiant knighte;

With thee full ofte, and many a daye,

Have I withstood my foe in fighte.

"With this good fauchion in my hande,
Oft have I reapd the bloody feelde;
But nowe the fatalle houre is come,
That never more I may thee weelde."

The duke to the river side he went,

And there his owne sword in threwe he
But he kept back Excalibar—

He kept it back in privitie.



THOMAS THE REYMER.

of coleyne was the blade, Il the hilte of precious stone: 'er alacke!" then sayd the knighte, t such a sword awaye be throwne?"

cke he came unto the kinge, sayd, "Sir Lukyn, what did yee se?"—

g, my liege, save that the winde our the waters faire and free."

againe," then said the kinge, od Syr Lukyn, goe againe! rivers throws my sword, ceps me lingering here in paine."

e then to the river went, he king's scabbard in threwe hee; kept backe Excalibar, id it undernethe a tree.

cke he came to tell the kinge, ayde, "Sir Lukyn, sawe ye oughte?" ige, my liege, save that the winde with the angrye waters fought."

yn, Lukyn," said the kinge, to haste thou dealt deceytfullye! whom may wee ever truste, suche a knighte soe false can bee?

vouldst thou have thy master dead,
a sword that wins thine eye?
againe, and throwe it in,
the one of us shall dye."

e, all shent with this rebuke, nawere made unto the kinge; he rivere tooks the awords, hrewe it far as he coulde flinge.

and an arme did meete the sworde, ourished three times in the air; ike benethe the renninge strome, f the duke was seene noe mair.

astonied stood the duke—
od as still as still mote bee;
stend backe to tell the kinge—
was gone from under the tree.

But to what place he cold not tell,

For never after hee did him see;
But hee sawe a barge goe from the land,
And hee heard ladyes howle and crye.

And whether the kinge were there or not, Hee never knewe, nor ever colde; For from that sad and direfulle days Hee never more was seene on molde.

AFOFTMORE

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

TRUE TROMAS lay on Huntlie bank;
A ferlie he spled wi' his ee;
And there he saw a ladye bright,
Come riding down by the Eildon tree.

Her shirt was o' the grass green silk,
Her mantle o' the velvet fyne;
At ilka tett of her horse's mane
Hung fifty siller bells and nine.

True Thomas he pulled aff his cap,
And louted low down to his knee;
"All hail, thou mighty queen of heaven!
For thy peer on earth I never did see."—

"Oh no, oh no, Thomas!" she said,
"That name does not belang to me;
I am but the queen of fair Elfland,
That am hither come to visit thee.

"Harp and earp, Thomas!" she said "Harp and earp along wi' me! And if ye dare to kiss my lips, Sure of your bodie I will be."

"Betide me weal, betide me woe,
That weird shall never daunton me."—
Syne he has kissed her rosy lips,
All underneath the Eildon tree.

"Now, ye maun go wi' me," she said—
"True Thomas, ye maun go wi' me;
And ye maun serve me seven years,
Thro' weal or wee as may chance to be."

She mounted on her milk-white steed;
She's ta'en true Thomas up behind;
And aye, whene'er her bridle rung,
The steed flew swifter than the wind.

And they rade on, and farther on—
The steed gaed swifter than the wind;
Until they reached a desert wide,
And living land was left behind.

"Light down, light down, now, true Thomas, And lean your head upon my knee! Abide and rest a little space, And I will shew you ferlies three.

"Oh see ye not you narrow road,
So thick beset with thorns and briers?
That is the path of righteousness,
Though after it but few enquires.

"And see ye not that braid, braid road,
That lies across that lily leven?
That is the path of wickedness—
Though some call it the road to heaven.

"And see not ye that bonny road,
That winds about the fernie brae?
That is the road to fair Elfland,
Where thou and I this night maun gae.

"But, Thomas, ye maun hold your tongue,
Whatever ye may hear or see;
For, if you speak word in Elfyn land,
Ye'll ne'er get back to your ain countrie."

Oh they rade on, and farther on,
And they waded through rivers aboon the
knee;

And they saw neither sun nor moon, But they heard the roaring of the sea.

It was mirk, mirk night, and there was nae stern light,

And they waded through red blude to the knee;

For a' the blude that's shed on earth Rins through the springs o' that countrie.

Syne they came on to a garden green,
And she pu'd an apple frae a tree:
"Take this for thy wages, true Thomas—
It will give thee the tongue that can never
lie."

"My tongue is mine ain;" true Thomas
"A gudely gift ye wad gie to me!
I neither dought to buy nor sell,
At fair or tryst where I may be.

"I dought neither speak to prince or per Nor ask of grace from fair ladye."— "Now hold thy peace!" the lady said, "For as I say, so must it be."—

He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,
And a pair of shoes of velvet green;
And till seven years were gane and pass
True Thomas on earth was never see

THE WEE WEE MAN.

As I was walking by my lane,
Atween a water and a wa,
There sune I spied a wee, wee man—
He was the least that ere I saw.

His legs were scant a shathmont's leng And sma and limber was his thie; Between his een there was a span, Betwixt his shoulders there were ells

He has tane up a meikle stane,
And flang 't as far as I cold see;
Ein thouch I had been Wallace wicht,
I dought na lift it to my knie.

"O wee, wee man, but ye be strang:
Tell me whar may thy dwelling be?
"I dwell beneth that bonnie bouir—
Oh will ye gae wi me and see?"

On we lap, and awa we rade,

Till we cam to a bonny green;

We lichted syne to bait our steid,

And out there cam a lady sheen

Wi four and twentie at her back,
A comely cled in glistering green,
Though there the king of Scots had sto
The warst micht well bae been his q



THE MERRY PRANKS OF ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW.

past wi wondering cheir, am to a bonny ha; as o' the beaten gowd, was o' the crystal a'.

am there, wi wee, wee knichts es dancing, jimp and sma; twinkling of an eie een and ha war clein awa.

AHORYMOUS.

ERRY PRANKS OF ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW

on, in fairy land,
; of ghosts and shadowes there,
, I, at his command,
to view the night-sports here.
What revell rout
Is kept about
my corner where I go,
I will o'ersee,
And merrie be,
nake good sport with ho, ho, ho!

than lightning can I flye
ne aery welkin scone,
ninute's space descrye
ing that's done belowe the moone.
There's not a hag
Or ghost shall wag,
y 'ware goblins! where I go;
But Robin, I,
Their feates will spy,
send them home with ho, ho, ho!

such wanderers I meete,
their night-sports they trudge home,
iterfeiting voice I greete,
I them on with me to roame.
Thro' woods, thro' lakes,
Thro' bogs, thro' brakes,
se unseene, with them I go—
All in the nicke,
To play some tricke,
frolick it with he, he, he I

Sometimes I meete them like a man—
Sometimes an ox, sometimes a hound;
And to a horse I turn me can,
To trip and trot about them round;
But, if to ride.
My backe they stride,
More swift than wind away I goe;
O'er hedge and lands,
Through pools and ponds,
I whirry, laughing ho, ho, ho!

When lade and lasses merry be,
With possets, and with junkets fine,
Unseene of all the company,
I eat their cakes, and sip their wine;
And to make sport,
I fume and snort,
And out the candles I do blow.
The maids I kiss;
They shricke, Who 's this?
I answer nought but ho, ho, ho!

Yet now and then, the maids to please,
At midnight I card up their wooll;
And while they sleeps and take their case.
With wheel to threads their flax I pull.
I grind at mill
Their malt up still;
I dress their hemp, I spin their tow.
If any wake,
And would me take,
I wend me laughing ho, ho, ho l

When house or hearth doth sluttish lye,
I pinch the maidens black and blue;
The bedd-clothes from the bedd pull I,
And in their ear I bawl too-whoo!
Twixt sleepe and wake
I do them take,
And on the clay-cold floor them throw
If out they cry,
Then forth I fly,
And londly laugh out ho, ho, ho!

When any need to borrow ought,
We lend them what they do require;
And for the use demand we naught—
Our owne is all we do desire.

If to repay They do delay, Abroad amongst them then I go;
And night by night
I them affright,
With pinchings, dreams, and ho, ho, ho!

When lazie queans have nought to do

But study how to cog and lye,

To make debate and mischief too,

'Twixt one another secretly,

I marke their gloze,

And it disclose

To them whom they have wronged so.

When I have done

I get me gone,

And leave them scolding, ho, ho, ho!

When men do traps and engines set
In loope holes, where the vermine creepe,
Who from their foldes and houses get
Their duckes and geese, and lambes and
sheepe,

I spy the gin,
And enter in,
And seeme a vermin taken so;
But when they there
Approach me neare,
I leap out laughing ho, ho, ho!

By wells and rills, in meadowes green,
We nightly dance our hey-day guise;
And to our fairye kinge and queene
We chaunt our moon-lighte minstrelsies.
When larkes gin singe
Away we flinge,
And babes new-born steale as we go;
And shoes in bed
We leave instead,
And wend us laughing ho, ho, ho!

From hag-bred Merlin's time have I
Thus nightly revelled to and fro;
And, for my prankes, men call me by
The name of Robin Good-Fellow.
Friends, ghosts, and sprites
Who haunt the nightes,
The hags and gobblins, do me know.
And beldames old
My feates have told—
So vale, vale! Ho, ho, ho!

. THE FAIRY QUEEN.

Come, follow, follow me—
You, fairy elves that be,
Which circle on the green—
Come, follow Mab, your queen!
Hand in hand let's dance around,
For this place is fairy ground.

When mortals are at rest,
And snoring in their nest,
Unheard and unespied,
Through keyholes we do glide:
Over tables, stools, and shelves.
We trip it with our fairy elves.

And if the house be foul
With platter, dish, or bowl,
Up stairs we nimbly creep,
And find the sluts asleep;
There we pinch their arms and thi
None escapes, nor none espice.

But if the house be swept,
And from uncleanness kept,
We praise the household maid,
And duly she is paid;
For we use, before we go,
To drop a tester in her shoe.

Upon a mushroom's head
Our table cloth we spread;
A grain of rye or wheat
Is manchet, which we eat;
Pearly drops of dew we drink,
In acorn cups, filled to the brink.

The brains of nightingales,
With unctuous fat of snails,
Between two cockles stewed,
Is meat that's easily chewed;
Tails of worms, and marrow of minutes of make a dish that's wondrous in

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly.
Serve us for our minstrelsy;
Grace said, we dance a while,
And so the time beguile;
And if the moon doth hide her her
The glow-worm lights us home to

On tops of dewy grass
So nimbly do we pass,
The young and tender stalk
Ne'er bends when we do walk;
Yet in the morning may be seen
Where we the night before have been.

ANONYMOUR.

THE FAIRIES' SONG.

WE dance on hills above the wind, And leave our footsteps there behind; Which shall to after ages last, When all our dancing days are past.

Sometimes we dance upon the shore, To whistling winds and seas that roar; Then we make the wind to blow, And set the seas a-dancing too.

The thunder's noise is our delight,
And lightnings make us day by night;
And in the air we dance on high,
To the loud music of the sky.

About the moon we make a ring, And falling stars we wanton fling, Like squibs and rockets, for a toy; While what frights others is our joy.

But when we'd hunt away our cares, We boldly mount the galloping spheres; And, riding so from east to west, We chase each nimble zodiac beast.

Thus, giddy grown, we make our beds, With thick, black clouds to rest our heads, And flood the earth with our dark showers, That did but sprinkle these our bowers.

Thus, having done with orbs and sky,
Those mighty spaces vast and high,
Then down we come and take the shapes,
Sometimes of cats, sometimes of apes.

Next, turned to mites in cheese, forsooth, We get into some hollow tooth; Wherein, as in a Christmas hall, We frisk and dance, the devil and all. Then we change our wily features
Into yet far smaller creatures,
And dance in joints of gouty toes,
To painful tunes of groans and woes.

AWOWWWOIN

SONG OF THE FAIRY.

Over hill, over dale,

Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,

Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green;
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see:
These be rubies, fairy favors—
In those freckles live their savors.
I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

SHAKESPEARE

FAIRY SONG.

Shed no tear! oh shed no tear!

The flower will bloom another year.

Weep no more! oh weep no more!

Young buds sleep in the root's white core,

Dry your eyes! oh dry your eyes!

For I was taught in Paradise

To ease my breast of melodies—

Shed no tear.

Overhead! look overhead!

'Mong the blossoms white and red—
Look up, look up! I flutter now
On this fresh pomegranate bough.
See me! 't is this silvery bill
Ever cures the good man's ill.
Shed no tear! oh shed no tear!
The flower will bloom another year.
Adieu, adieu—I fly—adieu!
I vanish in the heaven's blue—
Adieu, adieu.'

JOHN KRAM

SONG OF FAIRJES.

WE the fairies, blithe and antic, Of dimensions not gigantic, Though the moonshine mostly keep us, Oft in orchards frisk and peep us.

Stolen sweets are always sweeter; Stolen kisses much completer; Stolen looks are nice in chapels: Stolen, stolen be your apples.

When to bed the world are bobbing, Then's the time for orchard-robbing; Yet the fruit were scarce worth peeling Were it not for stealing, stealing.

THOMAS RANDOLPH. (Latin.)
Pranalation of Leigh Hunt.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI.

A BALLAD.

I.

On what can ail thee, knight-at-arms!
Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge has withered from the lake,
And no birds sing.

II.

Oh what can ail thee, knight-at-arms!
So haggard and so woe-begone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done.

Ш.

I see a lily on thy brow,
With anguish moist and fever dew;
And on thy cheeks a fading rose
Fast withereth too.

IV.

I met a lady in the mead—
Full beautiful, a fairy's child;
Her hair was long, her foot was .ight,
And her eyes were wild.

V.

I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zon
She looked at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

VI.

I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long;
For sidelong would she bend, and sin
A fairy song.

VII.

She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild, and manna dew;
And sure in language strange she said
"I love thee true."

VIII.

She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept, and sighed ful
And there I shut her wild, wild eyes
With kisses four.

II.

And there she lulled me asleep;
And there I dreamed—Ah! woe!
The latest dream I ever dreamed
On the cold hill's side.

X.

I saw pale kings and princes too— Pale warriors, death-pale were th They cried—"La belle dame sans: Hath thee in thrall!"

XI.

I saw their starved lips in the gloan With horrid warning gaped wide And I awoke and found me here. On the cold hill's side.

XII.

And this is why I sojourn here,
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is withered fre
lake,
And no birds sing.

Jour

KILMENY.

Kilmeny gaed up the glen; usna to meet Duneira's men, rosy monk of the isle to see, eny was pure as pure could be. ly to hear the yorlin sing, the cress-flower round the spring—et hypp, and the hind berry, aut that hung frae the hazel tree; eny was pure as pure could be, may her minny look o'er the wa', may she seek i' the green-wood aw; laird of Duneira blame,

nany a day had come and fled, ef grew calm, and hope was dead, as for Kilmeny's soul had been sung, bedes-man had prayed, and the id-bell rung;

. lang greet or Kilmeny come hame.

in a gloamin, when all was still, fringe was red on the westlin hill, was sere, the moon i' the wane, o' the cot hung over the plain—le wee cloud in the world its lane; ingle lowed with an ciry leme, in the gloamin Kilmeny came ne!

ny, Kikneny, where have you been?
we sought both holt and den—
y ford, and green-wood tree;
re halesome and fair to see.
t you that joup o' the lily sheen?
y snood of the birk sae green?
s roses, the fairest that ever was
n?
Kilmeny, where have you been?"

y looked up with a lovely grace, nile was seen on Kilmeny's face; as her look, and as still was her ee, ilness that lay on the emerant lea, at that sleeps on a waveless sea. my had been she knew not where, seny had seen what she could not lare;

Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew,

Where the rain never fell, and the wind never blew;

But it seemed as the harp of the sky had rung,

And the airs of heaven played round he. tongue,

When she spake of the lovely forms she had seen,

And a land where sin had never been—A land of love, and a land of light,
Withouten sun, or moon, or night;
Where the river swa'd a living stream.
And the light a pure celestial beam:
The land of vision it would seem,
A still, an everlasting dream.

In you green-wood there is a walk, And in that walk there is a wene,

And in that wene there is a maike, That neither has flesh, blood, nor bane; And down in you green-wood he walks his lane.

In that green wene, Kilmeny lay,
Her bosom happed wi' the flowerets gay;
But the air was soft, and the silence deep,
And bonny Kilmeny fell sound asleep;
She kend nae mair, nor opened her ee,
Till waked by the hymns of a far countrye.

She 'wakened on a couch of the silk sae slim,

All striped wi' the bars of the rainbow's rim; And lovely beings around were rife, Who erst had travelled mortal life; And age they smiled, and 'gan to speer: "What spirit has brought this mortal here!"

"Lang have I journeyed the world wide,"
A meek and reverend fere replied;
"Buith night and day I have watched the fair

Eident a thousand years and mair.
Yes, I have watched o'er ilk degree,
Wherever blooms femenitye;
But sinless virgin, free of stain,
In mind and body, fand I nane.
Never, since the banquet of time,
Found I a virgin in her prime,

Till late this bonny maiden I saw,
As spotless as the morning snaw.
Full twenty years she has lived as free
As the spirits that sojourn in this countrye.
I have brought her away frae the snares of men,

That sin or death she may never ken."

They clasped her waist and her hands sae fair; They kissed her cheek, and they kemed her hair;

And round came many a blooming fere,
Saying, "Bonny Kilmeny, ye're welcome here;
Women are freed of the littand scorn;
Oh, blest be the day Kilmeny was born!
Now shall the land of the spirits see,
Now shall it ken, what a woman may be!
Many a lang year in sorrow and pain,
Many a lang year through the world we've gane,

Commissioned to watch fair womankind,
For it's they who nurice the immortal mind.
We have watched their steps as the dawning shone,

And deep in the green-wood walks alone;
By lily bower and silken bed
The viewless tears have o'er them shed;
Have soothed their ardent minds to sleep,
Or left the couch of love to weep.
We have seen! we have seen! but the time
must come,

And the angels will weep at the day of doom!

"Oh, would the fairest of mortal kind
Aye keep the holy truths in mind,
That kindred spirits their motions see,
Who watch their ways with anxious ee,
And grieve for the guilt of humanitye!
Oh, sweet to heaven the maiden's prayer,
And the sigh that heaves a bosom sae fair!
And dear to heaven the words of truth
And the praise of virtue frae beauty's mouth!
And dear to the viewless forms of air,
The minds that kythe as the body fair!

"O, bonny Kilmeny! free frae stain,
If ever you seek the world again—
That world of sin, of sorrow and fear—
Oh, tell of the joys that are waiting here;
And tell of the signs you shall shortly see;
Of the times that are now, and the times that
shall be."—

They lifted Kilmeny, they led her away, And she walked in the light of a sunless day The sky was a dome of crystal bright, The fountain of vision, and fountain of light The emerald fields were of dazzling glow, And the flowers of everlasting blow. Then deep in the stream her body they laid That her youth and beauty never might fade And they smiled on heaven, when they say her lie In the stream of life that wandered by. And she heard a song—she heard it sung, She kend not where; but sae sweetly it run It fell on her ear like a dream of the morn-"Oh! blest be the day Kilmeny was born! Now shall the land of the spirits see, Now shall it ken, what a woman may be! The sun that shines on the world sae bright A borrowed gleid frae the fountain of light; And the moon that sleeks the sky sae dun, Like a gouden bow, or a beamless sun— Shall wear away, and be seen nae mair; And the angels shall miss them, travelling the air. But lang, lang after baith night and day, When the sun and the world have dye away, When the sinner has gane to his waesome doom,

They bore her away, she wist not how,
For she felt not arm nor rest below;
But so swift they wained her through the
light,
'T was like the motion of sound or sight:

Kilmeny shall smile in eternal bloom!"--

light,

'T was like the motion of sound or sight:
They seemed to split the gales of air.
And yet nor gale nor breeze was there.
Unnumbered groves below them grew;
They came, they past, and backward flew.
Like floods of blossoms gliding on.
In moment seen, in moment gone.
Oh, never vales to mortal view
Appeared like those o'er which they flew
That land to human spirits given,
The lowermost vales of the storied heaven:
From whence they can view the world below
And heaven's blue gates with sapphire

glow— | More glory yet unmeet to know.



what mortal never had seen;
ney seated her high on a purple sward,
ade her heed what she saw and heard,
ote the changes the spirits wrought;
w she lived in the land of thought.—
oked, and she saw nor sun nor skies,
crystal dome of a thousand dies;
oked, and she saw nae land aright,
endless whirl of glory and light;
adiant beings went and came,
rifter than wind, or the linked flame;
d her een frae the dazzling view;
oked again, and the scene was new.

saw a sun on a summer sky,
ouds of amber sailing by;
ly land beneath her lay,
nat land had glens and mountains gray;
nat land had valleys and hoary piles,
narled seas, and a thousand inles;
da were speckled, its forests green,
s lakes were all of the dazzling sheen,
nagic mirrors, where slumbering lay
n and the sky and the cloudlet gray,
heaved and trembled, and gently
swung;

ery shore they seemed to be hung; ere they were seen on their downward plain sand times and a thousand again; ding lake and placid firth—

peaceful heavens in the bosom of

neny sighed and seemed to grieve, ne found her heart to that land did cleave;

earth.

w the corn wave on the vale; w the deer run down the dale; w the plaid and the broad claymore, he brows that the badge of freedom bore;

se thought she had seen the land before.

saw a lady sit on a throne, irest that ever the sun shone on! licked her hand of milk, se beld him in a leich of silk. And a leifu' maiden stood at her knee, With a silver wand and melting ee— Her sovereign shield, till love stole in, And poisoned all the fount within.

Then a gruff, untoward bedes-man came,
And hundit the lion on his dame;
And the guardian maid wi' the dauntless ee,
She dropped a tear, and left her knee;
And she saw till the queen frae the lion fled,
Till the bonniest flower of the world lay
dead;

A coffin was set on a distant plain,
And she saw the red blood fall like rain.
Then bonny Kilmeny's heart grew sair,
And she turned away, and could look nae
mair.

Then the gruff, grim carle girnéd amain, And they trampled him down—but he rose again;

And he baited the lion to deeds of weir,
Till he lapped the blood to the kingdom
dear:

And, weening his head was danger-preef
When crowned with the rose and clover leaf,
He growled at the carle, and chased him
away

To feed wi' the deer on the mountain gray. He growled at the carle, and he gecked at heaven;

But his mark was set, and his arles given Kilmeny a while her een withdrew; She looked again, and the scene was new.

She saw below her, fair unfurled,
One half of all the glowing world,
Where oceans rolled and rivers ran,
To bound the aims of sinful man.
She saw a people fierce and fell,
Burst frae their bounds like fiends of hell;
There lilies grew, and the eagle flow;
And she herked on her ravening crew,
Till the cities and towers were wrapt in a
blaze,
And the thunder it roared o'er the lands and

And the thunder it roared o'er the lands and the seas.

The widows they wailed, and the red blood ran.

And she threatened an end to the race of man.

She never lened, nor stood in awe,
Till caught by the lion's deadly paw.
Oh! then the eagle swinked for life,
And brainzelled up a mortal strife;
But flew she north, or flew she south,
She met wi' the growl of the lion's mouth.

With a mooted wing and waefu' maen,
The eagle sought her eiry again;
But lang may she cower in her bloody nest,
And lang, lang sleek her wounded breast,
Before she sey another flight,
To play wi' the norland lion's might.

But to sing the sights Kilmeny saw,
So far surpassing nature's law,
The singer's voice wad sink away,
And the string of his harp wad cease to play.
But she saw till the sorrows of man were by,
And all was love and harmony;
Till the stars of heaven fell calmly away,
Like the flakes of snaw on a winter's day.

Then Kilmeny begged again to see
The friends she had left in her own countrye,
To tell of the place where she had been,
And the glories that lay in the land unseen;
To warn the living maidens fair,
The loved of heaven, the spirits' care,
That all whose minds unmeled remain
Shall bloom in beauty when time is gane.

With distant music, soft and deep,
They lulled Kilmeny sound asleep;
And when she awakened, she lay her lane,
All happed with flowers in the green-wood
wene.

When seven long years had come and fled; When grief was calm, and hope was dead; When scarce was remembered Kilmeny's name,

Late, late in a gloamin, Kilmeny came hame!
And oh, her beauty was fair to see,
But still and steadfast was her ee!
Such beauty bard may never declare,
For there was no pride nor passion there;
And the soft desire of maidens' een,
In that mild face could never be seen.
Her seymar was the lily flower,
And her cheek the moss-rose in the shower.

And her voice like the distant melodye That floats along the twilight sea. But she loved to raike the lanely glen, And keeped afar frae the haunts of men: Her holy hymns unheard to sing, To suck the flowers and drink the spring. But wherever her peaceful form appeared, The wild beasts of the hills were cheered; The wolf played blythely round the field The lordly byson lowed and kneeled; The dun deer wooed with manner bland, And cowered aneath her lily hand. And when at even the woodlands rung, When hymns of other worlds she sung In ecstasy of sweet devotion, Oh, then the glen was all in motion! The wild beasts of the forest came, Broke from their bughts and faulds the tame And goved around, charmed and amazed; Even the dull cattle crooned and gazed, And murmured and looked with anxious pair For something the mystery to explain. The buzzard came with the throstle-cock, The corby left her houf in the rock; The black-bird alang wi' the eagle flew; The hind came tripping o'er the dew; The wolf and the kid their raike began; And the tod, and the lamb, and the lever ran;

The hawk and the hern attour them hung,
And the merl and the mavis forhooyed the
young;

And all in a peaceful ring were hurled: It was like an eve in a sinless world!

When a month and day had come at gane,

Kilmeny sought the green-wood wene;
There laid her down on the leaves sae gree
And Kilmeny on earth was never mair see
But oh, the words that fell from her mouth,
Were words of wonder, and words of truth
But all the land were in fear and dread,
For they kend na whether she was living dead.

It wasna her hame, and she couldna r main;

She left this world of sorrow and pain, And returned to the land of thought again.

AND Hose



THE FAIRIES OF THE CALDON LOW.

; ⁷⁷

A MIDSUMMER LEGEND

HE FAIRIES OF THE CALDON LOW.

- "And where have you been, my Mary,
 And where have you been from me?"
 "I've been to the top of the Caldon Low,
 The midsummer-night to see!"
- "And what did you see, my Mary,
 All up on the Caldon Low?"
 "I saw the glad sunshine come down,
 And I saw the merry winds blow."
- "And what did you hear, my Mary,
 All up on the Caldon hill?"
 "I heard the drops of the water made,
 And the ears of the green corn fill."
- "Oh! tell me all, my Mary—
 All, all that ever you know;
 For you must have seen the fairnes,
 Last night on the Caldon Low."
- "Then take me on your knee, mother;
 And listen, mother of mine:
- A hundred fairies danced last night, And the harpers they were nine;
- "And their harp-strings rung so merrily
 To their dancing feet so small;
 Butch! the words of their talking
 Were merrier far than all."
- "And what were the words, my Mary,
 That then you heard them say?"
 "I'll tell you all, my mother;

But let me have my way.

- "bome of them played with the water,
 And rolled it down the hill;
 And this,' they said, 'shall speedily turn
 The poor old miller's mill;
- "'For there has been no water Ever since the first of May; And a busy man will the miller be At dawning of the day.

- "'Oh! the miller, how he will laugh
 When he sees the mill-dam rise!
 The jolly old miller, how he will laugh
 Till the tears fill both his eyes!"
- "And some they seized the little winds
 That sounded over the hill;
 And each put a horn unto his mouth,
 And blew both loud and shrill;
- "'And there,' they said, 'the merry winds
 go
 Away from every horn;
 And they shall clear the mildew dank

From the blind, old widow's corn.

"'Oh! the poor, blind widow,
Though she has been blind so long,
She 'll be blithe enough when the mildew's
gone,

And the corn stands tall and strong.'

- "And some they brought the brown lintseed,
- And flung it down from the Low;
 'And this,' they said, 'by the sunrise,
 In the weaver's croft shall grow.
- "'Oh! the poor, lame weaver,
 How will be laugh outright
 When he sees his dwindling flax-field
 All full of flowers by night!'
- "And then outspoke a brownie,
 With a long beard on his chin;
 'I have spun up all the tow,' said he,
 'And I want some more to spin.
- "'I've spun a piece of hempen cloth, And I want to spin another; A little sheet for Mary's bed, And an apron for her mother.
- "With that I could not help but laugh, And I laughed out loud and free; And then on the top of the Caldon Low There was no one left but me.
- "And all on the top of the Caldon Low
 The mists were cold and gray,
 And nothing I saw but the mosay stones."
 That round about me lay.

But, coming down from the hill-top,
I heard afar below,
How busy the jolly miller was,
And how the wheel did go.

"And I peeped into the widow's field, And, sure enough, were seen The yellow ears of the mildewed corn, All standing stout and green.

"And down by the weaver's croft I stole,
To see if the flax were sprung;
And I met the weaver at his gate,
With the good news on his tongue.

"Now this is all I heard, mother,
And all that I did see;
So, pr'ythee, make my bed, mother,
For I'm tired as I can be."

MARY HOWITT.

OH! WHERE DO FAIRIES HIDE THEIR HEADS?

Onl where do fairies hide their heads,
When snow lies on the hills—
When frost has spoiled their mossy beds,
And crystalhzed their rills?
Beneath the moon they cannot trip
In circles o'er the plain;
And draughts of dew they cannot sip,
Till green leaves come again.

Perhaps, in small, blue diving-bells,
They plunge beneath the waves,
Inhabiting the wreathed shells
That lie in coral caves.
Perhaps, in red Vesuvius,
Carousals they maintain;
And cheer their little spirits thus,
Till green leaves come again.

When they return there will be mirth,
And music in the air,
And fairy wings upon the earth,
And muschief every where.
The maids, to keep the elves aloof,
Will bar the doors in vain;
No key-hole will be fairy-proof,
When green leaves come again.
Trongs Hayen Bayla.

THE CULPRIT FAY.

"My visual orbs are purged from film, and, in I Instead of Auster's tornip-boaring vales. I see old fury land's miraculous show Her trees of thusel kissed by freakish gales, Her oughs that, clocked in leaf-gold, skimths brees, And fairles, swarming———,"

TERRANT'S AMSTER PAIL

t.

'T as the middle watch of a summer's night— The earth is dark, but the heavens are bright; Naught is seen in the vault on high But the moon, and the stars, and the cloud less sky,

And the flood which rolls its milky bue.
A river of light on the welkin blue.
The moon looks down on old Cronest:
She mellows the shades on his shaggy breek.
And seems his huge gray form to throw
In a silver cone on the wave below;
His sides are broken by spots of shade,
By the walnut bough and the cedar made,
And through their clustering branches dark
Glimmers and dies the fire-fly's spark—
Like starry twinkles that momently breek
Through the rifts of the gathering temper
rack.

П

The stars are on the moving stream,
And fling, as its ripples gently flow,
A burnished length of wavy beam
In an eal-like, spiral line below;
The winds are whist, and the owl is still;
The bat in the shelvy rock is hid;
And nought is heard on the lonely hill
But the cricket's chirp, and the answer shril
Of the gauze-winged katy-did;
And the plaint of the wailing whip-poor-wil.
Who means unseen, and ceaseless sings,
Ever a note of wail and wee,
Till morning spreads her rosy wings,
And earth and sky in her glances glow.

ш.

'T is the hour of fairy ban and spell:
The wood-tick has kept the minutes well;
ile has counted them all with click and strok
Deep in the heart of the mountain-oak,
And he has awakened the sentry elve
Who sleeps with him in the hangted tree



THE CULPRIT FAY.

n ring the hour of twelve,
Il the fays to their revelry;
call strokes on his tinkling bell—
rade of the white anail's pearly
ill—)
t comes, and all is well!
ther, wing your way!
awn of the fairy-day."

IV.

e from beds of lichen green, p from the mullen's velvet screen; n the backs of beetles fly silver tops of moon-touched trees, they swung in their cobweb hamcks high. ad about in the evening breeze; om the hum-bird's downy nestdriven him out by elfin power, illowed on plumes of his rainbow ıast, bered there till the charmed hour; ad lain in the accop of the rock, ering ising-stars inlaid; me had opened the four-o'clock, within its purple shade. w they throng the moonlight glade, elow-on every side, ttle minim forms arrayed ksy pomp of fairy pride!

¥,

e not now to print the lea. nd dance around the tree, mushroom board to sup, the dew from the buttercup;f sorrow waits them now, phe has broken his vestal vow; ved an earthly maid, or her his woodland shade; n upon her lip of dew, ed him in her eye of blue, er check with his wing of air, the ringlets of her hair, ling on her snowy breast, e lily-king's behest. he shadowy tribes of air elfin court must haste away :-they stand expectant there, · the doom of the culprit fay.

VĮ.

The throne was reared upon the grass,
Of spice-wood and of sassafras;
On pillars of mottled tortoise-shell
Hung the burnished canopy—
And o'er it gorgeous curtains fell
Of the tulip's crimson drapery.
The monarch sat on his judgment-seat,
On his brow the crown imperial shone,
The prisoner fay was at his feet,
And his peers were ranged around the
throne.
He waved his sceptre in the air,
He looked around and calmly spoke;
His brow was grave and his eye severe,
But his voice in a softened accent broke.

VII.

"Fairy! fairy! list and mark: Thou hast broke thine elfin chain; Thy flame-wood lamp is quenched and dark, And thy wings are dyed with a deadly etain-Thou hast sullied thine elfin purity In the glance of a mortal maiden's eye; Thou hast scorned our dread decree, And thou shouldst pay the forfeit high. But well I know her sinless mind Is pure as the angel forms above, Gentle and meek, and chaste and kind, Such as a spirit well might love; Fairy! had she spot or taint, Bitter had been thy punishment: Tied to the hornet's shardy wings; Tossed on the pricks of nettles' stings: Or seven long ages doomed to dwell With the lazy worm in the walnut-shell; Or every night to writhe and bleed Beneath the trend of the centipode; Or bound in a cobweb dungeon dim, Your jailer a spider, huge and grim, Amid the carrion bodies to lie Of the worm, and the bug, and the murdered These it had been your lot to bear, Had a stain been found on the earthly tax. Now list, and mark our mild decree—

Fairy, this your doom must be:

VIII.

"Thou shalt seek the beach of sand
Where the water bounds the elfin land;
Thou shalt watch the oozy brine
Till the sturgeon leaps in the bright moonshine,

Then dart the glistening arch below, And catch a drop from his silver bow. The water-sprites will wield their arms

And dash around, with roar and rave, And vain are the woodland spirits' charms;

They are the imps that rule the wave. Yet trust thee in thy single might: If thy heart be pure and thy spirit right, Thou shalt win the warlock fight.

IX.

"If the spray-bead gem be won,

The stain of thy wing is washed away;
But another errand must be done

Ere thy crime be lost for aye:
Thy flame-wood lamp is quenched and dark,
Thou must reillume its spark.

Mount thy steed and spur him high
To the heaven's blue canopy;
And when thou seest a shooting star,
Follow it fast, and follow it far—
The last faint spark of its burning train
Shall light the elfin lamp again.
Thou hast heard our sentence, fay;
Hence! to the water-side, away!"

X.

The goblin marked his monarch well;

He spake not, but he bowed him low,
Then plucked a crimson colen-bell,

And turned him round in act to go.
The way is long, he cannot fly,

His soiled wing has lost its power,
And he winds adown the mountain high,

For many a sore and weary hour.
Through dreary beds of tangled fern,
Through groves of nightshade dark and dern,
Over the grass and through the brake,
Where toils the ant and sleeps the snake;

Now o'er the violet's azure flush
He skips along in lightsome mood;

And now he thrids the bramble-bush,

Till its points are dyed in fairy blood.

He has leaped the bog, he has pierced the brier,

He has swum the brook, and waded the mire Till his spirits sank, and his limbs grew weak And the red waxed fainter in his cheek. He had fallen to the ground outright,

For rugged and dim was his onward trade But there came a spotted toad in sight,

And he laughed as he jumped upon be back;

He lashed her sides with an osier thong; And now, through evening's dewy mist,

With leap and spring they bound along. Till the mountain's magic verge is past, And the beach of sand is reached at last.

XL.

Soft and pale is the moony beam, Moveless still the glassy stream; The wave is clear, the beach is bright

With snowy shells and sparkling stones: The shore-surge comes in ripples light,

In murmurings faint and distant moans:
And ever afar in the silence deep
Is heard the splash of the sturgeon's lesp,
And the bend of his graceful bow is seen—
A glittering arch of silver sheen,
Spanning the wave of burnished blue,
And dripping with gems of the river-dew.

XII.

The elfin cast a glance around,

As he lighted down from his courser to the round his breast his wings he wound and close to the river's brink he strode He sprang on a rock, he breathed a prayer Above his head his arms he threw,

Then tossed a tiny curve in air,

And headlong plunged in the waters blue

XIII.

Up sprung the spirits of the waves,

From the sea-silk beds in their coral caves
With snail-plate armor snatched in haste,
They speed their way through the lique waste;
Some are rapidly borne slong

Some are rapidly borne along
On the mailed shrimp or the prickly prom



CULPRIT FAY.

the blood-red leeches glide the stony star-fish ride, the back of the lancing squab, the sideling soldier-crab; on the jellied quarl, that flinge thousand streamy stings; the wave with the living oar, y on to the moonlight shore, their realms and chase away teps of the invading fay.

XIV.

 he skims along, is high, and his limbs are strong: ls his arms like the swallow's wing, we his feet with a frog-like fling; of gold on the waters shine, breast the tiny foam-bees rise, gleams bright above the brine, e wake-line foam behind him lies. rater-sprites are gathering near ek his course along the tide : viors come in swift career m him round on every side; igh the leech has fixed his hold, 's long arms are round him rolled, ly prong has pierced his skin, squab has thrown his javelin; r star has rubbed him raw, rab has struck with his giant claw; with rage, and he shricks with pain; s around, but his blows are vain; is the unequal fight, aught is left but flight.

IV.

I him round, and fled amain ry and dash to the beach again; d over from side to side, his cheek to the cleaving tide; es of his plunging arms are fleet, all his might he flings his feet, zater-sprites are round him still, his path and work him ill. e the wave before him rise; g the sea-fire in his eyes; stunned his ears with the scallop-78

Oh! but a weary wight was he When he reached the foot of the dogwood

—Gashed and wounded, and stiff and sore. He laid him down on the sandy shore; He blessed the force of the charméd line,

And he banued the water-goblin's spite. For he saw around in the sweet moonshine Their little wee faces above the brine, Giggling and laughing with all their might At the piteous hap of the fairy wight,

XVI.

Soon he gathered the balsam dew From the sorrel-leaf and the henbane bud: Over each wound the balm he drew, And with cobweb lint he stanched the blood. The mild west wind was soft and low, It cooled the heat of his burning brow; And he felt new life in his sinews shoot, As he drank the juice of the calamus root: And now he treads the fatal shore, As fresh and vigorous as before.

Wrapped in musing stands the sprite: 'T is the middle wane of night; His task is hard, his way is far, But he must do his errand right Ere dawning mounts her beamy car, And rolls her chariot wheels of light; And vain are the spells of fairy-land— He must work with a human hand.

XVIII.

He cast a saddened look around; But he felt new joy his bosom swell, When, glittering on the shadowed ground, He saw a purple muscle-shell; Thither he ran, and he bent him low, He heaved at the stern and he heaved at the bow, And he pushed her over the yielding sand, Till he came to the verge of the haunted land. She was as lovely a pleasure-boat As ever fairy had paddled in, porpoise heave and the drum-fish For she glowed with purple paint without And shone with silvery pearl within:

A sculler's notch in the stern he made, An oar he shaped of the bootle blade; Then sprung to his seat with a lightsome leap, And launched afar on the calm, blue deep.

XIX.

The imps of the river yell and rave;
They had no power above the wave;
But they heaved the billow before the prow,
And they dashed the surge against her side,
And they struck her keel with jerk and blow,
Till the gunwale bent to the rocking tide.
She whimpled about to the pale moonbeam,
Like a feather that floats on a wind-tossed
stream;
And momently athwart her track

And momently athwart her track

The quarl upreared his island back,

And the fluttering scallop behind would float,

And patter the water about the boat;

But he bailed her out with his colen-bell,

And he kept her trimmed with a wary

And he kept her trimmed with a wary tread,

While on every side like lightning fell The heavy strokes of his bootle-blade.

XX.

Onward still he held his way,

Till he came where the column of moonshine lay,

And saw beneath the surface dim
The brown-backed sturgeon slowly swim;
Around him were the goblin train—
But he sculled with all his might and main,
And followed wherever the sturgeon led,
Till he saw him upward point his head;
Then he dropped his paddle-blade,
And held his colen-goblet up
To catch the drop in its crimson cup.

XXI

With sweeping tail and quivering fin
Through the wave the sturgeon flew,
And, like the heaven-shot javelin,
He sprung above the waters blue.
Instant as the star-fall light,
He plunged him in the deep again,
But he left an arch of silver bright,
The rainbow of the moony main.
It was a strange and lovely sight
To see the puny goblin there;

He seemed an angel form of light,
With azure wing and sunny hair,
Throned on a cloud of purple fair,
Circled with blue and edged with white,
And sitting at the fall of even
Beneath the bow of summer heaven.

XIII.

But ere it met the billow blue,
He caught within his crimson bell
A droplet of its sparkling dew—
Joy to thee, fay! thy task is done,
Thy wings are pure, for the gem is wor.
Cheerly ply thy dripping oar,
And haste away to the elfin shore.

A moment, and its lustre fell;

XXIII.

He turns, and, lo! on either side The ripples on his path divide; And the track o'er which his boat must Is smooth as a sheet of polished glass. Around, their limbs the sea-nymphs lave, With snowy arms half-swelling out, While on the glossed and gleamy wave Their sea-green ringlets loosely float; They swim around with smile and song; They press the bark with pearly hand, And gently urge her course along, Toward the beach of speckled sand; And, as he lightly leaped to land, They bade adien with nod and bow; Then gayly kissed each little hand, And dropped in the crystal deep below.

XXIV.

A moment stayed the fairy there;
He kissed the beach and breathed a praye
Then spread his wings of gilded blue,
And on to the clfin court he flew;
As ever ye saw a bubble rise,
And shine with a thousand changing dye
Till, lessening far, through ether driven,
It mingles with the hues of heaven;
As, at the glimpse of morning pale,
The lance-fly spreads his silken sail,
And gleams with blendings soft and brigh
Till lost in the shades of fading night:
So rose from earth the lovely fay—
So vanished, far in heaven away!



| quit thy chick-weed bower, et has called the second hour: in, and the lark will rise e streaking of the skiescharmed armor don, eed it ere the night be gone.

XXV.

s acorn helmet on: med of the silk of the thistle-down; et plate that guarded his breast the wild bee's golden vest; , of a thousand mingled dyes, ed of the wings of butterflies: I was the shell of a lady-bug queen, gold on a ground of green; uivering lance which he brandished ting of a wasp he had slain in fight. pestrode his fire-fly steed; ed his blade of the bent-grass blue; his spurs of the cockle-seed, ay like a glance of thought he flew, he heavens, and follow far trail of the rocket-star.

-fly, as he shot in air, ler the leaf, and hid her thero; did forgot its lay, ling gnat fled fast away, iosquito checked his drone d his wings till the fay was gone, vily beetle dropped his head, in the ground as if he were dead; iched them close in the darksome taked all o'er with awe and fear. had felt the blue-bent blade, ithed at the prick of the elfin spear; me, on a summer's night, s sky was clear, and the moon was ght, l been roused from the haunted and lp and bay of the fairy bound; ad heard the tiny bugle-horn, heard the twang of the maize-silk wn,

And the needle-shaft through air was borne.

Feathered with down of the bum-bird's wing.

And now they deemed the courier ouphe, Some hunter-sprite of the elfin ground; And they watched till they saw him mount the roof

That canopies the world around; Then glad they left their covert lair, And freaked about in the midnight air.

Up to the vaulted firmament

His path the fire-fly courser bent,

XXVII.

And at every gallop on the wind, He flung a glittering spark behind; He flies like a feather in the blast Till the first light cloud in heaven is past. But the shapes of air have begun their work, And a drizzly mist is round him east; He cannot see through the mantle murb; He shivers with cold, but he arges fast; Through storm and darkness, sleet and shade, He lashes his steed, and spurs amain— For shadowy hands have twitched the rein. And flame-shot tongues around him played, And near him many a flendish eye Glared with a fell malignity, And yells of rage, and shricks of fear, Came screaming on his startled ear.

XXVIII.

His wings are wet around his breast, The plume hangs dripping from his crest, His eyes are blurred with the lightning's. And his ears are stunned with the thunder's blare. But he gave a shout, and his blade he drew. He thrust before and he struck behind, Till he pierced their cloudy bodies through, And gashed their shadowy limbs of wind: Howling the misty spectres flew, They rend the air with frightful cries; the vine-twig bows were tightly For he has gained the welkin blue, And the land of clouds beneath him lies.

XXIX.

- Up to the cope careering swift, In breathless motion fast, Fleet as the swallow cuts the drift, Or the sea-roc rides the blast, The sapphire sheet of eve is shot, The sphered moon is past, The earth but seems a tiny blot On a sheet of azure cast. Oh! it was sweet, in the clear moonlight, To tread the starry plain of even! To meet the thousand eyes of night, And feel the cooling breath of heaven! But the elfin made no stop or stay Till he came to the bank of the milky-way; Then he checked his courser's foot, And watched for the glimpse of the planetshoot.

XXX.

Sudden along the snowy tide That swelled to meet their footsteps' fall, The sylphs of heaven were seen to glide, Attired in sunset's crimson pall; Around the fay they weave the dance, They skip before him on the plain, And one has taken his wasp-sting lance, And one upholds his bridle-rein; With warblings wild they lead him on To where, through clouds of amber seen, Studded with stars, resplendent shone The palace of the sylphid queen. Its spiral columns, gleaming bright, Were streamers of the northern light; Its curtain's light and lovely flush Was of the morning's rosy blush; And the ceiling fair that rose aboon, The white and feathery fleece of noon.

XXXI.

But, oh! how fair the shape that lay
Beneath a rainbow bending bright:
She seemed to the entranced fay
The loveliest of the forms of light;
Her mantle was the purple rolled
At twilight in the west afar;
T was tied with threads of dawning gold,
And buttoned with a sparkling star.
Her face was like the lily roon
That veils the vestal planet's hue;
Her eyes, two beamlets from the moon,
Set floating in the welkin blue.

Her hair is like the sunny beam, And the diamond gems which round it gle Are the pure drops of dewy even That ne'er have left their native heaven.

XXXII.

She raised her eyes to the wondering sprit And they leaped with smiles; for well ween Never before in the bowers of light Had the form of an earthly fav been se Long she looked in his tiny face; Long with his butterfly cloak she played She smoothed his wings of azure lace, And handled the tassel of his blade; And as he told, in accents low, The story of his love and woe, She felt new pains in her bosom rise, And the tear-drop started in her eyes. And "O, sweet spirit of earth," she cried "Return no more to your woodland hei But ever here with me abide In the land of everlasting light! Within the fleecy drift we'll lie, We'll hang upon the rainbow's rim; And all the jewels of the sky Around thy brow shall brightly beam! And thou shalt bathe thee in the stream That rolls its whitening foam aboon, And ride upon the lightning's gleam, And dance upon the orbed moon! We'll sit within the Pleiad ring, We'll rest on Orion's starry belt, And I will bid my sylphs to sing The song that makes the dew-mist melt: Their harps are of the umber shade That hides the blush of waking day, And every gleamy string is made Of silvery moonshine's lengthened ray; And thou shalt pillow on my breast, While heavenly breathings float around

XXXIII.

She was lovely and fair to see
And the elfin's heart beat fitfully;
But lovelier far, and still more fair,
The earthly form imprinted there;
Naught he saw in the heavens above
Was half so dear as his mortal love.

And, with the sylphs of ether blest,

Forget the joys of fairy ground."



THE CULPRIT FAY.

hought upon her looks so meek,
thought of the light flush on her
neek;
gain might he bask and lie
sweet cheek and moonlight eye;
is dreams her form to see,
her in his revery,
upon his virgin bride.

XXXIV.

rth all heaven, and earth beside.

' he cried, "I have sworn to-night, word of a fairy-knight, y sentence-task aright: r scarce is free from stainnt soil its snows again; ne weal, betide me woe, late must be answered now." m heaved with many a sigh, was in her drooping eye; led him to the palace gate, alled the sylphs who hovered there, e them fly and bring him straight, uds condensed, a sable car. arm and spell she blessed it there, the fiends of upper air; and him cast the shadowy shroud, I his steed behind the cloud; sed his hand as she bade him fly ne verge of the northern sky, ts wane and wavering light as a star would fall to-night.

XXXV.

ar on the wings of the blast,
and away, he speeds him fast,
courser follows the cloudy wain
hoof-strokes fall like pattering rain.
ds roll backward as he flies,
kering star behind him lies,
has reached the northern plain,
ked his fire-fly steed again,
follow in its flight
aming of the rocket-light.

XXXVI.

is yet in the vault of heaven, rocks in the summer gale;

v 't is fitful and uneven,
now 't is deadly pale;

And now 't is wrapped in sulphur-smoke, And quenched is its rayless beam; And now with a rattling thunder-strcke It bursts in flash and flame, As swift as the glance of the arrowy lance That the storm-spirit flings from high, The star-shot flew o'er the welkin blue, As it fell from the sheeted sky. As swift as the wind in its train behind The elfin gallops along: The fiends of the clouds are bellowing loud, But the sylphid charm is strong; He gallops unhurt in the shower of fire, While the cloud-fiends fly from the blaze; He watches each flake till its sparks expire, And rides in the light of its rays. But he drove his steed to the lightning's speed, And caught a glimmering spark; Then wheeled around to the fairy ground,

And sped through the midnight dark.

Ouphe and goblin! imp and sprite!
Elf of eve! and starry fay!
Ye that love the moon's soft light,
Hither—hither wend your way;
Twine ye in a jocund ring,
Sing and trip it merrily,
Hand to hand, and wing to wing,
Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

Hail the wanderer again

With dance and song, and lute and lyre;
Pure his wing and strong his chain,
And doubly bright his fairy fire.
Twine ye in an airy round,
Brush the dew and print the lea;
Skip and gambel, hop and bound,
Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

The beetle guards our holy ground,
He flies about the haunted place,
And if mortal there be found,
He hums in his ears and flaps his face;
The leaf-harp sounds our roundelay,
The owlet's eyes our lanterns be;
Thus we sing, and dance, and play,
Round the wild witch-hazel wee.

Put, hark! from tower on tree-top high,

The sentry-elf his call has made;

A streak is in the eastern sky,

Shapes of moonlight! flit and fade!

The hill-tops gleam in morning's spring,

The sky-lark shakes his dappled wing,

The day-glimpse glimmers on the lawn,

The cock has crowed, and the fays are gone.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

THE FAIRIES.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We dare n't go a hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home—
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide-foam;
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain-lake,
With frogs for their watch-dogs,
All night awake.

High on the hill-top
The old king sits;
He is now so old and gray
He's nigh lost his wits.
With a bridge of white mist
Columbkill he crosses,
On his stately journeys
From Slieveleague to Rosses;
Or going up with music
On cold, starry nights,
To sup with the queen
Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget
For seven years long;
When she came down again
Her friends were all gone.

They took her lightly back,

Between the night and morrow
They thought that she was fast a
But she was dead with sorrow
They have kept her ever since
Deep within the lakes,
On a bed of flag leaves,
Watching till she wakes.

By the craggy hill-side,

Through the mosses bare,

They have planted thorn-trees

For pleasure here and there
Is any man so daring

To dig one up in spite,

He shall find the thornies set

In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

WILLIAM ALLIES

THE FAIRIES' FAREWELL

FAREWELL rewards and fairies!

Good housewives now may say;

For now foule sluts in dairies

Doe fare as well as they;

And though they sweepe their headless

Than mayds were wont to doe, Yet who of late for cleaneliness Finds sixe-pence in her shoe?

Lament, lament, old abbeys,

The fairies' lost command!

They did but change priests' babies.

But some have changed your land
And all your children, stoln from the

Are now growne Puritanes,

Who live as changelings ever since,

For love of your demaines.



THE GREEN GNOME.

ning and at evening both nerry were and glad; care of aleepe and aloth prettic ladies had. om came home from labor, as to milking rose, errily went their tabour, nimbly went their toes.

those rings and roundelayes sirs, which yet remaine, oted in Queen Marie's dayes any a grassy playne. The of late Elizabeth, ater James, came in ver danced on any heath ten the time hath bin.

h wee note the fairies
of the old profession;
ngs were Are-Maries,
dances were procession.

v. alas! they all are dead,
ne beyond the seas,
er for religion fled;
e they take their ease.

le in their company
never could endure;
use kept not secretly
mirth, was punished sure;
just and Christian deed
sch such blacke and blue;
the commonwelth doth need
ustices as you!

y have left our quarters, ster they have, a preserve their charters a both wise and grave. bred of their merry pranks, e that I could name, in store; con twenty thanks lliam for the same.

am Churne of Staffordshire and and praises due, cry meale, can mend your cheare tales both old and true; am all give audience, ray yee for his noddle; se fairles' evidence lost if it were addle.

RIGHARD CORNERS.

THE GREEN GNOME.

A MELODY,

Ruse, sing! ring, sing! pleasant Sabbath bells! Chime, rhyme! chime, rhyme! thorough dales and dells!

Rhyme, ring! chime, sing! pleasant Sabhatl. bells!

Chime, sing! rhyme, ring! over fields and fells!

And I galloped and I galloped on my palfrey white as milk,

My robe was of the sea-green woof, my serk was of the silk;

My hair was golden yellow, and it floated to my shoe,

My eyes were like two harebells bathed in little drops of dew;

My paifroy, never stopping, made a music sweetly blent

With the leaves of autumn dropping all around me as I went;

And I heard the bells, grown fainter, far behind me peal and play,

Fainter, fainter, fainter, till they seemed to die away;

And beside a silver runnel, on a little heap of sand,

I saw the green gnome sitting, with his check upon his hand.

Then he started up to see me, and he ran with cry and bound,

And drew me from my palfrey white and set me on the ground.

Oh crimson, crimson were his locks, his face was green to see,

But he cried, "O light-haired lassie, you are bound to marry me!"

He clasped me round the middle small, he kissed me on the check,

He kissed me once, he kissed me twice—I could not stir or speak;

He kissed me twice, he kissed me thrice—but when he kissed again,

I called aloud upon the name of Him who died for men.

Sing, sing! ring! pleasant Sabbath bells Chime, rhyme! chime, rhyme! thorough dales and della! Rhyme, ring! claime, sing! pleasant Sabbath bells!

Chime, sing! rhyme, ring! over fields and fells!

Oh faintly, faintly, faintly, calling men and maids to pray,

So faintly, faintly rang the bells far away;

And as I named the Blessed Name, as in our need we can,

The ugly green green gnome became a tall and comely man:

His hands were white, his beard was gold, his eyes were black as sloes,

His tunic was of scarlet woof, and silken were his hose;

A pensive light from Faëryland still lingered on his cheek,

His voice was like the running brook, when he began to speak:

"Oh you have cast away the charm my stepdame put on me,

Seven years I dwelt in Faëryland, and you have set me free.

Oh I will mount thy palfrey white, and ride to kirk with thee,

And by those little dewy eyes, we twain will wedded be!"

Back we galloped, never stopping, he before and I behind,

And the autumn leaves were dropping, red and yellow, in the wind;

And the sun was shining clearer, and my heart was high and proud,

As nearer, nearer, nearer, rang the kirk bells sweet and loud,

And we saw the kirk before us, as we trotted down the fells,

And nearer, clearer, o'er us, rang the welcome of the bells.

Ring, sing! ring, sing! pleasant Sabbath bells! Chime, rhyme! chime, rhyme! thorough dales and dells!

Rhyme, ring! chime, sing! pleasant Sabbath bells!

Ohime, sing! rhyme, ring! over fields and fells!

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

ARIEL'S SONGS.

I.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands;
Court'sied when you have, and kissel.
(The wild waves whist!)
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.

Hark, hark!

Bowgh, wowgh.

The watch-dogs bark—

Bowgh, wowgh.

Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry Cock-a-doodle-doo.

п.

Full fathoms five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Ding-dong.

Hark! now I hear them—ding, dong,

m.

Where the bee sucks there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry;
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the b

SONG.

HEAR, sweet spirit, hear the spell, Lest a blacker charm compel! So shall the midnight breezes swell With thy deep, long, lingering kne

And at evening evermore,
In a chapel on the shore,
Shall the chaunter, sad and saintly
Yellow tapers burning faintly,
Doleful masses chaunt for theeMiserere Domine!

On the quiet moonlight sea;
The boatmen rest their oars and say,
Miserere Domine!

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

THE LORELEI.

I know not what it presages,
This heart with sadness fraught:
T is a tale of the olden ages,
That will not from my thought.

The air grows cool, and darkles;
The Rhine flows calmly on;
The mountain summit sparkles
In the light of the setting sun.

There sits, in soft reclining,
A maiden wondrous fair,
With golden raiment shining,
And combing her golden hair.

With a comb of gold she combs it;
And combing, low singeth she—
A song of a strange, sweet sadness,
A wonderful melody.

The sailor shudders, as o'er him,
The strain comes floating by;
He sees not the cliffs before him—
He only looks on high.

Ah! round him the dark waves, flinging
Their arms draw him slowly down—
And this, with her wild, sweet singing,
The Lorelei has done.

HENRY HEINE. (German.)
Translation of Christopher Pearse Cranch.

THE WATER LADY.

I.

ALAS, that moon should ever beam
To show what man should never see!—
I saw a maiden on a stream,
And fair was she!

II.

I staid awhile, to see her throw Her tresses back, that all beset The fair horizon of her brow With clouds of jet. m.

I staid a little while to view Her cheek, that wore, in place of red, The bloom of water—tender blue, Daintily spread.

IV.

I staid to watch, a little space, Her parted lips, if she would sing; The waters closed above her face With many a ring.

٧.

And still I staid a little more—Alas! she never comes again!
I throw my flowers from the shore,
And watch in vain.

VI.

I know my life will fade away— I know that I must vainly pine; For I am made of mortal clay, But she 's divine!

THOMAS HOUD.

THE WATER FAY.

The night comes stealing o'er me,
And clouds are on the sea;
While the wavelets rustle before me
With a mystical melody.

A water-maid rose singing
Before me, fair and pale;
And snow-white breasts were springing,
Like fountains, 'neath her veil.

She kissed me and she pressed me, Till I wished her arms away: "Why hast thou so caressed me, Thou lovely water fay?"

"Oh, then need'st not alarm thee,
That thus thy form I hold;
For I only seek to warm me,
And the night is black and cold."

"The wind to the waves is calling,
The moonlight is fading away;
And tears down thy cheek are falling,
Thou beautiful water fay!"

"The wind to the waves is calling,
And the moonlight grows dim on the
rocks;

But no tears from mine eyes are falling,
'T is the water which drips from my
locks."

"The ocean is heaving and sobbing,
The sea-mews scream in the spray;
And thy heart is wildly throbbing,
Thou beautiful water fay!"

"My heart is wildly swelling,
And it beats in burning truth;
For I love thee, past all telling—
Thou beautiful mortal youth."

HENRY HEINE. (German.)
Translation of CHARLES G. LELAND.

SONG.

I.

A LAKE and a fairy boat,
To sail in the moonlight clear—
And merrily we would float
From the dragons that watch us here!

II.

Thy gown should be snow-white silk; And strings of orient pearls, Like gossamers dipped in milk, Should twine with thy raven curls!

ш.

Red rubies should deck thy hands,
And diamonds should be thy dower—
But fairies have broke their wands,
And wishing has lost its power!

THOMAS HOOD.

THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

PART I.

On either side the river lie Long fields of barley and of rye, That clothe the wold and meet the sky And through the field the road runs b

To many-towered Camelot:
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below—
The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten; aspens quiver; Little breezes dusk and shiver Through the wave that runs for ever By the island in the river,

Flowing down to Camelot.

Four gray walls, and four gray tower:

Overlook a space of flowers;

And the silent isle imbowers

The lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veiled, Slide the heavy barges, trailed By slow horses; and, unhailed, The shallop flitteth, silken-sailed

Skimming down to Camelot
But who hath seen her wave her han
Or at the casement seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land—
The lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river, winding clearly

Down to towered Camelot;
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers, "'T is the fairy
Lady of Shalott."

PART II.

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colors gay.
She has heard a whisper say
A curse is on her if she stay
To look down to Camelot.



THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

tnows not what the curse may be; so she weaveth steadily, little other care hath she— The lady of Shalott.

moving through a mirror clear hangs before her all the year, owe of the world appear. e she sees the highway near,

Winding down to Camelot;
the river eddy whirls;
there the surly village-churls,
the red cloaks of market-girls,

Pass onward from Shalott.

times a troop of damsels glad, bbot on an ambling pad times a curly shepherd-lad, ng-haired page, in crimson clad,

Goes by to towered Camelot; sometimes through the mirror blue enights come riding, two and two: tath no loyal knight and true—

The lady of Shalott.

n her web she still delights eave the mirror's magic sights; ften, through the silent nights, teral, with plumes and lights

And music, went to Camelot;
then the moon was overhead,
two young lovers lately wed;
n balf-sick of shadows," said
The lady of Shalott.

PART III.

w-shot from her bower-caves de between the barley sheaves; un came dazzling through the leaves, flamed upon the brazen greaves

Of bold Sir Lancelot.

-cross knight for ever kneeled lady in his shield,
sparkled on the yellow field,
Beside remote Shalott.

emmy bridle glittered free, to some branch of stars we see Hung in the golden galaxy.

The bridle bells rang merrily,

As he rode down to Camelot;

And, from his blazoned baldric slung,

A mighty silver bugle hung;

And as he rode his armor rung.

All in the blue unclouded weather Thick-jewelled shone the saddle-leather; The helmet and the helmet-feather Burned like one burning flame together,

Beside remote Shalott.

As he rode down to Camelot.

As often, through the purple night,

Below the starry clusters bright,

Some bearded meteor, trailing light,

Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glowed; On burnished hooves his war-horse trode; From underneath his helmet flowed His coal-black curls as on he rode,

As he rode down to Camelot.

From the bank and from the river

He flashed into the crystal mirror:

"Tirra lirra," by the river,

Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom; She made three paces through the room; She saw the water-lily bloom; She saw the helmet and the plume;

She looked down to Camelot:
Out flew the web, and floated wide;
The mirror cracked from side to side;
"The curse is come upon me," cried
The lady of Shalott.

PART IV.

In the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning—
The broad stream in his banks complaining
Heavily the low sky raining

Over towered Camelot;
Down she came, and found a boat,
Beneath a willow left affont;
And round about the prow she wrote
The lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse— Like some bold seer in a trance, Seeing all his own mischance— With a glassy countenance

Did she look to Camelot.

And at the closing of the day

She loosed the chain, and down she lay;

The broad stream bore her far away—

The lady of Shalott.

Lying robed in snowy white,
That loosely flew to left and right—
The leaves upon her falling light—
Through the noises of the night

She fleeted down to Camelon

She floated down to Camelot;
And as the boat-head wound along,
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song—
The lady of Shalott—

Heard a carol, mournful, holy, Chanted loudly, chanted lowly— Till her blood was frozen slowly, And her eyes were darkened wholly,

Turned to towered Camelot;
For ere she reached, upon the tide,
The first house by the water-side,
Singing, in her song she died—
The lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape, she floated by—
A corse between the houses high—
Silent, into Camelot.
Out upon the wharfs they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame;
And round the prow they read her name—
The lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here?
And in the royal palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer;
And they crossed themselves for fear—
All the knights at Camelot;
But Lancelot mused a little space:
He said, "She has a lovely face;
God in his mercy lend her grace—
The lady of Shalott."

ALFRED TENEYSOR.

COMUS, A MASK.

THE PERSONS.

The attendant Spirit, afterwards in the helicof Thyresis.

Comus, with his crew.

The Lady.

First Brother.

Second Brother.

Sabrina, the Nymph.

THE FIRST SCENE DISCOVERS A WILD WOOD.

The attendant Spirit descends or enters.

Before the starry threshold of Jove's court
My mansion is, where those immortal shape
Of bright aerial spirits live insphered
In regions mild of calm and serene air,
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,
Which men call earth, and, with low-thought
ed care

Confined, and pestered in this pinfold here, Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being. Unmindful of the crown that virtue gives, After this mortal change, to her true so vants,

Amongst the enthroned gods on sainted seets. Yet some there be that by due steps aspire. To lay their just hands on that golden key. That opes the palace of eternity.

To such my errand is; and, but for such,

I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds With the rank vapors of this sin-worn mould But to my task: Neptune, besides the

Of every salt flood, and each ebbing stream.
Took in, by lot 'twixt high and nether Jove.
Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles,
That like to rich and various gems inlay
The unadorned bosom of the deep;
Which he, to grace his tributary gods,
By course commits to several government,
And gives them leave to wear their sapphing
crowns,

And wield their little tridents. But this is The greatest and the best of all the main, He quarters to his blue-haired deities; And all this tract, that fronts the falling so A noble peer of mickle trust and power Has in his charge, with tempered awe guide

An old and haughty nation, provd in arms



to attend their father's state, trusted sceptre; but their way a the perplexed paths of this drear l,

g horror of whose shady orows forlorn and wandering passenger. teir tender age might suffer peril, quick command from sovereign

tched for their defence and guard;

why—for I will tell you now

yet was heard in tale or song,

r modern bard, in hall or bower.

that first from out the purple

sweet poison of misused wine, uscan mariners transformed, a Tyrrhene shore as the winds

sland fell. Who knows not Circe, er of the sun, whose charmed cup sted lost his upright shape, and fell into a grovelling swine? 1, that gazed upon his clustering

perries wreathed, and his blithe

, ere he parted thence, a son is father, but his mother more; efore she brought up, and Comus ed:

nd frolic of his full grown age, Celtic and Iberian fields, kes him to this ominous wood, k shelter of black shades imbow-

aother at her mighty art, every weary traveller quor in a crystal glass, he drouth of Phœbus; which as taste,

o taste through fond intemp'rate
t)

potion works, their human counice,

resemblance of the gods, i ged

rutish form, of wolf, or bear,
- tiger, hog or bearded goat-

All other parts remaining as they were;
And they, so perfect is their misery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boast themselves more comely than before;

And all their friends and native home forget,
To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.
Therefore, when any favored of high Jove
Chances to pass through this adventurous
glade,

Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star I shoot from heav'n, to give him safe convoy—

As now I do. But first I must put off
These my sky robes, spun out of Iris' woof,
And take the weeds and likeness of a swain,
That to the service of this house belongs,
Who with his soft pipe, and smooth-dittied
song,

Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,

And hush the waving woods; nor of less faith,

And, in this office of his mountain watch, Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid, Of this occasion. But I hear the tread Of hateful steps; I must be viewless now.

Comes enters, with a charming rod in one hand, his glass in the other; with him a rout of monsters, headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts—but otherwise like men and women, their apparel glistening; they come in making a riotous and unruly noise, with torches in their hands.

Comus. The star that bids the shepherd fold Now the top of heaven doth hold; And the gilded car of day His glowing axle doth allay In the steep Atlantic stream; And the slope sun his upward beam. Shoots against the dusky pole, Pacing toward the other goal Of his chamber in the east. Meanwhile welcome Joy and Feast, Midnight Shout and Revelry, Tipsy Dance and Jollity. Braid your locks with rosy twine Dropping odors, dropping wine. Rigor now is gone to bed,

And Advice with scrupulous head;
Strict Age, and sour Severity,
With their grave saws in slumber lie.
We that are of purer fire
Imitate the starry quire,
Who in their nightly watchful spheres
Lead in swift round the months and years.
The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,

Now to the moon in wavering morrice move;
And on the tawny sands and shelves
Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves.
By dimpled brook, and fountain brim,
The wood-nymphs, decked with daisies trim,
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep;
What hath night to do with sleep?
Night hath better sweets to prove;
Venus now wakes, and wakens Love.
Come! let us our rites begin—
'T is only daylight that makes us sin,
Which these dun shades will ne'er report.
Hail, goddess of nocturnal sport,
Dark-veiled Cotytto! t' whom the secret flame

Of midnight torches burns; mysterious dame, That ne'er art called but when the dragon womb

Of Stygian darkness spets her thickest gloom, And makes one blot of all the air; Stay thy cloudy ebon chair, Wherein thou ridest with Hecate, and befriend

Us, thy vowed priests, till utmost end
Of all thy dues be done, and none left out,
Ere the babbling eastern scout,
The nice morn, on the Indian steep
From her cabined loophole peep,
And to the tell-tale sun descry
Our concealed solemnity.
Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
In a light fantastic round!

THE MEASURE.

Break off, break off! I feel the different pace Of some chaste footing near about this ground. Run to your shrouds, within these brakes and trees;

Our number may affright some virgin sure, (For so I can distinguish by mine art), Benighted in these woods. Now to my cl:arms,

And to my wily trains; I shall ere long
Be well stocked, with as fair a herd as graze
About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl
My dazzling spells into the spungy air,
Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion
And give it false presentments; lest the place
And my quaint habits breed astonishment,
And put the damsel to suspicious flight—
Which must not be, for that's against me
course.

I, under fair pretence of friendly ends,
And well placed words of glozing courtesy,
Baited with reasons not unplausible,
Wind me into the easy-hearted man,
And hug him into snares. When once he
eye

Hath met the virtue of this magic dust, I shall appear some harmless villager, Whom thrift keeps up, about his country gen But here she comes; I fairly step aside, And hearken, if I may, her business here

THE LADY ENTERS.

This way the noise was, if mine ear be true-My best guide now; methought it was the sound

Of riot and ill-managed merriment,
Such as the jocund flute or gamesome pipe
Stirs up among the loose, unlettered hinds,
When for their teeming flocks, and grange
full,

In wanton dance they praise the bounteon Pan,

And thank the gods amiss. I should be

To meet the rudeness and swilled insolence Of such late wassailers; yet oh! where else Shall I inform my unacquainted feet In the blind mazes of this tangled wood! My brothers, when they saw me wearied of With this long way, resolving here to lodge Under the spreading favor of these pines, Stepped, as they said, to the next thicket sid To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit As the kind hospitable woods provide.

They left me, then, when the gray-booded even,

Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phæbu



they are, and why they came not

labor of my thoughts; 't is like-

ingaged their wandering steps too

is darkness, ere they could return, them from me. Else, O thievish it,

dst thou, but for some felonious

: lantern thus close up the stars, s hung in heaven, and filled their

esting oil, to give due light
ed and lonely traveller?
place, as well as I may guess,
en now the tumult of lond mirth
ad perfect in my listening ear;
but single darkness do I find.
t this be? A thousand fantasies
rong into my memory,
shapes, and beckoning shadows

ngues, that syllable men's names ad shores, and desert wildernesses, ghts may startle well, but not as-

s mind, that ever walks attended siding champion, conscience. pure-eyed faith, white-handed

ng angel, girt with golden wings—inblemished form of chastity!
bly, and now believe
he supreme good, t' whom all is ill
slavish officers of vengeance,
l a glistering guardian, if need

life and honor unassailed.

ved, or did a sable cloud

ner silver lining on the night?

r, there does a sable cloud

ner silver lining on the night,

gleam over this tufted grove.

loo to my brothers; but

as I can make, to be heard far-

, for my new-e:.livened spirits

and they perhaps are not far off.

SONG,

Sweat Echo, sweetest nymph—that livest

Within thy airy shell, By slow Meander's margent green, And in the violet-embroidered vale

Where the love-lorn nightingale Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well— Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair

> That likest thy Narcissus are? Oh, if thou have

Hid them in some flowery cave, Tell me but where,

Sweet queen of parly, daughter of the sphere!

So mayst thou be translated to the skies, And give resounding grace to all heaven's harmonies.

Enter Comus.

Com. Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould

Breathe such divine, enchanting ravishment? Sure something hely lodges in that breast, And with these raptures moves the vocal air To testify his hidden residence.

How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night—
At every fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness till it smiled! I oft have heard
My mother Circe with the sirens three,
Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiades
Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs,
Who, as they sung, would take the prisoned
soul,

And lap it in Elysium; Seylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmured soft applause
Yet they in pleasing slumber laded the sense,
And in sweet madness robbed it of itself.
But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
I never heard till now. I'll speak to her,
And she shall be my queen. Hail, foreign
wonder!

Whom, certain, these rough shades did never breed,

Unless the goddess that in rural shrine

Dwellest here with Yan or Silvan, by bless

some

Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog
To touch the prosperous growth of this tall
wood!

LAD. Nay, gentle shepherd, ill is lost that praise

That is addressed to unattending ears;
Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
How to regain my severed company,
Compelled me to awake the courteous Echo,
To give me answer from her mossy couch.

Com. What chance, good 'ady, hath bereft you thus?

LAD. Dim darkness, and this leafy labyrinth.

Com. Could that divide you from near ushering guides?

LAD. They left me weary on a grassy turf. Com. By falsehood, or discourtesy? or why?

Lad. To seek i'th' valley some cool friendly spring.

Com. And left your fair side all unguarded, lady?

LAD. They were but twain, and purposed quick return.

Com. Perhaps forestalling night prevented them.

Lad. How easy my misfortune is to hit!

Com. Imports their loss, beside the present need?

LAD. No less than if I should my brothers lose.

Com. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?

Lad. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazored lips.

Com. Two such I saw, what time the labored ox

In his loose traces from the furrow came,
And the swinked hedger at his supper sat;
I saw them, under a green mantling vine
That crawls along the side of you small hill,
Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots.
Their port was more than human, as they
stood;

I took it for a fairy vision
Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colors of the rainbow live,
And play i' th' plighted clouds. I was awe-

struck;
And as I passed, I worshipped. If those you seek.

It were a journey like the path to heaven To help you find them.

LAD. Gentle villager,

What readiest way would bring me to the place?

Com. Due west it rises from this shrubb point.

LAD. To find that out, good shepherd, suppose,

In such a scant allowance of star-light,
Would overtask the best land-pilot's art,
Without the sure guess of well-practised fee

Com. I know each lane, and every alle green,

Dingle or bushy dell, of this wild wood,
And every bosky bourn from side to side—
My daily walks and ancient neighborhood;
And if your stray-attendants be yet lodged.
Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted lark
From her thatched pallat rouse; if otherwise
I can conduct you, lady, to a low
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe
Till further quest.

Lad. Shepherd, I take thy word,
And trust thy honest-offered courtesy,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
With smoky rafters, than in tap'stry halls
And courts of princes, where it first was
named,

And yet is most pretended; in a place
Less warranted than this, or less secure,
I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.
Eye me, blest Providence, and square me,
trial

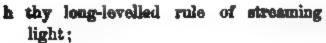
To my proportioned strength. Shepherd lead on!

Enter The Two Brothers.

1 Br. Unmussle, ye faint stars! and thousair moon,

That wont'st to love the traveller's benison Stoop thy pale visage through an amb cloud.

And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here
In double night of darkness and of shades;
Or if your influence be quite dammed up
With black usurping mists, some gentle tape
Though a rush candle from the wicker-hole
Of some clay habitation, visit us



I thou shalt be our star of Arcady, Tyrian cynosure.

Br. Or if our eyes

barred that happiness, might we but hear folded flocks penned in their wattled cotes.

sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops, whistle from the lodge, or village cock int the night watches to his feathery dames,

rould be some solace yet, some little cheering

his close dungeon of innumerous boughs.

oh that hapless virgin, our lost sister!
ere may she wander now, whither betake
her

m the chill dew, among rude burs and thisties?

haps some cold bank is her bolster now;
'gainst the rugged bank of some broad elin
na her unpillowed head, fraught with sad
fears;

at if in wild amazement and affright, while we speak, within the direful grasp savage hunger, or of savage heat?

Bz. Peace, brother! be not over-exqui-

cast the fashion of uncertain evils;
grant they be so-while they rest unknown,

at need a man forestall his date of grief,
I run to meet what he would most avoid?
if they be but false alarms of fear,
w bitter is such self-delusion!
not think my sister so to seek,
so unprincipled in virtue's book,
I the sweet peace that goodness bosoms

ever,
that the single want of light and noise
t being in danger, as I trust she is not)

dd stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,

l put them into misbecoming plight.
tue could see to do what virtue would
her own radiant light, though sun and

re in the flat sea sunk. And wisdom's self seeks to sweet retired solitude, ere, with her best nurse, contemplation,

She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,

That in the various bustle of resort

Were all-to ruffled, and sometimes impaired.

He that has light within his own clear breast

May sit i' th' centre, and enjoy bright day;

But he that hides a dark soul, and foul
thoughts,

Benighted walks under the mid-day sun; Himself is his own dungeon.

2 Br. 'T is most true,
That musing meditation most affects
The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,
And sits as safe as in a senate house;
For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,
His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,
Or do his gray hairs any violence?
But beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree
Laden with blooming gold, had need the
guard

Of dragon watch with unenchanted eye,
To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit
From the rush hand of bold incontinence.
You may as well spread out the unsumed
heaps

Of miser's treasure by an outlaw's den,
And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
Danger will wink on opportunity,
And let a single helpless maiden pass
Uninjured in this wild surrounding waste.
Of night, or loneliness, it recks me not;
I fear the dread events that dog them both.
Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the per

Of our unowned sister,

I Br. I do not, brother,
Infer as if I thought my sister's state
Secure without all doubt, or controversy;
Yet where an equal poise of hope and fear
Does arbitrate th' event, my nature is
That I incline to hope, rather than fear,
And gladly banish squint suspicion.
My sister is not so defenceless left
As you imagine; she has hidden strength,
Which you remember not.

2 Bu. What hidden strength, Unless the strength of heaven, if you mean that?

1 Br. I mean that too, but yet a hidden strength,

Which, if heaven gave it, may be termed her By unchaste looks, loose gestures and for

T is chastity, my brother, chastity: She that has that is clad in complete steel, And like a quivered nymph with arrows keen May trace huge forests, and unharbored heaths,

Infamous hills and sandy perilous wilds, Where, through the sacred rays of chastity, No savage fierce, bandit, or mountaineer, Will dare to soil her virgin purity; Yea there, where very desolation dwells By grots, and caverns shagged with horrid shades,

She may pass on with unblenched majesty, Be it not done in pride, or in presumption. Some say no evil thing that walks by night, In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen, Blue, meagre hag, or stubborn, unlaid ghost, That breaks his magic chains at curfew time, No goblin, or swart fairy of the mine, Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity. Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call Antiquity from the old schools of Greece To testify the arms of Chastity? Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow, Fair silver-shafted queen, forever chaste, Wherewith she tamed the brinded lioness And spotted mountain pard, but set at naught The frivolous bolt of Cupid; gods and men Feared her stern frown, and she was queen o' the woods.

What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield That wise Minerva wore, unconquered virgin,

Wherewith she freezed her foes to congealed stone,

But rigid looks of chaste austerity, And noble grace that dashed brute violence With sudden adoration, and blank awe? So dear to heaven is saintly chastity, That when a soul is found sincerely so A thousand liveried angels lackey her, Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt, And in clear dream, and solemn vision, Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear, Till oft converse with heavenly habitants Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape, The unpolluted temple of the mind, And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence, I'll all be made immortal; but when lust,

talk,

But most by lewd and lavish act of sin, Lets in defilement to the inward parts, The soul grows clotted by contagion, Imbodies and imbrutes, till she quite lose The divine property of her first being. Such are those thick and gloomy shadow damp,

Oft seen in charnel vaults, and sepulchres, Lingering, and sitting by a new-made grave, As loath to leave the body that it loved, And linked itself by carnal sensuality To a degenerate and degraded state.

2 Br. How charming is divine philosophy Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools suppose But musical as is Apollo's lute, And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets, Where no crude surfeit reigns.

1 Br. List! list! I hear

Some far off halloo break the silent air.

2 Br. Methought so, too; what should i be?

1 Br. For certain

Either some one like us, night-foundered here Or else some neighbor wood-man; or, worst,

Some roving robber calling to his fellows.

2 Br. Heaven keep my sister. Agair again, and near;

Best draw, and stand upon our guard. 1 Br. I'll halloo;

If he be friendly, he comes well; if not, Defence is a good cause, and heaven be fo us.

The attendant Spirit, habited like a Shephere That halloo I should know, what are you

speak;

Come not too near, you fall on iron stake

Spi. What voice is that? my young lord speak again.

2 Br. O brother, 't is my father's shepher sure.

1 Br. Thyrsis? whose artful strains have oft delayed

The huddling brook to hear his madrigal, And sweetened every musk-rose of the dale How cam'st thou here, good swain! has SUL LSID

Slipt from the fold, or young kid lost his Yet have they many baits, and guileful spells,

Or straggling wether the pent flock forsook? How could'st thou find this dark sequestered nook?

Spr. O my loved master's heir, and his next joy,

I came not here on such a trivial toy As a strayed ewe, or to pursue the stealth Of pilfering wolf; not all the fleecy wealth That doth enrich these downs is worth a thought

To this my errand, and the care it brought. But oh, my virgin lady, where is she? How chance she is not in your company?

1 Br. To tell thee sadly, shepherd, without blame,

Or our neglect we lost her as we came.

SPI. Aye me unhappy! then my fears are true.

1 Br. What fears, good Thyrsis? Prithee briefly shew.

Spr. I'll tell ye; 't is not vain or fabulous (Though so esteemed by shallow ignorance) What the sage poets, taught by th' heavenly muse,

Storied of old in high immortal verse, Of dire chimeras and enchanted isles, And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to hell;

For such there be, but unbelief is blind. Within the navel of this hideous wood, Immured in cypress shades a sorcerer dwells, Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus, Deep skilled in all his mother's witcheries; And here to every thirsty wanderer By sly enticement gives his baneful cup, With many murmurs mixed, whose pleasing poison

The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,

And the inglorious likeness of a beast Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage Charactered in the face; this have I learnt Tending my flocks hard by i' th' hilly crofts, That brow this bottom glade, whence night by night

He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl Like stabled wolves, or tigers at their prey, Doing abhorred rites to Hecate In their obscured haunts of inmost bowers.

To inveigle and invite th' unwary sense Of them that pass unweeting by the way. This evening late, by then the chewing flocks Had ta'en their supper on the savory herb Of knot-grass dew-besprint, and were in fold I sat me down to watch upon a bank With ivy canopied, and interwove With flaunting honey-suckle, and began, Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy, To meditate my rural minstrelsy, Till fancy had her fill; but ere a close, The wonted roar was up amidst the woods, And filled the air with barbarous dissonance; At which I ceased, and listened them awhile, Till an unusual stop of sudden silence Gave respite to the drowsy flighted steeds That draw the litter of close-curtained sleep: At last a soft and solemn breathing sound Rose like a steam of rich distilled perfumes, And stole upon the air, that even silence Was took ere she was ware, and wished she might

Deny her nature, and be never more, Still to be so displaced. I was all ear, And took in strains that might create a soul Under the ribs of death; but oh, ere long, Too well I did perceive it was the voice Of my most honored lady, your dear sister. Amazed I stood, harrowed with grief and fear;

And O poor hapless nightingale, thought I, How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare!

Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste,

Through paths and turnings often trod by day,

Till guided by mine ear I found the place, Where that damned wizard, hid in sly disguise,

(For so by certain signs I knew) had met Already, ere my best speed could prevent, The aidless innocent lady, his wished prey, Who gently asked if he had seen such two, Supposing him some neighbor villager. Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guessed

Ye were the two she meant; with that I sprung

Into swift flight, till I had found you here But further know I not.

2 Br. O night and shades, How are ye joined with hell in triple knot, Against the unarmed weakness of one virgin, Alone and helpless! Is this the confidence You gave me, brother?

1 Br. Yes, and keep it still, Lean on it safely; not a period Shall be unsaid for me; against the threats Of malice or of sorcery, or that power Which erring men call chance, this I hold firm,

Virtue may be assailed, but never hurt, Surprised by unjust force, but not enthralled; Yea, even that which mischief meant most harm,

Shall in the happy trial prove most glory; But evil on itself shall back recoil, And mix no more with goodness, when at last,

Gathered like scum, and settled to itself, It shall be in eternal, restless change Self-fed, and self-consumed; if this fail, The pillared firmament is rottenness, And earth's base built on stubble. But come, let's on.

Against th' opposing will and arm of heaven May never this just sword be lifted up; But for that damned magician, let him be girt

With all the grisly legions that troop Under the sooty flag of Acheron, Harpies and hydras, or all the monstrous But now I find it true; for by this means forms

Twixt Africa and Ind, I'll find him out, And force him to restore his purchase back, Or drag him by the curls to a foul death, Oursed as his life.

· Spr. Alas! good venturous youth, I love thy courage yet, and bold emprise; But here thy sword can do thee little stead. Far other arms and other weapons must Be those that quell the might of hellish charms;

He with his bare wand can unthread thy joints,

And crumble all thy sinews.

1 Br. Why, prithee, shepherd, How durst thou then thyself approach so near

As to make this relation? SPI Care. and utmost shifts How to secure the lady from surprisal, Brought to my mind a certain shepherd lad, Of small regard to see to, yet well skilled In every virtuous plant and healing herb That spreads her verdant leaf to th' morning ray:

He loved me well, and oft would beg cu sing,

Which when I did, he on the tender grass Would sit, and hearken even to ecstasy, And in requital ope his leathern scrip, And shew me simples of a thousand names, Telling their strange and vigorous faculties. Among the rest a small unsightly root, But of divine effect, he called me out; The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on n But in another country, as he said, Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this soil--

Unknown, and like esteemed, and the du swain

Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon; And yet more medicinal is it than that moly That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave: He called it hæmony, and gave it me, And bade me keep it as of sovereign use 'Gainst all enchantments, mildew, black, o damp,

Or ghastly furies' apparition.

I pursed it up; but little reckoning made, Till now that this extremity compelled; I knew the foul enchanter, though disguise Entered the very lime-twigs of his spells,

And yet came off; if you have this about

(As I will give you when we go), you may Boldly assault the necromancer's hall; Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood And brandished blade, rush on him, brea his glass,

And shed the luscious liquor on the ground, But seize his wand; though he and his curse

Fierce sign of battle make, and menace high Or, like the sons of Vulcan, vomit smoke, Yet will they soon retire if he but shrink.

1 Br. Thyrsis, lead on apace, I'll folle thee,

And some good angel bear a shield before

The scene changes to a stately pulace, set out | Was this the cottage, and the safe abode, with all manner of deliciousness; soft new- Thou told'st me of: What grim aspects. sic, tables spread with all dainties. Comes appears with his rubble, and the LADY set in an enchanted chair, to whom he offers his glass, which she puts by, and goes about to rine.

Com. Nay, lady, sit! if I but wave this wand,

Your nerves are all chained up in alabaster, And you a statue, or as Dapline was Root-bound, that fled Apollo.

LAD. Fool, do not hoast!

Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind With all thy charms, although this corporal rind

Thou hast immanacled, while heaven sees

Com. Why are you vexed, lady? why do you frown?

Here dwell no frowns, nor anger; from these gates

Sorrow flies far; see, here be all the pleasures That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts, When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns Brisk as the April buds in primrose-season. And first behold this cordial julep here, That flames and dances in his crystal bounds, With spirits of balm and fragrant syrups mixed;

Not that Nepenthes, which the wife of Thone In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena, Is of such power to stir up joy as this, To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst. Why should you be so cruel to yourself, And to those dainty limbs which nature lent For gentle usage, and soft delicacy? But you invert the covenants of her trust, And harshly deal, like an ill borrower, With that which you received on other terms, Scorning the unexempt condition By which all mortal frailty must subsist, Refreshment after toil, case after pain, That have been tired all day without repast, And timely rest have wanted; but fair virgin, This will restore all soon.

LAD. 'T will not, false traitor-T will not restore the truth and honesty That thou hast banished from thy tongue with lies.

there.

These ugly-headed monsters? Mercy gua

Hence with thy brewed enchantments, for deceiver!

Hast thou betrayed my credulous innocence With visored falsehood and base forgery? And would'st thou seek again to trap me he With liquorish baits, fit to insnare a brute Were it a draft for Juno when she banquet I would not taste thy treasonous offer; no But such as are good men can give good thin And that which is not good is not deliciou To a well-governed and wise appetite.

Com. Oh foolishness of men! that lend th

To those budge doctors of the Stoic fur, And fetch their precepts from the Cynic to Praising the lean and sallow abstinence. Wherefore did nature pour her bounties for

With such a full and unwithdrawing hand, Covering the earth with odors, fruits, a flocks

Thronging the seas with spawn innumeral But all to please, and sate the curious taste And set to work millions of spinning worn That in their green shops weave the smoot haired silk

To deck her sons; and that no corner mig Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins She hutcht th' all-worshipped ore, and pr cious gems

To store her children with: if all the work Should in a pet of temp'rance feed on pulse Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear b frieze,

Th' all-giver would be unthanked, would unpraised.

Not half his riches known, and yet despised And we should serve him as a gradging ma

As a penurious niggard of his wealth, And live like nature's bastards, not her so Who would be quite surcharged with her ov weight,

And strangled with her waste fertility, Th' earth cumbered, and the winged darked with plumes.

The herds would over-multitude their le

The sea o'erfraught would swell, and th' unsought diamonds

Would so imblaze the forehead of the deep, And so bestud with stars, that they below Would grow inured to light, and come at last To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows. List, lady, be not coy, and be not cozened With that same vaunted name, virginity. Beauty is nature's coin, must not be hoarded, But must be current, and the good thereof Consists in mutual and partaken bliss, Unsavory in th' enjoyment of itself; If you let slip time, like a neglected rose It withers on the stalk with languished head. Beauty is nature's brag, and must be shewn In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities, Where most may wonder at the workmanship;

It is for homely features to keep home,
They had their name thence; coarse complexions

And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply The sampler, and to tease the housewife's wool.

What need a vermeil-tinctured lip for that, Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn? There was another meaning in these gifts; Think what, and be advised, you are but young yet.

Lad. I had not thought to have unlocked my lips

In this unhallowed air, but that this juggler Would think to charm my judgment, as mine eyes,

Obtruding false rules pranked in reason's garb.

I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,
And virtue has no tongue to check her pride.
Impostor, do not charge most innocent nature
As if she would her children should be riotous
With her abundance; she, good cateress,
Means her provision only to the good,
That live according to her sober laws,
And holy dictate of spare temperance;
If every just man, that now pines with want,
Had but a moderate and beseeming share
Of that which lewdly-pampered luxury
Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
Nature's full blessings would be well dispensed
In unsuperfluous even proportion,

And she no whit encumbered with her store;

And then the giver would be better thanked His praise due paid; for swinish gluttony Ne'er looks to heaven amidst his gorgeoufeast,

But with besotted base ingratitude Crams, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on?

Or have I said enough? To him that dares

Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous

words

Against the sun-clad power of chastity,
Fain would I something say, yet to what
end?

Thou hast not ear, nor soul, to apprehend
The sublime notion and high mystery
That must be uttered to unfold the sage
And serious doctrine of virginity;
And thou art worthy that thou should'st no
know

More happiness than this thy present lot. Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric, That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence,

Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinced;
Yet should I try, the uncontrolled worth
Of this pure cause would kindle my ray
spirits

To such a flame of sacred vehemence

That dumb things would be moved to sympathize,

And the brute earth would lend her nerveand shake,

Till all thy magic structures, reared so high.
Were shattered into heaps o'er thy false head

Com. She fables not; I feel that I do fear Her words set off by some superior power; And though not mortal, yet a cold shudder ing dew

Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus, To some of Saturn's crew. I must dissemble And try her yet more strongly. Come, no more;

This is mere moral babble, and direct
Against the canon laws of our foundation;
I must not suffer this; yet 't is but the lees
And settlings of a melancholy blood
But this will cure all straight; one sip of this
Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight
Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, an

-otest

561



The Business ruck in with moorde drawn, wrest his glass out of his hand, and break it against the ground; his rout make sign of resistance, but are all driven in; the attendant Spirit comes in.

Spi. What! have you let the false enchanter 'scape !

Oh ye mistook! ye should have snatched his wand

And bound him fast: without his rod reversed,

And backward mutters of dissevering power, We cannot free the lady that sits here In stony fetters fixed, and motionless. Yet stay! be not disturbed; now I bethink

Some other means I have which may be used, Which once of Melibous old I learnt, The soothest shepherd that e'er piped on plains.

There is a gentle nymph not far from hence, That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream:

Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure;
Whilome she was the daughter of Locrine,
That had the sceptre from his father Brute.
She, guileless damsel, flying the mad pursuit
Of her enraged stepdame, Guendolen,
Commended her fair innocence to the flood,
That stayed her flight with his cross-flowing
course.

The water-nymphs that in the bottom played, Held up their pearled wrists and took her in, Bearing her straight to aged Nersus' hall, Who, piteous of her woes, reared her lank head,

And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
In nectared layers strowed with asphodil,
And through the porch and inlet of each
sense

Dropt in ambrosial oils till she revived,
And underwent a quick immortal change,
Made goddess of the river; still she retains
Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve
Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-luck signs
That the shrewd meddling olf delights to
make,

Which she with precious vialed liquors heals; For which the shapherds, at their festivals.

Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,
And throw sweet garland wreaths into bes
stream.

Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.

And, as the old swain said, she can unlock

The clasping charm, and thaw the mumming

spell.

If she be right invoked in warbled song;
For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift
To sid a virgin, such as was herself,
In hard besetting need; this will I try,
And add the power of some adjuring verse.

SONG.

SABRINA fair,

Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair.
Listen, for dear honor's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,
Listen and save!

Listen, and appear to us In name of great Oceanus; By th' earth-shaking Neptune's mace, And Tethy's grave majestic pace; By hoary Nercus' wrinkled look, And the Carpathian wizard's hook: By scaly Triton's winding shell, And old sooth-saying Glaucus' spell; By Leucothea's levely hands, And her son that rules the strands; By Thetis' tinsel-slippered feet, And the songs of sirens sweet; By dead Parthenope's dear tomb, And fair Ligea's golden comb, Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks. Sleeking her soft alluring locks; By all the nymplis that nightly dance Upon thy streams with wily glance-Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head From thy coral-paven bed, And bridle in thy headlong wave, Till thou our summons answered have.

Listen and save!

Sarrina rises, attended by water nymphs, and sings.

By the reshy-fringed bank,
Where grows the willow and the order ds

My sliding chariot stays,
Thick set with agate, and the azure sheen
Of turkois blue, and emerald green,
That in the channel strays;
Whilst from off the waters fleet
Thus I set my printless feet
O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
That bends not as I tread;
Gentle swain, at thy request
I am here.

Spi. Goadess dear,
We implore thy powerful hand
To undo the charmed band
Of true virgin here distressed,
Through the force and through the wile
Of unblest enchanter vile.

SAB. Shepherd, 't is my office best
To help ensnared chastity:
Brightest lady, look on me!
Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
Drops that from my fountain pure
I have kept of precious cure,
Thrice upon thy fingers' tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied lip;
Next this marble venomed seat,
Smeared with gums of glutinous heat,
I touch with chaste palms moist and cold:
Now the spell hath lost his hold;
And I must haste ere morning hour
To wait in Amphitrite's bower.

SABRINA descends, and the LADY rises out of her seat.

Spi. Virgin, daughter of Locrine, Sprung from old Anchises' line, May thy brimmed waves for this Their full tribute never miss From a thousand petty rills, That tumble down the snowy hills; Summer drought, or singed air, Never scorch thy tresses fair, Nor wet October's torrent flood Thy molten crystal fill with mud; May thy billows roll ashore The beryl, and the golden ore; May thy lofty head be crowned With many a tower and terrace round, And here and there thy banks upon With groves of myrrh and cinnamon.

Come, lady! while heaven lends us gr Let us fly this cursed place, Lest the sorcerer us entice With some other new device. Not a waste or needless sound, Till we come to holier ground; I shall be your faithful guide Through this gloomy covert wide; And not many furlongs thence Is your father's residence, Where this night are met in state Many a friend to gratulate His wished presence, and beside All the swains that near abide, With jigs and rural dance resort, We shall catch them at their sport, And our sudden coming there Will double all their mirth and cheer; Come, let us haste, the stars grow high But night sits monarch yet in the mid

The scene changes, presenting Ludlow and the president's castle; then comcountry dancers; after them the atten Spirit, with the two Brothers and Lady.

80NG.

Spi. Back, shepherds, back! enough play

Till next sun-shine holiday;

Here be without duck or nod

Other trippings to be trod—

Of lighter toes, and such court guise

As Mercury did first devise

With the mincing Dryades

On the lawns, and on the leas.

This second song presents them to their fa and mother.

Noble lord, and lady bright,
I have brought ye new delight;
Here behold, so goodly grown,
Three fair branches of your own;
Heaven hath timely tried their youth,
Their faith, their patience, and their tr
And sent them here through hard assay
With a crown of deathless praise,
To triumph in victorious dance
O'er sensual folly and intemperance.



ances ended, the SPIRIT epiloguises. To the ocean now I fly, lose happy climes that lie day never shuts his eye, the broad fields of the sky. I suck the liquid air idst the gardens fair perus, and his daughters three ing about the golden tree. the crisped shades and bowers the spruce and jocund spring; races, and the rosy-bosomed Hours, r all their bounties bring: eternal summer dwells, est-winds with musky wing the cedared alleys fling and cassia's balmy smells. ere with humid bow the odorous banks that blow s of more mingled bue ier purfied scarf can shew, renches with Elysian dew nortals, if your ears be true) f hyacinth and roses, young Adonis oft reposes, g well of his deep wound ober soft, and on the ground sits th' Assyrian queen; above, in spangled sheen, al Cupid, her famed son, advanced, his dear Psyche sweet entranced, ser wand'ring labors long, e consent the gods among ier his eternal bride, om her fair unspotted side lissful twins are to be born. and Joy; so Jove hath sworn. now my task is smoothly done; ly, or I can run, y to the green earth's end, the bowed welkin low doth bend, om thence can soar as soon corners of the moon. tals that would follow me, virtue; she alone is free; n teach ye how to climb r than the sphery chime: virtue feeble were. u itself would stoop to her.

JOHN MILTON.

HYLAS.

STORM-WEARIED Argo slept upon the water. No cloud was seen; on blue and craggy ida The hot noon lay, and on the plain's enamel; Cool, in his bed, alone, the swift Scamander. "Why should I haste?" said young and rosy Hylas:

"The seas were rough, and long the way from Colchis.

Beneath the snow-white awning slumbers Ja-

Pillowed upon his tame Thessalian panther; The shields are piled, the listless ours suspended

On the black thwarts, and all the hairy bonds-

Doze on the benches. They may wait for water,

Till I have bathed in mountain-born Scamender."

So said, unfilleting his purple chlamys,

And putting down his urn, he stood a mo-

Breathing the faint, warm odor of the blos-

That spangled thick the lovely Dardan mead-

Then, stooping lightly, loosened he his buskins, And felt with shrinking feet the crispy ver-

dure : Naked, save one light robe that from his

shoulder

Hung to his knee, the youthful finsh reveal-

Of warm, white limbs, half-nerved with coming manhood,

Yet fair and smooth with tenderness of beauty. Now to the river's sandy marge advancing. He dropped the robe, and raised his head ex ulting

In the clear sunshine, that with beam on bracing

Held him against Apollo's glowing bosom. For sacred to Latona's son is beauty, Sacred is youth, the joy of youthful feeling. A joy indeed, a living joy, was Hylm,

Whence Jove-begotten Heracles, the mighty, His white, round shoulder shed the dripping To men though terrible, to him was gentle, Smoothing his rugged nature into laughter When the boy stole his club, or from his shoulders

Dragged the huge paws of the Nemean lion.

The thick, brown locks, tossed backward from his forehead,

Fell soft about his temples; manhood's blossoni

Not yet had sprouted on his chin, but freshly Curved the fair cheek, and full the red lips' parting,

Like a loose bow, that just has launched its

His large blue eyes, with joy dilate and

Were clear as the unshadowed Grecian heaven;

Dewy and sleek his dimpled shoulders rounded To the white arms and whiter breast between them.

Downward, the supple lines had less of soft-

His back was like a god's; his loins were moulded

As if some pulse of power began to waken; The springy fulness of his thighs, outswerv-

ing,

Sloped to his knee, and, lightly dropping downward,

Drew the curved lines that breathe, in rest, of motion.

He saw his glorious limbs reversely mirrored In the still wave, and stretched his foot to press it

On the smooth sole that answered at the sur-

Alas! the shape dissolved in glimmering fragments.

Then, timidly at first, he dipped, and catching Quick breath, with tingling shudder, as the waters

Swirled round his thighs, and deeper, slowly deeper,

Till on his breast the river's cheek was pillowed,

And deeper still, till every shoreward ripple Talked in his ear, and like a cygnet's bosom crystal.

There, as he floated, with a rapturous motion The lucid coolness folding close around his The lily-cradling ripples murmured, "Hylas He shook from off his ears the hyacinthine Curls, that had lain unwet upon the water And still the ripples murmured, "Hyl Hylas!"

He thought: "The voices are but ear-bo music.

Pan dwells not here, and Echo still is call From some high cliff that tops a Thrac valley;

So long mine ears, on tumbling Hellespont Have heard the sea waves hammer Arg forehead,

That I misdeem the fluting of this current For some lost nymph—" Again the murm "Hylas!"

And with the sound a cold, smooth s around him

Slid like a wave, and down the clear, gr darkness

Glimmered on either side a shining boson Glimmered, uprising slow; and ever close Wound the cold arms, till, climbing to shoulders,

Their cheeks lay nestled, while the pur tangles,

Their loose hair made, in silken mesh enwo

Their eyes of clear, pale emerald then up ing,

They kissed his neck with lips of humid co And once again there came a murmur, "I las!

Oh, come with us! Oh, follow where wander

Deep down beneath the green, transluc ceiling-

Where on the sandy bed of old Scamander With cool white buds we braid our pur tresses

Lulled by the bubbling waves around stealing!

Thou fair Greek boy, oh come with us! follow

Where thou no more shalt bear Propo

But by our arms be lapped in endless quie

Within the glimmering caves of ocean hol-

We have no love; alone, of all the immortals, We have no love. Oh, love us, we who press thee

With faithful arms, though cold,—whose lips caress thee,—

Who hold thy beauty prisoned! Love us, Hylas!"

The sound dissolved in liquid murmurs, calling

Still as it faded, "Come with us! Oh follow!"

The boy grew chill to feel their twining pressure

Lock round his limbs, and bear him, vainly striving,

Down from the noonday brightness. "Leave me, naisds!

Leave me!" he cried; "the day to me is dearer

Then all your caves deep-sphered in ocean's quiet.

I am but mortal, seek but mortal pleasure:
I would not change this flexile, warm existence.

Though swept by storms, and shocked by Jove's dread thunder,

To be a king beneath the dark-green waters."

Still moaned the humid lips, between their kisses,

"We have no love. Oh, love us, we who love thee!"

And came in answer, thus, the words of Hylas:

"My love is mortal. For the Argive maidens

I keep the kisses which your lips would ravish.

Unlock your cold white arms—take from my shoulder

The tangled swell of your bewildering tresses.

Let me return: the wind comes down from
Ida,

And soon the galley, stirring from her slumber.

Will fret to ride where Pelion's twilight shadow

Falls o'er the towers of Jason's sea-girt city.

I am not yours—I cannot braid the lilies
In your wet hair nor on your argent bosoms

Close my drowsed eyes to hear your ripplin voices.

Hateful to me your sweet, cold, crystal being,-

Your world of watery quiet. Help, Apollo For I am thine: thy fire, thy beam, thy music,

Dance in my heart and flood my sense wit rapture;

The joy, the warmth and passion now awa

Promised by thee, but erewhile calmly sleep ing.

Oh, leave me, naisde! loose your chill en braces.

Or I shall die, for mortal maidens pining."
But still with unrelenting arms they boun
him,

And still, accordant, flowed their water voices:

"We have thee now-we hold thy beaut prisoned;

Oh, come with us beneath the emerald waters We have no love; we love thee, rosy Hylas. Oh, love us, who shall never more releasthee—

Love us, whose milky arms will be thy cra dle

Far down on the untroubled sands of ocean, Where now we bear thee, clasped in our embraces."

And slowly, slowly sank the amorous naisds The boy's blue eyes, upturned, looked throug the water,

Pleading for help; but heaven's immorts

Was swathed in cloud. The ripples hid hi forehead;

And last, the thick, bright curls a momentioated,

So warm and ailky that the stream upbor them,

Closing reluctant, as he sank for ever.

The sunset died behind the crags of Imbros.

Argo was tugging at her chain; for freshly
Blew the swift breeze, and leaped the restle:

billows.

The voice of Jason roused the dozing sailors And up the most was beeved the enor canvas.

But mighty Heracles, the Jove-begotten,
Unmindful stood, beside the cool Scamander,
Leaning upon his club. A purple chlamys
Tossed o'er an urn was all that lay before
him:

And when he called, expectant, "Hylas! Hylas!"

The empty echoes made him answer—"Hy-las!"

BAYARD TAYLOR.

RHŒCUS.

God sends his teachers unto every age,
To every clime, and every race of men,
With revelations fitted to their growth
And shape of mind, nor gives the realm of
truth

Into the selfish rule of one sole race.

Therefore each form of worship that hath swayed

The life of man, and gimen it to grasp
The master-key of knowledge, reverence,
Enfolds some germs of goodness and of right;
Else never had the eager soul, which loathes
The slothful down of pampered ignorance,
Found in it even a moment's fitful rest.

There is an instinct in the human heart Which makes that all the fables it hath coined,

To justify the reign of its belief
And strengthen it by beauty's right divine,
Veil in their inner cells a mystic gift,
Which, like the hazel-twig, in faithful hands,
Points surely to the hidden springs of truth.
For, as in nature naught is made in vain,
But all things have within their hull of use
A wisdom and a meaning, which may speak
Of spiritual secrets to the ear
Of spirit: so, in whatsoe'er the heart
Hath fashioned for a solace to itself,
To make its inspirations suit its creed,
And from the niggard hands of falsehood
wring
Its needful food of truth, there ever is

A sympathy with nature, which reveals,
Not less than her own works, pure gleams of light

And earnest parables of inward lore.
Hear now this fairy legend of old Greece,
As full of freedom, youth, and beauty still
As the immortal freshness of that grace
Carved for all ages on some Attic frieze.

A youth named Rhœcus, wandering in wood,

Saw an old oak just trembling to its fall; And, feeling pity of so fair a tree,

He propped its gray trunk with admicare,

And with a thoughtless footstep loitered. But, as he turned, he heard a voice behind that murmured "Rhœcus!"—'T was as if leaves,

Stirred by a passing breath, had murmi it;

And, while he paused bewildered, yet age It murmured "Rhœcus!" softer that breeze.

He started and beheld with dizzy eyes
What seemed the substance of a happy dr
Stand there before him, spreading a w
glow

Within the green glooms of the shadowy of It seemed a woman's shape, yet all too far To be a woman, and with eyes too meek For any that were wont to mate with good All naked like a goddess stood she there, And like a goddess all too beautiful

To feel the guilt-born earthliness of sham "Rhœcus, I am the dryad of this tree—'Thus she began, dropping her low-to-words,

Serene, and full, and clear, as drops of de "And with it I am doomed to live and di The rain and sunshine are my caterers, Nor have I other bliss than simple life; Now ask me what thou wilt, that I can g And with a thankful joy it shall be thine

Then Rhœcus, with a flutter at the her Yet, by the prompting of such beauty, be Answered: "What is there that can satisfie and the endless craving of the soul but love? Give me thy love, or but the hope of the Which must be evermore my spirit's gos! After a little pause she said again.

But with a glimpse of sadness in her tone.

But with a glimpse of sadness in her tone "I give it, Rhœcus, though a perilous gi



ur before the sunset meet me here." raightway there was nothing ne could

e green glooms beneath the shadowy oak;

ot a sound came to his straining cars e low trickling rustle of the leaves, ar away upon an emerald slope, lter of an idle shepherd's pipe.

 in those days of simpleness and faith, id not think that happy things were dreams

se they overstepped the narrow bourne :lihood, but reverently deemed ig too wondrous or too beautifu. the guerdon of a daring heart. zecus made no doubt that he was blest; I along unto the city's gate

seemed to spring beneath him as he walked;

ear, broad sky looked bluer than its wont,

ne could ecarce believe he had not

unshine seemed to glitter through his veins

I of blood, so light he felt and strange.

ng Rhœcus had a faithful heart enough, e that in the present dwelt too much, aking with blithe welcome whatsoe'er a gave of joy, was wholly bound in that.

he contented peasant of a vale, ad it the world, and never looked beyond.

ply meeting in the afternoon comrades who were playing at the dice, ned them and forgot all else beside.

dice were rattling at the merriest, thereus, who had met but sorry luck, uighed in triumph at a happy throw, through the room there hummed a yellow bee

uzzed about his ear with down-dropped lega,

to light. essă.

Feeling how red and flushed he was with loss,

"By Venus! does he take me for a rose?" And brushed him off with rough, impatient hand.

But still the bee came back, and thrice again Rhœcus did beat him off with growing wrath. Then through the window flew the wounded

And Rhœcus, tracking him with angry eyes, Saw a sharp mountain-peak of Thessaly Against the red disc of the setting sun,-And instantly the blood sank from his heart, As if its very walls had caved away. Without a word he turned, and rushing forth, Ran madly through the city and the gate, And o'er the plain, which now the woods long shade,

By the low sun thrown forward broad and dim,

Darkened well-nigh unto the city's wall,

Quite spent and out of breath, he reached

And, listening fearfully, he heard once more The low voice murmur "Rhæcus!" close at haud—

Whereat he looked around him, but could see Nought but the deepening glooms beneath the oak,

Then sighed the voice, "O, Rhocus! never more

Shalt thou behold me, or by day or night— Me, who would fain have blest thee with a love

More ripe and bounteons than ever yet Filled up with nectar any mortal heart; But thou didst scorn my humble messenger, And sent'st him back to me with bruised wings.

We spirits only show to gentle eyes-We ever ask an undivided love;

And he who scorns the least of nature's

Is thenceforth exiled and shut out from all. Farewell! for thou canst never see me more,"

Then Rheecus beat his breast, and greaned aloud,

And Rhosous laughed and And cried, "Be pitiful! forgive me yet This once, and I shall never need it more!" "Alas!" the voice returned, "'tis thou art blind,

Not I unmerciful; I can forgive,
But have no skill to heal thy spirit's eyes;
Only the soul hath power o'er itself."
With that again there murmured "Nevermore!"

And Rhœcus after heard no other scund,
Except the rattling of the oak's crisp leaves,
Like the long surf upon a distant shore,
Raking the sea-worn pebbles up and down.
The night had gathered round him; o'er the
plain

The city sparkled with its thousand lights,
And sounds of revel fell upon his ear
Harshly and like a curse; above, the sky,
With all its bright sublimity of stars,
Deepened, and on his forehead smote the
breeze;

Beauty was all around him, and delight; But from that eve he was alone on earth.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

THE MIDNIGHT REVIEW.

At midnight from his grave

The drummer woke and rose,
And beating loud the drum,

Forth on his errand goes.

Stirred by his fleshless arms,
The drumsticks rise and fall;
He beats the loud retreat,
Reveillé and roll-call.

So strangely rolls that drum, So deep it echoes round, Old soldiers in their graves To life start at the sound:

Both they in farthest north,
Stiff in the ice that lay,
And they who warm repose
Beneath Italian clay;

Below the mud of Nile,
And 'neath Arabian sand,
Their burial-place they quit,
And soon to arms they stand.

And at midnight from his grave
The trumpeter arose,
And, mounted on his horse,
A loud, shrill blast he blows.

On airy coursers then
The cavalry are seen—
Old squadrons, erst renowned—
Gory and gashed, I ween.

Beneath the casque their skulls

Smile grim; and proud their air.

As in their bony hands

Their long, sharp swords they la

At midnight from his tomb

The chief awoke and rose,
And, followed by his staff,
With slow steps on he goes.

A little hat he wears,
A coat quite plain wears he;
A little sword, for arms,
At his left side hangs free.

O'er the vast plain the moon A paly lustre threw; The man with the little hat The troops goes to review.

The ranks present their arms—
Deep rolls the drum the while;
Recovering then, the troops
Before the chief defile.

Captains and generals round.
In circles formed, appear;
The chief to the first a word
Now whispers in his ear.

The word goes round the ranks.

Resounds along the line;

That word they give is—France!

The answer—St. Hélène!

'T is there, at midnight hour,
The grand review, they say,
Is by dead Cæsar held
In the Champs-Elysées!
JOSEPH CHRISTIAN VON ZERGEN. (Ger

ADORYTOOUS Translation

continu-



RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

HIME OF THE ANCIENT MAR-INER.

IN SEVEN PARTS

PART L

It is an encient mariner,

And he stoppeth one of three:

By thy long gray beard and glitterto ing eye,
Hng Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

The bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set—
May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand:
"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! unhand me, gray-beard loon!"—

Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

to eye—

by The wedding-guest stood still;

of He listens like a three years' child:

tog The mariner hath his will.

He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed mariner.

"The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared;
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,

out-The sun came up upon the left,
lis out of the sea came he;
died And he shone bright, and on the
right

Below the light-house top.

Higher and higher every day,

Till over the mast at noon—"

The wedding-guest here beat his breast,

For he heard the loud bessoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall—Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes

Nodding their heads before her goes the bridge music; but the mariner

The wedding-guest he beat his oth his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear:

And thus spake on that ancient man, The bright-eyed mariner:

"And now the storm-blast came, and The ship drawn by a storm to ward the Was tyrannous and strong;

He struck with his o'ertaking wings, And chased us south along.

With eloping masts and dipping

As who pursued with yell and blow Still treads the shadow of his foe, And forward bends his head— The ship drove fast; loud roared the blast.

And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,

And it grew wondrous cold; And ice, mast-high, came floating by, As green as emerald.

And through the drifts the snowy The land of ice, and of fearful sounds.

Did send a dismal sheen;

Nor shapes of men nor beasts we living thing to be

The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around;
It cracked and growled, and roared
and howled,

Like noises in a swound!

At length did cross an albatross— Thorough the fog it came; As if it had been a Christian soul, We hailed it in God's name. Till a great seabird, called the albatroom, came through

Age, and was received with great joy and bospitality.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat, And round and round it flew. The ice did split with a thunder-fit; The helmsman steered us through!

And lo! the albatross proveth a bird of good omen, and followeth the ship as it returned northward through

fog and

floating ice.

And a good south wind sprang up behind;

The albatross did follow, And every day, for food or play, Came to the mariners' hollo!

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud, It perched for vespers nine; Whiles all the night, through fogsmoke white,

Glimmered the white moon-shine."

The ancient mariner inhospitably killeth the of good omen.

"God save thee, ancient mariner! From the fiends that plague thee thus! plous bird Why look'st thou so?"-"With my

cross-bow

I shot the albatross."

PART II.

"The sun now rose upon the right— Out of the sea came he, Still hid in mist, and on the left Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind; But no sweet bird did follow,

Nor any day for food or play Came to the mariners' hollo.

His shipmates cry out aguinst the aniner, for bird of good luck.

And I had done a hellish thing, And it would work 'em woe; For all averred I had killed the bird cient mar- That made the breeze to blow:

killing the Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay, That made the breeze to blow!

the fog cleared off, they justify and thus make themerives accomplices in the rime.

But when Nor dim nor red, like God's own

The glorious sun uprist; the same, Then all averred I had killed the bird That brought the fog and mist:

'T was right, said they, such birds to slay,

That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam The fair flew,

The furrow followed free: We were the first that ever burst Into that silent sea.

en till it reached the line.

The silence of the sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails The bath h dropt downsodder becalm 'T was sad as sad could be; And we did speak only to break

All in a hot and copper sky The bloody sun, at noon, Right up above the mast did stand, No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day, We stuck—nor breath nor motion; As idle as a painted ship Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water everywhere, And all the boards did shrink: Water, water everywhere, Nor any drop to drink.

7 mg gav albatros begins t be aven e٠L

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enters Pacific

Ocean

and sai north-

ward, (

The very deep did rot; O Christ! That ever this should be! Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs Upon the slimy sea!

About, about, in reel and rout, The death-fires danced at night: The water, like a witch's oils, Burnt green, and blue and white.

And some in dreams assured were Of the spirit that plagued us so; Nine fathom deep he had followed

From the land of mist and snow.

souls nor angels; concerning whom the learned Jew, J rephus, and the Platonic Constantinopolitan, Minha l'sellus, may be consulted. They are very numerou and there is no climate or element without one or more

A spirit had fit lowed themone of the invisible inhabitants of th planet neither departed



THE ANCIENT MARINER.

And every tongue, through utter See! drought,

Was withered at the root; We could not speak, no more than if We had been choked with soot.

hip Ah! well a-day! what evil looks sore Had I from old and young! Instead of the cross the albatross the About my neck was hung. ÓΒ

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PART III.

THERE passed a weary time. Each

Was parched, and glazed each eye-A weary time! a weary time! How glazed each weary eye!-When, looking westward, I beheld A comething in the sky.

At first it seemed a little speck, And then it seemed a mist: It moved and moved, and took at last

A certain shape, I wist-

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist! And still it neared and neared; As if it dodged a water-sprite, It plunged and tacked and veered.

With throats unalaked, with black lips baked.

We could nor laugh nor wail; Through utter drought all dumb we stood! nn-

I bit my arm, I sucked the blood, And cried, A sail! a sail!

With throats unslaked, with black lips b**aked,**

Agape they heard me call; Gramercy! they for joy did grin, ad And all at once their breath drew

As they were drinking all. 77

see! I cried, she tacks no And hormore! Hither to work us weal—

Without a breeze, without a tide, She steadies with upright keel!

lows. For can it be a ship that comes onward without wind or tide?

The western wave was all a-flame; The day was well nigh done; Almost upon the western wave Rested the broad bright sun, When that strange shape drove suddenly

Betwixt us and the sun.

And straight the sun was flecked It soonwith bars, but the akaleton (Heaven's mother send us grace!) As if through a dungeon-grate he peered With broad and burning face.

Alasi thought I—and my heart beat lond-

How fast she nears and nears! Are those her sails that glance in the sun,

Like restless gossameres?

Are those her ribs through which And its the sun Did peer, as through a grate? And is that woman all her crew? Is that a death? and are there two? Is death that woman's mate?

seen as bars on the face or the setting sun. The spec men and her deathmate, and

no other on board the skeleton ship.

Her lips were red, her looks were free.

Her locks were yellow as gold; ael, like Her skin was as white as leprosy: crew 1 The night-mare, Life-in-Death, was

Who thicks man's blood with cold.

The naked hulk alongside came, And the twain were casting dice: 'The game is done I've won! I've have dieed for won!

Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

the szcient mariner.

Death and Life-In-Death the ship's crew, and the (the latter) 4/50

The sun's rim dips, the stars rush | Alone, alone, all, all alone, out,

No twilight within the courts of the sur.

At one stride comes the dark; With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea, Off shot the spectre bark.

At the ris- Wo listened, and looked sideways ing of the up; moon,

> Fear at my heart, as at a cup, My life-blood seemed to sip; The stars were dim, and thick the night—

The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white;

From the sails the dew did drip— Till clomb above the eastern bar The horned moon, with one bright star

Within the nether tip.

One after one, by the star-dogged unother moon,

> Too quick for groan or sigh, Each turned his face with a ghastly pang, And cursed me with his eye.

His ship- Four times fifty living men, drop down (And I heard nor sigh nor groan!) dead. With heavy thump, a lifeless lump, They dropped down one by one.

But Life- The souls did from their bodies fly,in-De**a**th begins her They fled to bliss or woe! work on And every soul it passed me by, the ancient mar- Like the whizz of my cross-bow!" iner.

PART IV.

The wed-" I FEAR thee, ancient mariner! ding-guest I fear thy skinny hand! **feareth** that a And thou art long, and lank, and And yet I could not die. epirit is brown, talking to him. As is the ribbed sea-sand.

I fear thee and thy glittering eye, And thy skinny hand so brown."— "Fear not, fear not, thou wedding-But the ancient guest! mariner assureth nim of his This body dropt not down. bodily life, and proceedeth to relate his horrible penance.

Alone on a wide, wide sea! And never a saint took pity on My soul in agony.

The many men, so beautiful! He d∼ spiseth And they all dead did lie; And a thousand thousand slimy the colo things

Yay æ-

vied the

eo meny

they should

Lived on—and so did I.

I looked upon the rotting sea, And drew my eyes away; I looked upon the rotting deck, And there the dead men lay.

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray; But or ever a prayer had gusht A wicked whisper came, and made My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close, And the balls like pulses beat; For the sky and the sea and the sea and the sky Lay like a load on my weary eye,

And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their But the limbs eth for him in Nor rot nor reek did they; eyo of t The look with which they looked on dead m

me Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell A spirit from on high; But oh! more horrible than that Is the curse in a dead man's eye! Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse-

The moving moon went up the sky, In his And nowhere did abide; and fix Deer be Softly she was going up, rearnet toward And a star or two beside-the jou

neving moon, and the stars that still sojourn, yet still move ward; and every where the blue sky belongs to th and is their appointed rest, and their native country, their own natural homes, which they enter unannous as lords that are certainly expected; and yet there i silent joy at their arrival.



RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

Her beams bemocked the sultry | My lips were wet, my throat was main,

Like April hoar-frost spread; But where the ship's huge shadow

The charmed water burnt alway, A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship I watched the water-snakes; They moved in tracks of shining white;

And when they reared, the alfish light

Fell off in hoary flakes.

ky

Within the shadow of the ship I watched their rich attire— Blue, glossy green, and velvet black, They coiled and swam; and every track

Was a flash of golden fire.

Oh happy living things! no tongue ar Their beauty might declare;

A spring of love gushed from my beart.

- And I blessed them unaware— Sure my kind saint took pity on me, And I blessed them unaware.
- The selfsame moment I could pray; And from my neck so free The albatross fell off, and san! Like lead into the sea.

PART V.

On sleep | it is a gentle thing, Beloved from pole to pole! To Mary Queen the praise be given! She sent the gentle sleep from hea-

That slid into my soul.

The silly buckets on the deck, That had so long remained, [dreamt that they were filled with

in And when I swoke, it rained.

cold,

My garments all were dank; Sure I had drunken in my dreame, And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs; I was so light—almost I thought that I had died in sleep, And was a blessed ghost.

And soon I heard a roaring wind— It did not come anear: But with its sound it shook the sails, sights and That were so thin and sere.

He beareth sounds and seeth entratnotions in

The upper air burst into life; And a hundred fire-flags sheen, To and fro they were hurried about : And to and fro, and in and out, The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,

And the sails did sigh like sedge: And the rain poured down from one black cloud-

The moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still

The moon was at its side; Like waters shot from some high crag,

The lightning fell with never a jag-A river steep and wide.

The loud wind never reached the The bonship, મ વૃધિક crew hre Yet now the ship moved on! Inspired. Beneath the lightning and the moon and the The dead men gave a groan. moves on

They groaned, they stirred, they all пргове--Nor spake, nor moved their eyes; It had been strange, even in a dream, To have seen those dead men rive.

The helmsman steered, the ship | Till noon we quietly sailed on, moved on; Yet never a breeze up blew; The mariners all 'gan work the ropes, Where they were wont to do; They raised their limbs like lifeless tools-We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son Stood by me, knee to knee; The body and I pulled at one rope, But he said naught to me."

But not uy the souls of the men. mons of earth or but by a blessed troop of angelie spirits. sent down by the invocation cY the guardian sullit.

"I fear thee, ancient mariner!" "Be calm, thou wedding-guest! nor by de. 'T was not those souls that fled in pain, middle air, Which to their corses came again, But a troop of spirits blest; For when it dawned they dropped their arms, And clustered round the mast; Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths.

> Around, around flew each sweet sound. Then darted to the sun; Slowly the sounds came back again-Now mixed, now one by one.

And from their bodies passed.

Sometimes, a-dropping from the sky, I heard the sky-lark sing; Sometimes all little birds that are-How they seemed to fill the sea and air With their sweet jargoning!

And now 't was like all instruments, Now like a lonely flute; And now it is an angel's song, That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on A pleasant noise till noon— A noise like of a hidden brook In the leafy month of June, That to the sleeping woods all night Singeth a quiet tune.

Yet never a breeze did breathe; Slowly and smoothly went the ship, Moved onward from beneath.

Under the keel, nine fathom deep, From the land of mist and snow The spirit slid; and it was he That made the ship to go. The sails at noon left off their tune, And the ship stood still also.

The sun, right up above the mast, Had fixed her to the ocean; But in a minute she 'gan stir, With a short uneasy motion— Backwards and forwards half her length, With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go, She made a sudden bound-It flung the blood into my head. And I fell down in a swound.

How long in that same fit I lay I have not to declare; But ere my living life returned I heard, and in my soul discerned, Two voices in the air:

'Is it he?' quoth one, 'Is this the and man? By him who died on cross, With his cruel bow he laid full low The harmless albatross!

The spirit who bideth by himself In the land of mist and snow, He loved the bird that loved the spirit man

Who shot him with his bow.'

The other was a softer voice, As soft as honey-dew: Quoth he, 'The man hath penance done, And penance more will do.

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RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

PART FL.

FIRST FOICE.

'Bur tell me, tell me! speak again, Thy soft response renewing— What makes that ship drive on so fast?

What is the ocean doing?'

SECOND VOICE.

'Stil. as a slave before his lord, The ocean hath no blast; His great bright eye most silently Up to the moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go; For she guides him smooth or grim. See, brother, see! how graciously She looketh down on him.'

FIRST TOICE.

art. But why drives on that ship so fast, the Without or wave or wind?

SECOND VOICE.

The air is cut away before,

And closes from behind.

; for

rard

Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!

Or we shall be belated;
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the mariner's trance is abated.'

I woke, and we were sailing on the As in a gentle weather;
I T was night, calm night—the moon

The dead men stood together.

was high;

All stood together on the deck, For a charnel-dungeon fitter; All fixed on me their stony eyes, That in the moon did glitter

The pang, the curse, with which they died,

Had never passed away; I could not draw my eyes from theirs, Nor turn them up to pray. And now this spell was snapt; once The ourse is finally more explated.

I viewed the ocean green, And looked far forth, yet little saw Of what had else been seen—

Like one that on a lonesome road

Doth walk in fear and dread,

And, having once turned round,

walks on,

And turns no more his head; Because he knows a frightful fiend Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,

Nor sound nor motion made; Its path was not upon the sea, In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek.

Like a meadow-gale of spring—

It mingled strangely with my fears.

Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship, Yet she sailed softly too; Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze— On me alone it blew.

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed The light-house top I see? Is this the hill? is this the kirk? Is this mine own countree?

And the ancient mariner beholdett his netive country.

We drifted o'er the harbor-bar, And I with sobs did pray— Oh let me be awake, my God! Or let me sleep alway.

The harbor-bay was clear as glass, So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less

That stands above the rock;

The moonlight steeped in silentuess.

The steedy weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent | He kneels at morn, and noon, and light

Till, rising from the same,

The angel-Full many shapes, that shadows c spirits eave the dead bod-In crimson colors came.

And uppear in heir owr. forms of light

A little distance from the prow Those crimson shadows were; I turned my eyes upon the deck— O Christ! what saw I there!

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat; And, by the holy rood! A man all light, a seraph-man, On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand-

It was a heavenly sight! They stood as signals to the land, Each one a lovely light;

This scraph-band, each waved his hand;

No voice did they impart— No voice; but oh! the silence sank Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars, I heard the pilot's cheer; My head was turned perforce away, And I saw a boat appear.

The pilot and the pilot's boy, I heard them coming fast; Dear Lord in heaven! it was a joy The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice; It is the hermit good! He singeth loud his godly hymn-That he makes in the wood; He'll shrieve my soul-he'll wash away The albatross's blood.

PART VII.

This hermit good lives in that wood The hermit of the Which slopes down to the sea. pco.k How loudly his sweet voice he rears! He loves to talk with marineres That come from a far countree.

eve--

He hath a cushion plump; It is the moss that wholly hides The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat neared—I heard them talk:

'Why, this is strange, I trow! Where are those lights, so many and fair,

That signal made but now?'

'Strange, by my faith!' the hermit Approach said---

'And they answered not our cheer! The planks looked warped! and see those sails,

How thin they are and sere! I never saw aught like to them, Unless perchance it were

Brown skeletons of leaves that lag My forest-brook along, When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,

And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,

That eats the she-wolf's young.'

'Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look,' The pilot made reply-'I am a-feared'—'Push on, push on!' Said the hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship, But I nor spake nor stirred; The boat came close beneath the ship, And straight a sound was heard:

Under the water it rumbled on, Still louder and more dread; It reached the ship, it split the bay— The ship went down like lead.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful The sound, iner b saved B Which sky and ocean smote, the plint

Like one that hath been seven days book drowned

My body lay afloat; But, swift as dreams, myself I found Within the pilot's boat.

The ship enddenly einkeik.



RIME OF THE ANGIENT MARINER.

Upon the whirl where sank the ship The boat span round and round; And all was still, save that the hill Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the pilot shricked And fell down in a fit: The holy hermit raised his eyes, And prayed where he did sit.

I took the cars; the pilot's boy, Who now doth crazy go, Laughed loud and long; and all the while His eyes went to and fro: 'Ha! ha!' quoth he, 'full plain I The devil knows how to row.

And now, all in my own countree, I stood on the firm land! The hermit stepped forth from the boat, And scarcely be could stand.

Oh shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!'— 10-The hermit crossed his brow: 'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid thee 88.Y--What manner of man art thou?' 166

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched With a woful agony, Which forced me to begin my tale-And then it left me free.

Since then, at an uncertain hour, That agony returns; And till my ghastly tale is told This beart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land: I have strange power of speech; That moment that his face I see I know the man that must hear me-To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door! The wedding-guests are there: But in the garden-bower the bride And bride-maids singing are; And hark the little vesper bell, Which biddeth me to prayer!

wedding-guest! this soul both been Alone on a wide, wide sea-So lonely 't was, that God himself Scarce seemed there to be.

Oh sweeter than the marriage-feast, T is sweeter far to me, To walk together to the kirk With a goodly company !--

To walk together to the kirk, And all together pray, While each to his great Father bends--Old men, and babes, and loving friends, And youths and maidens gay!

Ferewell! farewell! but this I tell To thee, thou wedding-guest! He prayeth well who loveth well Both man and bird and beast,

And to teach by bis own rxample love, and reverenat to all things that God tonde and loveth.

He prayeth best who loveth best All things both great and small; For the dear God who leveth us, He made and loveth all."

The mariner, whose eye is bright, Whose beard with age is hear, Is gone. And now the wedding

Turned from the bridegroom's door

He went like one that hath been stunned, And is of sense forlorn; A sadder and a wiser man He rose the morrow morn.

SAMEL TATION COLEMBIA

KUBLA KHAN.

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran,
Through caverns measureless to man,
Down to a sunless sea.

So twice five miles of fertile ground With walls and towers were girdled round; And there were gardens, bright with sinuous rills,

Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;

And here were forests ancient as the hills, Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh! that deep romantic chasm, which slanted

Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething.

As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,

A mighty fountain momently was forced,
Amid whose swift, half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail;
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and
ever

It flung up momently the sacred river.

Five miles, meandering with a mazy motion

Through wood and dale, the sacred river

ran—

Then reached the caverns measureless to man, And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean; And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far Ancestral voices prophesying war.

The shadow of the dome of pleasure Floated midway on the waves, Where was heard the mingled measure From the fountain and the caves.

It was a miracle of rare device—
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!
A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw;

I was an Abyssinian maid, And on her dulcimer she played, Singing of Mount Abora. Could I revive within me Her symphony and song, To such a deep delight 't would win me That, with music loud and long, I would build that dome in air-That sunny dome! those caves of ice! And all who heard should see them there And all should cry, Beware! beware His flashing eyes, his floating hair! Weave a circle round him thrice, And close your eyes with holy dread, For he on honey-dew hath fed, And drunk the milk of Paradise.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDOR

THE RAVEN.

Once, upon a midnight dreary, while I poodered, weak and weary,

Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—

While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,

As of some one gently rapping, rapping my chamber door:

"'T is some visitor," I muttered, "tapping my chamber door—
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember! it was in the bleak December,

And each separate dying ember wrought ighost upon the floor.

Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainiy I has tried to borrow

From my books surcease of sorrow—sorro for the lost Lenore—

For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—

Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling ceach purple curtain

Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terro never felt before;

- that now, to still the beating of my heart,
 I stood repeating,
- 'T is some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—
- xme late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;—

This it is, and nothing more."

- resently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
- Sir," said I, " or madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
- at the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
- nd so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
- hat I scarce was sure I heard you,"—here I opened wide the door:

Darkness there, and nothing more!

- eep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
- onbting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
- at the silence was unbroken, and the darkness gave no token,
- nd the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore!"
- uis I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word "Lenore!"

Merely this, and nothing more.

- en into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
- on I heard again a tapping, somewhat londer than before:
- Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;
- st me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore-
- et my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore;—

T is the wind, and nothing more!"

- pen here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
- n there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days of yore;

- Not the least obeisance made he; not an instant stopped or stayed he;
- But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door-
- Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door-

Perched, and sat, and nothing more

- Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
- By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore;
- "Though thy creet be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven—
- Ghastly, grim, and ancient raven, wandering from the nightly shore—
- Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's Plutonian shore!"

Quoth the raven "Nevermore."

- Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly—
- Though its answer little meaning, little relevancy bore;
- For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
- Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—
- Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,

With such name as "Nevermore."

- But the raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
- That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
- Nothing farther then he uttered—not a feather then he fluttered—
- Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown before—
- On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."

Then the bird said "Nevermore."

- Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
- "Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store—

Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster

Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs one burden bore—

Till the dirges of his hope the melancholy burden bore

Of 'Never-Nevermore.'"

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,

Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust and door;

Then upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking

Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—

What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt and ominous bird of yore

Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing

To the fowl, whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;

This, and more, I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining

On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er;

But whose velvet violet lining, with the lamplight gloating o'er,

She shall press—ah, never more!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer

Swung by angels, whose faint foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.

"Wretch!" I cried, "thy God hath lent thee, by these angels he hath sent thee,

Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!

Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!

Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore—

Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this de land enchanted,

On this home by horror haunted—tell truly, I implore—

Is there—is there balm in Gilead? tell net tell me, I implore!"

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prostill, if bird or devil!

By that heaven that bends above us—by God we both adore—

Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within distant Aidenn,

It shall clasp a sainted manden whom the gels name Lenore—

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom angels name Lenore."

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting—

"Get thee back into the tempest and night's Plutonian shore!

Leave no black plume as a token of that thy soul hath spoken!

Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit bust above my door!

Take thy beak from out my heart, and thy form from off my door!"

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitt still is sitting

On the pallid bust of Pallas just above chamber door;

And his eyes have all the seeming of a mon's that is dreaming,

And the lamplight, o'er him streaming, the his shadow on the floor;

And my soul from out that shadow that floating on the floor

Shall be lifted—nevermore!

EDGAR ALLAS P



FAIRY THORN.

| Ret voles

THORN.

FAIRY

THE

AN ULSTER BALLAD.

or up, our Anna dear, from the weary spinning wheel;

or your father's on the hill, and your mother is asleep;

te up above the crags, and we'll dance a bighland reel

round the fairy thorn on the steep."

Anna Grace's door 't was thus the maidens cried.

hree merry maidens fair, in kirtles of the green;

l Anna laid the sock and the weary wheel aside.

he fairest of the four, I ween.

y 're glancing through the glimmer of the quiet eve,

.way in milky wavings of neck and ankle bare;

 heavy-sliding stream in its aleepy song they leave,

and the crags in the ghostly air;

I linking hand in hand, and singing as they go,

be maids along the bill-side have ta'en their fearless way,

they come to where the rowan trees in lovely beauty grow

leside the Fairy Hawthorn gray.

hawthorn stands between the ashes tall and slim,

Ake matron with her twin grand-daughters at her knee;

rowan berries cluster o'er her low head gray and dim

n ruddy kisses sweet to see.

 merry maidens four have ranged them in a row,

3etween each lovely couple a stately rowan stem,

d away in mozes wavy like skimming birds they go,

Oh, never caroll'd bird like them!

But solemn is the silence of the silvery haze
That drinks away their voices in echoless
repose,

And dreamily the evening has stilled the haunted brace,

And dreamier the gloaming grows.

And sinking one by one, like lark-notes from the sky

When the falcon's shadow saileth across the open shaw,

Are hush'd the maidens' voices, as cowering down they lie

In the flutter of their sudden awe.

For, from the air above, and the grassy ground beneath,

And from the mountain-ashes and the old white thorn between,

A power of faint enchantment doth through their beings breathe,

And they sink down together on the green.

They sink together, silent, and stealing side by side,

They fling their lovely arms o'er their drooping necks so fair,

Then vainly strive again their naked arms to hide.

For their shrinking necks again are bare.

Thus clasp'd and prostrate all, with their heads together bow'd,

Soft o'er their bosoms beating—the only human sound—

They hear the silky footsteps of the silent fairy crowd,

Like a river in the air, gliding round.

Nor scream can any raise, nor prayer can any say,

But wild, wild, the terror of the speechless three,

For they feel fair Anna Grace drawn silently away,

By whom they dare not look to see.

They feel their tresses twine with her parting locks of gold,

And the curls elastic falling, us her here withdraws;

They feel her sliding arms from their tranced arms unfold,

But they dare not look to see the cause:

For heavy on their senses the faint enchantment lies

Through all that night of anguish and perilous amaze;

And neither fear nor wonder can ope their quivering eyes

Or their limbs from the cold ground raise.

Till out of night the earth has rolled her dewy side,

With every haunted mountain and streamy vale below;

When, as the mist dissolves in the yellow morning-tide,

The maidens' trance dissolveth so.

Then fly the ghastly three as swiftly as they may,

And tell their tale of sorrow to anxious friends in vain-

They pined away and died within the year and day.

And ne'er was Anna Grace seen again.

SAMUEL FERGUSON.

THE LEGEND OF THE STEPMOTHER.

L

As I lay asleep, as I lay asleep, Under the grass as I lay so deep, As I lay asleep in my cotton serk Under the shade of Our Lady's kirk, I wakened up in the dead of night, I wakened up in my death-serk white, And I heard a cry from far away, And I knew the voice of my daughter May: "Mother, mother, come hither to me! Mother, mother, come hither and see! Mother, mother, mother dear, Another mother is sitting here: My body is bruised, and in pain I cry, On straw in the darkness afraid I lie; I thirst and hunger for drink and meat, And mother, mother, to sleep were sweet!" I heard the cry, though my grave was deep, And awoke from sleep, and awoke from sleep. \ I know your face, and I feel no fear.

IL

I awoke from sleep, I awoke from sleep, Up I rose from my grave so deep; The earth was black, but overhead The stars were yellow, the moon was red; And I walked along all white and thin, And lifted the latch and entered in, And reached the chamber as dark as night, And though it was dark my face was white "Mother, mother, I look on thee! Mother, mother, you frighten me! For your cheeks are thin, and your hair i gray!"

But I smiled, and kissed her fears away, I smoothed her hair and I sang a song, And on my knee I rocked her long: "O mother, mother, sing low to me; I am sleepy now, and I cannot see!" I kissed her, but I could not weep, And she went to sleep, she went to sleep.

III.

As we lay asleep, as we lay asleep, My May and I, in our grave so deep, As we lay asleep in our midnight mirk, Under the shade of Our Lady's kirk, I wakened up in the dead of night, Though May my daughter lay warm and white,

And I heard the cry of a little one, And I knew 't was the voice of Hugh my son: "Mother, mother, come hither to me! Mother, mother, come hither and see! Mother, mother, mother dear, Another mother is sitting here: My body is bruised and my heart is sad, But I speak my mind and call them bad; I thirst and hunger night and day, And were I strong I would fly away!" I heard the cry, though my grave was deep, And awoke from sleep, and awoke from sleep

IV.

I awoke from sleep, I awoke from sleep, Up I rose from my grave so deep; The earth was black, but overhead The stars were yellow, the moon was red; And I walked along all white and thin, And lifted the latch and entered in. "Mother, mother, and art thou here?



THE DJINNS.

me, mother, and kiss my check,
h I am weary and sore and weak."
othed his hair with a mother's joy,
ne laughed aloud, my own brave boy;
ed and held him on my breast,
him a song, and bade him rest.
her, mother, sing low to me;
sleepy now and I cannot see!"
ed him and I could not weep,
went to sleep, as he went to sleep.

V.

lay asleep, as I lay asleep, my girl and boy in my grave so deep, lay asleep, I woke in fear, ce, but awoke not my children dear, heard a cry so low and weak a tiny voice that could not speak; rd the cry of a line one, airn that could neither talk nor run. ttle, little one, uncaressed ing for lack of the milk of the breast; I rose from sleep and entered in, found my little one pinched and thin, crooned a song and hushed its mean, put its lips to my white breastbone; the red, red moon that lit the place . white to look at the little face, I kissed and kissed, and I could not weep, went to aleep, as it went to sleep.

VE.

lay asleep, as it lay asleep, it down in the darkness deep, thed its limbs and laid it out, drew the curtains around about; into the dark, dark room I hied we he lay awake at the woman's side, though the chamber was black as night, iw my face, for it was so white; ced in his eyes, and he shricked in pain, I knew he would never sleep again, hack to my grave went silently, soon my baby was brought to me; on and daughter beside me rest, ittle baby is on my breast; bed is warm, and our grave is deep, he cannot sleep, he cannot sleep.

BORRET BUORANAN.

THE DJINNS.

Town, tower, Shore, deep, Where lower Clouds steep; Waves gray Where play Winds gay— All asleep.

Herk! a sound,
Far and slight,
Breathes around
On the night—
High and higher,
Nigh and nigher,
Like a fire
Roaring bright.

Now on it is sweeping With rattling beat, Like dwarf imp leaping In gallop fleet; He flies, he prances, In frolic fancies— On wave-crest dances With pattering feet.

Hark, the rising swell,
With each nearer burst!
Like the toll of bell
Of a convent cursed;
Like the billowy roar
On a storm-lashed shore—
Now hushed, now once more
Maddening to its worst.

O God! the deadly sound
Of the djinns' fearful cry!
Quick, 'neath the spiral round
Of the deep staircase, fly!
See, see our lamplight fade!
And of the balustrade
Mounta, mounts the circling shade
Up to the coiling high!

Tis the djinns' wild-streaming swarm Whistling in their tempest-flight; Snap the tall yews 'neath the storm, Like a pine-flame crackling bright;

Swift and heavy, low, their crowd
Through the heavers rushing loud!—
Like a lurid thunder-cloud
With its bolt of fiery night!

Ha! they are on us, close without!
Shut tight the shelter where we lie!
With hideous din the monster rout,
Dragon and vampire, fill the sky!
The loosened rafter overhead
Trembles and bends like quivering reed;
Shakes the old door with shuddering dread,
As from it's rusty hinge 't would fly!

Wild cries of hell! voices that howl and shriek!

The horrid swarm before the tempest tossed—
O heaven!—descends my lowly roof to seek;

Bends the strong wall beneath the furious host;

Totters the house, as though—like dry leaf shorn

From autumn bough and on the mad blast borne—

Up from its deep foundations it were torn To join the stormy whirl. Ah! all is lost!

O prophet! if thy hand but now
Save from these foul and hellish things,
A pilgrim at thy shrine I'll bow,
Laden with pious offerings.
Bid their hot breath its fiery rain
Stream on my faithful door in vain,
Vainly upon my blackened pane
Grate the fierce claws of their dark wings!

They have passed!—and their wild legion Cease to thunder at my door; Fleeting through night's rayless region, Hither they return no more. Clanking chains and sounds of woe Fill the forests as they go; And the tall oaks cower low, Bent their flaming flight before.

On! on! the storm of wings
Bears far the fiery fear,
Till scarce the breeze now brings
Dim murmurings to the ear;
Like locusts' humming hail,
Or thrash of tiny flail
Plied by the pattering hair
On some old roof-tree near.

Fainter now are borne Fitful murmurings still; As, when Arab horn Swells its magic peal, Shoreward o'er the deep Fairy voices sweep, And the infant's sleep Golden visions fill.

Each deadly djinn,
Dark child of fright,
Of death and sin,
Speeds the wild flight.
Hark, the dull moan!
Like the deep tone
Of ocean's groan,
Afar, by night!

More and more Fades it now, As on shore Ripples flow— As the plaint, Far and faint, Of a saint, Murmured low.

Hark! hist!
Around
I list!
The bounds
Of space
All trace
Efface
Of sound.

VICTOR HUGO. (Free Translation of John L. O'Sullivan.



PART IX.

AS OF SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION.

Fun saw-drop, and then the violet,
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet
And their breath was mixed with fresh odor, sout
From the turf, like the voice and the instrument.

Then the pied wind-flowers, and the tulip tall. And parcissi, the fairest among them all, Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess Till they die of their own dear loveliness;

And the maind-like lily of the vale, Whom youth makes so fair and passion so pale, That the light of its tremulous bells is seen Through their pavilions of tender green;

And the hyacinth purple, and white, and blue, Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew Of music so delicate, soft, and intense, It was felt like an odor within the sense;

And the rose like a nymph to the bath addrest. Which unveiled the depth of her glowing breast, Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air. The soul of her beauty and love lay bare;

And the wand-like hily which lifted up, As a morned, its moonlight-colored cup, Till the fiery star, which is its eye, Gazed through clear dew on the tender sky,

And the jessamme faint, and the awest tuberose. The sweetest flower for scent that blows; and all rare blossoms from every clime three in that garden in perfect prime.

Services.



IS OF SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION

EARTHLY JOY RETURNS IN PAIN."

tren in the first morning, a did the day up-spring, ung ane bird with voice up-plain: thly joy returns in pain.

! bave mind that thou maun pass; ber that thou are but ass, [ashes,] Il in ass return again: thly joy returns in pain.

aind that eild aye follows youth; follows life with gaping mouth, ing fruit and flouring grain:

thly joy returns in pain.

, worldly gloir, and rich array, but thorns laid in thy way, I with flowers laid in ane train: thly joy returns in pain.

never yet May so fresh and green, mar come as wud and keen; wer sie drouth but anis come rain: thly joy returns in pain.

air unto this warld's joy, rest heir succeeds noy, we when joy may not remain, y heir succedis pain.

ealth returns in seikness; irth returns in heaviness; a desert, forest in plain: rthly joy returns in pain. Freedom returns in wretchedness, And truth returns in doubleness, With fenyeit words to mak men fain: All earthly joy returns in pain.

Virtue returnis into vice, And honor into avarice; With covetice is conscience slain: All earthly joy returns in pain.

Sen earthly joy abidis never,
Work for the joy that lasts forever;
For other joy is all but vain:
All earthly joy returns in pain.
Whitam Donnal.

THE LORDS OF THULE.

The lords of Thule it did not please
That Willeg's their bishop was;
For he was a wagoner's son.
And they drew, to do him scorn,
Wheels of chalk upon the wall;
He found them in chamber, found them in hall.

But the pious Willegis
Could not be moved to bitterness;
Seeing the wheels upon the wall,
He bade his servants a painter call;
And said,—" My friend, paint now for me,
On every wall, that I may see,
A wheel of white in a field of red;
Underneath, in letters plain to be read—
'Willegis hishon now by pame.

'Willegis, bishop now by name,
Forget not whence you came,'

The lords of Thule were full of shame—
They wiped away their words of blame;
For they saw that scorn and jeer
Cannot wound the wise man's ear.
And all the bishops that after him came
Quartered the wheel with their arms of fame.
Thus came to pious Willegis
Glory out of bitterness.

Anonymous. (German.)

Anonymous Translation.

BARCLAY OF URY.

Up the streets of Aberdeen,
By the kirk and college green,
Rode the laird of Ury;
Close behind him, close beside,
Foul of mouth and evil-eyed,
Pressed the mob in fury.

Flouted him the drunken churl,
Jeered at him the serving girl,
Prompt to please her master;
And the begging carlin, late
Fed and clothed at Ury's gate,
Cursed him as he passed her.

Yet with calm and stately mien
Up the streets of Aberdeen
Came he slowly riding;
And, to all he saw and heard,
Answering not with bitter word,
Turning not for chiding.

Came a troop with broadswords swinging, Bits and bridles sharply ringing,

Loose, and free, and froward:

Quoth the foremost, "Ride him down!

Push him! prick him! Through the
town

Drive the Oneker coward!"

Drive the Quaker coward!"

But from out the thickening crowd Cried a sudden voice and loud:

"Barclay! Ho! a Barclay!"
And the old man at his side
Saw a comrade, battle-tried,
Scarred and sun-burned darkly;

Who, with ready weapon bare, Fronting to the troopers there,

Cried aloud: "God save us!
Call ye coward him who stood
Ankle-deep in Lutzen's blood,
With the brave Gustavus!"

"Nay, I do not need thy sword,
Comrade mine," said Ury's lord;
"Put it up, I pray thee;
Passive to His holy will,
Trust I in my Master still,
Even though He slay me.

"Pledges of thy love and faith,
Proved on many a field of death,
Not by me are needed."

Marvelled much that henchman b
That his laird, so stout of old,
Now so meekly pleaded.

"Woe's the day," he sadly said,
With a slowly-shaking head,
And a look of pity;
"Ury's honest lord reviled,
Mock of knave and sport of child,
In his own good city!

"Speak the word, and, master mi As we charged on Tilly's line, And his Walloon lancers, Smiting through their midst, we" Civil look and decent speech To these boyish prancers!"

"Marvel not mine ancient friend-Like beginning, like the end!" Quoth the laird of Ury; "Is the sinful servant more Than his gracious Lord who bore Bonds and stripes in Jewry!

"Give me joy that in His name
I can bear, with patient frame,
All these vain ones offer;
While for them He suffered long,
Shall I answer wrong with wrong
Scoffing with the scoffer?

"Happier I, with ioss of all— Hunted, outlawed, held in thrall, With few friends to greet m Than when reeve and squire wer Riding out from Aberdeen With bared heads to meet m "When each good wife, o'er and o'er,
Blessed me as I passed her door;
And the snooded daughter,
Through her casement glancing down,
Smiled on him who bore renown
From red fields of slaughter.

"Hard to feel the stranger's scoff,
Hard the old friends' falling off,
Hard to learn forgiving;
But the Lord his own rewards,
And his love with theirs accords
Warm, and fresh, and living.

"Through this dark and stormy night
Faith beholds a feeble light
Up the blackness streaking;
Knowing God's own time is best,
In a patient hope I rest

For the full day-breaking!"

So the laird of Ury said,
Turning slow his horse's head
Towards the Tolbooth prison,
Where, through iron gates, he heard
Poor disciples of the Word
Preach of Christ arisen!

Not in vain, confessor old,
Unto us the tale is told
Of thy day of trial!
Every age on him, who strays
From its broad and beaten ways,
Pours its seven-fold vial.

Happy he whose inward ear
Angel comfortings can hear,
O'er the rabble's laughter;
And, while hatred's fagots burn,
Glimpses through the smoke discern

Of the good hereafter.

Knowing this—that never yet
Share of truth was vainly set
In the world's wide fallow;
After hands shall sow the seed,
After hands from hill and mead
Reap the harvests yellow.

Thus, with somewhat of the seer, Must the moral pioneer

From the future borrow—
Clothe the waste with dreams of grain,
And, on midnight's sky of rain,
Paint the golden morrow!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

HARMOSAN.

Now the third and fatal conflict for the Persian throne was done,

And the Moslem's fiery valor had the crowning victory won.

Harmosan, the last and boldest the invader to defy,

Captive, overborne by numbers, they were bringing forth to die.

Then exclaimed that noble captive: "Lo, I perish in my thirst;

Give me but one drink of water, and let then arrive the worst!"

In his hand he took the goblet: but a while the draught forbore,

Seeming doubtfully the purpose of the foeman to explore.

Well might then have paused the bravest—for, around him, angry foes

With a hedge of naked weapons did tha lonely man enclose.

"But what fearest thou?" cried the caliph

"is it, friend, a secret blow?

Fear it not! our gallant Moslems no such treacherous dealing know.

"Thou may'st quench thy thirst securely, for thou shalt not die before

Thou hast drunk that cup of water—this reprieve is thine—no more! "

Quick the satrap dashed the goblet down to earth with ready hand,

And the liquid sank for ever, lost amid the burning sand.

"Thou hast said that mine my life is, till the water of that cup

I have drained; then bid thy servants that spilled water gather up!"

For a moment stood the caliph as by doubtful passions stirred—

Then exclaimed, "For ever sacred must remain a monarch's word. "Bring another cup, and straightway to the noble Persian give:

Drink, I said before, and perish—now I bid thee drink and live!"

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

BALDER.

Balder, the white sun-god, has departed!

Beautiful as summer dawn was he;

Loved of gods and men—the royal-hearted

Balder, the white sun-god, has departed—

Has gone home where all the brave ones be.

For the tears of the imperial mother,

For a universe that weeps and prays,
Rides Hermoder forth to seek his brother—
Rides for love of that distressful mother,

Through lead-colored glens and cross-blue ways.

With the howling wind and raving torrent,
Nine days rode he, deep and deeper down—
Reached the vast death-kingdom, rough and
horrent,

Reached the lonely bridge that spans the torrent

Of the moaning river by Hell-town.

There he found the ancient portress standing-

Vexer of the mind and of the heart:

"Balder came this way," to his demanding
Cried aloud that ancient portress, standing—

"Balder came, but Balder did depart;

'Here he could not dwell. He is down yonder—

Northward, further, in the death-realm he."
Rode Hermoder on in silent wonder—
Mane of Gold fled fast and rushed down yonder!

Brave and good must young Hermoder be.

For he leaps sheer over Hela's portal,
Drops into the huge abyss below.
There he saw the beautiful immortal—
Saw him, Balder, under Hela's portal—
Saw him, and forgot his pain and woe.

"O, my Balder! have I, have I found Balder, beautiful as summer morn? O, my sun-god! hearts of heroes c thee

For their king; they lost, but now hav thee;

Gods and men shall not be left fork

"Balder! brother! the Divine has van The eternal splendors all have fled; Truth and love and nobleness are ban The heroic and divine have vanished: Nature has no god, and earth lies d

"Come thou back, my Balder—ki brother!

Teach the hearts of men to love the Come thou back, and comfort ou mother—

Come with truth and bravery, Bald ther—

Bring the godlike back to men's at

But the Nornas let him pray unheede
Balder never was to come again.
Vainly, vainly young Hermoder plead
Balder never was to come. Unheede
Young Hermoder wept and prayed

Oh, the trueness of this ancient story.

Even now it is, as it was then.

Earth hath lost a portion of her glory.

And like Balder, in the ancient story,

Never comes the beautiful again.

Still the young Hermoder journeys br Through lead-colored glens and craways;

Still he calls his brother, pleading gra Still to the death-kingdom ventures bra Calmly to the eternal terror prays

But the fates relent not; strong ender Courage, noble feeling, are in vain; For beautiful has gone for ever.

Vain are courage, genius, strong ender

Vain are courage, genius, strong ender Never comes the beautiful again.

ADDRESS TO THE MUMMY BELZONI'S EXHIBITION.

think I counsel weak despairing? like young Hermoder I would ride; a bumble, yet a gallant daring, I leap unquailing, undespairing, the buge precipice's side.

nd gone is the old world's ideal, old arts and old religion fled; ladly live amid the real. seek a worthier ideal. age, brothers, God is overhead!

ANOSTHOUS.

ESS TO THE MUMMY AT BEL-ZONES EXHIBITION.

on hast walked about, (how strange a

iebes' streets three thousand years ago, he Memnonium was in all its glory, time had not begun to overthrow emples, palaces, and piles stupendous, the very ruins are tremendous,

for thou long enough hast acted dammy;

hast a tongue—come—let us hear its tone;

t standing on thy legs, above ground, mummy !

dting the glimpses of the moon-

e thin ghosts or disembodied crea-

h thy bones, and flesh, and limbs, and features.

-for doubtless thou canst recollectfame i

eops or Cephrenes architect ther pyramid that bears his name? pey's Pillar really a misnomer? obes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer t

s thou wert a Mason, and forbidden ath to tell the secrets of thy tradey what secret melody was hidden (empon's statue, which at suprise played?

Perhaps thou wert a priest-if so, my strug-

597

Are vain, for priesteraft never owns its jug-

Perhaps that very hand, now pinioned flat, Has hob-s-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to giass,

Or dropped a half-penny in Homer's hat; Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass; Or held, by Solomon's own invitation, A torch at the great temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed, Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled;

For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalmed.

Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled: Antiquity appears to have begun Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou could'st develop—if that withered tongue

Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen-

How the world looked when it was fresh and young,

And the great deluge still had left it green; Or was it then so old that history's pages Contained no record of its early ages?

Still silent! incommunicative elf!

Art sworn to secrecy i then keep thy vows; But prythee tell us something of thyself—

Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house; Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumbered--

from should we assign the Sphinx's | What hast thou seen—what strange adventures numbered ?

> Since first thy form was in this box extended We have, above ground, seen some strange mutations:

> The Roman empire has begun and ended— New worlds have risen—we have lost old

> And countless kings have into dust been humbled,

While not a fragment of thy flesh has crombled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head, When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,

Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering trend-

O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isle;

And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder,

When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder !

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,

The nature of thy pri

A heart has throbbed 1

rt has throbbed breast.

And tears adown that rolled;

Have children climbed the that face?

What was thy name a

Statue of fiesh—Immorta
Imperishable type of ev
Posthumous man—who question
bed.

And standest undecayed within our presence!

Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morning,

When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
If its undying guest be lost for ever?
Oh! let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
In living virtue—that when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom!
HORACE SEITE.

THE TWO OCEANS.

Two seas, amid the night,

In the moonshine roll and sparkle—
Now spread in the silver light,

Now sadden, and wail, and darkle;

The one has a billowy motion,

And from land to land it gleams;

The other is sleep's wide ocean,

And its glimmering waves are dreams:

The one, with murmur and rust,
Bears fleets around coust and i
The other, without a shore,
Ne'er knew the track of a pile
Jose file

THE FISHER'S COTTAGE

We sat by the fisher's cottage,
And looked at the stormy tide;
The evening mist came rising,
And floating far and wide.

One by one in the light-house

The lamps shone out on high;

And far on the dim horizon

A ship went sailing by.

We spoke of storm and shipwassish.
Of sailors, and how they live;
Of journeys 'twixt sky and water,
And the sorrows and joys they a

We spoke of distant countries, In regions strange and fair; And of the wondrous beings And curious customs there.

Of perfumed lamps on the Ganges, Which are launched in the twilight And the dark and silent Brahmins, Who worship the lotus flower.

Of the wretched dwarfs of Lapland Broad-headed, wide-mouthed and Who crouch round their oil-fires, o And chatter and scream and bay

And the maidens earnestly listened
Till at last we spoke no more;
The ship like a shadow had vanishe
And darkness fell deep on the sh

HENRY HENRY (6)
Translation of CHARLES G. LELAND.



. TO BE WRITTEN BY ALEXANDER SEL-, DURING HIS SOLITARY ABODE IN THE ND OF JUAN PERNANDEZ.

nonarch of all I surveyright there is none to dispute; the centre all round to the sea. I lord of the fowl and the brute. tude! where are the charms t sages have seen in thy face? dwell in the midst of alarms a reign in this horrible place.

ut of humanity's reach; ist finish my journey alone, hear the sweet music of speechst at the sound of my own. asts that roam over the plain form with indifference see; re so unacquainted with man, r tameness is shocking to me.

 friendship, and love, nely bestowed upon man! d I the wings of a dove, soon would I taste you again! rows I then might assuage ie ways of religion and truthlearn from the wisdom of age, be cheered by the sallies of youth.

What treasure untole les in that heavenly word!recious than silver and gold, Il that this earth can afford; sound of the church-going bel e valleys and rocks never heard, sighed at the sound of a knell, niled when a sabbath appeared.

ds that have made me your sport, ey to this desolate shore ordial endearing report land I shall visit no more! nds—do they now and then send sh or a thought after me? me I yet have a friend, gh a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind! Compared with the speed of its flight. The tempest itself lags behind, And the swift-winged arrows of light. When I think of my own native land, In a moment I seem to be there: But, alas! recollection at hand Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest, The beast is laid down in his lair: Even here is a season of rest, And I to my cabin repair. There's mercy in every place, And mercy-encouraging thought!-Gives even affliction a grace, And reconciles man to his lot.

WILLIAM COWPER

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!) Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace, And saw within the moonlight in his room, Making it rich and like a lily in bloom, An angel writing in a book of gold: Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold. And to the presence in the room he said, "What writest thou?"—The vision raised its head,

And, with a look made of all sweet accord. Answered-"The names of those who love the Lord."

"And is mine one?" said Abou; "Nay, not

Replied the angel.—Abou spoke more low, But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, then, Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. night

It came again, with a great wakening light, And showed the names whom love of God had blessed-

And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

LENGE HUND.

THE STEAMBOAT.

SEE how you flaming herald treads
The ridged and rolling waves,
As, crashing o'er their crested heads,
She bows her surly slaves!
With foam before and fire behind,
She rends the clinging sea,
That flies before the roaring wind,
Beneath her hissing lee.

The morning spray, like sea-born flowers
With heaped and glistening bells,
Falls round her fast in ringing showers,
With every wave that swells;
And, flaming o'er the midnight deep,
In lurid fringes thrown,
The living gems of ocean sweep
Along her flashing zone.

With clashing wheel, and lifting keel,
And smoking torch on high,
When winds are loud, and billows reel,
She thunders, foaming, by!
When seas are silent and serene
With even beam she glides,
The sunshine glimmering through the green
That skirts her gleaming sides.

Now, like a wild nymph, far apart

She veils her shadowy form,

The beating of her restless heart

Still sounding through the storm;

Now answers, like a courtly dame,

The reddening surges o'er,

With flying scarf of spangled flame,

The pharos of the shore.

To-night you pilot shall not sleep,
Who trims his narrowed sail;
To-night you frigate scarce shall keep
Her broad breast to the gale;
And many a foresail, scooped and strained,
Shall break from yard and stay,
Before this smoky wreath hath stained
The rising mist of day.

Hark! hark! I hear you whistling shroud,
I see you quivering mast—
The black throat of the hunted cloud
Is panting forth the blast!

An hour, and, whirled like winnown
The giant surge shall fling
His tresses o'er you pennon-staff,
White as the sea-bird's wing!

Yet rest, ye wanderers of the deep
Nor wind nor wave shall tire
Those fleshless arms, whose pulses
With floods of living fire;
Sleep on—and when the morning li
Streams o'er the shining bay,
Oh, think of those for whom the ni
Shall never wake in day!
OLIVER WEIGHL I

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITE

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands:
The smith—a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arm
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and lon
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweatHe earns whate'er he can;
And looks the whole world in the f
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till:
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy
With measured beat and slow—
Like a sexton ringing the village be
When the evening sun is low.

And children, coming home from a Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar.
And catch the burning sparks, that
Like chaff from a threshing floor

He goes on Sunday to the church, And sits among his boys; He hears the parson pray and preach— He hears his daughter's voice, Singing in the village choir, And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing—
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close—
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought—
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE SONG OF THE FORGE.

Clang, clang! the massive anvils ring;
Clang, clang! a hundred hammers swing—
Like the thunder-rattle of a tropic sky,
The mighty blows still multiply—
Clang, clang!
Say, brothers of the dusky brow,
What are your strong arms forging now?

Clang, clang!—we forge the coulter now—
The coulter of the kindly plough.
Sweet Mary mother, bless our toil!
May its broad furrow still unbind
To genial rains, to sun and wind,
The most benignant soil!

Clang, clang!—our coulter's course shall be On many a sweet and sheltered lea, By many a streamlet's silver tide— Amidst the song of morning birds, Amidst the low of sauntering herdsAmidst soft breezes, which do stray Through woodbine hedges and sweet May, Along the green hill's side.

When regal autumn's bounteous hand
With wide-spread glory clothes the land—
When to the valleys, from the brow
Of each resplendent slope, is rolled
A ruddy sea of living gold—
We bless, we bless the plough.

Clang, clang!—again, my mates, what glows Beneath the hammer's potent blows? Clink, clank!—we forge the giant chain, Which bears the gallant vessel's strain 'Midst stormy winds and adverse tides; Secured by this, the good ship braves The rocky roadstead, and the waves Which thunder on her sides.

Anxious no more, the merchant sees
The mist drive dark before the breeze,
The storm-cloud on the hill;
Calmly he rests—though far away.
In boisterous climes, his vessel lay—Reliant on our skill.

Say on what sands these links shall sleep,
Fathoms beneath the solemn deep?
By Afric's pestilential shore;
By many an iceberg, lone and hoar;
By many a palmy western isle,
Basking in spring's perpetual smile;
By stormy Labrador.

Say, shall they feel the vessel reel, When to the battery's deadly peal The crashing broadside makes reply; Or else, as at the glorious Nile, Hold grappling ships, that strive the while For death or victory?

Hurrah!—cling, clang!—once more, what glows,

Dark brothers of the forge, beneath

The iron tempest of your blows,

The furnace's red breath?

Clang, clang!—a burning torrent, clear And brilliant of bright sparks, is poured Around, and up in the dusky air, As our hammers forge the sowrd.

The sword!—a name of dread; yet when Upon the freeman's thigh 't is bound— While for his altar and his hearth, While for the land that gave him birth, The war-drums roll, the trumpets sound— How sacred is it then!

Whenever for the truth and right It flashes in the van of fight— Whether in some wild mountain pass, As that where fell Leonidas; Or on some sterile plain and stern, A Marston, or a Bannockburn; Or amidst crags and bursting rills, The Switzer's Alps, gray Tyrol's hills; Or, as when sunk the Armada's pride, It gleams above the stormy tide— Still, still, whene'er the battle word Is liberty, when men do stand For justice and their native land— Then heaven bless the sword!

AHONYMOUS.

THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.

Come, see the Dolphin's anchor forged! 't is at a white heat now—

The bellows ceased, the flames decreased; though, on the forge's brow,

The little flames still fitfully play through the sable mound;

And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths ranking round;

All clad in leathern panoply, their broad hands only bare,

Some rest upon their sledges here, some work the windlass there

The windlass strains the tackle-chains—the black mould heaves below;

And red and deep, a hundred veins burst out at every throe.

It rises, roars, rends all outright—O, Vulcan, But while ye swing your sledges, sing; ar what a glow!

'T is blinding white, 't is blasting bright—the high sun shines not so!

The high sun sees not, on the earth, such fier fearful show!

The roof-ribs swarth, the candent hearth, the ruddy lurid row

Or smiths—that stand, an ardent band, like men before the foe!

As, quivering through his fleece of flame, the sailing monster slow

Sinks on the anvil—all about, the faces fiery grow: "Hurrah!" they shout, "leap out, leap out!"

bang, bang! the sledges go; Hurrah! the jetted lightnings are hissing high

and low; A hailing fount of fire is struck at every squashing blow;

The leathern mail rebounds the hail; the rat-

tling oinders strew The ground around; at every bound the sweltering fountains flow;

And, thick and loud, the swinking crowd at every stroke pant "ho!"

Leap out, leap out, my masters! leap out, and lay on load!

Let's forge a goodly anchor—a bower thick and broad;

For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow, I bode;

And I see the good ship riding, all in a perilous road—

The low reef roaring on her lea; the roll of ocean poured

From stem to stern, sea after sea; the mainmast by the board;

The bulwarks down; the rudder gone; the boats stove at the chains;

But courage still, brave mariners—the bower yet remains!

And not an inch to flinch he deigns save when ye pitch sky high;

Then moves his head, as though he said "Fear nothing—here am I!"

Swing in your strokes in order! let foot and hand keep time;

Your blows make music sweeter far that any steeple's chime.

let the burthen be.

The anchor is the anvil king, and royal crafts- | Of his back-browsing ocean-calves; or, hap men we!

Strike in, strike in!—the sparks begin to dull their rustling red;

Our hammers ring with sharper din-our work will soon be sped;

Our anchor soon must change his bed of fiery rich array

For a hammock at the roaring bows, or an oozy couch of clay;

Our anchor soon must change the lay of merry craftsmen here

For the yeo-heave-o, and the heave-away, and the sighing seamen's cheer-

When, weighing slow, at eve they go, far, far from love and home;

And sobbing sweethearts, in a row, wail o'er the ocean foam.

In livid and obdurate gloom, he darkens down at last;

A shapely one he is, and strong, as e'er from cat was cast.

O trusted and trustworthy guard! if thou hadst life like me,

What pleasures would thy toils reward beneath the deep green sea!

O deep sea-diver, who might then behold such sights as thou?—

The hoary monster's palaces! — Methinks what joy 't were now

To go plumb-plunging down, amid the assembly of the whales,

And feel the churned sea round me boil beneath their scourging tails!

Then deep in tangle-woods to fight the fierce sea-unicorn,

And send him foiled and bellowing back, for all his ivory horn;

To leave the subtle sworder-fish of bony blade forlorn;

his jaws to scorn;

To leap down on the kraken's back, where 'mid Norwegian isles

fle lies, a lubber anchorage for sudden shallowed miles-

Tili, snorting like an under-sea volcano, off he rolls;

Meanwhile to swing, a-buffeting the far astonished shoals

ly, in a cove

Shell-strown, and consecrate of old to some Undine's love,

To find the long-haired mermaidens; or, hard by icy lands,

To wrestle with the sea-serpent, upon cerulean sands.

O broad-armed fisher of the deep! whose sports can equal thine?

The dolphin weighs a thousand tons, the tugs thy cable line;

And night by night 't is thy delight, thy glory day by day,

Through sable sea and breaker white the giant game to play.

But, shamer of our little sports! forgive the name I gave:

A fisher's joy is to destroy—thine office is to

O lodger in the sea-kings' halls! couldst thou but understand

Whose be the white bones by thy side—or who that dripping band,

Slow swaying in the heaving wave, that round about thee bend,

With sounds like breakers in a dream blessing their ancient friend-

Oh, couldst thou know what heroes glide with larger steps round thee,

Thine iron side would swell with pridethou 'dst leap within the sea!

Give honor to their memories who left the pleasant strand

To shed their blood so freely for the love of father-land-

Who left their chance of quiet age and grassy churchyard grave

And for the ghastly-grinning shark, to laugh | So freely, for a restless bed amid the tossing

Oh, though our anchor may not be all I have fondly sung,

Honor him for their memory whose bones be goes among!

SAMUEL FERGUSON.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles sang truce; for the night-cloud had lowered,

And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;

And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered—

The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,

By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,

At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw, And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array

Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track:
T was autumn—and sunshine arose on the
way

To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields, traversed so oft In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;

I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,

And knew the sweet strain that the cornreapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore

From my home and my weeping friends never to part;

My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er, And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

Stay, stay with us!—rest; thou art weary and worn!—

And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;

But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,

And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM

1

Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

II.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round.
Which he beside the rivalet,
In playing there, had found;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and ro

III.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,

Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his her
And, with a natural sigh—
"'T is some poor fellow's skull," said
"Who fell in the great victory.

IV.

"I find them in the garden,
For there's many here about;
And often when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in the great victory."

V

"Now tell us what 't was all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes—
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other fo

VI.

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout;
But what they fought each other for
I could not well make out;
But every body said," quoth he,
"That't was a famous victory

VII.

You little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

VIII.

"With fire and sword the country round Was wasted far and wide;
And many a childing mother there,
And new-born baby died;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

IX.

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won—
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

X.

- "Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won, And our good Prince Eugene."
- "Why, 't was a very wicked thing!" Said little Wilhelmine.
- "Nay-nay-my little girl!" quoth he,
- "It was a famous victory.

XI.

- "And everybody praised the duke, Who this great fight did win."
- "But what good came of it at last?" Quoth little Peterkin.
- "Why, that I cannot tell," said he;
- "But 't was a famous victory."

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

VICTORIOUS MEN OF EARTH.

Victorious men of earth, no more
Proclaim how wide your empires are:
Though you bind in every shore,
And your triumphs reach as far

As night or day,

Yet you proud monarchs must obey, And mingle with forgotten ashes, when Death calls ye to the crowd of common men.

Devouring famine, plague, and war,

Each able to undo mankind,

Death's servile emissaries are;

Nor to these alone confined—

He hath at will

More quaint and subtle ways to kill:

A smile or kiss, as he will use the art,

Shall have the cunning skill to break a

JAMES SHIRLEY.

THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.

heart.

This is the arsenal. From floor to ceiling, Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms; But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise—how wild and dreary—

When the death-angel touches those swift keys!

What loud lament and dismal miserere Will mingle with their awful symphonies!

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus—
The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which, through the ages that have gone before us.

In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer;

Through Cimbric forest roars the Norse-man's song;

And loud, amid the universal clamor, O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din;

And Aztec priests upon their teocallis

Beat the wild war-drums made of serpents'
skin;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village;

The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;

The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage; The wail of famine in beleaguered towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,

The rattling musketry, the clashing blade—And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest nature's sweet and kindly
voices,

And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,

Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,

Given to redeem the human mind from error, There were no need of arsenals nor forts;

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred;

And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear forevermore the curse of
Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations,

The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;

And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations, I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"

Peace!—and no longer from its brazen portals

The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies.

But, beautiful as songs of the immortals, The holy melodies of love arise.

HENRY WADSWESTH LONGFELLOW.

THE BUCKET

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,

When fond recollection presents them to view!—

The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,

And every loved spot which my infancy knew.
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill the stood by it;

The bridge, and the rock where the cata ract fell;

The cot of my father, the dairy-house night And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well—

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the
well.

That moss-covered vessel I hailed as a tress ure;

For often at noon, when returned from the field
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield
How ardent I seized it, with hands that wer
glowing,

And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell Then soon, with the emblem of truth over flowing,

And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well—

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket. The moss-covered bucket, arose from the well

How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive it,

As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips Not a full, blushing goblet could tempt me t leave it,

The brightest that beauty or revelry sips. And now, far removed from the loved hab

now, far removed from the loved lation,

The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,

And sighs for the bucket that hangs in the well—

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket. The moss-covered bucket that hange in the well!

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE

OUT OF NORFOLK, THE GIFT OF MY COUSIN, ANN BODHAM.

Oh that those lips had language! Life has passed

With me but roughly since I heard thee last. Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I 800,

The same that oft in childhood solaced me; Voice only fails—else how distinct they say "Grieve not, my child—chase all thy fears

The meek intelligence of those dear eyes (Blest be the art that can immortalize, The art that baffles time's tyrannic claim To quench it!) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear! O welcome guest, though unexpected here! Who bidst me honor with an artless song, Affectionate, a mother lost so long. I will obey—not willingly alone, But gladly, as the precept were her own; And, while that face renews my filial grief, Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief— Shall steep me in Elysian reverie, A momentary dream that thou art she. My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,

Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed? Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son— Wretch even then, life's journey just begun? Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss; Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss-Ah, that maternal smile! it answers—Yes. I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day; I saw the hearse that boro thee slow away; And, turning from my nursery window, drew | Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu! But was it such?—It was.—Where thou art gone

Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown; May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore, The parting word shall pass my lips no more. Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my con-

Oft gave me promise of thy quick return;

What ardently I wished I long believed, And, disappointed still, was still deceived-By expectation every day beguiled, Dupe of to-morrow even from a child. Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went Till, all my stock of infant sorrows spent, I learned at last submission to my lot; But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er for

Where once we dwelt our name is hear no more-

Children not thine have trod my nurser floor;

And where the gardener Robin, day by day Drew me to school along the public way— Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapped In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet cap-'T is now become a history little known, That once we called the pastoral house our own.

Short-lived possession! but the record fair, That memory keeps of all thy kindness there Still outlives many a storm that has effaced A thousand other themes, less deeply traced Thy nightly visits to my chamber made, That thou might'st know me safe and warm ly laid;

Thy morning bounties ere I left my home— The biscuit, or confectionary plum; The fragrant waters on my checks bestowed By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed:

All this, and, more endearing still than all, Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall-Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks That humor interposed too often makes; All this, still legible in memory's page, And still to be so to my latest age, Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay Such honors to thee as my numbers may— Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere—

Could time, his flight reversed, restore the hours

When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers—

The violet, the pink, the jessamine — I pricked them into paper with a pin, (And thou wast happier than myself the whileWouldst softly speak, and stroke my head and smile)—

Could those few pleasant days again appear, Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?

I would not trust my heart—the dear delight Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might. But no—what here we call our life is such, So little to be loved, and thou so much, That I should ill requite thee to constrain Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou—as a gallant bark, from Albion's coast,

(The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed,)

Shoots into port at some well-havened isle, Where spices breathe and brighter seasons smile,

There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay—
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached
the shore

"Where tempests never beat nor billows roar;"

And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life long since has anchored by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distressed—

Me howling blasts drive devious, tempesttossed,

Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost;

And day by day some current's thwarting force

Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.

Yet oh, the thought that thou art safe, and he! That thought is joy, arrive what may to me. My boast is not that I deduce my birth From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;

But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents passed into the skies.
And now, farewell!—Time, unrevoked, has
run

His wonted course; yet what I wished is done.

By contemplation's help, not sought in vain.

I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again—

To have renewed the joys that once were mine,

Without the sin of violating thine;
And, while the wings of fancy still are free.
And I can view this mimic show of thee.
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

WILLIAM COWPER

THE TRAVELLER;

OR, A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheldt, or wandering Po.
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian book
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door.
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies:
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see.
My heart untravelled fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless print
And drags at each remove a lengthening
chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend.
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend!

Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire

To pause from toil, and time their evening fire!

Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,

And every stranger finds a ready chair!
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty
crowned,

Where all the ruddy family around Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail, Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale: Or press the bashful stranger to his food, And learn the luxury of doing good!

But me, not destined such delights to share,

My prime of life in wandering spent, and care;



TRAVELLER.

sd, with steps unceasing, to pursue lecting good that mocks me with the view,

ke the circle bounding earth and skies, i from far, yet, as I follow, flies; ure leads to traverse realms alone, ad no spot of all the world my own. w, where Alpine solitudes ascend, e down a pensive hour to spend; laced on high above the storm's careor. downward where a hundred realms appear:

forests, cities, plains extending wide, mp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

n thus creation's charms around com-

the store should thankless pride repine ?

ould the philosophic mind disdain ood which makes each humbler bosom vain î

cool-taught pride dissemble all it can, ittle things are great to little man; iser he whose sympathetic mind in all the good of all mankind, tering towns, with wealth and splendor crowned;

ds, where summer spreads profusion round ;

es, whose vessels catch the busy gale; ding swains, that dress the flowery valo; your tributary stores combine, n's heir, the world—the world is mine!

ome lone miser visiting his store, at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er, after hoards his rising raptures fill, Il he sighs, for hoards are wanting still. my breast alternate passions rise, I with each good that heaven to man eniqqub.

a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall, the sum of human bliss so small; I wish, amidst the scene to find mot to real happiness consigned, my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest, siber biles to see my follows bleet.

THE

But where to find that happiest spot below Who camdirect, when all pretend to know! The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own Extols the treasures of his stormy seas. And his long nights of revelry and ease; The naked negro, planting at the line, Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine, Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave, And thanks his gods for all the goods they

Such is the patriot's boast where'er we roam, His first, best country, ever is at home. And yet perhaps, if countries we compare, And estimate the blessings which they share, Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find

An equal portion dealt to all mankind; As different good, by art or nature given, To different nations, makes their blessings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all, Still grants her bliss at labor's earnest call; With food as well the peasant is supplied On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side; And though the rocky-crested summits frown,

These rocks by custom turn to beds of down. From art more various are the blessings sent.-

Wealth, commerce, honor, liberty, content. Yet these each other's power so strong con-

That either seems destructive of the rest. Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails,

And honor sinks where commerce long prevails.

Hence every state, to our loved blessing prone, Conforms and models life to that alone. Each to the favorite happiness attends, And spurns the plan that sime of other ends, Till, carried to excess in each domain, This favorite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes, And trace them through the prospect as it lies; Here, for a while, my proper cares resigned. Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind;

Like you neglected shrub at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every
blast.

Far to the right, where Apennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods, in gay theatric pride,
While oft some temple's mouldering tops
between

With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest:
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the
ground;

Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear, Whose bright succession decks the varied year;

Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die;
These here disporting own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand,

To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all this nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners
reign:

Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;

Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue!

And e'en in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs; not far removed the
date

When commerce proudly flourished through the state.

At her command the palace learned to rise,
Again the long-fallen column sought the skies,
The canvas glowed, beyond e'en nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teamed with human
form;

Till, more unsteady than the southern gale, Commerce on other shores displayed her sail While naught remained, of all that riche gave,

But towns unmanned, and lords without slave:

And late the nation found, with fruitles skill,

Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet still the loss of wealth is here supplied By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride From these the feeble heart and long-falls mind

An easy compensation seem to find.

Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp rayed,

The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade;
Processions formed for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in every grove.
By sports like these are all their cares be guiled;

The sports of children satisfy the child:
Each nobler aim, repressed by long control,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
While low delights succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind.
As in those domes where Cæsars once bor
sway,

Defaced by time, and tottering in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed
And, wondering man could want the large
pile,

Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul, turn from them! turn me to survey

Where rougher climes a nobler race display Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread.

And force a churlish soil for scanty bread:
No product here the barren hills afford
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's bread
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms is
vest.

still, even here, content can spread a charm,

sa the clime, and all its rage disarm.

the poor the peasant's but, his feast though small,

is his little lot the lot of all;
to contiguous palace rear its head,
time the meanness of his humble shed;
stly lord the sumptuous banquet deal
time him losthe his vegetable meal;
time, and bred in ignorance and toil,
wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
ful at morn he wakes from short repose,
ses the keen air, and carols as he goes;
patient angle trolls the finny deep,
ives his venturous ploughshare to the
steep;

sks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,

trage the struggling savage into day.

the returning, every labor sped,

s him down the monarch of a shed;

by a cheerful fire, and round surveys

hildren's looks that brighten to the

blaze.

his loved partner, boastful of her hoard.

ys her cleanly platter on the board; aply too some pilgrim, thither led, many a tale repays the nightly bed.

is every good his native wilds impart, nts the patriot lesson on his heart; 'en those ills that round his mansion rise, ice the bliss his scanty fund supplies. is that shed to which his soulconforms, dear that hill that lifts him to the storms;

is a child, when scaring sounds molest, close and closer to the mother's breast, bloud torrent and the whirlwind's roar ind him to his native mountains more.

h are the charms to barren states assigned:

wants but few, their wishes all confined;

** them only share the praises due,—

* their wants, their pleasures are but
few:

For every want that stimulates the breast Becomes a source of pleasure when redressed. Hence from such lands each pleasing science flies.

That first excites desire and then supplies; Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,

To fill the languid pause with finer joy; Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,

Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.

Their level life is but a smouldering fire, Nor quenched by want, nor funned by strong desire;

Unfit for raptures, or if raptures cheer On some high festival of once a year, In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire, Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow,-

Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low;
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son
Unaltered, unimproved the manners run;
And love's and friendship's finely pointed
dart

Full blunted from each indurated heart.

Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast

May sit like falcons cowering on the nest;
But all the gentler morals,—such as play
Through life's more cultured walks, and
charm the way,—

These, far dispersed, on timorous pinions fly, To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,

I turn, and France displays her bright domain.

Gay, sprightly land of mirth and social case, Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please,

How often have I led thy sportive chair With tuneless pipe beside the murmuring Loire!

When shading clms along the margin grew,
And freshened from the wave, the suplext
flew;

And haply, though my harsh touch flattering still,

But mocked all tune and marred the dancer's skill;

Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,

And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour.

Alike all ages: dames of ancient days

Have led their children through the mirthful maze;

And the gay grandsire, skilled in gestic lore, Has frisked beneath the burden of threescore.

So blest a life these thoughtless realms display,

Thus idly busy rolls their world away.

Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,

For honor forms the social temper here:
Honor, that praise which real merit gains,
Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land;
From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise:
They please, are pleased; they give to get
esteem;

Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,

It gives their follies also room to rise;
For praise too dearly loved or warmly sought
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought;
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdy art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;

Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frieze with copper
lace;

Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year;
The mind still turns where shifting fashion
draws.

Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies, Embosomed in the deep where Holland lies. Methinks her patient sons before me stand, Where the broad ocean leans against the land And, sedulous to stop the coming tide, Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride. Onward, methinks, and diligently slow, The firm connected bulwark seems to grow, Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile, Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile The slow canal, the yellow-blossomed vale. The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail, The crowded mart, the cultivated plain, A new creation rescued from his reign.

Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings
Are here displayed. Their much-loved wealth
imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear;
E'en liberty itself is bartered here;
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys.
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonorable graves.

Thus while around the wave-subjected soi

Impels the native to repeated toil,

Heavens! how unlike their Belgic sires of old!

Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm

And, calmly bent, to servitude conform,

Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold, War in each breast and freedom on each brow;

How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

Fired at the sound, my genius spreads be wing,

And flies where Britain courts the western spring;

Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,

And brighter streams than famed Hydaspe glide.

l around the gentlest breezes stray, entler music melts on every spray; i's mildest charms are there comined,

s are only in the master's mind.

o'er each bosom reason holds her state, ring aims irregularly great,
their port, defiance in their eye,
lords of human kind pass by:
high designs, a thoughtful band,
his unfashioned, fresh from nature's
hand,

n their native hardiness of soul, imagined right above control,— 'en the peasant boasts these rights to can,

rns to venerate himself as man.

, freedom, thine the blessings pictured tere,

re those charms that dazzle and enlear!

t indeed were such without alloy; tered e'en by freedom, ills annoy; lependence Britons prize too high nan from man, and breaks the social ie;

'-dependent lordlings stand alone, .ms that bind and sweeten life unnown:

y the bonds of nature feebly held, ombat minds, repelling and repelled; ts arise, imprisoned factions roar, ed ambition struggles round her shore, rwrought, the general system feels on stop, or frenzy fire the wheels.

his the worst: as nature's ties decay,; love, and honor fail to sway, is bonds, the bonds of wealth and law, her strength, and force unwilling awe. Il obedience bows to these alone, ent sinks, and merit weeps unknown; a may come when, stripped of all her harms,

d of scholars and the nurse of arms, noble stems transmit the patriot flame, kings have toiled and poets wrote for 'ame, One sink of level avarice shall lie, And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonored die.

But think not, thus when freedom's ills I state,

I mean to flatter kings or court the great;
Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire!
And thou, fair freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage and tyrant's angry steel;
Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By proud contempt or favor's fostering sun,—
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure!

I only would repress them to secure.

For just experience tells, in every soil,

That those that think must govern those that
toil;

And all that freedom's highest aims can reach
Is but to lay proportioned loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportioned
grow,

Its double weight must ruin all below.

Oh then how blind to all that truth requires,

Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast approaching danger warms;
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,

Contracting regal power to stretch their own; When I behold a factious band agree To call it freedom when themselves are free, Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,

Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law,

The wealth of climes where savage nations roam

Pillaged from slaves to purchase slaves at home,—

Fear, pity, justice, indignation, start,
Tear off reserve and bare my swelling heart,
Till, half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour,

When first ambition struck at regal power;

And thus, polluting honor in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double
force.

Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,

Her useful sons exchanged for useless ore?
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers brightening as they waste?
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern depopulation in her train,
And over fields where scattered hamlets
rose

In barren, solitary pomp repose?

Have we not seen, at pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling, oft-frequented village fall?

Beheld the duteous son, the sire decayed,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forced from their homes, a melancholy
train,

To traverse climes beyond the western main, Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,

And Niagara stuns with thundering sound?

E'en now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays

Through tangled forests and through dangerous ways,

Where beasts with man divided empire claim, And the brown Indian marks with murderous aim;

There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Casts a long look where England's glories
shine,

And bids his bosoro sympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find That bliss which only centres in the mind; Why have I strayed from pleasure and repose,

To seek a good each government bestows?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings or tyrant laws restrain.
How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or
cure?

Still to ourselves in every place consigned,
Our own felicity we make or find;
With secret course which no loud storm
annoy
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel

To men remote from power but rarely known

Leave reason, faith, and conscience all on

own.

OLIVER GOLDSMITE

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain. Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,

Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid, And parting summer's lingering blooms de layed!

Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease—Seats of my youth, when every sport cook please!

How often have I loitered o'er thy green, Where humble happiness endeared esci scene!

How often have I paused on every charm—
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighboring hill,

The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade—

For talking age and whispering lovers made How often have I blest the coming day. When toil, remitting, lent its turn to play, And all the village train, from labor free, Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;

While many a pastime circled in the shade.
The young contending as the old surveyed:
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground
And sleights of art and feats of strength went
round;

And still as each repeated pleasures tired, Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired The dancing pair, that simply sought renown By holding out, to tire each other down: The swain mistrustless of his smutted face, While secret laughter tittered round the place;

The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love, The matron's glance that would those looks reprove:

These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,

With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;

These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed;

These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

Sweet-smiling village, loveliest of the lawn! Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;

Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen, And desolution saddens all thy green; One only master grasps the whole domain, And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain; No more thy glassy brook reflects the day, But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way;

Along thy glades, a solitary guest, The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest; Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies, And tires their echoes with unvaried cries; Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all, And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;

And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,

Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey, Where wealth accumulates, and men decay; Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade— A breath can make them, as a breath has made;

But a bold peasantry, their country's pride, When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,

When every rood of ground maintained its Around my fire an evening group to draw man:

For him light labor spread her wholeson store—

Just gave what life required, but gave more:

His best companions, innocence and health And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are altered: trade's unfeeling train

Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain; Along the lawn, where scattered hamle rose,

Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp r pose;

And every want to luxury allied,

And every pang that folly pays to pride.

Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom Those calm desires that asked but little room Those healthful sports that graced the peace ful scene,

Lived in each look, and brightened all the green-

These, far departing, seek a kinder shore, And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hou Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's po-

Here, as I take my solitary rounds Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined ground And, many a year clapsed, return to view Where once the cottage stood, the hawtho grew,

Remembrance wakes with all her busy train Swells at my breast, and turns the past pain.

In all my wanderings round this world

In all my griefs—and God has given n share-

I still had hopes my latest hours to crown, Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down To husband out life's taper at the close,

And keep the flame from wasting by repos I still had hopes—for pride attends us still-Amidst the swains to show my book-learn

skill, And tell of all I felt, and all I saw; And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,

Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,

I still had hopes, my long vexations past, Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement! friend to life's decline! Retreats from care, that never must be mine! How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,

A youth of labor with an age of ease; Who quits a world where strong temptations try,

And; since 't is hard to combat, learns to fly! For him no wretches, born to work and weep,

Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;

No surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past.

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close

Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below:

The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung, The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,

The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,

And the roud laugh that spoke the vacant mind.

These all in sweet confusion sought the shade, And filled each pause the nightingale had made.

But now the sounds of population fail;
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale;
No busy steps the grass-grown footway
tread—

But all the bloomy blush of life is fled.

All but one widowed, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring
She, wretched matron, forced in age, forced.

To strip the brook with mantling cress spread,

To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn, To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn She only left of all the harmless train, The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garde smiled,

And still where many a garden-flower grow wild,

There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,

The village preacher's modest mansion rose. A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change
his place;

Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize
More bent to raise the wretched than to ris
His house was known to all the vagrant train
He chid their wanderings, but relieved the
pain.

The long-remembered beggar was his guest Whose beard, descending, swept his ago breast;

The ruined spendthrift, now no longer prou Claimed kindred there, and had his claims lowed;

The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sate by his fire, and talked the night away.
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorro
done,

Shouldered his crutch, and showed how field were won.

Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,

And quite forgot their vices in their woe; Careless their merits or their faults to scan His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his price. And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side

But in his duty prompt at every call,

He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for
all;

And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fiedged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid, And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,

The reverend champion stood. At his control

Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul; Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,

And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double
sway,

And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.

The service past, around the pious man,

With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;

En children followed, with endearing wile,

And plucked his gown, to share the good

man's smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;

To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were given—

But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.

As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form, 8wells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,

Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,

Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside you straggling fence that skirts the way,

With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.

A man severe he was, and stern to view—
I knew him well, and every truant knew;

Well had the boding tremblers learned to

The day's disasters in his morning face;

Full well they laughed, with counterfeited glee,

At all his jokes, for many a joke had he; Full well the busy whisper, circling round,

Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned; Yet he was kind—or, if severe in aught,

The love he bore to learning was in fault.

The village all declared how much he knew; 'T was certain he could write, and cipher too;

Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,

And e'en the story ran that he could gauge. In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,

For, e'en though vanquished, he could argue still;

While words of learned length and thundering sound

Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around; And still they gazed, and still the wonder

That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame; the very spot, Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot.

Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,

Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,

Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,

Where gray-beard mirth and smiling toil retired,

Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,

And news much older than their ale went round.

Imagination fondly stoops to trace

The parlor splendors of that festive place:

The whitewashed wall, the nicely sanded floor,

The varnished clock that clicked behind the door,

The chest contrived a double debt to pay—

A bed by night, a cliest of drawers by day,

The pictures placed for ornament and use,

The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;

The hearth, except when winter chilled the Hoards, e'en beyond the miser's wish about day,

And rich men flock from all the world aroun

With aspen boughs, and flowers and fennel gay

While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show, Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

Vain, transitory splendor! could not all Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall? Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart An hour's importance to the poor man's heart; Thither no more the peasant shall repair To sweet oblivion of his daily care; No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale, No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail; No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,

Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;

The host himself no longer shall be found Careful to see the mantling bliss go round; Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest, Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain, These simple blessings of the lowly train; To me more dear, congenial to my heart, One native charm than all the gloss of art Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play, The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;

Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind, Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined; But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade, With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed—

In these, ere tritlers half their wish obtain.
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And, e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who sur-

The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay!

T is yours to judge how wide the limits stand Between a splendid and a happy land. Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted

ore,
And shouting folly hails them from her
shore;

Hoards, e'en beyond the miser's wish aboun And rich men flock from all the world aroun Yet count our gains: this wealth is but name,

That leaves our useful products still the same Not so the loss: the man of wealth at pride

Takes up a space that many poor supplied-Space for his lake, his park's extende bounds—

Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds. The robe that wraps his limbs in silken slot Has robbed the neighboring fields of he their growth;

His seat, where solitary sports are seen, Indignant spurns the cottage from the green Around the world each needful product flie For all the luxuries the world supplies; While thus the land, adorned for pleasure all In barren splendor, feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorned and plain Secure to please while youth confirms he reign,

Slights every borrowed charm that dress supplies,

Nor shares with art the triumph of her eye But when those charms are past—for charm are frail—

When time advances, and when lovers fail. She then shines forth, solicitous to bless. In all the glaring impotence of dress:
Thus fares the land, by luxury betrayed. In nature's simplest charms at first arrayed But, verging to decline, its splendors rise. Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise; While, scourged by famine from the smith land.

The mournful peasant leads his humble band. And while he sinks, without one arm to .sv

Where then, ah! where, shall poverty reside,

To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?

If, to some common's fenceless limits strays.

He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade.

Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide.

And even the bare-worn common is denied

ee profusion that he must not share;
ee ten thousand baneful arts combined
samper luxury, and thin mankind;
ee each joy the sons of pleasure know
rted from his fellow-creatures' woe.
e while the courtier glitters in brocade,
re the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
e while the proud their long-drawn pomps
display,

re the black gibbet glooms beside the way.

dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign,

e, richly decked, admits the gorgeous train;

nultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square—

rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.

seenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
these denote one universal joy!

these thy serious thoughts? Ah! turn thine eyes

ere the poor, houseless, shivering female lies:

once, perhaps, in village plenty blest, wept at tales of innocence distrest; modest looks the cottage might adorn, et as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;

v lost to all—her friends, her virtue fled—
r her betrayer's door she lays her head;
l, pinched with cold, and shrinking from the shower,

h heavy heart deplores that luckless hour en, idly first, ambitious of the town,

left her wheel, and robes of country brown.

o thine, sweet Auburn—thine the loveliest train—

thy fair tribes participate her pain?

now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,

proud men's doors they ask a little bread.

h, no! To distant climes, a dreary scene, ere half the convex world intrudes between,

ough torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,

ere wild Altama murmurs to their woe.

Far different there, from all that charmed before,

The various terrors of that horrid shore:

Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray, And fiercely shed intolerable day;

Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,

But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;

Those pois'nous fields, with rank luxuriance crowned,

Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;

Where at each step the stranger fears to wake The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;

Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,

And savage men more murderous still than they;

While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies, Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.

Far different these from every former scene— The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green, The breezy covert of the warbling grove, That only sheltered thefts of harmless love.

Good heaven! what sorrows gloomed that parting day

That called them from their native walks away;

When the poor exiles, every pleasure past, Hung round the bowers, and fondly looked their last.

And took a long farewell, and wished in vain, For seats like these beyond the western main; And, shuddering still to face the distant deep. Returned and wept, and still returned to weep!

The good old sire the first prepared to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others'
woe;

But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wished for worlds beyond the grave
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for her father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her
woes,

And blessed the cot where every pleasure rose;

And kissed her thoughtless babes with many a tear,

And clasped them close, in sorrow doubly dear:

Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief In all the silent manliness of grief.

O luxury! thou curst by heaven's decree, How ill exchanged are things like these for thee!

How do thy potions, with insidians lev Diffuse their pleasures c

Kingdoms by thee, to sic Boast of a florid vigor I

At every draught more

every draught mos grow,

A bloated mass of rank to Till sapped their strength sound,

Down, down they sink,

Even now the devastatio

And half the business of destruction cone; Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,

I see the rural virtues leave the land.

Down where you anchoring vessel spreads
the sail

That, idly waiting, flaps with every gale— Downward they move, a melancholy band, Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.

Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness are there;
And piety with wishes placed above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou, sweet poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade—
Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame!
Dear, charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride!
Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe—
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st
me so!

Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel!
Thou nurse of every virtue—fare thee well!
Farewell!—and oh! where'er thy voice be tried.

On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side-

Whether where equinoctial fervors in Or winter wraps the polar world in a Still let thy voice, prevailing over time Redress the rigors of th' inclement of Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive Teach erring man to spurn the rage of Teach him that states, of native streng sest,

Though very poor, may still be very be.

That trade's proud empire hastes to m

b ocean aweeps the labored mole are hile self-dependent power can times a rocks resist the billows and the alg

OLIVER GOLD

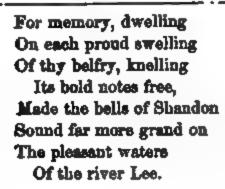
THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

Sabbata panyo;
Punera piango;
Solemnia clango.
LEBORIPEZON ON AN CEN

WITH deep affection
And recollection
I often think of
Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.

On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork, of thee—
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
Cathedral shrine,
While at a glibe rate
Brass tongues would vibrate;
But all their music
Spoke naught like thine



I 've heard bells tolling Old Adrian's Mole in, Their thunder rolling From the Vatican-And cymbals glorious Swinging uproarious In the gargeous turrets Of Notre Dame;

But thy sounds were sweeter Than the dome of Peter Flings o'er the Tiber, Pealing solemnly. Oh! the bells of Shandon Bound far more grand on The pleasant waters Of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow; While on tower and kicek oh In Saint Sophia The Turkman gets, And loud in air Calls men to prayer, From the tapering summit Of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom I freely grant them; But there's an anthem More dear to me-T is the bells of Shandon, That sound so grand on The pleasant waters Of the river Lee.

> PATHER PRODT. (Francis Mahouy.)

THE BELLS.

HEAR the sledges with the bells-Silver bells-[tells! What a world of merriment their melody fore-How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, In the icy air of night! While the stars that oversprinkle All the heavens, seem to twinkle With a orystalline delight-Keeping time, time, time, In a sort of Runic rhyme, To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells From the bells, bells, bells, bells, Bells, bells— From the jingling and the tinkling of the bella.

Hear the mellow wedding bells-Golden bells! What a world of happiness their harmony foretells! Through the balmy air of night How they ring out their delight! From the molten-golden notes, And all in tune, What a liquid ditty floats To the turtle-dove that listens, while she glosts On the moon!

Oh, from out the sounding cells, What a gush of euphony voluminously wells! How it swells! How it dwells On the Future! how it tells Of the rapture that impels To the swinging and the ringing Of the bells, bells, bells, Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,

ш.

To the rhyming and the chiming of the

Bells, bells, bells—

bells.

Hear the loud alarum bells— Brazen bells! What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells l In the startled car of night How they scream out their affright

Too much horrified to speak, They can only shrick, shrick, Out of tune,

In the clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,

In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire

Leaping higher, higher, higher, With a desperate desire, And a resolute endeavor,

Now-now to sit or never,

By the side of the pale-faced moon.

Oh, the bells, bells, bells, What a tale their terror tells

Of despair!

How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour

On the bosom of the palpitating air!

Yet the ear it fully knows,

By the twanging, And the clanging,

How the danger ebbs and flows;

Yet the ear distinctly tells,

In the jangling,

And the wrangling,

How the danger sinks and swells, By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—

Of the bells—

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells, Bells, bells, bells—

In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

IV.

Hear the tolling of the bells—Iron bells!

what a world of solemn thought their monody compels!

In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!

For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats

Is a groan.

And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,

All alone,

And who tolling, tolling, tolling, In that muffled monotone, Feel a glory in so rolling

On the human heart a stone—

They are neither man nor woman-They are neither brute nor human-They are ghouls:

And their king it is who tolls; And he rolls, rolls, rolls, Rolls,

A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells—

the pæan of the bells.

Of the bells:

Keeping time, time, time, In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the throbbing of the bells— Of the bells, bells, bells— To the sobbing of the bells;

Keeping time, time, time,

As he knells, knells, knells,

In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells—

Of the bells, bells, bells—

To the tolling of the bells, Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—

Bells, bells—

EDGAR ALLAR

To the moaning and the groaning of the

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

Those evening bells! those evening the How many a tale their music tells, Of youth, and home, and that sweet When last I heard their soothing chirals.

Those joyous hours are passed away: And many a heart that then was gay Within the tomb now darkly dwells, And hears no more those evening bel

And so 't will be when I am gone-That tuneful peal will still ring on; While other bards shall walk these d And sing your praise, sweet evening

THOMAS M

ALEXANDER'S FEAST;

, THE POWER OF MUSIC.—AN ODE IN HONOR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

"T was at the royal feast for Persia won By Philip's warlike son:

Aloft, in awful state, The godlike hero sate

On his imperial throne;

His valiant peers were placed around,

Their brows with roses and with myrtles
bound;

(So should desert in arms be crowned);
The lovely Thais by his side
Sate, like a blooming eastern bride,
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.

Happy, happy, happy pair!

None but the brave,

None but the brave deserves the fair.

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy pair!

None but the brave,

None but the brave,

None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus, placed on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touched the lyre;
The trembling notes ascend the sky,

And heavenly joys inspire.

The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above,
(Such is the power of mighty Love).
A dragon's fiery form belied the god;
Sublime on radiant spires he rode,

When he to fair Olympia pressed, And while he sought her snowy breast;

hen, round her slender waist he curled, nd stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.

he listening crowd admire the lofty sound—
. present deity! they shout around;
. present deity! the vaulted roofs rebound.

With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

CHORUS.

With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus, then, the sweet musician sung-

Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young;
The jolly god in triumph comes:
Sound the trumpets; beat the drums!
Flushed with a purple grace,
He shows his honest face;

Now give the hautboys breath—he comes, he comes!

Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure;
Drinking is the soldiers' pleasure:
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

CHORUS.

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure;
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice

he slew the slain.

The master saw the madness rise—

His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;

And, while he heaven and earth defied,

Changed his hand, and checked his pride.

He chose a mournful muse.

Soft pity to infuse,

He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate

Fallen, fallen, fallen—Fallen from his high estate,

And weltering in his blood; Deserted, at his utmost need,

By those his former bounty fed; On the bare earth exposed he lies, With not a friend to close his eyes.

With downcast looks the joyless victor sate

Revolving in his altered soul

The various turns of chance below;

And, now and then, a sigh he stole;

And tears began to flow.

CHORUS.

Revolving in his altered soul

The various turns of chance below;

And, now and then, a sigh he stole;

And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled, to see That love was in the next degree; 'T was but a kindred sound to move, For pity melts the mind to love. Softly sweet, in Lydian measures, Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures. War, he sung, is toil and trouble; Honor but an empty bubble— Never ending, still beginning— Fighting still, and still destroying; If the world be worth thy winning, Think, oh think it worth enjoying! Lovely Thais sits beside thee— Take the goods the gods provide thee. The many rend the sky with loud applause; So love was crowned, but music won the cause.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,

And sighed and locked, sighed and looked, Sighed and looked, and sighed again.

At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,

The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

CHORUS.

The prince unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again.
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again—
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain!
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.

Hark, hark! the horrid sound
Has raised up his head!
As awaked from the dead,
And amazed, he stares around.
Revenge! revenge! Timotheus cries;
See the Furies arise!
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from eyes!

Behold a ghastly band,

Each a torch in his hand!

Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle slain,

And unburied remain, Inglorious, on the plain! Give the vengeance due To the valiant crew.

Behold how they toss their torche high,

How they point to the Persian abode.

And glittering temples of their hostile g

The princes applaud with a furious joy,

And the king seized a flambeau with z

destroy;

Thais led the way

To light him to his prey,

And, like another Helen, fired another

CHORUS.

And the king seized a flambeau with se destroy;

Thais led the way

To light him to his prey,

And, like another Helen, fired another i

Thus, long ago—
Ere heaving bellows learned to blov
While organs yet were mute—
Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
And sounding lyre,

Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle desire.

At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred st
Enlarged the former narrow bound
And added length to solemn sound:
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unk

before.

old Timotheus yield the prize, both divide the crown; aised a mortal to the skies—
he drew an angel down.

GRAND CHORUS.

ntress of the vocal frame; t enthusiast, from her sacred store, urged the former narrow bounds, added length to solemn sounds, ture's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.

old Timotheus yield the prize,
both divide the crown;
aised a mortal to the skies—
e drew an angel down.

JOHN DRYDEN.

INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.

the mountain-tops that freeze, we themselves when he did sing; is music plants and flowers sprung—as sun and showers here had made a lasting Spring.

y thing that heard him play, the billows of the sea, ing their heads, and then lay by. veet music is such art, ing care, and grief of heart— Il asleep, or, hearing, die!

Shak**meprark**

MUSIC.

lull me, lull me, charming air!

r senses rock with wonder sweet!

snow on wool thy fallings are;

ft, like a spirit's, are thy feet.

Grief who need fear

That hath an ear?

Down let him lie, And slumbering die, change his soul for harmony.

WILLIAM STRODE

THE PASSIONS.

AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young, While yet in early Greece she sung, The Passions oft, to hear her shell, Thronged around her magic cell— Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting— Possest beyond the muse's painting; By turns they felt the glowing mind Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined; Till once, 't is said, when all were fired, Filled with fury, rapt, inspired, From the supporting myrtles round They snatched her instruments of sound; And, as they oft had heard apart Sweet lessons of her forceful art, Each (for madness ruled the hour) Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewildered laid,
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rushed; his eyes, on fire,
In lightnings owned his secret stings:
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woful measures wan Despair,
Low, sullen sounds, his grief beguiled—
A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
'T was sad by fits, by starts 't was wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair—
What was thy delightful measure?
Still it whispered promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance
hail!

Still would her touch the strain prolong;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She called on Echo still, through all the
song;

And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at
every close;

And Hope enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden hair.

And longer had she sung-but, with a The oak-crowned sisters, and their frown,

Revenge impatient rose;

He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down;

And, with a withering look, The war-denouncing trumpet took, And blew a blast so loud and dread, Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe!

And, ever and anon, he beat

And though sometimes, &

between,

Dejected Pity, at his Her soul-subduing v Yet still be kept his wild While each strained ball

bursting from bis l Thy numbers, Jealousy

fixed—

Sad proof of thy dist. Of differing themes the

mixed;

And now it courted love-now, raving, called on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired, Pale Melancholy sate retired; And, from her wild sequestered seat, In notes by distance made more sweet, Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul;

And, dashing soft from rocks around, Bubbling runuels joined the sound; Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole;

Or, o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,

Round an holy calm diffusing, Love of peace, and lonely musing, In hollow murmurs died away.

But oh! how altered was its sprightlier tone When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest ևսе,

Her bow across her shoulder flung, Her buskins gemmed with morning dew, Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung-

The hunter's call, to faun and dryad

eyed queen,

Satyra and sylvan boys, were seen, Peeping from forth their alleys green; Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear;

And Sport leapt up, and seized his bee

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial: He, with viny crown advancing,

First to the lively pipe his hand added The doubling drum, with furious heat : | Rut soon he saw the brisk awakening the

Those sweet entrancing voice he love

y would have thought, who becal

hey saw, in Tempe's vale, her native tmidst the festal sounding shades, come unwearied minstrel dancing, ile, as his flying fingers kissed the 🐽 to framed with Mirth a gay fantasticre ne were her tresses seen, her me

bound:

and he, amidst his frolic play, As if he would the charming air reper, Shook thousand odors from his dewy with

O Music! sphere-descended maid, Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid! Why, goddess! why, to us denied. Lay'st thou thy aucient lyre aside? As, in that loved Athenian bower, You learned an all commanding power, Thy mimic soul, O nymph endeared, Can well recall what then it heard; Where is thy native simple heart. Devote to virtue, fancy, art? Arise, as in that elder time, Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime! Thy wonders, in that godlike age, Fill thy recording sister's page; 'T is said—and I believe the tale— Thy humblest reed could more prevail, Had more of strength, diviner rage, Than all which charms this laggard are E'en all at once together found-Cecilia's mingled world of sound. Oh bid our vain endeavors cease: Revive the just designs of Greece! Return in all thy simple state-Confirm the tales her sons relate!

WILLIAM COLUM



TO A LADY WITH A GUITAR.

A LADY WITH A GUITAR.

to Miranda: —Take
ave of music, for the sake
who is the slave of thee;
ach it all the harmony
ch thou canst, and only thou,
he delighted spirit glow,
r denies itself again,
oo intense, is turned to pain.

permission and command ne own prince Ferdinand, Ariel sends this silent token re than ever can be spoken; ruardian spirit, Ariel, who life to life must still pursue appiness, for thus alone riel over find his own. Prospero's enchanted cell, mighty verses tell, throne of Naples be a o'er the trackless sea, g on, your prow before, living meteor. you die, the silent moon interlunar awoon sadder in her cell leserted Ariel; you live again on earth, a unseen star of birth ruides you o'er the sea from your nativity. changes have been run Ferdinand and you begun course of love, and Ariel still acked your steps and served your will.

n humbler, happier lot,
all remembered not;
ow, alas! the poor sprite is
soned for some fault of his
ody like a grave—
you he only dares to crave
a service and his sorrow
le to-day, a song to-morrow.

rtist who this viol wrought to all harmonious thought, Felled a tree, while on the steep The woods were in their winter sleep. Rocked in that repose divine On the wind-swept Apennine; And dreaming, some of autumn past, And some of spring approaching fast, And some of April buds and showers, And some of songs in July bowers, And all of love; and so this tree— Oh, that such our death may be!-Died in sleep, and felt no pain, To live in happier form again; From which, beneath heaven's fairest star, The artist wrought this loved guitar: And taught it justly to reply To all who question skilfully In language gentle as thine own; Whispering in enamored tone Sweet oracles of woods and della, And summer winds in sylvan cells, For it had learned all harmonies Of the plains and of the skies, Of the forests and the mountains, And the many-voiced fountains; The clearest echoes of the hills, The softest notes of falling rills. The melodies of birds and bees. The marmaring of sammer seas, And pattering rain, and breathing dew, And airs of evening; and it knew That seldom-heard mysterious sound Which, driven on its diurnal round, As it floats through boundless day Our world enkindles on its way.

All this it knows, but will not tell
To those who cannot question well
The spirit that inhabits it;
It talks according to the wit
Of its companions; and no more
Is heard than has been felt before
By those who tempt it to betray
These secrets of an elder day.
But, sweetly as its answers will
Flatter hands of perfect skill,
It keeps its highest holiest tone
For one beloved friend alone.

Рикст Втеска банкцур

TO CONSTANTIA—SINGING.

Thus to be lost, and thus to sink and die, Perchance were death indeed!—Constantia, turn:

In thy dark eyes a power like light doth lie, Even though the sounds which were thy voice, which burn

Between thy lips, are laid to sleep;

Within thy breath, and on thy hair, like odor it is yet,

And from thy touch like fire doth leap.

Even while I write, my burning cheeks are wet—

Alas, that the torn heart can bleed, but not forget!

A breathless awe like the swift change,
Unseen but felt, in youthful slumbers,
Wild, sweet, but uncommunicably strange,
Thou breathest now in fast ascending numbers.

The cope of heaven seems rent and cloven By the enchantment of thy strain;

And on my shoulders wings are woven, To follow its sublime career

Beyond the mighty moons that wane
Upon the verge of nature's utmost sphere,
Till the world's shadowy walls are past and
disappear.

Her voice is hovering o'er my soul—it lingers, O'ershadowing it with soft and lulling wings;

The blood and life within those snowy fingers

Teach witchcraft to the instrumental

strings.

My brain is wild, my breath comes quick— The blood is listening in my frame;

And thronging shadows, fast and thick,

Fall on my overflowing eyes;
My heart is quivering like a flame;

As morning dew, that in the sunbeam dies, I am dissolved in these consuming ecstasics.

I have no life, Constantia, now, but thee;
Whilst, like the world-surrounding air, thy
song

Flows on, and fills all things with melody.

Now is thy voice a tempest, swift strong,

On which, like one in trance upborne, Secure o'er rocks and waves I sweep, Rejoicing like a cloud of morn.

Now 't is the breath of summer night, Which, when the starry waters sleep,

Round western isles, with incense-bloomight,

Lingering, suspends my soul in its v tuous flight.

PERCY BYSSER SHE

ON A LADY SINGING.

Off as my lady sang for me
That song of the lost one that sleeps less,

Of the grave on the rock, and the cy

Strange was the pleasure that over stole,

For 't was made of old sadness that limy soul.

So still grew my heart at each tword

That the pulse in my bosom screen,

And I hardly breathed, but only hear Where was I?—not in the world of mer Until she awoke me with silence again.

Like the smell of the vine, when its bloom

Sprinkles the green lane with sunny fume,

Such a delicate fragrance filled the ro Whether it came from the vine without, Or arose from her presence, I dwo doubt.

Light shadows played on the pic wall

From the maples that fluttered outside hall,

And hindered the daylight—yet ah all;

Too little for that all the forest would be Buch a sunbeam she was, and is, to me!



fain would have said to her, "Sing it once more: 13

When my sense returned, as the song was

o¹er.

But soon as she smiled my wish I forbore: sic enough in her look I found,

d the hush of her lip seemed sweet as the sound.

THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS.

A CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

St remigen cantus hortatur,

QUINTELIAN.

BYLY as tolls the evening chime. voices keep tune, and our oars keep time. a as the woods on shore look dim. 'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn. *, brothers, row! the stream runs fast, rapids are near, and the daylight's past!

y should we yet our sail unfurl? we is not a breath the blue wave to curl. t when the wind blows off the shore I sweetly we'll rest our weary oar. w, breezes, blow! the stream runs fast, rapids are near, and the daylight's past!

twa's tide! this trembling moon ill see us float over thy surges soon. at of this green isle, hear our prayersgrant us cool heavens and favoring airs! w, breezes, blow! the stream runs fast, mpids are near, and the daylight 's past!

THOMAS MOORE.

EGYPTIAN SERENADE.

Sing again the song you sung When we were together young-When there were but you and I Underneath the summer sky.

Sing the song, and o'er and o'er, Though I know that nevermore Will it seem the song you sung When we were together young. STORES WILLIAM CORYEL

WOMAN'S VOICE.

"Her voice was over low, Gentle and soft-on excellent thing in woman." KING LEAR.

Nor in the swaying of the summer trees, When evening breezes sing their vesper hymn-

Not in the minstrel's mighty symphonies, Nor ripples breaking on the river's brim, Is earth's best music; these may move awhile High thoughts in happy hearts, and carking cares beguile.

But even as the swallow's silken wings, Skimming the water of the sleeping lake, Stir the still silver with a hundred rings-So doth one sound the sleeping spirit wake To brave the danger, and to bear the harm-A low and gentle voice-dear woman's chiefest charm.

An excellent thing it is, and over lent To truth and love, and meekness; they who own

This gift, by the all-gracious Giver sent, Ever by quiet step and smile are known; By kind eyes that have wept, hearts that have sorrowed-

By patience never tired, from their own trials borrowed.

An excellent thing it is, when first in glad-

A mother looks into her infant's eyes. Smiles to its smiles, and saddons to its sadness

Pales at its paleness, sorrows at its cries; Its food and sleep, and smiles and little joys-All these come over blent with one low gentle voice.

An excellent thing it is when life is leaving. Leaving with gloom and gladness, joys and

The strong heart failing, and the high soul grieving

With strangest thoughts, and with unwonted fears;

Then, then a woman's low soft sympathy
Comes like an angel's voice to teach us how
to die.

But a most excellent thing it is in youth,
When the fond lover hears the loved one's
tone,

That fears, but longs, to syllable the truth— How their two hearts are one, and she his own;

It makes sweet human music—oh! the spells
That haunt the trembling tale a bright-eyed
maiden tells!

EDWIN ARNOLD.

SONG.

Still to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powdered, still perfumed—
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free—
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all the adulteries of art;
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

Ben Jonson.

DELIGHT IN DISORDER.

A sweet disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness:
A lawn about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distraction—
An erring lace, which here and there
Enthralls the crimson stomacher—
A cuff neglectful, and thereby
Ribbons to flow confusedly—
A winning wave, deserving note,
In the tempestuous petticoat—
A careless shoe string, in whose tie
I see a wild civility—
Do more bewitch me than when art
Is too precise in every part.

ROBERT HERRIGE.

HEBE.

I saw the twinkle of white feet,
I saw the flash of robes descending;
Before her ran an influence fleet,
That bowed my heart like barley bending.

As, in bare fields, the searching bees Pilot to blooms beyond our finding, It led me on—by sweet degrees, Joy's simple honey cells unbinding.

Those graces were that seemed grim fates; With nearer love the sky leaned o'er me; The long sought secret's golden gates On musical hinges swung before me.

I saw the brimmed bowl in her grasp Thrilling with godhood; like a lover, I sprang the proffered life to clasp— The beaker fell; the luck was over.

The earth has drunk the vintage up;
That boots it patch the goblet's splinters?
Can summer fill the icy cup
Whose treacherous crystal is but winter?

O spendthrift haste! await the gods; Their nectar crowns the lips of patience. Haste scatters on unthankful sods The immortal gift in vain libations.

Coy Hebe flies from those that woo, And shuns the hands would seize upon her. Follow thy life, and she will sue To pour for thee the cup of honor.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

SONNET.

'T is much immortal beauty to admire,
But more immortal beauty to withstand;
The perfect soul can overcome desire,
If beauty with divine delight be scanned.
For what is beauty, but the blooming child
Of fair Olympus, that in night must end,
And be for ever from that bliss exiled,
If admiration stand too much its friend?



TO MISTRESS MARGARET HUSSEY.

wind may be anymored of a flower,
ocean of the green and laughing shore,
silver lightning of a lofty tower—
nust not with too near a love adore;
ower, and margin, and cloud-capped tower,
and delight shall with delight devour!

and delight shall with delight devour! Lose Tauracow.

MISTRESS MARGARET HUSSEY.

MREET Margaret, As midsummer flower— Gentle as falcon, Or hawk of the tower: With solace and gladness, Much mirth and no madness. All good and no badness; So joyously, So maidenly, So womanly Her demeaning— In everything Far, far passing That I can indite, Or suffice to write, Of merry Margaret, As midsummer flower, Gentle as falcon Or hawk of the tower: As patient and as still, And as full of good will, As fair Isiphil, Coliander. Sweet Pomander, Good Casander; Steadfast of thought, Well made, well wrought; Far may be sought Ere you can find So courteous, so kind, As merry Margaret, This midsummer flower, Gentle as falcon, Or hawk of the tower.

JOHN SERLIOR.

WHO IS SYLVIA?

Wato is Sylvia? what is she,
That all the swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise, is she;
The heavens such grace did lend her
That she might adored be.

Is she kind, or is she fair?

For beauty lives with kindness.

Love does to her eyes repair

To help him of his blindness—

And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Sylvia let us sing
That Sylvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling;
To her let us garlands bring.

SHARMPHARE.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

Sur walks in beauty like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meets in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less

Had half impaired the nameless grace

Which waves in every raven tress,

Or softly lightens o'er her face—

Where thoughts serencly sweet express

How pure, how dear their dwelling place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent.

LORD BIROR.

HERMIONE.

I now hast beauty bright and fair,
Manner noble, aspect free.
Eyes that are untouched by care:
What then do we ask from thee?
Hermione, Hermione?

Thou hast reason quick and strong,
Wit that envious men admire,
And a voice, itself a song!
What then can we still desire?

Rermione, Hermione?

Something thou dost want, O queen!

(As the gold doth ask alloy),

Tears—amid thy laughter seen,

Pity mingling with thy joy.

This is all we ask from thee,

Hermione, Hermione!

BARRY CORNWALL

UPON JULIA'S RECOVERY.

Droop, droop no more, or hang the head, Ye roses almost withered!

New strength and newer purple get,
Each here declining violet!

O primroses! let this day be
A resurrection unto ye,
And to all flowers allied in blood,
Or sworn to that sweet sisterhood.

For health on Julia's cheek hath shed
Claret and cream commingled;
And those her lips do now appear
As beams of coral but more clear.

ROBERT HERRICK.

SONG.

O Lady, leave thy silken thread
And flowery tapestry—
There's living roses on the bush,
And blossoms on the tree.
Stoop where thou wilt, thy careless hand
Some random bud will meet;
Thou canst not tread but thou wilt find
The daisy at thy feet.

T is like the birthday of the world, When earth was born in bloom; The light is made of many dyes,

The air is all perfume;

There's crimson buds, and white and blue.

The very rainbow showers

Have turned to blossoms where they felt.

And sown the earth with flowers.

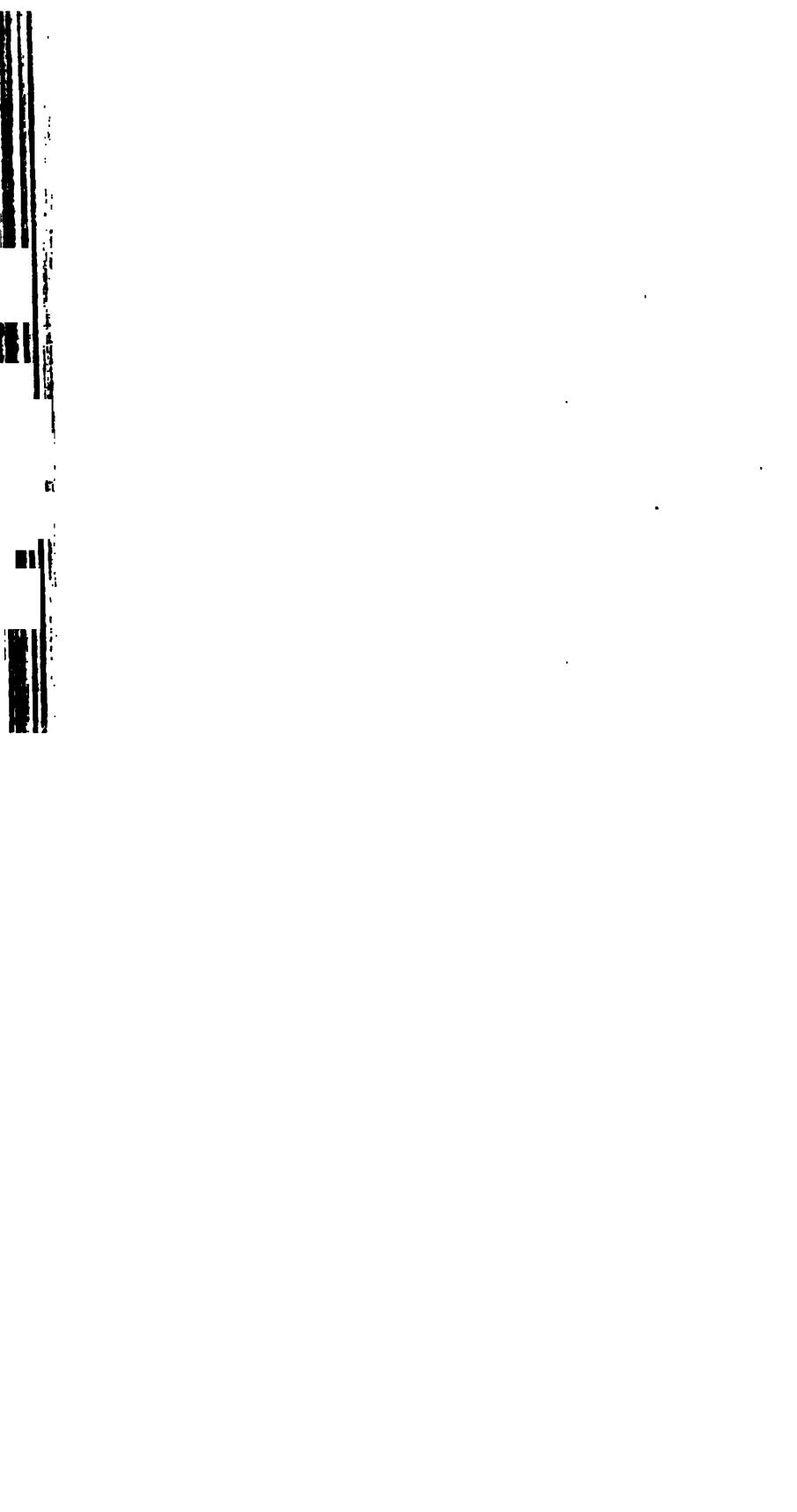
There's fairy tulips in the east—
The garden of the sun;
The very streams reflect the hues,
And blossom as they run;
While morn opes like a crimson rose,
Still wet with pearly showers:
Then, lady, leave the silken thread
Thou twinest into flowers!

TO A HIGHLAND GIRL

Sweet Highland girl! a very shower Of beauty is thy earthly dower; Thrice seven consenting years have shed Their utmost bounty on thy head. And these gray rocks; that household law Those trees—a veil just half withdrawn: This fall of water, that doth make A murmur near the silent lake: This little bay, a quiet road That holds in shelter thy abode— In truth, together do ye seem Like something fashioned in a dream-Such forms as from their covert peep When earthly cares are laid asleep. But, O fair creature! in the light Of common day so heavenly bright--I bless thee, vision as thou art, I bless thee with a human heart; God shield thee to thy latest years! Thee neither know I, nor thy peers; And yet my eyes are filled with tears.

With earnest feeling I shall pray
For thee when I am far away;
For never saw I mien or face
In which more plainly I could trace
Benignity and homebred sense
Ripening in perfect innocence.
Here, scattered, like a random seed,
Remote from men, thou dost not need
The embarrassed look of shy distress,
And maidenly shamefacedness;

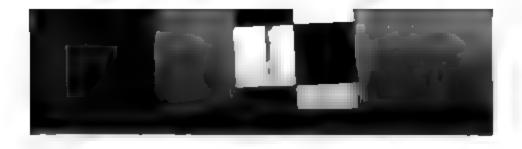








l



THE SOLITARY REAPER.

"st upon thy forehead clear
m of a mountaineer:
h gladness overspread;
h by human kindness bred;
incess complete, that sways
sies, about thee plays;
straint, but such as springs
k and enger visitings
ts that lie beyond the reach
words of English speech—
sweetly brooked, a strife
thy gestures grace and life;
not unmoved in mind,
of tempest-loving kind
ag up against the wind.

nd but would a garland cull
who art so beautiful?
leasure! here to dwell
in some heathy dell—
r homely ways and dress,
l, thou a shepherdess!
l frame a wish for thee
grave reality.
me but as a wave
l sea; and I would have
upon thee, if I could,
t of common neighborhood.
to hear thee, and to see!
prother I would be,
—anything to thee!

nks to heaven, that of its grace e to this lonely place! had; and, going hence, y my recompense. e these it is we prize. ry, feel that she hath eyes. should I be loth to stir? place was made for her, w pleasure like the past long as life shall last. oth, though pleased at heart, iland girl! from thee to part; ninks, till I grow old, ore me shall behold, w, the cabin small, he bay, the waterfallthe spirit of them all!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE SOLITARY REAPER.

Banoud her, single in the field, You solitary Highland lass! Reaping and singing by herself; Stop here, or gently pass! Alone she cuts and binds the grain, And sings a melancholy strain; Oh listen! for the vale profound Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chant
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands;
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring time from the cuckoo bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?—Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, nuhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago;
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, or may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang As if her song could have no ending; I saw her singing at her work And o'er her sickle bending;—
I listened motionless and still;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more.

WILLIAM WORDSWOOTEL

"PROUD MAISIE IS IN THE WOOD,"

Provo Maisie is in the wood, Walking so early; Sweet robin sits on the bush, Singing so rarely.

"Tell me, thou bonny bird,
When shall I marry me?"
—"When six braw gentlemen
Kirkward shall carry 7e."

"Who makes the bridal bed, Birdie, say truly?"
—"The gray-beaded sexton That delves the grave duly.

"The glow-worm o'er grave and stone Shall light thee steady; The owl from the steeple sing Welcome, proud lady!"

SIR WALTER BOOTS.

THE TWO 1

And both were fa.

One in her wedding

And one in her w

The choristers sang the Tho sacred rites we And one for life to had one to death

They were borne to their prical pecs,
In loveliness and bloom—
One in a merry castle,
The other a solemn tomb,

One on the morrow woke
In a world of sin and pain;
But the other was happier far,
And never awoke again!

RICHARD HERRY STOPPARD.

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT."

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament:
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair,
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn—
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view, A spirit, yet a woman too:

Her household motions light and and And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature, not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food—
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, team,
smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath
A traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.

WILLIAM WORKS

TO MY SISTER.

WITH A COPY OF "SUPERNATURALISM OF ENGLAND,"

DEAR sister! while the wise and sage
Turn coldly from my playful page,
And count it strange that ripened age
Should stoop to boyhood's folly—
I know that thou wilt judge aright
Of all that makes the heart more ligh
Or lends one star-gleam to the night
Of clouded melancholy.

Away with weary cares and themes! Swing wide the moonlit gate of dream Leave free once more the land which

With wonders and romances!
Where thou, with clear discerning ey
Shalt rightly read the truth which lie
Beneath the quaintly-masking guise
Of wild and wizard fancies,

Lo! once again our feet we set On still green wood paths, twilight w By lonely brooks, whose waters fret or roots of spectral beeches;
the hearth-fire glimmers o'er
white-washed wall and painted
floor,
young eyes widening to the lore

young eyes widening to the lore facry-folks and witches.

heart!—the legend is not vain h lights that holy hearth again; calling back from care and pain, d death's funereal sadness, s round its old familiar blaze lustering groups of happier days, lends to sober manhood's gaze zlimpse of childish gladness.

knowing how my life hath been ary work of tongue and pen, ng, harsh strife, with strong-willed men, ou wilt not chide my turning n, at times, an idle rhyme, uck a flower from childhood's clime, ten, at life's noonday chime, the sweet bells of morning!

JOHN GREENLEAP WHITTIER.

THE OLD MAID.

s melting in her eyes' delicious blue; it heaves, her ripe lips lie apart, to let its heavy throbbings through; lark eye a depth of softness swells, per than that her careless girlhood wore;

er cheek crimsons with the hue that

ich, fair fruit is ripened to the core.

r thirtieth birthday! With a sigh oul hath turned from youth's luxuriant bowers,

r heart taken up the last sweet tie measured out its links of golden nours!

She feels her inmost soul within her stir With thoughts too wild and passionate to speak;

Yet her full heart— its own interpreter— Translates itself in silence on her cheek

Joy's opening buds, affection's glowing flowers,

Once lightly sprang within her beaming track;

Oh, life was beautiful in those lost hours!

And yet she does not wish to wander back;

No! she but loves in loneliness to think

On pleasures past, though never more to

Hope links her to the future—but the link That binds her to the past is memory.

be:

From her lone path she never turns aside,
Though passionate worshippers before her
fall;

Like some pure planet in her lonely pride, She seems to soar and beam above them all. Not that her heart is cold—emotions new

And fresh as flowers are with her heartstrings knit;

And sweetly mournful pleasures wander through

Her virgin soul, and softly ruffle it.

For she hath lived with heart and soul alive
To all that makes life beautiful and fair;
Sweet thoughts, like honey-bees, have made
their hive

Of her soft bosom-cell, and cluster there.

Yet life is not to her what it hath been—

Her soul hath learned to look beyond its
gloss;

And now she hovers, like a star, between Her deeds of love, her Saviour on the cross!

Beneath the cares of earth she does not bow, Though she hath ofttimes drained its bitter cup;

But ever wanders on with heavenward brow, And eyes whose lovely lids are lifted up.

She feels that in that lovelier, happier sphere Her bosom yet will, bird-like, find its mate. And all the joys it found so blissful here

Within that spirit-realm perpetuate.

Tet sometimes o'er her trembling heart- When she sat, her head was, prayer strings thrill

Boft sighs—for raptures it hath ne'er en-

And then she dreams of love, and strives to fill With wild and passionate thoughts the craving void.

And thus she wanders on-half sad, half blest—

Without a mate for the pure, lonely heart That, yearning, throbs within her virgin breast,

Never to find its lovely counterpart! AMBLIA B. WELBY.

MOTHER MARGERY.

On a bleak ridge, from whose granite edges Sloped the rough land to the grisly north; And whose hemlocks, clinging to the ledges, Like a thinned banditti staggered forth-In a crouching, wormy-timbered hamlet Mother Margery shivered in the cold, With a tattered robe of faded camlet On her shoulders—crooked, weak, and old.

Time on her had done his cruel pleasure; For her face was very dry and thin, And the records of his growing measure Lined and cross-lined all her shrivelled skin. Scanty goods to her had been allotted, Yet her thanks rose oftener than desire; While her bony fingers, bent and knotted, Fed with withered twigs the dying fire.

Raw and weary were the northern winters; Winds howled piteously around her cot, Or with rude sighs made the jarring splinters Moan the misery she bemoaned not. Drifting tempests rattled at her windows, And hung snow-wreaths around her naked bed;

V Ale the wind-flaws muttered on the cinders, Till the last spark fluttered and was dead.

Life had fresher hopes when she was younger, But their dying wrung out no complaints; Chill, and penury, and neglect, and hunger— These to Margery were guardian saints.

bending;

When she rose, it rose not any more: Faster seemed her true heart grave tending

Than her tired feet, weak and travel-

She was mother of the dead and scatter Had been mother of the brave and fa But her branches, bough by bough, shattered,

Till her torn breast was left dry bare.

Yet she knew, though sadly desolated, When the children of the poor depart Their earth-vestures are but sublimated. So to gather closer in the heart.

With a courage that had never fitted Words to speak it to the soul it blesse She endured, in silence and unpitied,

Woes enough to mar a stouter breast. Thus was born such holy trust within h That the graves of all who had been d To a region clearer and serener,

Raised her spirit from our chilly sphere

They were footsteps on her Jacob's ladd Angels to her were the loves and hop Which had left her purified, but sadder: And they lured her to the emerald slo Of that heaven where anguish never fla Her red fire-whips,—happy land, v flowers

Blossom over the volcanic ashes Of this blighting, blighted world of or

All her power was a love of goodness; All her wisdom was a mystic faith That the rough world's jargoning and ness

Turns to music at the gate of death. So she walked while feeble limbs al her,

Knowing well that any stubborn grie She might meet with could no more crowd her

To that wall whose opening was relie

ived, an anchoress of sorrow, and peaceful, on the rocky slope; hen burning trials came, would borow fire of them for the lamp of hope. t last her palsied hand, in groping, and tremulous at the grated tomb, flashed round her joys beyond her oping, her young soul gladdened into bloom.

GEORGE S. BURLETGE.

THE NYMPH'S SONG.

Is swain, good speed befall thee;
I in love still prosper thou!
I times shall happy call thee,
I wigh thou lie neglected now.
I solvers shall commend thee,
I serpetual fame attend thee.

r are these woody mountains, whose shadows thou dost hide; s happy are those fountains whose murmurs thou dost bide: ontents are here excelling, than in a prince's dwelling.

thy flocks do clothing bring thee, I thy food out of the fields; songs the birds do sing thee; et perfumes the meadow yields; that more is worth the seeing, n and earth thy prospect being?

comes hither who denies thee contentments for despite. From any that envies thee twherein thou dost deaght:
I happy things are meant thee, whatever may content thee.

fection reason measures,
distempers none it feeds;
harmless are thy pleasures
t no other's grief it breeds;
'night beget thee sorrow,
stays it till the morrow.

Why do foolish men so vainly
Seek contentment in their store,
Since they may perceive so plainly
Thou art rich in being poor—
And that they are vexed about it,
Whilst thou merry art without it?

Why are idle brains devising
How high titles may be gained,
Since by those poor toys despising
Thou hast higher things obtained?
For the man who scorns to crave them
Greater is than they that have them.

If all men could taste that sweetness

Thou dost in thy meanness know,

Kings would be to seek where greatness

And their honors to bestow;

For it such content would breed them

As they would not think they need them.

And if those who so aspiring

To the court preferments be,

Knew how worthy the desiring

Those things are enjoyed by thee.

Wealth and titles would hereafter

Subjects be for scorn and laughter.

He that courtly styles affected
Should a May-lord's honor haveHe that heaps of wealth collected
Should be counted as a slave;
And the man with few'st things cumbered
With the noblest should be numbered.

Thou their folly hast discerned

That neglect thy mind and thee;
And to slight them thou hast learned,

Of what title e'er they be;
That no more with thee obtaineth
Than with them thy meanness gaineth.

All their riches, honors, pleasures,
Poor unworthy trifles seem,
If compared with thy treasures—
And do merit no esteem;
For they true contents provide thee,
And from them can none divide thee.

Whether thralled or exiled,
Whether poor or rich thou be—
Whether praised or reviled,
Not a rush it is to thee;
This nor that thy rest doth win thee,
But the mind which is within thee.

Then, oh why so madly dote we
On those things that us o'erload?
Why no more their vainness note we,
But still make of them a god?
For, alas! they still deceive us,
And in greatest need they leave us.

Therefore have the fates provided Well, thou happy swain, for thee, That may'st here so far divided From the world's distractions be. Thee distemper let them never, But in peace continue ever.

In these lonely groves enjoy thou
That contentment here begun;
And thy hours so pleased employ thou,
Till the latest glass be run.
From a fortune so assured
By no temptings be allured.

Much good do't them, with their glories,
Who in courts of princes dwell;
We have read in antique stories
How some rose and how they fell—
And 't is worthy well the heeding,
There's like end where's like proceeding.

Be thou still in thy affection

To thy noble-mistress true;

Let her never-matched perfection

Be the same unto thy view;

And let never other beauty

Make thee fail in love or duty.

For if thou shalt not estranged
From thy course professed be,
But remain for aye unchanged,
Nothing shall have power on thee.
Those that slight thee now shall love thee,
And in spite of spite approve thee.

So those virtues now neglected

To be more esteemed will come;
Yea those toys so much affected

Many shall be wooed from;
And the golden age deplored
Shall by some be thought restored.

GROBER WIT

ON ANACREON.

Around the tomb, O bard divine,
Where soft thy hallowed brow repose
Long may the deathless ivy twine,
And summer pour her waste of roses

And many a fount shall there distil,

And many a rill refresh the flowers;

But wine shall gush in every rill,

And every fount yield milky showers

Thus—shade of him whom nature taught.

To tune his lyre and soul to pleasure—
Who gave to love his warmest thought,
Who gave to love his fondest measure

Thus, after death if spirits feel
Thou may'st from odors round thee string,

A pulse of past enjoyment steal, And live again in blissful dreaming.

Antipater of Sidon, (Graphrase of Thomas Moore.

AN EPITAPH ON THE ADMIRA
DRAMATIC POET W. SHAKESPEA

What needs my Shakespeare for his hose bones—

The labor of an age in piled stones?

Or that his hallowed reliques should be
Under a starry-pointing pyramid?

Dear son of memory, great heir of fame
What need'st thou such weak witness of
name?

Thou in our wonder and astonishment Hast built thyself a live-long monumen

umbers flow, and that each heart the leaves of thy unvalued book phic lines with deep impression

our fancy of itself bereaving, us marble with too much conceiv-

oulchred, in such pomp dost lie for such a tomb would wish to die. JOHN MILTON.

SHAKESPEARE.

fades from earth when sink to rest and cares that move a great man's st! aght of all we saw the grave may vades the world's impregnate air;

akespeare's dust beneath our foot-3 lies, reathes amid his native skies;

ing won from him for ever glows that England feels, and star it

red words from many a mother's

her sleeping child in dreams re-,;

s from spheres he first conjoined arth

with rays of each new morning's

ights and tales of common things, r, and bird, and wars, and deaths ings,—

nd sea, and nature's daily round, t tills, and tombs that load, the nd,

mingle, swell, command, pace by, with living presence heart and eye; from him, by other bosoms caught, ish and stir of mounting thought; ong sigh, and deep impassioned l,

om's trance and spur the faltering

to the shame of slow-endeavoring | Above the goodly land, more his than ours, He sits supreme, enthroned in skyey towers. And sees the heroic brood of his creation Teach larger life to his ennobled nation. O shaping brain! O flashing fancy's hues! O boundless heart, kept fresh by pity's dews! O wit humane and blithe! O sense sublime! For each dim oracle of mantled time! Transcendant form of man! in whom we read

> Mankind's whole tale of impulse, thought and deed!

> Amid the expanse of years, beholding thee, We know how vast our world of life may be; Wherein, perchance, with aims as pure as thine,

> Small tasks and strengths may be no less divine.

> > JOHN STEELING

LINES ON THE MERMAID TAVERN.

Sours of poets dead and gone, What Elysium have ye known, Happy field or mossy cavern, Choicer than the Mermaid tayern? Have ye tippled drink more fine Than mine host's Canary wine? Or are fruits of Paradise Sweeter than those dainty pies Of venison? O generous food! Drest as though bold Robin Hood. Would, with his maid Marian, Sup and bowse from horn and can.

I have heard that on a day Mine host's sign-board flew away, Nobody knew whither, till An astrologer's old quill To a sheepskin gave the story,— Said he saw you in your glory, Underneath a new old-sign Sipping beverage divine, And pledging with contented smack, The Mermaid in the zodiac.

Souls of poets dead and gone, What Elysium have ye known, Happy field or mossy cavern, Choicer than the Mermaid tavern?

JOHN KRATA

AN ODE—TO HIMSELF.

Where dost 'hou careless lie

Buried in ease and sloth?

Knowledge that sleeps, doth die:

And this security,

It is the common moth

That eats on wits and arts, and so destroys them both.

Are all the Aonian springs
Dried up? lies Thespia waste?
Doth Clarius' harp want strings,
That not a nymph now sings?
Or droop they as disgraced
To see their seats and bowers by chattering pies defaced?

If hence thy silence be,

As 't is too just a cause—

Let this thought quicken thee;

Minds that are great and free

Should not on fortune pause;

'T is crown enough to virtue still, her own applause.

What though the greedy fry
Be taken with false baits
Of worded balladry,
And think it poesy?
They die with their conceits,
And only piteous scorn upon their folly waits.

Then take in Land thy lyre,
Strike in thy proper strain;
With Japhet's line aspire
Sol's chariot for new fire
To give the world again;
Who aided him, will thee, the issue of Jove's brain.

And since our dainty age
Cannot endure reproof,
Make not thyself a page
To that strumpet, the stage;
But sing high and aloof
Safe from the wolf's black jaw, and the dull ass's hoof.

Bux Jonson.

THE SHEPHERD'S HUNTING

AN ECLOCUE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Philarete on Willy calls,
To sing out his pastorals;
Warrants fame shall grace his rhymon,
'Spite of enery and the times;
And sheres how in care he uses
To take comfort from his muses.

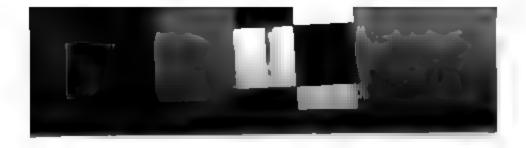
Philarete; Willy.

PHILARETE.

PRYTHEE, Willy! tell me this— What new accident there is That thou, once the blithest lad, Art become so wondrous sad, And so careless of thy quill, As if thou hadst lost thy skill? Thou wert wont to charm thy flocks, And among the massy rocks Hast so cheered me with thy song That I have forgot my wrong. Something hath thee surely crost, That thy old wont thou hast lost. Tell me—have I ought mis-said, That hath made thee ill-apaid? Hath some churl done thee a spite! Dost thou miss a lamb to-night? Frowns thy fairest shepherd's lass? Or how comes this ill to pass? Is there any discontent Worse than this my banishment?

WILLY.

Why, doth that so evil seem
That thou nothing worse dost deem
Shepherds there full many be
That will change contents with the
Those that choose their walks at w
On the valley or the hill—
Or those pleasures boast of can
Groves or fields may yield to man
Never come to know the rest,
Wherewithal thy mind is blest.
Many a one that oft resorts
To make up the troop at sports.



THE SHEPHERD'S HUNTING

n company some while ns to strain forth a smile, more want and outward smark, core inward grief of heart, this place can bring to thee, thy mind remaineth free. bewail'st my want of mirthhat find'st thou in this earth ein aught may be believed i to make me joyed or grieved? et feel I, naitheless, of both I must confess. ime I of mirth do borrowwhile as much of sorrow; ly present state is such r joy nor grieve I much.

PHILARETE.

hath Willy then so long forborne his wonted song? efore doth he now let fall ell-tuned pastoral, ny ears that music bar 'a I more long after far the liberty I want?

WILLY.

were very much to grant.
oth this hold alway, lad—
that sing not must be sad!
thou ever that bird hear
well that sings all the year!
he piper doth not play
a wears his pipe away—
's a time to slack the string,
s time to leave to sing.

PHILABETE.

but no man now is still
can sing or tune a quill.
to chaunt it were but reason—
and music are in season.
in this sweet jolly tide,
earth in all her pride;
tir lady of the May,
ned up in her best array,
invited all the swains,
the lasses of the plains,
end upon her sport
e places of resort.

Coridon, with his bold rout, Hath already been about For the elder shepherd's dole, And fetched in the summer-pole: Whilst the rest have built a bower To defend them from a shower-Coiled so close, with boughs all green, Titan cannot pry between. Now the dairy wenches dream Of their strawberries and cream; And each doth herself advance To be taken in to dance: Every one that knows to sing Fita him for his carolling; So do those that hope for meed Either by the pipe or reed; And, though I am kept away, I do hear, this very day, Many learned grooms do wend For the garlands to contend; Which a nymph, that hight Desert, Long a stranger in this part, With her own fair hand hath wrought-A rare work, they say, past thought, As appeareth by the name, For she calls them wreaths of fame. She hath set in their due place Every flower that may grace: And among a thousand moe, Whereof some but serve for show. She hath wove in Daphne's tree, That they may not blasted be; Which with time she edged about. Lest the work should ravel out: And that it might wither never, Intermixed it with live-over. These are to be shared among Those that do excel for song, Or their passions can rehearse In the smooth'st and sweetest verse. Then for those among the rest That can play and pipe the best, There's a kidling with the dam, A fat wether and a lamb. And for those that leapen far, Wrestle, run, and throw the bar, There's appointed guerdons too: He that best the first can do Shall for his reward be paid With a sheep-hook, fair inlaid.

With fine bone of a strange beast That men bring out of the west; For the next a scrip of red, Tasselled with fine colored thread; There's prepared for their meed That in running make most speed, Or the cunning measures foot, Cups of turned maple-root, Whereupon the skilful man Hath engraved the loves of Pan; And the last hath for his due A fine napkin wrought with blue. Then, my Willy, why art thou Careless of thy merit now? What dost thou here, with a wight That is shut up from delight In a solitary den, As not fit to live with men? Go, my Willy! get thee gone— Leave me in exile alone; Hie thee to that merry throng, And amaze them with thy song! Thou art young, yet such a lay Never graced the month of May, As, if they provoke thy skill, Thou canst fit unto thy quill. I with wonder heard thee sing At our last year's revelling. Then I with the rest was free, When, unknown, I noted thee, And perceived the ruder swains Envy thy far sweeter strains. Yea, I saw the lasses cling Round about thee in a ring, As if each one jealous were Any but herself should hear; And I know they yet do long For the residue of thy song. Haste thee then to sing it forth; Take the benefit of worth; And Desert will sure bequeath Fame's fair garland for thy wreath Hie thee, Willy! hie away.

WILLY.

Phila! rather let me stay,
And be desolate with thee,
Than at those their revels be.
Naught such is my skill, I wis,
As indeed thou deem'st it is;

But whate'er it be, I must
Be content, and shall, I trust.
For a song I do not pass
'Mongst my friends; but what, ala
Should I have to do with them
That my music do contemn!
Some there are, as well I wot,
That the same yet favor not;
Yet I cannot well avow
They my carols disallow;
But such malice I have spied,
'T is as much as if they did.

PHILARETE.

Willy! what may those men be Are so ill to malice thee?

WILLY.

Some are worthy-well esteemed; Some without worth, are so deem Others of so base a spirit They have nor esteem nor merit

PHILARETE.

What's the wrong?

WILLY.

Wherewithal I can dispense;
But hereafter, for their sake,
To myself I'll music make.

PHILARETE.

What, because some clown offends Wilt thou punish all thy friends?

WILLY.

Do not, Phil! misunderstand meThose that love me may command
But thou know'st I am but young
And the pastoral I sung
Is by some supposed to be,
By a strain, too high for me;
So they kindly let me gain
Not my labor for my pain.
Trust me, I do wonder why
They should me my own deny.
Though I'm young, I soorn to fit
On the wings of borrowed wit;
I'll make my own feathers rear me
Whither others cannot bear me

Yet I'll keep my skill in store, Till I've seen some winters more,

PHILABETE,

But in earnest mean'st thou so?-Then thou art not wise, I trow: Better shall advise thee Pan, For then dost not rightly then; That's the ready way to blot All the credit thou hast got. Rather in thy age's prime Get another start of time : And make those that so fond be, Spate of their own daluess, see That the sacred muses can Make a child in years a man. It is known what then canst do; For it is not long ago, When that Cuddy, thou and I, Each the other's skill to try, At baint Dunstan's charmed well, As some present there can tell, Sang upon a sudden theme, Sitting by the crimson stream; Where if thou didst well or no I'et remains the song to slow. Much experience more I've had Of thy skill, thou happy lad; And would make the world to know it, But that time will further show it. Envy makes their tongues now run, More than doubt of what is done: For that needs must be thine own, Or to be some other's known: But how then will 't suit unto What thou shalt hereufter do? Or I wonder where is lo Would with that song part with thee! hav were there so mad a swain Could wech glory sell for gain, Phoebus would not have combined That gift with so hase a mind, Never did the nine impart The savet secrets of their art Unto any that did score We should see their favors worn, Therefore, unto those that eny Were they pleased to sing a lay They could do't, and will not the This I spo is, for this I know-

None eler drank the II espain spring, And knew new, but he dri sing: For, that once infused in man, Makes him shew't, do what he can; Nav. those that do o ly sip. Or that e'en their tings is dip-La that sacred fount, poor cives? Of that brood will show themselves, Yes, in hope to get them tame, They will speak, though to their shame. Let those, then, at thee repine That by their wits measure thine, Needs those songs must be thine own. And that one day will be known. That poor imputation, too, I myself do undergo, But it will appear, ere long, That 't was envy sought our wrong, Who, at twice ten, have sung more That some will do at four score, Cheer thee, honest Wally! then, And begin thy song again.

WILLY.

Fain I would; but I do fear,
When again my Blace they Lear,
If they yield they are my rlymes,
They will feigh some other crimes;
And 't is no safeventuring by
Where we see detraction lie;
For, do what I can, I don't
She will pick some quarrel out;
And I oft have heard defended
Lutie said is soon amended.

PHILARETE.

See'st thou not, in clearest days
Oft thick fogs cloud heaven's rays?
And that vapors, which do breathe
From the earth's gress well beneath
Seem unto us with black steams
To pollute the sun's bright brains—
And yet vameli into mr,
Leaving it, unblamished, fair?
So, my Willy, shall it be
With detractions breath
It shall occur rise so to a
As to stantify press
As that sim doth spress
Vapors from each collections

Poesy so sometimes drains Gross conceits from muddy brains— Mists of envy, fogs of spite, 'Twixt men's judgments and her light; But so much her power may do That she can dissolve them too. If thy verse do bravely tower, As she makes wing she gets power; Yet the higher she doth soar She's affronted still the more, Till she to the high'st hath past; Then she rests with fame at last. Let naught, therefore, thee affright, But make forward in thy flight. For, if I could match thy rhyme, To the very stars I'd climb; There begin again, and fly Till I reached eternity. But, alas! my muse is slow— For thy place she flags too low; Yea—the more's her hapless fate— Her short wings were clipt of late; And poor I, her fortune ruing, And myself put up a-mewing. But if I my cage can rid, I'll fly where I never did; And though for her sake I'm crost, Though my best hopes I have lost, And knew she would make my trouble Ten times more than ten times double, I should love and keep her too, 'Spite of all the world could do. For, though banished from my flocks, And confined within these rocks, Here I waste away the light, And consume the sullen night, She doth for my comfort stay, And keeps many cares away. Though I miss the flow'ry fields, sweets the spring-tide With those yields— Though I may not see these groves Where the shepherds chaunt their loves, And the lasses more excel Than the sweet-voiced Philomel— Though of all those pleasures past Nothing now remains at last But remembrance, poor relief,

That more makes than mends my grief-

She's my mind's companion still,

Maugre envy's evil will;

Whence she should be driven too, Were't in mortal's power to do. She doth tell me where to borrow Comfort in the midst of sorrow, Makes the desolatest place To her presence be a grace, And the blackest discontents To be pleasing ornaments. In my former days of bliss Her divine skill taught me this— That from every thing I saw I could some invention draw, And raise pleasure to her height Through the meanest object's sigh By the murmur of a spring, Or the least bough's rusteling— By a daisy, whose leaves, spread, Shut when Titan goes to bed-Or a shady bush or tree, She could more infuse in me Than all nature's beauties can In some other wiser man. By her help I also now Make this churlish place allow Some things that may sweeten gl In the very gall of sadness: The dull loneness, the black shade That these hanging-vaults have m The strange music of the waves, Beating on these hollow caves; This black den, which rocks embe Overgrown with eldest moss; The rude portals that give light More to terror than delight: This my chamber of neglect, Walled about with disrespect;— From all these, and this dull air, A fit object for despair, She hath taught me, by her might To draw comfort and delight. Therefore, thou best earthly bliss' I will cherish thee for this. Poesy, thou sweet'st content That e'er heaven to mortals lent! Though they as a trifle leave thee Whose dull thoughts cannot co thee-Though thou be to them a corn

Though thou be to them a corn
That to naught but earth are born
Let my life no longer be
Than I am in love with thee:



COWPER'S GRAVE

our wise ones call thee madness, ever taste of gladness not thy madd'st fits in all their greatest wits; agh some, too seeming holy, int thy raptures folly, it teach me to contemn these knaves and fools of them.

"Wer! that oft doth carry"

WILLY.

thou wilt be gone
ove my reach anon.
thames of poesy
w borne thy thoughts so high
y up in heaven be,
e quite forgotten me.
elf to mind again—
e raptures for a swain
ands on lowly sheep,
a simple herds doth keep?

PHILARETE.

my Willy! I had ron time had lodged the sun, adst not made me stay; pardon here I pray; pollo's sacred sire ed up my spirits higher, the love of poesy, ced they use to fly. said I say still had Willy's skill detraction's tongue 'er make me leave my song; sing it every day, pined themselves away. then advised in this, oth just and fitting ishat thou hast begun, st still forward run, thunder ill he'll bear last of wind doth fear; ords will thus affray thee, how will deeds dismay thee? hink so rathe a song through the vulgar throng, spe without a touchbey can hurt it much.

Frosts we see do nip that thing Which is forward'st in the spring; Yet at last, for all such lets, Somewhat of the rest it gets; And I'm sure that so mayst thou. Therefore, my kind Willy, now, Since thy folding-time draws on, And I see thou must be gone, Thee I earnestly beseech To remember this my speech, And some little counsel take, For Philarete his sake; And I more of this will say, If thou come next holiday.

GROBGE WITHELL

COWPER'S GRAVE.

I will invite thee, from thy envious heaves. To rise, and 'bout the world thy become to spread, That we may see there 's brightness in the dead.

HARRIWOTON,

It is a place where poets crowned

May feel the heart's decaying—
It is a place where happy saints

May weep amid their praying;
Yet let the grief and humbleness,

As low as silence, languish—
Earth surely now may give her calm

To whom she gave her anguish.

O poets! from a maniac's tongue
Was poured the deathless singing!
O Christians! at your cross of hope
A hopeless hand was clinging!
O men! this man, in brotherhood,
Your weary paths beguiling,

Groaned inly while he taught you peace,
And died while ye were smiling!

And now, what time ye all may read
Through dimming tears his story—
How discord on the music fell,
And darkness on the glory—
And how, when one by one, sweet sound:
And wandering lights departed,
He were no less a loving face,
Because so broken-hearted—

He shall be strong to sanctify
The poet's high vocation,
And bow the meekest Christian down
In meeker adoration;
Nor ever shall he be in praise
By wise or good forsaken—
Named softly, as the household name
Of one whom God hath taken!

With sadness that is calm, not gloom,
I learn to think upon him;
With meekness that is gratefulness,
On God whose heaven hath won him—
Who suffered once the madness-cloud
Toward his love to blind him;
But gently led the blind along
Where breath and bird could find him;

And wrought within his shattered brain
Such quick poetic senses
As hills have language for, and stars
Harmonious influences!
The pulse of dew upon the grass,
His own did calmly number;
And silent shadow from the trees
Fell o'er him like a slumber.

The very world, by God's constraint,

From falsehood's chill removing,

Its women and its men became,

Beside him, true and loving!—

And timid hares were drawn from woods

To share his home-caresses,

Uplooking to his human eyes

With sylvan tendernesses.

But while in blindness he remained
Unconscious of the guiding,
And things provided came without
The sweet sense of providing,
He testified this solemn truth,
Though frenzy desolated—
Nor man nor nature satisfy,
When only God created!

Like a sick child that knoweth not His mother while she blesses, And droppeth on his burning brow The coolness of her kisses That turns his fevered eyes around—
"My mother! where's my mother
As if such tender words and looks
Could come from any other—

The fever gone, with leaps of heart

He sees her bending o'er him;

Her face all pale from watchful love,

Th' unweary love she bore him!

Thus woke the poet from the dream

His life's long fever gave him,

Beneath these deep pathetic eyes

Which closed in death to save him

Thus! oh, not thus! no type of earth
Could image that awaking,
Wherein he scarcely heard the chant
Of seraphs, round him breaking—
Or felt the new immortal throb
Of soul from body parted;
But felt those eyes alone, and knew
"My Saviour! not deserted!"

Deserted! who hath dreamt that wh
The cross in darkness rested,
Upon the victim's hidden face
No love was manifested?
What frantic hands outstretched have
The atoning drops averted—
What tears have washed them from
soul—
That one should be deserted?

Deserted! God could separate
From His own essence rather;
And Adam's sins have swept between
The righteous Son and Father—
Yea! once, Immanuel's orphaned cry
His universe hath shaken—
It went up single, echoless,
"My God, I am forsaken!"

It went up from the holy lips
Amid His lost creation,
That of the lost no son should use
Those words of desolation;
That earth's worst frenzies, marring h
Should mar not hope's fruition;
And I, on Cowper's grave, should see
His rapture, in a vision!

ELELETE BARRET BOOK:



DUAN FIRST.

en had closed the winter day, orlers quat their roaring play, angered maukin ta'en her way. To kail-yards green, faithless snaws ilk step betray. Whar she has been.

e-lang day had tired me; than the day had closed his ee, Far i' the west,

Far i' the west, the spence right pensivelie I gaed to rest.

Ianely, by the ingle-cheek,
nd eyed the spewing reck,
illed, wi' heast-provoking smeek,
The auld clay biggin;
and the restless rattons squeak
About the riggin'.

this mottie, misty clime,
ward mused on wasted time—
had spent my youthfu' prime,
An' done use thing
ringin' blethers up in rhyme,
For fools to sing.

to guid advice but harkit,

it, by this, hae led a market,

utted in a bank and clarkit

My cash-account;

here, half-mad, half-fed, half-sarkit,

Is a' th' amount.

ed, muttering, "blockhead! coof!"
teaved on high my wankit loof,
ear by a' you starry roof,
Or some rash aith,
I, henceforth, would be rhyme proof
Till my last breath—

click! the string the snick did draw;
ee! the door gaed to the wa';
y my ingle lowe I saw,
Now bleezin' bright,
ht, outlandish hizzle, braw,
Come full in sight.

Ye need na doubt I held my whist—
The infant aith, half-formed, was crusht,
I glowered as ecrie's I'd been dush't
In some wild glen,
When sweet, like modest worth, she blusht,
And stepped ben.

Green, alender, leaf-clad holly-boughs
Were twisted, gracefu', round her brows;
I took her for some Scottish muse
By that same token,
An' come to stop those reckless vows,
Wou'd soon been broken.

A "hair-brained sentimental trace"

Was strongly marked in her face;

A wildy-witty, rustic grace

Shone full upon her;

Her eye, ev'n turned on empty space,

Beamed keen with honor.

Down flowed her robe, a tartan sheen,
Till balf a leg was scrimply seen;
And such a leg!—my bonnie Jean
Could only peer it;
Sae straught, sae taper, tight, and clean,
Nane else came near it.

Her mantle large, of greenish hue,
My gazing wonder chiefly drew;
Deep lights and shades, bold-mingling, threw
A lustre grand,
And seemed, to my astonished view,
A well-known land.

Here rivers in the sea were lost;
There mountains to the skies were tost;
Here tumbling billows marked the coast
With surging foam;
There distant shone art's lofty boast,
The lordly dome.

Here Doon poured down his far-fetched floods:
There well-fed Irwine stately thuds;
Auld hermit Ayr staw thro' his woods,
On to the shore;
And many a lesser torrent scuds,
With seeming roar.

Low, in a sandy valley spread, An ancient borough reared her head; Still, as in Scottish story read,
She boasts a race
To every nobler virtue bred,
And polished grace.

By stately tower or palace fair,
Or ruins pendent in the air,
Bold stems of heroes, here and there,
I could discern;
Some seemed to muse—some seemed to dare,
With feature stern.

My heart did glowing transport feel,

To see a race heroic wheel,

And brandish round the deep-dyed steel

In sturdy blows;

While back-recoiling seemed to reel

Their Suthron foes.

His country's saviour, mark him well!

Bold Richardton's heroic swell;

The chief on Sark who glorious fell,

In high command;

And he whom ruthless fates expel

His native land.

There, where a sceptered Pictish shade
Stalked round his ashes lowly laid,
I marked a martial race, portrayed
In colors strong;
Bold, soldier-featured, undismayed,
They strode along.

Through many a wild, romantic grove,
Near many a hermit-fancied cove
(Fit haunts for friendship or for love),
In musing mood,
An aged judge, I saw him rove,
Dispensing good.

With deep-struck reverential awe
The learned sire and son I saw:
To nature's God and nature's law
They gave their lore;
This, all its source and end to draw—
That, to adore.

Brydone's brave ward I well could spy
Beneath old Scotia's smiling eye,
Who called on fame, low standing by
To hand him on
Where many a patriot-name on high,
And hero shone.

DUAN SECOND.

With musing deep, astonished stare,
I viewed the heavenly-seeming fair;
A whispering throb did witness bear
Of kindred sweet,
When, with an elder sister's air,
She did me greet:—

All hail! my own inspired bard
In me thy native muse regard;
Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard
Thus poorly low!
I come to give thee such reward
As we bestow.

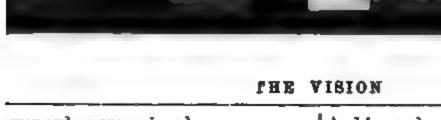
Know the great genius of this land
Has many a light aerial band,
Who, all beneath his high command,
Harmoniously,
As arts or arms they understand,
Their labors ply.

They Scotia's race among them share:
Some fire the soldier on to dare;
Some rouse the patriot up to bare
Corruption's heart;
Some teach the bard—a darling care—
The tuneful art.

'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore
They ardent, kindling spirits pour;
Or 'mid the venal senate's roar
They, sightless, stand,
To mend the honest patriot lore,
And grace the land.

And when the bard, or hoary sage,
Charm or instruct the future age,
They bind the wild poetic rage
In energy,
Or point the inconclusive page
Full on the eye.

Hence Fullarton, the brave and young,
Hence Dempster's zeal-inspired tongue;
Hence sweet harmonious Beattie sung
His minstrel lays;
Or tore, with noble ardor stung,
The sceptic's baya.



wer orders are assigned humbler ranks of human kind: rustic bard, the lab'ring hind, The artisan shoose, as various they 're inclined, The various man.

n yellow waves the heavy grain,
threat'ning storm some strongly rein;
s teach to meliorate the plain
With tiliage skill;
some instruct the shepherd train,
Blythe o'er the hill.

hint the lover's harmless wile;
 grace the maiden's artless smile;
 sooth the lab'rer's weary toil
 For humble gains,
 make his cottage-scenes beguile
 His cares and pains.

a, bounded to a district-space, ore at large man's infant race, tark the embryotic trace,

Of rustic bard;
careful note each op'ning grace—
A guide and guard.

this district as mine I claim,
re once the Campbells, chiefe of fame,
Held ruling pow'r;
rked thy embryo tuneful flame,
Thy natal hour.

the future hope i oft would gaze,
the carly ways,
rudely carolled, chiming phrase
In uncouth rhymes,
that the simple artless lays
Of other times.

thee seek the sounding shore, thed with the dashing roar; then the north his fleecy store.

Drove through the sky, grim nature's visage hear.

Struck thy young eye.

rhen the deep green-mantled earth m cherished every flow'ret's birth, And joy and music pouring forth
In every grove,
I saw thee eye the general mirth
With boundless love.

When ripened fields and azure skies
Called forth the reapers' rustling noise,
I saw thee leave their evening joys,
And lonely stalk
To vent thy bosom's swelling rise
In pensive walk.

When youthful love, warm-blushing, strong, Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along, Those accents grateful to thy tongue,

Th' adored name,

I taught thee how to pour in song,

To sooth thy flame.

I saw thy pulse's maddening play
Wild send thee pleasure's devices way,
Misled by fancy's meteor ray,
By passion driven;
But yet the light that led astray
Was light from heaven.

I taught thy manners-painting strains,
The loves, the ways of simple swains—
Till now, o'er all my wide domains
Thy fame extends,
And some, the pride of Coila's plains,
Become thy friends.

Thou canst not learn, nor can I show,
To paint with Thomson's landscape glew;
Or wake the bosom-melting three,
With Shenstone's art;
Or pour, with Gray, the moving flow
Warm on the heart,

Yet all beneath th' unrivalled rose
The lowly daisy sweetly blows;
Though large the forest's monarch throws
His army shade,
Yet green the juicy hawthern grows
Adown the glade.

Then never murmur nor repine;
Strive in thy humble sphere to shine;
And trust me, not Potosi's mine,
Nor kings' regard,
Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine,
A rustic bard.

To give my counsels all in one—
Thy tuneful flame still careful fan;
Preserve the dignity of man,
With soul erect;
And trust the universal plan
Will all protect.

And wear thou this!—she solemn said,
And bound the holly round my head;
The polished leaves and berries red
Did rustling play—
And, like a passing thought, she fled
In light away.

ROBERT BURNS.

ON THE DEATH OF BURNS.

REAR high thy bleak majestic hills,

Thy sheltered valleys proudly spread—
And, Scotia, pour thy thousand rills,

And wave thy heaths with blossoms red;
But, ah! what poet now shall tread

Thy airy heights, thy woodland reign,
Since he, the sweetest bard, is dead,

That ever breathed the soothing strain?

As green thy towering pines may grow,
As clear thy streams may speed along,
As bright thy summer suns may glow,
As gayly charm thy feathery throng;
But now unheeded is the song,
And dull and lifeless all around—
For his wild harp lies all unstrung,
And cold the hand that waked its sound.

What though thy vigorous offspring rise—
In arts, in arms, thy sons excel;
Though beauty in thy daughters' eyes,
And health in every feature dwell;
Yet who shall now their praises tell
In strains impassioned, fond, and free,
Since he no more the song shall swell
To love, and liberty, and thee!

With step-dame eye and frown severe
His hapless youth why didst thou view?
For all thy joys to him were dear,
And all his vows to thee were due;

Nor greater bliss his bosom knew, In opening youth's delightful prime. Than when thy favoring ear he drew To listen to his chanted rhyme.

Thy lonely wastes and frowning skies

To him were all with rapture fraught;

He heard with joy the tempest rise

That waked him to sublimer thought;

And oft thy winding dells he sought,

Where wild flowers poured their rathe perfume,

And with sincere devotion brought

To thee the summer's earliest bloom.

But ah! no fond maternal smile

His unprotected youth enjoyed—

His limbs inured to early toil,

His days with early hardships tried!

And more to mark the gloomy void,

And bid him feel his misery,

Before his infant eyes would glide

Day-dreams of immortality.

Yet, not by cold neglect depressed,
With sinewy arm he turned the soil,
Sunk with the evening sun to rest,
And met at morn his earliest smile.
Waked by his rustic pipe meanwhile,
The powers of fancy came along,
And soothed his lengthened hours of toil
With native wit and sprightly song.

Ah! days of bliss too swiftly fled,
When vigorous health from labor springs
And bland contentment soothes the bed,
And sleep his ready opiate brings;
And hovering round on airy wings
Float the light forms of young desire,
That of unutterable things
The soft and shadowy hope inspire.

Now spells of mightier power prepare—
Bid brighter phantoms round him dance
Let flattery spread her viewless snare,
And fame attract his vagrant glance;
Let sprightly pleasure too advance,
Unveiled her eyes, unclasped her zone—
Till, lost in love's delirious trance,
He scorn the joys his youth has known.

Let friendship pour her brightest blaze,
Expanding all the bloom of soul;
And mirth concentre all her rays,
And point them from the sparkling bowl;
And let the careless moments roll
In social pleasures unconfined,
And confidence that spurns control,
Unlock the inmost springs of mind!

And lead his steps those bowers among,
Where elegance with splendor vies,
Or science bids her favored throng
To more refined sensations rise;
Beyond the peasant's humbler joys,
And freed from each laborious strife,
There let him learn the bliss to prize
That waits the sons of polished life.

Then, whilst his throbbing veins beat high
With every impulse of delight,
Dash from his lips the cup of joy,
And shroud the scene in shades of night;
And let despair with wizard light
Disclose the yawning gulf below,
And pour incessant on his sight
Her spectred ills and shapes of woe;

And show beneath a cheerless shed,

With sorrowing heart and streaming eyes,
In silent grief where droops her head

The partner of his early joys;
And let his infants' tender cries

His fond parental succor claim,
And bid him hear in agonies

A husband's and a father's name.

T is done—the powerful charm succeeds;
His high reluctant spirit bends;
In bitterness of soul he bleeds,
Nor longer with his fate contends.
An idiot laugh the welkin rends
As genius thus degraded lies;
Till pitying heaven the veil extends
That shrouds the poet's ardent eyes.

Rear high thy bleak majestic hills,

Thy sheltered valleys proudly spread,

And, Scotia, pour thy thousand rills,

And wave thy heaths with blossoms red;

But never more shall poet tread

Thy airy heights, thy woodland reign—
Since he, the sweetest bard, is dead

That ever breathed the soothing strain.

WILLIAM ROSCOTA

AT THE GRAVE OF BURNS.

SEVEN YEARS AFTER HIS DEATH.

I SHIVER, spirit fierce and bold,
At thought of what I now behold:
As vapors breathed from dungeons cold
Strike pleasure dead,
So sadness comes from out the mould
Where Burns is laid.

And have I then thy bones so near,
And thou forbidden to appear?
As if it were thyself that's here,
I shrink with pain;
And both my wishes and my fear
Alike are vain.

Off weight,—nor press on weight!—away
Dark thoughts!—they came, but not to stay
With chastened feelings would I pay
The tribute due
To him, and aught that hides his clay

From mortal view.

Fresh as the flower whose modest worth.

He sang, his genius "glinted" forth—
Rose like a star that, touching earth,

(For so it seems)

Doth glorify its humble birth

With matchless beams.

The piercing eye, the thoughtful brow,
The struggling heart, where be they now?
Full soon the aspirant of the plough,
The prompt, the brave,
Slept, with the obscurest, in the low
And silent grave.

I mourned with the More deeply grice Whose light I had a

How very

Alas! where'er the current tends Regret pursues and with it blends!

Huge Criffel's hoary top ascends
By Skiddaw seen;
Neighbors we were, and loving friends
We might have been—

True friends, though diversely inclined;
But heart with heart and mind with mind,
Where the main fibres are entwined
Through nature's skill,
May even by contraries be joined
More closely still.

The tear will start, and let it flow;
Thou "poor inhabitant below,"
At this dread moment—even so—
Might we together
Have sat and talked where gowans blow,
Or on wild heather.

What treasures would have then been placed Within my reach, of knowledge graced By fancy, what a rich repast!

But why go on !-Oh! spare to sweep, thou mournful blast,
His grave grass-grown.

There, too, a son, his joy and pride, (Not three weeks past the stripling died), Lies gathered to his father's side— Soul-moving sight!

Yet one to which is not denied Some and delight.

For he is safe, a quiet bed
Hath early found among the dead—
Harbored where none can be misled,
Wronged, or distrest;
And surely here it may be said
That such are blest.

And oh! for thee, by pitying grace Checked ofttimes in a devious race— May He who halloweth the place Where man is laid,

Receive thy spirit in the embrace For which it prayed!

Sighing, I turned away; but ere Night fell I heard, or seemed to hear, Music that sorrow comes not near— A ritual hymn,

Ohanted, in love that casts cut fear.

By seraphim.

THOUGHTS,

Suggested the day notlowing, of the bi Deministry of the gale in the to

Too frail to keep the lofty vow That must have followed when his be-Was wreathed—"The Vision" tell

how--With holly spray,
He filtered, drifted to sad fro,
And pessed away.

Well might such thoughts, dear de throng Our minds when, lingering all too long

Over the grave of Borns we hung
In social grief,---

Indulged as if it were a wrong To seek relief.

But, leaving each unquiet theme."
Where gentlest judgments may minder
And prompt to welcome every glown
Of good and fair,

Let us beside this limpid stream Breathe hopeful air.

Enough of sorrow, wreck, and blight!
Think rather of those moments bright
When to the consciousness of right
His course was true—

When wisdom prospered it his sight, And virtue grew.

Yes, freely let our hearts expand, Freely as in youth's season bland, When, side by side, his book in hand, We wont to stray,

Our pleasure varying at command Of each sweet lay.

How oft, inspired, must be have trod
These pathways, you far-stretching ros
There lurks his home; in that abode.
With mirth elate,

Or in his nobly pensive mood,
The rustic sate.

Proud thoughts that image overawes:
Before it humbly let us pause,
And ask of nature from what cause.
And by what rules,
She trained her Burns to win applause
That chames the schools.



BUŔNS.

Through busiest street and loneliest glen.

Are felt the flashes of his pen;

He rules 'mid winter snows, and when

Bees fill their hives;

Deep in the general heart of men

His power survives.

What need of fields in some far clime
Where heroes, sages, bards sublime,
And all that fetched the flowing rhyme
From genuine springs,
Shall dwell together till old time
Folds up his wings?

Sweet mercy I to the gates of heaven
This minstrel lead, his sins forgiven—
The rueful conflict, the heart riven
With vain endeavor,
And memory of earth's bitter leaven
Effaced for ever.

But why to him confine the prayer,
When kindred thoughts and yearnings bear
On the frail heart the purest share
With all that live?—
The best of what we do and are,
Just God, forgive!
WILLIAM WORDSWORDS.

BURNS.

No more these simple flowers belong To Scottish maid and lover— Sown in the common soil of song, They bloom the wide world over.

In smiles and tears, in sun and showers,
The minstrel and the heather—
The deathless singer and the flowers
He sang of—live together.

Wild heather bells and Robert Burns!
The moorland flower and peasant!
How, at their mention, memory turns
Her pages old and pleasant!

The gray sky wears again its gold

And purple of adorning,

And manhood's noonday shadows hold

The dews of boyhood's morning—

The dews that washed the dust and soil From off the wings of pleasureThe sky that flecked the ground of toil
With golden threads of leisure.

I call to mind the summer day—
The early harvest mowing,
The sky with sun and cloud at play,
And flowers with breezes blowing.

I hear the blackbird in the corn,
The locust in the haying;
And, like the fabled hunter's horn,
Old tunes my heart is playing.

How oft that day, with fond delay,
I sought the maple's shadow,
And sang with Burns the hours away,
Forgetful of the meadow!

Bees hummed, birds twittered, overhead I heard the squirrels leaping— The good dog listened while I read, And wagged his tail in keeping.

I watched him while in sportive mood
I read "The Twa Dogs" story,
And half believed be understood
The poet's allegory.

Sweet day, sweet songs!—The golden bours
Grew brighter for that singing,
From brook and bird and meadow flowers
A dearer welcome bringing.

New light on home-seen nature beamed, New glory over woman; And daily life and duty seemed No longer poor and common.

I woke to find the simple truth
Of fact and feeling better
Than all the dreams that held my youth
A still repining debtor—

That nature gives her handmaid, art,
The themes of sweet discoursing,
The tender idyls of the heart
In every tongue rehearsing.

Why dream of lands of gold and pearl,
Of loving knight and lady,
When farmer boy and barefoot girl
Were wandering there already?

I saw through all familiar things.

The romance underlying—

The joys and griefs that plume the wings Of fancy skyward flying.

I saw the same blithe day return,
The same sweet fall of even,
That rose on wooded Craigie-burn,
And sank on crystal Devon.

I matched with Scotland's heathery hills
The sweet-brier and the clover—
With Ayr and Doon my native rills,
Their wood hymns chanting over.

O'er rank and pomp, as he had seen, I saw the man uprising— No longer common or unclean, The child of God's baptizing.

With clearer eyes I saw the worth Of life among the lowly; The bible at his cotter's hearth Had made my own more holy.

And if at times an evil strain,

To lawless love appealing,

Broke in upon the sweet refrain

Of pure and healthful feeling,

It died upon the eye and ear,
No inward answer gaining;
No heart had I to see or hear
The discord and the staining.

Let those who never erred forget
Ilis worth, in vain bewailings;
Sweet soul of song!—I own my debt
Uncancelled by his failings!

Lament who will the ribald line
Which tells his lapse from duty—
How kissed the maddening lips of wine,
Or wanton ones of beauty—

But think, while falls that shade between
The erring one and heaven,
That he who loved like Magdalen,
Like her may be forgiven.

Not his the song whose thunderous chime Eternal echoes render— The mournful Tuscan's haunted rhyme, And Milton's starry splendor;

But who his human heart has laid

To nature's bosom nearer?

Who sweetened toil like him, or paid
To love a tribute dearer?

Through all his tuneful art how strong
The human feeling gushes!
The very moonlight of his song
Is warm with smiles and blushes.

Give lettered pomp to teeth of time. So "Bonnie Doon" but tarry; Blot out the epic's stately rhyme, But spare his Highland Mary!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITH

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMA HOMER.

Muon have I travelled in the realms of g And many goodly states and kingdoms s Round many western islands have I been Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold. Oft of one wide expanse had I been told That deep-browed Homer ruled as his mesne;

Yet did I never breathe its pure serene Till I heard Chapman speak out loud bold:

Then felt I like some watcher of the skie When a new planet swims into his ken; Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle ey He stared at the Pacific—and all his mer Looked at each other with a wild surmis Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

JOHN KRA

UHLAND.

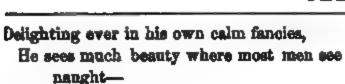
It is the poet Uhland, from whose wre ings

Of rarest harmony I here have drawn, To lower tones and less melodious breath Some simple strains, of youth and past born.

His is the poetry of sweet expression— Of clear, unfaltering tune, seroue strong—

Where gentlest thoughts and words, in procession,

Move to the even measures of his sons



Looking at nature with familiar glances,
And weaving garlands in the groves of
thought.

He sings of youth, and hope, and high endeavor;

He sings of love—oh crown of poesy!—
If fate, and sorrow, and the grave—forever
The end of strife, the goal of destiny.

He sings of fatherland, the minstrel's glory— High theme of memory and hope divine— Twining its fame with gems of antique story, In Susbian songs and legends of the Rhine;

In balleds breathing many a dim tradition,
Nourished in long belief or minstrel rhymes,
Fruit of the old romance, whose gentle mission

Passed from the earth before our wiser times.

Well do they know his name among the mountains,

And plains and valleys, of his native land; Part of their nature are the sparkling fountains

Of his clear thought, with rainbow fancies epanned.

His simple lays oft sings the mother, cheerful, Beside the cradle in the dim twilight;

His plaintive notes low breathes the maiden, tearful,

With tender murmurs in the ear of night.

The hillside swain, the reaper in the meadows,

Carol his ditties through the toilsome day; And the lone hunter in the Alpine shadows Recalls his ballads by some ruin gray.

Oh precious gift! oh wondrous inspiration!

Of all high deeds, of all harmonious things,

I be the oracle, while a whole nation

Uniches the echo from the sounding strings!

Out of the depths of feeling and emotion Rises the orb of song, serenely brightAs who beholds, across the tracts of ocean, The golden sunrise bursting into light.

Wide is its magic world—divided neither
By continent, nor sea, nor narrow zone:
Who would not wish sometimes to travel
thither,

In fancied fortunes to forget his own?

WILLIAM ALLEM BUTLES.

THE GRAVE OF A POETESS.

Let her be laid within a silent dell, Where hanging trees throw round a twilight gleam—

Just within hearing of some village-bell,
And by the margin of a low-voiced stream;
For these were sights and sounds she once
loved well.

Then o'er her grave the star-paved sky will beam;

While all around the fragrant wild-flowers blow,

And sweet birds sing her requiem to the water's flow.

THOMAS MILLING

SONNET.

The nightingale is mute—and so art thou, Whose voice is sweeter than the nightingale;

While every idle scholar makes a vow Above thy worth and glory to prevail.

Yet shall not envy to that level bring
The true precedence which is born in thee;
Thou art no less the prophet of the spring,
Though in the woods thy voice now silent
be.

For silence may impair but cannot kill
The music that is native to thy soul;
Nor thy sweet mind, in this thy froward will
Upon thy purest honor have control;
But, since thou wilt not to our wishes sing.
This truth I speak—thou art of poets king.

Loss Turne.

CHARADE.

Come from my first, ay, come!

The battle dawn is nigh;

And the screaming trump and the thundering drum.

Are calling thee to die!

Fight as thy father fought;
Fall as thy father fell;
Thy task is taught; thy shroud is wrought:
So forward and farewell!

Toll ye my second! toll!

Fling high the flambeau's light:
And sing the hymn for a parted soul
Beneath the silent night!

The wreath upon his head,

The cross upon his breast,

Let the prayer be said, and the tear be shed,

So,—take him to his rest!

Call ye my whole, ay, call

The lord of lute and lay;

And let him greet the sable pall

With a noble song to-day;

Go, call him by his name!

No fitter hand may crave

To light the flame of a soldier's fame
On the turf of a soldier's grave.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

TO MACAULAY.

The dreamy rhymer's measured snore
Falls heavy on our ears no more;
And by long strides are left behind
The dear delights of womankind,
Who wage their battles like their loves,
In satin waistcoats and kid gloves,
And have achieved the crowning work
When they have trussed and skewered a Turk.
Another comes with stouter tread,
And stalks among the statelier dead:
He rushes on, and hails by turns
High-crested Scott, broad-breasted Burns;

And shows the British youth, who ne'er Will lag behind, what Romans were, When all the Tuscans and their Lars Shouted, and shook the towers of Mara.

WALTER BAYAGE LAND

ODE.

Barns of passion and of mirth, Ye have left your souls on earth! Have ye souls in heaven too, Double-lived in regions new ? Yes, and those of heaven commune With the spheres of sun and moon; With the noise of fountains wondre And the parls of voices thund'rous With the whisper of heaven's trees And one another, in soft case Seated on Elysian lawns Browsed by none but Dian's fawns Underneath large blue-bells tented, Where the daisies are rose-scented, And the rose herself has got Perfume which on earth is not; Where the nightingale doth sing Not a senseless, tranced thing, But divine, melodious truth— Philosophic numbers smooth— Tales and golden histories Of heaven and its mysteries.

Thus ye live on high, and then
On the earth ye live again;
And the souls ye left behind you
Teach us here the way to find you,
Where your other souls are joying.
Never slumbered, never cloying.
Here your earth-born souls still spa
To mortals, of their little week;
Of their sorrows and delights;
Of their passions and their spites;
Of their glory and their shame;
What doth strengthen and what m
Thus ye teach us, every day,
Wisdom, though fled far away.

Bards of passion and of mirth, Ye have left your souls on earth! Ye have souls in heaven too, Double-lived in regions new!

JOHN KI



THE MINSTREL.

oice, what harp, are those we hear
the gate in chorus?
—the lay delights our ear;
ave it sung before us!"
the king: the stripling flies—
eturns; his master cries—
in the heary minstrel!"

inces mine! Hail, noble knights!, enchanting dames!

ry heaven! What blinding lights!

tongue may tell their names?

ight hall, amid this blaze,

se, mine eyes! Ye may not gaze

stupendous glories!"

esinger closed his eyes;
ck his mighty lyre:
iteous bosoms heaved with sighs,
irriors felt on fire;
enraptured by the strain,
ed that a golden chain
in the bard in guerdon.

Reserve thy chain, thy gold, so brave knights whose glances, shing through the battle bold, hiver sharpest lances! on thy treasurer there—
n burden let him bear her glittering burdens.

in the greenwood bush eless wild-bird carels—
that from the full heart gush lves are gold and laurels!
. I ask, then thus I ask—
right cup of wine, in flask
ring gold, be brought me!"

t down; he quaffs it all—
lraught of richest flavor!
e divinely happy hall
that is scarce a favor!
shall bless ye, think on me;
k your God as I thank ye
delicious wine-cup!

LANK WOLFGARG VOR GONTES (German)
R of JANES CLARRICE MANGAR.

87

SONNET.

Wno best can paint th' enamelled robe of spring,

With flow'rets and fair blossoms well bedight;

Who best can her melodious accents sing, With which she greets the soft return of light;

Who best can bid the quaking tempest rage, And make th' imperial arch of heav'n to groan—

Breed warfare with the winds, and finely wage

Great strife with Neptune on his rocky throne-

Or lose us in those sad and mournful days
With which pale autumn crowns the misty
year,

Shall bear the prize, and in his true essays
A poet in our awful eyes appear;
For whom let wine his mortal woes beguile,
Gold, praise, and woman's thrice-endearing
smile.

LORD THERE, W.

A POET'S THOUGHT.

TELL me, what is a poet's thought?

Is it on the sudden born?

Is it from the starlight caught?

Is it by the tempest taught?

Or by whispering morn?

Was it cradled in the brain a
Chained awhile, or nursed in night?
Was it wrought with toil and pain?
Did it bloom and fade again,
Ere it burst to light?

No more question of its birth:
Rather love its better part!
'T is a thing of sky and earth,
Gathering all its golden worth
From the poet's heart.

BARRY COMMENTAL

RESOLUTION AND INDEPENDENCE.

I.

There was a roaring in the wind all night—
The rain came heavily and fell in floods;
But now the sun is rising calm and bright—
The birds are singing in the distant woods;
Over his own sweet voice the stock-dove broods;

The jay makes answer as the magpie chatters;

And all the air is filled with pleasant noise of waters.

IL.

All things that love the sun are out of doors;
The sky rejoices in the morning's birth;
The grass is bright with rain-drops; on the moors

The hare is running races in her mirth;
And with her feet she from the plashy earth
Raises a mist that, glittering in the sun,
Runs with her all the way, wherever she
doth run.

III.

I was a traveller then upon the moor;
I saw the hare that raced about with joy;
I heard the woods and distant waters roar—
Or heard them not, as happy as a boy.
The pleasant season did my heart employ;
My old remembrances went from me wholly—
And all the ways of men, so vain and melancholy.

IV.

But, as it sometimes chanceth, from the might

Of joy in minds that can no further go,
As high as we have mounted in delight
In our dejection do we sink as low—
To me that morning did it happen so;
And fears and fancies thick upon me came—
Dim sadness, and blind thoughts, I knew not,
nor could name.

٧.

I heard the skylark warbling in the sky; And I bethought me of the playful hare: Even such a happy child of earth am Even as these blissful creatures do I i Far from the world I walk, and from But there may come another day to i Solitude, pain of heart, distress, and

VI.

My whole life I have lived in thought,

As if life's business were a summer and As if all needful things would come and To genial faith, still rich in genial go But how can be expect that others as Build for him, sow for him, and at a Love him, who for himself will take at all?

VII.

I thought of Chatterton, the marvell The sleepless soul that perished in his Of him who walked in glory and in Following his plough, along the r side.

By our own spirits we are deified; We poets in our youth begin in glads But thereof come in the end desp and madness.

VIII.

Now, whether it were by peculiar gr A leading from above, a something g Yet it befell that, in this lonely place When I with these untoward thoug striven,

Beside a pool bare to the eye of heav I saw a man before me unawares— The oldest man he seemed that ev gray hairs.

IX.

As a huge stone is sometimes seen to Couched on the bald top of an emine Wonder to all who do the same espy By what means it could hither counter;

So that it seems a thing endued with Like a sea-beast crawled forth, that or Of rock or sand reposeth, there to self—



INDEPENDENCE. RESOLUTION AND

X.

eemed this man, not all alive nor dead, I asleep, in his extreme old age. dy was bent double, feet and head g together in life's pilgrimage, some dire constraint of pain, or rage kness, felt by him in times long past, e than human weight upon his frame had cast.

II.

if he propped, limbs, body, and pale face, a long gray staff of shaven wood; .ill, as I drew near with gentle pace, the margin of that moorish flood tless as a cloud the old man stood, neareth not the loud winds when they

loveth all together, if it move at all.

gth, himself unsettling, he the pond I with his staff, and fixedly did look that muddy water, which he conned he had been reading in a book. ow a stranger's privilege I took; trawing to his side, to him did say morning gives us promise of a glorious day."

XIII.

tle answer did the old man make, arteous speech which forth he slowly drew :

im with further words I thus bespake: st occupation do you there pursue? s a lonesome place for one like you." e replied, a flash of mild surprise from the sable orbs of his yet vivid eyes.

IIV.

ords came feebly, from a feeble chest; ach in solemn order followed each, something of a lofty utterance drest,e word and measured phrase, above the reach linary men, a stately speech, se grave livers do in Scotland use-

one men, who give to God and man

their does

XV.

He told that to these waters he had come To gather leeches, being old and poor-Employment hazardous and wearisome! And he had many hardships to endure: From pond to pond he roamed, from moor to moor-

Housing, with God's good help, by choice or chance:

And in this way he gained an honest maintenance.

ITI.

The old man still stood talking by my side; But now his voice to me was like a stream Scarce heard, nor word from word could I divide;

And the whole body of the man did seem Like one whom I had met with in a dream-Or like a man from some far region sent To give me human strength by apt admonishment.

XVII.

My former thoughts returned: the fear that kills,

And hope that is unwilling to be fed; Cold, pain, and labor, and all fleshly ills; And mighty poets in their misery dead, Perplexed, and longing to be comforted, My question eagerly did I renew-"How is it that you live, and what is it you

dof"

XVIII.

He with a smile did then his words repeat; And said that, gathering leeches, far and wide

He travelled, stirring thus about his feet The waters of the pools where they abide. "Once I could meet with them on every side. But they have dwindled long by slow decay; Yet still I persovere, and find them where I may."

XIX.

While he was talking thus, the lonely place, The old man's shape and speech—all troubles. In my mind's eye I seemed to see him passe About the weary moors continually,
Wandering about alone and silently.
While I these thoughts within myself pursued,
He, having made a pause, the same discourse renewed.

XX.

And soon with this he other matter blended—

Cheerfully uttered, with demeanor kind, But stately in the main; and when he ended I could have laughed myself to scorn, to find In that decrepit man so firm a mind.

'God," said I, "be my help and stay secure;
I'll think of the leech-gatherer on the lonely
moor!"

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

AN EXHORTATION.

Chameleons feed on light and air—
Poets' food is love and fame;
If in this wide world of care
Poets could but find the same
With as little toil as they,
Would they ever change their hue
As the light chameleons do,
Suiting it to every ray
Twenty times a-day?

Poets are on this cold earth

As chameleons might be,

Hidden from their early birth

In a cave beneath the sea:

Where light is, chameleons change—

Where love is not, poets do.

Fame is love disguised; if few

Find either, never think it strange

That poets range.

A poet's free and heavenly mind;
If bright chameleons should devour
Any food but beams and wind,
They would grow as earthly soon
As their brother lizards are:
Children of a sunnier star,
Spirits from beyond the moon,
Oh, refuse the boon!

PERCY BYSSEE SEELLEY,

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

Thou still unravished bride of quietner.
Thou foster-child of silence and slow
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly the
rhyme!

What leaf-fringed legend haunts about shape

Of deities or mortals, or of both, In Tempe or the dales of Arcady What men or gods are these? what ens loath?

What mad pursuit? What struggle to What pipes and timbrels? Wheestasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those.

Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pip on—

Not to the sensual ear, but, more end Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone Fair youth beneath the trees, thou caleave

Thy song, nor ever can those trees!

Bold lover, never, never, canst the Though winning near the goal; yet grieve—

She cannot fade, though thou I thy bliss;

For ever wilt thou love, and she be

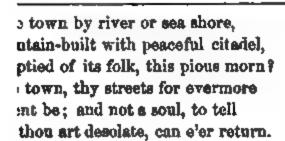
Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cann Your leaves nor ever bid the spring And happy melodist, unwearied,

For ever piping songs for ever new More happy love! more happy, happ For ever warm and still to be enjoy. For ever panting and for ever yo All breathing human passion far about That leaves a heart high sorrow cloyed,

A burning forehead and a p tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice
To what green altar, O mysterious
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the
And all her silken flanks with

drest?



sape! Fair attitude! with brede ble men and maidens overwrought, st branches and the trodden weed! ent form! dost tease us out of hought, ernity. Cold pastoral!

ld age shall this generation waste, shalt remain, in midst of other woe ers, a friend to man, to whom thou ay'et

s truth, truth beauty,"—that is all now on earth, and all ye need to :WOE:

JOHN KRATS.

ANS TO ATTAIN HAPPY LIFE.

L, the things that do attain appy life be these, I find--hes left, not got with pain; ruitful ground, the quiet mind,

nal friend; no gradge, no strife; targe of rule, nor governance; t disease, the healthful life; tousehold of continuance;

an diet, no delicate fare : wisdom joined with simpleness; ht discharged of all care, e wine the wit may not oppress;

hful wife, without debate; sleeps as may beguile the night; ted with thine own estate, ish for death, ne fear his might.

LORD BURRET.

L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE, loathed Melancholy, Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born!

In Stygian cave forlorn, 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy,

Find out some uncouth cell,

Where brooding darkness spreads hkjealous wings,

And the night-raven sings;

There, under ebon shades, and lowbrowed rocks,

As ragged as thy locks,

In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell. But come, thou goddess fair and free, In heav'n y-cleped Euphrosyne, And, by men, heart-easing Mirth! Whom lovely Venus, at a birth With two sister graces more, To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore; Or whether (as some sages sing) The frolic wind that breathes the spring, Zephyr, with Aurora playing-As he met her once a-Maying-There, on beds of violets blue And fresh-blown roses washed in dew, Filled her with thee, a daughter fair, So buxom, blithe, and debonair.

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee Jest, and youthful jollity---Quips and cranks and wanton wiles, Nods and becks and wreathed smiles, Such as hang on Hebe's check, And love to live in dimple sleek— Sport, that wrinkled care derides, And laughter holding both his sides. Come! and trip it, as you go, On the light funtastic toe; And in thy right hand lead with thee The mountain nymph, sweet liberty; And if I give thee honor due, Mirth, admit me of thy crew, To live with her, and live with thee, In unreproved pleasures free— To hear the lark begin his flight, And singing startle the dull night

From his watch-tow'r in the skies, Till the dappled dawn doth rise; Then to come, in spite of sorrow, And at my window bid good morrow, Through the sweet-brier, or the vine, Or the twisted eglantine; While the cock with lively din Scatters the rear of darkness thin, And to the stack, or the barn door, Stoutly struts his dames before; Oft listening how the hounds and horn Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn, From the side of some hoar hill Through the high wood echoing shrill; Sometime walking, not unseen, By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green, Right against the eastern gate, Where the great sun begins his state, Robed in flames, and amber light, The clouds in thousand liveries dight; While the ploughman near at hand Whistles o'er the furrowed land, And the milkmaid singeth blithe, And the mower whets his scythe, And every shepherd tells his tale Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,

Whilst the landscape round it measures Russet lawns, and fallows gray, Where the nibbling flocks do stray— Mountains, on whose barren breast The laboring clouds do often rest— Meadows trim with daisies pied, Shallow brooks, and rivers wide. Towers and battlements it sees Bosomed high in tufted trees, Where perhaps some beauty lies, The cynosure of neighboring eyes. Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes From betwixt two aged oaks, Where Corydon and Thyrsis met, Are at their savory dinner set Of herbs, and other country messes, Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses; And then in haste her bower she leaves, With Thestylis to bind the sheaves; Or, if the earlier season lead, To the tanned haycock in the mead.

Sometimes with secure delight The upland hamlets will invite, When the merry bells ring round, And the jocund rebecks sound To many a youth, and many a maid Dancing in the chequered shade; And young and old come forth to p On a sunshine holiday, Till the live-long daylight fail, Then to the spicy nut-brown ale With stories told of many a feat: How fairy Mab the junkets eat— She was pinched and pulled, she sa And he by friar's lantern led; Tells how the drudging goblin swe To earn his cream-bowl duly set, When in one night, ere glimpse of His shadowy tlail hath threshed th That ten day-laborers could not en Then lies him down the lubber fier And stretched out all the chimney's Basks at the fire his hairy strength And, crop-full, out of doors he flin Ere the first cock his matin rings. Thus done the tales, to bed they cr By whispering winds soon lulled as

Towered cities please us then, And the busy hum of men, Where throngs of knights and bard In weeds of peace high triumphs h With store of ladies, whose bright Rain influence, and judge the prize Of wit or arms, while both content To win her grace whom all comme There let Hymen oft appear In saffron robe, with taper clear, And pomp and feast and revelry, With mask, and antique pageantry-Such sights as youthful poets dream On summer eves by haunted stream Then to the well-trod stage anon, If Jonson's learned sock be on, Or sweetest Shakspeare, fancy's cl Warble his native wood-notes wild

And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce

In notes with many a winding bout Of linked sweetness long drawn out, With wanton heed and giddy cunning The melting voice through mazes running, Untwisting all the chains that tie The hidden soul of harmony— That Orpheus' self may heave his head From golden slumber on a bed Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear Such strains as would have won the ear Of Pluto, to have quite set free His half regained Eurydice.

These delights if thou canst give, Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

IL PENSEROSO.

HEXCE, vain deluding joys, The brood of folly without father bred! How little you bestead,

Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys! Dwell in some idle brain,

And fancies fond with gaudy shapes pos-**8688**,

As thick and numberless

As the gay motes that people the sunbeams—

Or likest hovering dreams,

The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train. But hail, thou goddess, sage and holy! Hail, divinest Melancholy! Whose saintly visage is too bright To hit the sense of human sight, And therefore to our weaker view O'erlaid with black, staid wisdom's hue-Black, but such as in esteem Prince Memnon's sister might beseem. Or that starred Ethiop queen that strove To set her beauty's praise above The sea-nymphs, and their powers offended. Yet thou art higher far descended; Thee bright-haired Vesta, long of yore, To solitary Saturn bore— His daughter she (in Saturn's reign Such mixture was not held a stain). Oft in glimmering bowers and glades He met her, and in secret shades Of woody Ida's inmost grove, While yet there was no fear of Jove.

Come, pensive nun, devout and pure, Sober, steadfast, and demure, All in a robe of darkest grain Flowing with majestic train, And sable stole of cypress lawn Over thy decent shoulders drawn! Come! but keep thy wonted state, With even step and musing gait, And looks commercing with the skies, Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes; There, held in holy passion still, Forget thyself to marble, till With a sad, leaden, downward cast Thou fix them on the earth as fast; And join with thee calm peace, and quiet-Spare fast, that oft with gods doth diet, And hears the muses in a ring Aye round about Jove's altar sing; And add to these retired leisure, That in trim gardens takes his pleasure; But first, and chiefest, with thee bring Him that you soars on golden wing, Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne— The cherub contemplation; And the mute silence hist along, 'Less Philomel will deign a song In her sweetest, saddest plight, Smoothing the rugged brow of night, While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke Gently o'er the accustomed oak. Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of fel-

ly—

Most musical, most melancholy! Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among I woo, to hear thy even-song; And, missing thee, I walk unseen On the dry, smooth-shaven green, To behold the wandering moon Riding near her highest noon, Like one that had been led astray Through the heav'n's wide pathless way; And oft, as if her head she bowed, Stooping through a fleecy cloud. Oft, on a plat of rising ground, I hear the far-off curfew sound Over some wide-watered shore, Swinging slow with sullen roar, Or if the air will not permit, Some still removed place will fit, Where glowing embers through the roots Teach light to counterfeit a gloomFar from all resort of mirth, Save the cricket on the hearth, Or the bellman's drowsy charm, To bless the doors from nightly harm; Or let my lamp at midnight hour Be seen in some high lonely tower, Where I may oft out-watch the bear With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere The spirit of Plato, to unfold What worlds or what vast regions hold The immortal mind that hath forsook Her mansion in this fleshly nook; And of those demons that are found In fire, air, flood, or under ground, Whose power hath a true consent With planet or with element. Sometime let gorgeous tragedy In sceptred pall come sweeping by, Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line, Or the tale of Troy divine, Or what (though rare) of later age Ennobled hath the buskined stage.

But, oh, sad virgin, that thy power Might raise Musæus from his bower! Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing Such notes as, warbled to the string, Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek, And made hell grant what love did seek! Or call up him that left half-told The story of Cambuscan bold— Of Camball, and of Algarsife— And who had Canace to wife, That owned the virtuous ring and glass— And of the wondrous horse of brass. On which the Tartar king did ride! And, if aught else great bards beside In sage and solemn tunes have sung— Of tourneys and of trophies hung, Of forests, and enchantments drear, Where more is meant than meets the ear.

Thus, night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited morn appear—
Not tricked and flounced, as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchiefed in a comeiy cloud
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or ushered with a shower still
When the gust hath blown his fill,

Ending on the rustling leaves, With minute drops from off the eave And when the sun begins to fling His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring To arched walks of twilight groves, And shadows brown, that Sylvan lov Of pine or monumental oak, Where the rude axe with heaved stro Was never heard the nymphs to dam Or fright them from their hallowed 1 There in close covert by some brook. Where no profaner eye may look. Hide me from day's garish eye, While the bee with honied thigh, That at her flowery work doth sing, And the waters murmuring With such consort as they keep, Entice the dewy-feathered sleep; And let some strange mysterious dre Wave at his wings, in airy stream Of lively portraiture displayed, Softly on my eyelids laid; And, as I wake, sweet music breathe Above, about, or underneath, Sent by some spirit to mortals good, Or th' unseen genius of the wood.

But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antic pillars massy proof,
And storied windows, richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced quire below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through min
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eye

And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heav'n doth show.
And every herb that sips the dew,
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.

These pleasures, Melancholy, give, And I with thee will choose to live.

Jour Ma

A CONTENTED MIND.

SONG.

are the thoughts that savor of content-

uiet mind is richer than a crown; are the nights in careless slumber spent—

pour estate scorns fortune's angry frown:

reet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,

enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

nely house that harbors quiet rest, cottage that affords no pride or care, an that 'grees with country music best, west consort of mirth and music's fare, ed life sets down a type of bliss: content both crown and kingdom is.

THE REPLY.

1

the wise man, I'll tell you who:

ou desire of me to know

whose rich and fertile mind
ne culture of the arts refined;
as the chaos of disordered thought
ason's light to form and method
brought;
ith a clear and piercing sight
through niceties as dark as night
r if you think this is he,
seated on the top of the Porphyrian

11.

tree.

it he to whom kind heaven
at cabala has given
ddie the mysterious text
ure, with dark comments more perplext—
lecipher her clean-writ and fair,
set confounding, puzzling character—
an through all her windings trace
ippery wanderer, and unveil her face.

Her inmost mechanism view,

Anatomize each part, and see her through
and through.

RI.

Nor he that does the science know
Our only certainty below—
That can from problems dark and nice
Deduce truths worthy of a sacrifice.
Nor he that can confess the stars, and sec
What's writ in the black leaves of destiny—
That knows their laws, and how the sun
His daily and his annual stage does run,
As if he did to them dispense
Their motions and their fate—supreme intelligence!

ĮV.

Nor is it he (although he boast
Of wisdom, and seem wise to most,)
Yet 't is not he whose busy pate
Can dive into the deep intrigues of state—
That can the great leviathan control,
Manage and rule it, as if he were its soul;
The wiseat king thus gifted was,
And yet did not in these true wisdom place.
Who then is by the wise man meant?
He that can want all this, and yet can be content.

Јони Мони.

A CONTENTED MIND.

I wrigh not fortune's frown or smile;
I joy not much in earthly joys;
I seek not state, I reck not style;
I am not fond of fancy's toys:
I rest so pleased with what I have
I wish no more, no more I crave.

I quake not at the thunder's crack:
I tremble not at noise of war;
I swound not at the news of wrack;
I shrink not at a blazing star;
I fear not loss, I hope not gain,
I envy none, I none disdain.

I see ambition never pleased;
I see some Tantals starved in store
I see gold's dropsy soldom cased;
I see even Midsa gape for more:

I neither want, nor yet abound— Enough's a feast, content is crowned.

I feign not friendship where I hate;
I fawn not on the great (in show);
I prize, I praise a mean estate—
Neither too lofty nor too low:
This, this is all my choice, my cheer—
A mind content, a conscience clear.

JOSHUA SYLVESTER.

SONG.

What pleasure have great princes,
More dainty to their choice
Than herdsmen wild, who, careless,
In quiet life rejoice,
And fortune's fate not fearing,
Sing sweet in summer morning.

Their dealings, plain and rightful,
Are void of all deceit;
They never know how spiteful
It is to feel and wait
On favorite presumptuous,
Whose pride is vain and sumptuous.

All day their flocks each tendeth;
All night they take their rest—
More quiet than who sendeth
His ship into the east,
Where gold and pearls are plenty,
But getting very dainty.

For lawyers and their pleading,
They esteem it not a straw;
They think that honest meaning
Is of itself a law;
Where conscience judgeth plainly,
They spend no money vainly.

Oh happy who thus liveth,
Not caring much for gold,
With clothing which sufficeth
To keep him from the cold;
Though poor and plain his diet,
Yet merry it is and quiet.

WILLIAM BYED.

THE LYE.

Gor, soule, the bodie's guest,
Upon a thanklesse arrant;
Feare not to touche the best—
The truth shall be thy warrant
Goe, since I needs must dye,
And give the world the lye.

Goe tell the court it glowes
And shines like rotten wood;
Goe tell the church it showes
What's good, and doth no good
If church and court reply,
Then give them both the lye.

Tell potentates they live
Acting by others actions—
Not loved unlesse they give,
Not strong but by their factions
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lye.

Tell men of high condition,

That rule affairs of state,

Their purpose is ambition,

Their practice only hate;

And if they once reply,

Then give them all the lye.

Tell them that brave it most

They beg for more by spending.

Who in their greatest cost

Seek nothing but commending;

And if they make reply,

Spare not to give the lye.

Tell zeale it lacks devotion;
Tell love it is but lust;
Tell time it is but motion;
Tell flesh it is but dust;
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lyc.

Tell age it daily wasteth;
Tell honour how it alters;
Tell beauty how she blasteth;
Tell favour how she faiters:



TO THE LADY MARGARET.

And as they then reply, Give each of them the lye.

Tell wit how much it wrangles
In tickle points of nicenesse;
Tell wisedome she entangles
Herselfe in over wisenesse;
And if they do reply,
Straight give them both the lye.

Tell physicke of her boldnesse;
Tell skill it is pretension;
Tell charity of coldnesse;
Tell law it is contention;
And as they yield reply,
So give them still the lye.

Tell fortune of her blindnesse;
Tell nature of decay;
Tell friendship of unkindnesse;
Tell justice of delay;
And if they dare reply,
Then give them all the lye.

Tell arts they have no soundnesse,
But vary by esteeming;
Tell schooles they want profoundnesse,
And stand too much on seeming;
If arts and schooles reply,
Give arts and schooles the lye.

Tell faith it's fied the citie;
Tell how the country erreth;
Tell, manhood shakes off pitie;
Tell, vertue least preferreth;
And if they doe reply,
Spare not to give the lye.

So, when thou hast, as I
Commanded thee, done blabbing—
Although to give the lye
Deserves no less than stabbing—
Yet stab at thee who will,
No stab the soule can kill.

WANDAL MORE

TO THE LADY MARGARET, COUNTESS OF CUMBERLAND.

Hz that of such a height hath built his mind, And reared the dwelling of his thoughts so strong,

As neither fear nor hope can shake the frame

Of his resolved powers; nor all the wind Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong His settled peace, or to disturb the same; What a fair seat hath he, from whence he may

The boundless wastes and weilds of man survey?

And with how free an eye doth he look down Upon these lower regions of turmoil? Where all the storms of passions mainly beat On flesh and blood, where honor, power, renown,

Are only gay afflictions, golden toil; Where greatness stands upon as feeble feet As frailty doth; and only great doth seem To little minds, who do it so esteem.

He looks upon the mightiest monarch's war:
But only as on stately robberies;
Where evermore the fortune that prevails
Must be the right; the ill-succeeding Mars
The fairest and the best faced enterprise.
Great pirate Pompey lesser pirates quails;
Justice, he sees (as if seduced), still
Conspires with power, whose cause must not
be ill.

He sees the face of right to appear as mani

As are the passions of uncertain man;
Who puts it in all colors, all attires,
To serve his ends, and make his courses hold.
He sees, that let deceit work what it can,
Plot and contrive base ways to high desires;
That the all-guiding providence doth yet
All disappoint, and mocks the smoke of wit.

Nor is he moved with all the thunder-cracks Of tyrants' threats, or with the surly brow Of power, that proudly sits on others' crimes; Charged with more crying sins than those be checks. The storms of sad confusion, that may grow Up in the present for the coming times, Appall not him, that hat! no side at all, But of himself, and knows the worst can fall.

Although his heart (so near allied to earth)
Cannot but pity the perplexed state
Of troublous and distressed mortality,
That thus make way unto the ugly birth
Of their own sorrows, and do still beget
Affliction upon imbecility;
Yet seeing thus the course of things must run,
He looks thereon not strange, but as foredone.

And whilst distraught ambition compasses
And is encompassed; whilst as craft deceives,
And is deceived; whilst man doth ransack
man,

And builds on blood, and rises by distress, And the inheritance of desolation leaves To great-expecting hopes; he looks thereon, As from the shore of peace, with unwet eye, And bears no venture in impiety.

Thus, madam, fares that man, that hath prepared

A rest for his desires, and sees all things Beneath him; and hath learned this book of man,

Full of the notes of frailty; and compared
The best of glory with her sufferings;
By whom, I see, you labor all you can
To plant your heart; and set your thoughts as
near

His glorious mansion as your powers can bear.

Which, madam, are so soundly fashioned
By that clear judgment that hath carried you
Beyond the feebler limits of your kind,
As they can stand against the strongest head
Passion can make; inured to any hue
The world can cast; that cannot cast that
mind

Out of her form of goodness, that doth see Both what the best and worst of earth can be.

Which makes that whatsoever here befalls, You in the region of yourself remain, Where no vain breath of th' impudent molests, That hath secured within the brazen walls Cf a clear conscience, that (without all stain)
Rises in peace, in innocency rests;
Whilst all what malice from without procures,

Shows her own ugly heart, but hurts no

yours.

And whereas none rejoice more in revenge,
Than women used to do; yet you well know.
That wrong is better checked by being contemned,

Than being pursued; leaving to him to average To whom it appertains. Wherein you show How worthily your clearness hath condemned Base malediction, living in the dark.

That at the rays of goodness still doth bark.

Knowing the heart of man is set to be
The centre of this world, about the which
These revolutions of disturbances
Still roll; where all the aspects of misery
Predominate; whose strong effects are such
As he must bear, being powerless to redress;
And that unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!

And how turmoiled they are that level lie With earth, and cannot lift themselves from thence;

That never are at peace with their desires,
But work beyond their years; and even deny
Dotage her rest, and hardly will dispense
With death: that when ability expires,
Desire lives still—so much delight they have
To carry toil and travel to the grave.

Whose ends you see; and what can be the best

They reach unto, when they have cast the sum

And reckonings of their glory? And you know.
This floating life hath but this port of rest.
A heart prepared, that fears no ill to come;
And that man's greatness rests but in his show,

The best of all whose days consumed are, Either in war, or peace conceiving war.

This concord, madam, of a well-tuned mind, Hath been so set by that all-working hand Of heaven, that though the world hath done his worst

To put it out by discords most unkind, Yet doth it still in perfect union stand With God and man; nor ever will be forced From that most sweet accord, but still agree, Equal in fortunes in equality.

And this note, madam, of your worthiness
Remains recorded in so many hearts,
As time nor malice cannot wrong your right,
In th' inheritance of fame you must possess:
You that have built you by your great deserts
(Out of small means) a far more exquisite
And glorious dwelling for your honored
name

Than all the gold that leaden minds can frame.

SAMUEL DANIEL

MY MINDE TO ME A KINGDOM IS.

Mr minde to me a kingdom is;
Such perfect joy therein I finde
As farre exceeds all earthly blisse
That God or nature hath assignde;
Though much I want, that most would have,
Yet still my minde forbids to crave.

I seek no more than may suffice.

I presse to beare no haughtie sway;

Look, what I lack my mind supplies.

Loe, thus I triumph like a king,

Content with that my mind doth bring.

I see how plentie surfets oft,
And hastie clymbers soonest fall;
I see that such as sit aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all.
These get with toile, and keepe with feare;
Such cares my mind could never beare.

No princely pompe nor welthic store,
No force to win the victorie,
No wylie wit to salve a sore,
No shape to winne a lover's eye—
To none of these I yeeld as thrall;
For why, my mind despiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave;
I little have, yet seek no more.
They are but poore, though much they hav
And I am rich with little store.
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lacke, I lend; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's losse,
I grudge not at another's gaine;
No worldly wave my mind can tosse;
I brooke that is another's bane.
I feare no foe, nor fawne on friend;
I lothe not life, nor dread mine end.

I joy not in no earthly blisse;
I weigh not Cresus' wealth a straw;
For care, I care not what it is;
I feare not fortune's fatal law;
My mind is such as may not move
For beautie bright, or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will;
I wander not to seeke for more;
I like the plaine, I clime no hill;
In greatest stormes I sitte on shore,
And laugh at them that toile in vaine
To get what must be lost againe.

I kisse not where I wish to kill;
I feigne not love where most I hate;
I breake no sleepe to winne my will;
I wayte not at the mightie's gate.
I scorne no poore, I feare no rich;
I feele no want, nor have too much.

The court ne cart I like ne loath—
Extreames are counted worst of all,
The golden meane betwixt them both
Doth surest sit, and feares no fall;
This is my choyce; for why, I finde
No wealth is like a quiet minde.

My wealth is health and perfect ease;
My conscience clere my chiefe defence;
I never seeke by bribes to please,
Nor by desert to give offence.
Thus do I live, thus will I die;
Would all did so as well as I!

MILLIAM BY

THE WINTER BEING OVER.

The winter being over,
In order comes the spring,
Which doth green herbs discover,
And cause the birds to sing.
The night also expired,
Then comes the morning bright,
Which is so much desired
By all that love the light.

This may learn
Them that mourn,
To put their grief to flight:
The spring succeedeth winter,
And day must follow night.

He therefore that sustaineth
Affliction or distress
Which every member paineth,
And findeth no release—
Let such therefore despair not,
But on firm hope depend,
Whose griefs immortal are not,
And therefore must have end.

They that faint
With complaint
Therefore are to blame;
They add to their afflictions,
And amplify the same.

For if they could with patience
Awhile possess the mind,
By inward consolations
They might refreshing find,
To sweeten all their crosses
That little time they 'dure;
So might they gain by losses,
And sharp would sweet procure.

But if the mind
Be inclined
To unquietness,
That only may be called
The worst of all distress.

He that is melancholy, Detesting all delight, His wits by sottish folly Are ruinated quite. Sad discontent and murmurs

To him are incident;

Were he possessed of honors,

He could not be content.

Sparks of joy

Fly away;

Floods of care arise;

And all delightful motion

In the conception dies.

But those that are contented However things do fall, Much anguish is prevented, And they soon freed from all. They finish all their labors With much felicity; Their joy in trouble savors Of perfect piety.

Cheerfulness
Doth express
A settled pious mind,
Which is not prone to grudging,
From murmuring refined.

Aww Cot

SONNETS.

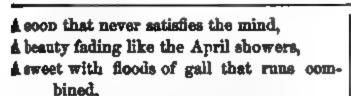
TRIUMPHING chariots, statues, crowns o Sky-threatening arches, the rewards of Books heavenly-wise in sweet narm lays,

Which men divine unto the world set States which ambitious minds, in blo raise

From frozen Tanais unto sun-burnt Ga Gigantic frames held wonders rarely s Like spiders' webs, are made the sport of Nothing is constant but in constant ch What 's done still is undone, and when 'Into some other fashion doth it range; Thus goes the floating world beneat moon;

Wherefore, my mind, above time, 1 place,

Rise up, and steps unknown to nature



A pleasure passing ere in thought made ours, A honor that more fickle is than wind,

A glory at opinion's frown that lowers,

A treasury which bankrupt time devours,

A knowledge than grave ignorance more blind,

A vain delight our equals to command, A style of greatness in effect a dream, A swelling thought of holding sea and land, A service lot, decked with a pompous name: Are the strange ends we toil for here below The wisest death makes us our errors know.

WILLIAM DRIMMOND.

A SWEET PASTORAL.

Good muse, rock me asleep With some sweet harmony! The weary eye is not to keep Thy wary company.

Sweet love, begone awhile!
Thou know'st my heaviness;
Beauty is born but to beguile
My heart of happiness.

See how my little flock,
That loved to feed on high,
Do headlong tumble down the rock,
And in the valley die.

The bushes and the trees, That were so fresh and green, Do all their dainty color lease, And not a leaf is seen.

Sweet Philomel, the bird That hath the heavenly throat, Doth now, alss! not once afford Recording of a note.

The flowers have had a frost; Each herb hath lost her savor; And Phillida, the fair, hath lost The comfort of her favor. Now all these careful sights So kill me in conceit, That how to hope upon delights Is but a mere deceit.

And, therefore, my sweet muse, Thou know'st what help is best; Do now thy heavenly cunning use To set my heart at rest.

And in a dream bewray
What fate shall be my friend—
Whether my life shall still decay,
Or when my sorrow end.

NICHOLAS BREEN W.

ODE TO BEAUTY.

Wno gave thee, O beauty, The keys of this breast, Too credulous lover Of blest and unblest? Say, when in lapsed ages Thee knew I of old? Or what was the service For which I was sold? When first my eyes saw thee I found me thy thrall, By magical drawings, Sweet tyrant of all! I drank at thy fountain False waters of thirst; Thou intimate stranger, Thou latest and first! Thy dangerous glances Make women of men: New-born, we are melting Into nature again.

Lavish, lavish promiser,
Nigh persuading gods to err!
Guest of million painted forms,
Which in turn thy glory warms!
The frailest leaf, the mossy bark,
The acorn's cup, the rain drop's are.
The swinging spider's silver line,
The ruby of the drop of wine,
The shining pebble of the yeard
Thou inscribest with a bond.

In thy momentary play, Would bankrupt nature to repay. Ah, what avails it To hide or to shun Whom the Infinite One Hath granted His throne! The heaven high over Is the deep's lover; The sun and sea, Informed by thee, Before me run, And draw me on, Yet fly me still, As fate refuses To me the heart fate for me chooses. Is it that my opulent soul Was mingled from the generous whole; Sea-valleys and the deep of skies Furnished several supplies; And the sands whereof I 'm made Draw me to them, self-betrayed? I turn the proud portfolios Which hold the grand designs Of Salvator, of Guercino, And Piranesi's lines. I hear the lofty peans Of the masters of the shell, Who heard the starry music And recount the numbers well; Olympian bards who sung Divine ideas below, Which always find us young, And always keep us so. Oft, in streets or humblest places, I detect far-wandered graces, Which, from Eden wide astray, In lowly homes have lost their way.

Thee gliding through the sea of form,
Like the lightning through the storm,
Somewhat not to be possessed,
Somewhat not to be caressed,
No feet so fleet could ever find,
No perfect form could ever bind.
Thou eternal fugitive,
Hovering over all that live,
Quick and skilful to inspire
Sweet, extravagant desire,
Starry space and lily-bell
Filling with thy roseate smell,

Wilt not give the lips to taste
Of the nectar which thou hast.

All that 's good and great with the Works in close conspiracy; Thou hast bribed the dark and lo To report thy features only, And the cold and purple morning Itself with thoughts of thee adorr The leafy dell, the city mart, Equal trophies of thine art; E'en the flowing azure air Thou hast touched for my despair And, if I languish into dreams, Again I meet the ardent beams. Queen of things! I dare not die In being's deeps past ear and eye Lest there I find the same deceive And be the sport of fate forever. Dread power, but dear! if God th Unmake me quite, or give thyself

KALPH WALDO EM

SONG.

RARELY, rarely comest thou,
Spirit of delight!
Wherefore hast thou left me now
Many a day and night?
Many a weary night and day
'T is since thou art fled away.

How shall ever one like me
Win thee back again?
With the joyous and the free
Thou wilt scoff at pain.
Spirit false! thou hast forgot
All but those who heed thee not.

As a lizard with the shade
Of a trembling leaf,
Thou with sorrow art dismayed;
Even the signs of grief
Reproach thee, that thou art near,
And reproach thou wilt not hear.

Let me set my mournful ditty
To a merry measure:
Thou wilt never come for pity
Thou wilt come for pleasure.



RYMN TO INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY.

ll cut away el winga, and thou wilt stay.

it thou lovest, lelight! rth in new leaves drest, tarry night; ning, and the morn olden mists are born.

and all the forms
liant frost;
and winds and streams,
g almost
ture's, and may be
y man's misery.

ail solitude,
society
wise, and good;
thee and me
moe? but thou dost possess
I seek, not love them less.

though he has wings,
light can flee,
all other things,
ove thee:
re and life! oh come,
nore my heart thy home!
Pract Breeze Service.

INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY.

dow of some unseen power

gh unseen, among us—visiting world with as inconstant wing inds that creep from flower to a; the transport of the same piny stain shower, the inconstant glance can heart and countenance, harmonies of evening, do in starlight widely spread, nory of music fled, at that for its grace may be dearer for its mystery.

89

Spirit of beauty, that dost consecrate
With thing own boos all they dost a

With thine own bues all thou dost shine upon

Of human thought or form, where art thou gone?

Why dost thou pass away and leave our state.
This dim, vast vale of tears, vacant and desolate?

Ask why the sunlight not for ever Weaves rainbows o'er you mountain river;

Why aught should fail and fade that once is shown:

Why fear, and dream, and death, and birth

Cast on the daylight of this earth Such gloom; why man has such a scope For love and hate, despondency and hope.

No voice from some sublimer world hath ever To sage or poet these responses given; Therefore the names of demon, ghost, and heaven.

Remain the records of their vain endeavor— Frail spells, whose uttered charm might not avail to sever

From all we hear and all we see Doubt, chance, and mutability.

Thy light alone, like mist o'er mountains driven.

Or music by the night wind sent Through strings of some still instrument Or moonlight on a midnight stream, Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream.

Love, hope, and self-esteem, like clouds depart

And come, for some uncertain momente lent.

Man were immortal and omnipotent
Didst thou, unknown and awful as thou art,
Keep with thy glorious train firm state within his heart.

Thou messenger of sympathies
That wax and wane in lover's eyes!
Thou that to human thought art nourishment,
Like darkness to a dying flame!
Depart not as thy shadow came!
Depart not, lest the grave should be.
Like life and fear, a dark reality.

While yet a boy I sought for ghosts, and sped Through many a listening chamber, cave and ruin,

And starlight wood, with fearful steps pursuing

Hopes of high talk with the departed dead.

I called on poisonous names with which our youth is fed;

I was not heard; I saw them not.
When musing deeply on the lot
Of life, at that sweet time when winds are
wooing

All vital things that wake to bring
News of birds and blossoming,
Sudden thy shadow fell on me—
I shrieked, and clasped my hands in ecstasy!

I vowed that I would dedicate my powers

To thee and thine; have I not kept the

vow?

With beating heart and streaming eyes, even now

I call the phantoms of a thousand hours
Each from his voiceless grave. They have in
visioned bowers

Of studious zeal or love's delight
Outwatched with me the envious night;
They know that never joy illumed my brow
Unlinked with hope that thou wouldst
free

This world from its dark slavery—
That thou, O awful loveliness,
Wouldst give whate'er these words cannot express.

The day becomes more solemn and serene
When noon is past; there is a harmony
In autumn, and a lustre in its sky,
Which through the summer is not heard nor
seen,

As if it could not be, as if it had not been!

Thus let thy power, which like the truth

Of nature on my passive youth

Descended, to my onward life supply
Its calm—to one who worships thee,
And every form containing thee—
Whom, spirit fair, thy spells did bind
To fear himself, and love all human kind.

PERCY BYSSEE SHELLEY.

SWEET IS THE PLEASURE

Sweet is the pleasure Itself cannot spoil! Is not true leisure One with true toil!

Thou that wouldst taste it.
Still do thy best;
Use it, not waste it—
Else 't is no rest.

Wouldst behold beauty
Near thee? all round?
Only hath duty
Such a sight found.

Rest is not quitting
The busy career;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to its sphere.

T is the brook's motion, Clear without strife, Fleeing to ocean After its life.

Deeper devotion
Nowhere hath knelt;
Fuller emotion
Heart never felt.

Tis loving and serving
The highest and best;
'T is onwards! unswerving
And that is true rest.

JOHN SULLIVAN D

STANZAS.

Thought is deeper than all speec Feeling deeper than all thought; Souls to souls can never teach What unto themselves was taught

We are spirits clad in veils; Man by man was never seen; All our deep communing fails To remove the shadowy screen.



THE FOUNTAIN.

: to heart was never known; with mind did never meet; re columns left alone temple once complete.

the stars that gem the sky, part though seeming near, ir light we scattered lie; thus but starlight here.

t is social company
t babbling summer stream?
t our wise philosophy
the glancing of a dream?

when the sun of love the scattered stars of thought, when we live above t the dim-eyed world hath taught,

when our souls are fed he fount which gave them birth, by inspiration led they never drew from earth,

like parted drops of rain, ling till they meet and run, l be all absorbed again, ing, flowing into one.

CHRISTOPHER PRANSE CRANCE.

THE TABLES TURNED.

my friend! and quit your books,
 urely you'll grow double;
 my friend! and clear your looks;
 all this toil and trouble?

n, above the mountain's head, eshening lustre mellow th all the long green fields has spread, first sweet evening yellow.

! 'tis a dull and endless strife; ie, hear the woodland linnet weet his music! on my life, re's more of wisdom in it!

ark! how blithe the throstle sings! too, is no mean preacher; forth into the light of things nature be your teacher. She has a world of ready wealth, Our minds and hearts to bless,— Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health, Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

One impulse from a vernal wood May teach you more of man, Of moral evil and of good, Than all the sages can.

Sweet is the lore which nature brings;
Our meddling intellect
Misshapes the beauteous forms of things—
We murder to dissect.

Enough of science and or art;
Close up those barren leaves;
Come forth, and bring with you a heart
That watches and receives.
William Wordswords.

THE FOUNTAIN.

A CONVERSATION.

Wz talked with open heart, and tongue Affectionate and true— A pair of friends, though I was young And Matthew seventy-two.

We lay beneath a spreading oak,
Beside a mossy seat;
And from the turf a fountain broke,
And gurgled at our feet.

"Now, Matthew!" said I, "let us match This water's pleasant tune With some old border-song or eatch, That suits a summer's noon;

"Or of the church clock and the chimes Sing here, beneath the shade, That half-mad thing of witty rhymes Which you last April made!"

In silence Matthew lay, and eyed
The spring beneath the tree;
And thus the dear old man replied,
The gray-haired man of glee;

"No check, no stay, this streamlet feare, How merrily it goes!

T will murmur on a thousand years,
And flow as now it flows.

- "And here, on this delightful day
 I cannot choose but think
 How oft, a vigorous man, I lay
 Beside this fountain's brink.
- "My eyes are dim with childish tears, My heart is idly stirred; For the same sound is in my ears Which in those days I heard.
- "Thus fares it still in our decay;
 And yet the wiser mind
 Mourns less for what age takes away
 Than what it leaves behind.
- "The blackbird amid leafy trees,
 The lark above the hill,
 Let loose their carols when they please,
 Are quiet when they will.
- "With nature never do they wage A foolish strife; they see A happy youth, and their old age Is beautiful and free.
- "But we are prest by heavy laws;
 And often, glad no more,
 We wear a face of joy, because
 We have been glad of yore.
- "If there be one who need bemoan
 His kindred laid in earth,
 The household hearts that were his own,
 It is the man of mirth.
- "My days, my friend, are almost gone;
 My life has been approved,
 And many love me; but by none
 Am I enough beloved!"
- "Now both himself and me he wrongs.

 The man who thus complains!

 I live and sing my idle songs

 Upon these happy plains;
- "And, Matthew, for thy children dead,
 I'll be a son to thee!"
 At this he grasped my hand, and said
 "Alas! that cannot be."

We rose up from the fountain side; And down the smooth descent Of the green sheep-track did we gli And through the wood we went

And, ere we came to Leonard's roc
He sang those witty rhymes
About the crazy old church clock,
And the bewildered chimes.

WILLIAM WORDS

THE CROWDED STREET.

Let me move slowly through the stre Filled with an ever-shifting train, Amid the sound of steps that beat The murmuring walks like autumn

How fast the flitting figures come!

The mild, the fierce, the stony faceSome bright with thoughtless smiles, an
Where secret tears have left their tr

They pass to toil, to strife, to rest—
To halls in which the feast is spread
To chambers where the funeral guest
In silence sits beside the dead.

And some to happy homes repair,
Where children pressing cheek to children pressing cheek to children the tenderness shall declare
The tenderness they cannot speak.

And some, who walk in calmness here Shall shudder as they reach the doc Where one who made their dwelling Its flower, its light, is seen no more

Youth, with pale check and slender for And dreams of greatness in thine ex Go'st thou to build an early name.

Or early in the task to die?

Keen son of trade, with eager brow!
Who is now fluttering in thy snare!
Thy golden fortunes, tower they now,
Or melt the glittering spires in air!



THE SUNKEN CITY.

this crowd to-night shall tread lance till daylight gleam again? rrow o'er the untimely dead? writhe in thross of mortal pain?

amine-struck, shall think how long cold, dark hours, how slow the light; ne, who figure amid the throng, hide in dens of shame to-night.

here his tasks or pleasures call, pass, and heed each other not. who heeds, who holds them all a large love and boundless thought.

truggling tides of life, that seem nyward, aimless course to tend, lies of the mighty stream rolls to its appointed end.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

GOOD-BYE.

re, proud world! I'm going home; t not my friend, and I'm not thine. trough thy weary crowds I roam; -ark on the ocean brine, 've been tossed like the driven foam; w, proud world! I'm going home.

ye to flattery's fawning face;
deur with his wise grimace;
art wealth's averted eye;
le office, low and high;
rded halls, to court and street;
en hearts and hasting fect;
e who go and those who come—
ye, proud world! I'm going home.

ing to my own hearth-stone,
d in you green hills alone—
t nook in a pleasant land,
groves the frolic fairies planned;
arches green, the livelong day;
se blackbird's roundelay,
lger feet have never trod—
that is secred to thought and God.

Oh, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;
And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and pride of man,
At the sophist schools, and the learned clan;
For what are they all, in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?

RALPE WALDO ENEMON.

THE SUNKEN CITY.

Hark! the faint bells of the sunken city

Peal once more their wonted evening

chime!

From the deep abysses floats a ditty, Wild and wondrous, of the olden time.

Temples, towers, and domes of many stories
There lie buried in an ocean grave—
Undescried, save when their golden glories
Gleam, at sunset, through the lighted wave.

And the mariner who had seen them glisten, In whose cars those magic bells do sound, Night by night bides there to watch and listen,

Though death lurks behind each dark rock round.

So the bells of memory's wonder-city

Peal for me their old melodious chime;

So my heart pours forth a changeful ditty,

Sad and pleasant, from the bygone time.

Domes, and towers, and castles, fancy-builded,
There lie lost to daylight's garish beams—
There lie hidden, till unveiled and gilded,
Glory-gilded, by my nightly dreams!

And then hear I music sweet upknelling
From many a well-known phantom band,
And, through tears, can see my natural dwelling

Far off in the spirit's luminous, land!

WILEELM MURILIES. (German)
Translation of James Clarence Maneau.

GUY.

MORTAL mixed of middle clay, Attempered to the night and day, Interchangeable with things, Needs no amulets or rings. Guy possessed the talisman That all things from him began; And as, of old, Polycrates Chained the sunshine and the breeze, So did Guy betimes discover Fortune was his guard and lover— In strange junctures felt, with awe, His own symmetry with law; So that no mixture could withstand The virtue of his lucky hand. He gold or jewel could not lose, Nor not receive his ample dues. In the street, if he turned round, His eye the eye 't was seeking found. It seemed his genius discreet Worked on the maker's own receipt, And made each tide and element Stewards of stipend and of rent; So that the common waters fell As costly wine into his well.

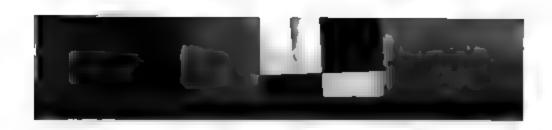
He had so sped his wise affairs That he caught nature in his snares; Early or late, the falling rain Arrived in time to swell his grain; Stream could not so perversely wind But corn of Guy's was there to grind; The siroc found it on its way To speed his sails, to dry his hay; And the world's sun seemed to risa To drudge all day for Guy the wise. In his rich nurseries timely skill Strong crab with nobler blood did fill; The zephyr in his garden rolled From plum trees vegetable gold; And all the hours of the year With their own harvests honored were. There was no frost but welcome came, Nor freshet, nor midsummer flame. Belonged to wind and world the toil And venture, and to Guy the oil.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

TEMPERANCE, OR THE CHEAP SICIAN.

Go now! and with some daring drug Bait thy disease; and, whilst they tu; Thou, to maintain their precious strife Spend the dear treasures of thy life. Go! take physic—dote upon Some big-named composition, The oraculous doctor's mystic bills— Certain hard words made into pills; And what at last shalt gain by these? Only a costlier disease. That which makes us have no need Of physic, that 's physic indeed. Hark, hither, reader! wilt thou see Nature her old physician be? Wilt see a man all his own wealth, His own music, his own health— A man whose sober soul can tell How to wear her garments well--Her garments that upon her sit As garments should do, close and fit— A well-clothed soul that's not oppress Nor choked with what she should be dre A soul sheathed in a crystal shrine, Through which all her bright features As when a piece of wanton lawn, Λ thin aërial veil is drawn O'er beauty's face, seeming to hide, More sweetly shows the blushing bride A soul whose intellectual beams No mists do mask, no lazy streams-A happy soul, that all the way To heaven hath a summer's day? Wouldst see a man whose well-warmed Bathes him in a genuine flood?— A man whose tuned humors be A seat of rarest harmony? Wouldst see blithe looks, fresh cheel guile

Age? Wouldst see December's smile? Wouldst see nests of new roses grow In a bed of reverend snow? Warm thoughts, free spirits flattering Winter's self into a spring?—In sum, wouldst see a man that can Live to be old, and still a man? Whose latest and most leaden hours Fall with soft wings, stuck with soft for



SMOKING SPIRITUALIZED.

then life's sweet fable ends, and body part like friends arrels, murmurs, no delay— , a sigh, and so away? are one, reader, wouldst thou see? hither! and thyself be he.

RICHARD CRASSAW.

BACCHUS.

me wine, but wine which never grew
belly of the grape,
ew on vines whose tap-roots, reaching
through
the Andes to the Cape,
ed no savor of the earth to 'scape.

s grapes the morn salute
a nocturnal root,
1 feels the acrid juice
7x and Erebus;
arns the woe of night,
own craft, to a more rich delight.

ny diluted wine;
me of the true,—
e ample leaves and tendrils curled
ig the silver hills of heaven,
everlasting dew;
of wine,
l of the world,
of forms and mould of statures,
I intoxicated,
by the draught assimilated,
loat at pleasure through all natures;
oird-language rightly spell,
that which roses say so well.

that is shed the torrents of the sun to horizon walls, to the Atlantic streams, which run the South Sea calls.

which needs no transmuting, bow-flowering, wisdom-fruiting which is already man, which teach and reason can. Wine which music is,—
Music and wine are one,—
That I, drinking this,
Shall hear far chaos talk with me;
Kings unborn shall walk with me;
And the poor grass shall plot and plan
What it will do when it is man.
Quickened so, will I unlock
Every crypt of every rock.

I thank the joyful juice For all I know:— Winds of remembering Of the ancient being blow, And seeming-solid walls of use Open and flow.

Pour, Bacchus! the remembering wine; Retrieve the loss of me and mine! Vine for the vine be antidote, And the grapes requite the lote! Haste to cure the old despair,-Reason in nature's lotus drenched, The memory of ages quenched, Give them again to shine; Let wine repair what this undid; And where the infection slid, A dazzling memory revive; Refresh the faded tints, Recut the aged prints, And write my old adventures with the pen Which on the first day drew, Upon the tablets blue, The dancing Pleiads and eternal men.

RALPH WALDO ENTERIOR.

SMOKING SPIRITUALIZED.

PART I.

Tens Indian weed, now withered quite,
Though green at noon, cut down at night.
Shows thy decay—
All flesh is hay:
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

The pipe, so lily-like and weak,

Does thus thy mortal state bespeak;

Thou art e'en such—

Gons with a touch:

Thus think, and maoke tobacca.

And when the smoke ascends on high, Then thou behold'st the vanity

Of worldly stuff—
Gone with a puff:
Thus think, and smoke tooacco.

And when the pipe grows foul within,
Think on thy soul defiled with sin;
For then the fire
It does require:

It does require:
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And seest the ashes cast away,
Then to thyself thou mayest say
That to the dust
Return thou must:
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

PART IL

Was this small plant for thee cut down?
So was the plant of great renown,
Which mercy sends
For nobler ends:
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

Doth juice medicinal proceed
From such a naughty foreign weed?
Then what's the power
Of Jesse's flower?
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

The promise, like the pipe, inlays,
And by the mouth of faith conveys
What virtue flows
From Sharon's rose:
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

In vain the unlighted pipe you blow— Your pains in outward means are so, 'Till heavenly fire

Your heart inspire: Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

The smoke like burning incense towers; So should a praying heart of yours

With ardent cries
Surmount the skies:
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

Anonthous.

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

IN IMITATION OF THE TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

LET observation, with extensive view,
Survey mankind from China to Peru;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strik,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded lik:
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hat,
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of
fate,

Where wavering man, betrayed by ventures pride

To chase the dreary paths without a guide,
As treacherous phantoms in the mist delude.
Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good;
How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the supplies
voice;

How nations sink, by darling schemes oppressed,

When vengeance listens to the fool's request. Fate wings with every wish the afflictive dark. Each gift of nature and each grace of art: With fatal heat impetuous courage glows, With fatal sweetness elocution flows, Impeachment stops the speaker's powerful breath,

And restless fire precipitates on death.

But, scarce observed, the knowing and the

Fall in the general massacre of gold;
Wide wasting pest! that rages unconfined
And crowds with crimes the records of maskind;

For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws, For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws; Wealth heaped on wealth, nor truth no safety buys,

The dangers gather as the treasures rise.

Let history tell where rival kings command, And dubious title shakes the madded land, When statutes glean the refuse of the sword. How much more safe the vassal than the lord. Low skulks the hind below the rage of power And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tower



THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

ouched his cottage, and his alumbers sound,

ugh confiscation's vultures hover round.

he needy traveller, serene and gay, iks the wild heath, and sings his toil away. servy seize thee? crush the upbraiding joy,

rease his riches, and his peace destroy:
w fears in dire vicissitude invade,

rustling brake alarms, and quivering shade,

light nor darkness brings his pain relief,
shows the plunder and one hides the

et still one general cry the skies assails, I gain and grandeur load the teinted gales; 'know the toiling statesman's fear or care,

insidious rival and the gaping heir.

nee more, Democritus, arise on earth,
h cheerful wisdom and instructive mirth;
motley life in modern trappings dressed,
l feed with varied fools the eternal jest:
u who couldst laugh, where want en-

chained caprice, crushed conceit, and man was of a piece;

erushed concert, and man was of a piece; ere wealth unloved without a mourner died,

l scarce a sycophant was fed by pride; ere ne'er was known the form of mock debate,

seen a new-made mayor's unwieldy state; are change of favoritee made no change of laws,

l senates heard before they judged a cause;

r wouldst thou shake at Britain's modish tribe.

t the quick taunt and edge the piercing gibe?

sative truth and nature to descry,
i pierce each scene with philosophic eye,
thee were solemn toys, or empty show,
robes of pleasure, and the veils of wee:
aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,

ose joys are causeless, or whose griefs are vain.

Such was the scorn that filled the sage's mind.

Renewed at every glance on human kind; How just that scorn ere yet thy voice declare Search every state, and canvass every prayer.

Unnumbered suppliants crowd preferment's gate,

Athirst for wealth, and burning to be great;
Delusive fortune hears the incessant call,
They mount, they shine, evaporate and fall.
On every stage the foes of peace attend,
Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their
end.

Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's

Pours in the monraing worshipper no more;
For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,
To growing wealth the dedicator flies;
From every room descends the painted face
That hung the bright palladium of the place,
And, smoked in kitchens, or in auctions sold,
To better features yields the frame of gold;
For now no more we trace in every line
Heroic worth, benevolence divine;
The form distorted justifies the fall,
And detestation rids the indignant wall.

But will not Britain hear the last appeal, Sign her foes' doom, or guard the favorite's zeal?

Through freedom's sons no more remonstrance rings,

Degrading nobles and controlling kings;
Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats,
And ask no questions but the price of votes;
With weekly libels and septennial ale,
Their wish is full to riot and to rail.

In full-flown dignity see Wolsey stand, Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand; To him the church, the realm, their powers consign,

Through him the rays of regal bounty shine, Turned by his nod the stream of honor flows, His smile alone security bestows;

Still to new heights his restless wishes tower, Claim leads to claim, and power advances, power; Till conquest unresisted ceased to please,
And rights submitted left him none to seize;
At length his sovereign frowns—the train of
state

Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate;

Where'er he turns, he meets a stranger's eye, His suppliants scorn him. and his followers fly;

Now drops at once the pride of awful state,
The golden canopy, the glittering plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The fiveried army, and the menial lord;
With age, with cares, with maladies oppressed,
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest;
Grief aids disease, remembered folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.

Speak, thou whose thoughts at humble peace repine,

Shall Wolsey's wealth with Wolsey's end be thine?

Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,
The wisest justice on the banks of Trent?
For why did Wolsey, near the steeps of fate,
On weak foundations raise the enormous
weight?

Why but to sink beneath misfortune's blow, With louder ruin to the gulfs below?

What gave great Villiers to the assassin's knife,

And fixed disease on Harley's closing life?
What murdered Wentworth, and what exiled
Hyde,

By kings protected, and to kings allied?
What but their wish indulged in courts to shine,

And power too great to keep or to resign?

When first the college rolls receive his name,

The young enthusiast quits his case for fame; Resistless burns the fever of renown,

Caught from the strong contagion of the gown;

O'er Bodley's dome his future labors spread, And Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head. Are these thy views? Proceed, illustrious youth,

And virtue guard thee to the throne of truth!

Yet should thy soul indulge the generous he Till captive science yields her last retreat: Should reason guide thee with her bright ray,

And pour on misty doubt resistless day;
Should no false kindness lure to loose delig
Nor praise relax, nor difficulty fright;
Should tempting novelty thy cell refrain,
And sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain;
Should beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart
Nor claim the triumph of a lettered heart
Should no disease the torpid veins invade,
Nor melancholy's phantoms haunt thy sha
Yet hope not life from grief or danger free
Nor think the doom of man reversed for the
Deign on the passing world to turn the
eyes,

And pause awhile from letters to be wise; There mark what ills the scholar's life ass Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail. See nations, slowly wise and meanly just, To buried merit raise the tardy bust. If dreams yet flatter, yet again attend, Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end.

Nor deem, when learning her last probestows,

The glittering eminence exempt from foes See, when the vulgar 'scapes, despised awed,

Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud. From meaner minds though smaller fincontent,

The plundered palace or sequestered rent, Marked out by dangerous parts, he meets shock,

And fatal learning leads him to the block: Around his tomb let art and genius weep. But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear a sleep.

The festal blazes, the triumphant show.

The ravished standard, and the captive for

The senate's thanks, the gazette's pomptale,

With force resistless o'er the brave prevaing Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia which For such the steady Roman shook the work For such in distant lands the Britons ship And stain with block the Danube or Rhine;



THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

This power has praise, that virtue scarce can warm

Till fame supplies the universal charm.
Yet reason frowns on war's unequal game,
Where wasted nations raise a single name;
And mortgaged states their grandsire's wreaths
regret,

From age to age in everlasting debt; Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right convey

To rust on medals, or on stones decay.

On what foundation stands the warrior's 'pride,

How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide: .

A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labors tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquered lord of pleasure and of pain;
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
Behold surrounding kings their powers combine,

And one capitulate, and one resign;
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms
in vain;

"Think nothing gained," he cries, "till naught remain,

On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the polar sky!"
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait;
Stern famine guards the solitary coast,
And winter barricades the realms of frost;
He comes, nor want nor cold his course delay;—

Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa's day:
The vanquished hero leaves his broken bands,
And shows his miseries in distant lands;
Condemned a needy suppliant to wait,
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
But did not chance at length her error mend?
Did no subverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
His fall was destined to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,

To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

All times their scenes of pompous wo afford,

From Persia's tyrant to Bavaria's lord.
In gay hostility and barbarous pride,
With half mankind embattled at his side,
Great Xerxes comes to seize the certa
prey,

And starves exhausted regions in his way; Attendant flattery counts his myriads o'er, Till counted myriads soothe his pride : more;

Fresh praise is tried till madness fires h mind,

The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind,

New powers he claims, new powers are st bestowed,

Till rude resistance lops the spreading god.
The daring Greeks deride the martial show
And heap their valleys with the gaudy foe
The insulted sea with humbler thought I
gains,

A single skiff to speed his flight remains; The encumbered oar scarce leaves the dreads coast

Through purple billows and a floating host.

The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour,
Tries the dread summits of Casarean powe
With unexpected legions bursts away,
And sees defenceless realms receive his sway
Short sway! fair Austria spreads her mouri
ful charms,

The queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms From hill to hill the beacon's rousing blaze Spreads wide the hope of plunder and c praise;

The fierce Croatian and the wild Hussar,
With all the sons of ravage crowd the war;
The baffled prince, in honor's flattering bloom
Of hasty greatness, finds the fatal doom,
His foee' derision, and his subjects' blame,
And steals to death from anguish and from
shame.

"Enlarge my life with multitude of days! In health, in sickness, thus the suppliar prays;

Hides from himself its state, and shuns t know

That life protracted is protracted wow.

Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
And shuts up all the passages of joy.
In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,
The fruit autumnal and the vernal flower;
With listless eyes the dotard views the store,
He views, and wonders that they please
no more;

Now pall the tasteless meats, and joyless wines,

And luxury with sighs her slave resigns.

Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,

Diffuse the tuneful lenitives of pain:
No sounds, alas! would touch the impervious
ear,

Though dancing mountains witnessed Orpheus near;

Nor lute nor lyre his feebler powers attend,
Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend;
But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,
Perversely grave, or positively wrong.
The still returning tale, and lingering jest
Perplex the fawning niece and pampered
guest,

While growing hopes scarce awe the gathering sneer,

And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear;
The watchful guests still hint the last offence;
The daughter's petulance, the son's expense;
Improve his heady rage with treacherous skill,
And mould his passions till they make his
will.

Unnumbered maladies his joints invade,
Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade;
But unextinguished avarion still remains,
And dreaded losses aggravate his pains;
He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,

His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands; Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes, Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.

But grant, the virtues of a temperate prime Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime;

An age that melts with unperceived decay,
And glides in modest innocence away;
Whose peaceful day benevolence endears,
Whose night congratulating conscience
cheers;

The general favorite as the general friend; Such age there is, and who shall wish its end

Yet even on this her load misfortune fling. To press the weary minutes' flagging wire. New sorrow rises as the day returns, A sister sickens, or a daughter mourus: Now kindred merit fills the sable bicr, Now lacerated friendship claims a tear; Year chases year, decay pursues decay, Still drops some joy from withering heavy;

New forms arise, and different views engage,

Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage, Till pitying nature signs the last release, And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.

But few there are whom hours like the await,

Who set unclouded in the gulfs of fate.

From Lydia's monarch should the search descend,

By Solon cautioned to regard his end, In life's last scene what prodigies surprise, Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise: From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dota flow,

And Swift expires a driveler and a show!

The teeming mother, anxious for her rac Begs for each birth the fortune of a face; Yet Vane could tell what ills from beau spring;

And Sedley cursed the form that pleased king.

Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes,
Whom pleasure keeps too busy to be wise;
Whom joys with soft varieties invite,
By day the frolic, and the dance by night;
Who frown with vanity, who smile with art,

And ask the latest fashion of the heart; What care, what rules, your heedless chars shall save,

Each nymph your rival, and each youth you slave?

Against your fame with fondness hate conbines,

The rival batters, and the lover mines:

With distant voice neglected virtue calls, Less heard and less, the faint remonstrance falls;

Fired with contempt, she quits the slippery reign,

And pride and prudence take her seat in vain.

In crowd at once, where none the pass lefend,

The harmless freedom, and the private friend;
The guardians yield, by force superior plied:
To interest, prudence; and to flattery, pride.
Here beauty falls betrayed, despised, distressed,

And hissing infamy proclaims the rest.

Where then shall hope and fear their objects find?

Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?

Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?
Inquirer, cease; petitions yet remain
Which heaven may hear, nor deem religion
vain.

Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to heaven the measure and the choice.

Safe in His power whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious prayer,
Implore His aid, in His decisions rest,
Secure, whate'er He gives, He gives the best.
Yet, when the sense of secret presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervors for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resigned;
For love, which scarce collective man can
fill;

For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill;
For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind nature's signal of retreat.
These goods for man the laws of heaven ordain;

These goods he grants, who grants the power to gain;

With these celestial wisdom calms the mind, And makes the nappmess she does not find.

SAMURE SURRECH.

HENCE ALL YOU VAIN DELIGHTS.

Hence all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly!
There's naught in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see 't,
But only melancholy;
Oh sweetest melancholy!

Welcome folded arms and fixed eyes,
A sigh that, piercing, mortifies,
A look that 's fastened to the ground,
A tongue chained up without a sound!
Fountain heads and pathless groves;
Places which pale passion loves;
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed, save bats and owls;

A midnight bell, a parting groan— These are the sounds we feed upon; Then stretch our bones in a still gloom; valley.

Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

SONG.

Down lay in a nook my lady's brach And said, my feet are sore; I cannot follow with the pack A-hunting of the boar.

And though the horn sounds never so clear With the hounds in loud uproar,
Yet I must stop and lie down here,
Because my feet are sore.

The huntsman, when he heard the same, What answer did he give?
The dog that's lame is much to blame, He is not fit to live.

HENRY TAYLOR

DEJECTION: AN ODE,

Late, late yestreen I saw the new moon, With the old moon in her arm; And I fear, I fear, my master dear! We shall have a deadly storm.

BALLAD OF SIR PATRICE SPENCE.

I.

Well! if the bard was weather-wise, who made

The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence, This night, so tranquil now, will not go hence

Unroused by winds that ply a busier trade
Than those which mould you cloud in lazy
flakes,

Or the dull sobbing draft that moans and rakes

Upon the strings of the Eolian lute, Which better far were mute.

For lo! the new-moon, winter-bright,

And overspread with phantom light—

With swimming phantom light o'erspread,

But rimmed and circled by a silver thread!

I see the old moon in her lap, foretelling

The coming on of rain and squally blast.

And oh! that even now the gust were swell-

And the slant night-shower driving loud and fast!

Those sounds, which oft have raised me whilst they awed,

And sent my soul abroad,

Might now perhaps their wonted impulse give—

Might startle this dull pain, and make it move and live.

II.

A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear—
A stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief,
Which finds no natural outlet, no relief,
In word, or sigh, or tear—
O lady! in this wan and heartless mood,
To other thoughts by yonder throstle wooed,
All this long eve, so balmy and serene,
Have I been gazing on the western sky,
And its peculiar time of yellow green;
And still I gaze—and with how blank an eyel

And those thin clouds above, in flakes and bars,

That give away their motion to the stars— Those stars, that glide behind them or between,

Now sparkling, now bedinned, but always seen—

You crescent moon, as fixed as if it grew In its own cloudless, starless lake of blue: I see them all so excellently fair— I see, not feel, how beautiful they are!

III.

My genial spirits fail;
And what can these avail
To lift the smothering weight from off my

within.

It were a vain endeavor,
Though I should gaze forever
On that green light that lingers in the west;
I may not hope from outward forms to win
The passion and the life whose fountains are

IV.

O lady! we receive but what we give, And in our life alone does nature live; Ours is her wedding-garment, ours be shroud!

And would we aught behold of higher worth

Than that inanimate cold world allowed To the poor, loveless, ever-anxious crowd— Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth

A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud

Enveloping the earth;
And from the soul itself must there be sent

A sweet and potent voice of its own birth Of all sweet sounds the life and element!

۲.

O pure of heart! thou need'st not ask of me What this strong music in the soul may be— What, and wherein it doth exist— This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist

This beautiful and beauty-making power.

Joy, virtuous lady! Joy that ne'er war given

Save to the pure, and in their purest hour-Life, and life's effluence. cloud at once shower J, lady, is the spirit and the power Thich, wedding nature to us, gives in dower A new earth and new heaven,

indreamt of by the sensual and the proud oy is the sweet voice, joy the luminous cloud—

We in ourselves rejoice!
I thence flows all that charms our

nd thence flows all that charms our ear or sight-

All melodies the echoes of that voice, Il colors a suffusion from that light.

VI.

here was a time when, though my path was rough,

This joy within me dallied with distress; and all misfortunes were but as the stuff

Whence fancy made me dreams of happiness.

or hope grew round me like the twining vine;

and fruits and foliage, not my own, seemed mine.

int now afflictions bow me down to earth, for care I that they rob me of my mirth;

But oh! each visitation

isspends what nature gave me at my birth,
My shaping spirit of imagination.

for not to think of what I needs must feel, But to be still and patient, all I can;

and haply by abstruse research to steal

From my own nature all the natural man— This was my sole resource, my only plan; fill that which suits a part infects the whole, and now is almost grown the babit of my

soul.

VII.

Hence, viper thoughts, that coil around my mind-

Reality's dark dream!

turn from you, and listen to the wind,

Which long has raved unnoticed. What a scream

Magony, by torture lengthened out,

that lute sent forth! Thou wind, that ravest without!

Bare crag, or mountain-tairn, or blasted tree.

br pine-grove whither woodman never clomb, br lonely house, long held the witches' home,

Methinks were fitter instruments for thee, Mad lutanist! who, in this month of showers, Of dark brown gardens, and of peeping flowers,

Mak'st devils' yule, with worse than wintry song,

The blossoms, buds, and timorous leaves among!

Thou actor, perfect in all tragic sounds! Thou mighty poet, e'en to frenzy bold!

What tell'st thou now about?

'T is of the rushing of a host in rout,

With groans of trampled men, with smarting wounds—

At once they groan with pain, and shudder with the cold.

But bark! there is a pause or deepest allence! And all that noise, as of a rushing crowd,

With groans, and tremulous shudderings—all is over—

It tells another tale, with sounds less deep and loud;

A tale of less affright,

And tempered with delight,

As Otway's self had framed the tender lay:

'T is of a little child

Cpon a lonesome wild-

Not far from home, but she hath lost her way;

And now moans low in bitter grief and fear-

And now acreams loud, and hopes to make her mother hear.

YIII.

'T is midnight, but small thoughts have I of sleep;

Full seldom may my friend such vigile keep!

Visit her, gentle sleep, with wings of healing!

And may this storm be but a mountainbirth;

May all the stars hang bright above her dwelling,

Silent as though they watched the sleeping earth!

With light heart may she rise, Gay tency, cheertal eye-

Joy lift her spirit, joy attune her voice!

To her may all things live, from pole to pole—
Their life the eddying of her living soul!

O simple spirit, guided from above!

Dear lady! friend devoutest of my choice!

Thus mayest thou ever, evermore rejoice.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLUMNIDGE.

SIR MARMADUKE.

Good man! old man!

He's painted standing bolt upright,

With his hose rolled over his knee;

His periwig's as white as chalk,

And on his fist he holds a hawk;

And he looks like the head

Of an ancient family.

His dining-room was long and wide—
Good man! old man!
His spaniels lay by the fireside;
And in other parts, d'ye see,
Cross-bows, tobacco pipes, old hats,
A saddle, his wife, and a litter of cats;
And he looked like the head
Of an ancient family.

He never turned the poor from the gate—
Good man! old man!
But was always ready to break the pate
Of his country's enemy.
What knight could do a better thing
Than serve the poor, and fight for his king?
And so may every head
Of an ancient family.

George Colman, "the younger."

I AM A FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY.

I AM a friar of orders gray,
And down in the valleys I take my way;
I pull not blackberry, haw, or hip—
Good store of venison fills my scrip;
My long bead-roll I merrily chant;
Where'er I walk no money I want,

And why I'm so plump the reason I to Who leads a good life is sure to live what baron or squire,
Or knight of the shire,
Lives half so well as a holy

After supper of heaven I dream,
But that is a pullet and clouted crear
Myself, by denial, I mortify—
With a dainty bit of a warden pie;
I'm clothed in sackcloth for my sin—
With old sack wine I'm lined within
A chirping cup is my matin song,
And the vesper's bell is my bowl, ding
What baron or squire,
Or knight of the shire,
Lives half so well as a holy

Joseph O'K.

THE AGE OF WISDOM.

Ho! pretty page, with the dimpled chir That never has known the barber's sl All your wish is woman to win; This is the way that boys begin— Wait till you come to forty year.

Curly gold locks cover foolish brains;
Billing and cooing is all your cheer—
Sighing, and singing of midnight strains
Under Bonnybell's window panes—
Wait till you come to forty year.

Forty times over let Michaelmas pass; Grizzling hair the brain doth clear; Then you know a boy is an ass, Then you know the worth of a lass— Once you have come to forty year.

Pledge me round; I bid ye declare,
All good fellows whose beards are gra
Did not the fairest of the fair
Common grow and wearisome ere
Ever a month was past away?

The reddest lips that ever have kissed,

The brightest eyes that ever have sho
May pray and whisper and we not list.

Or look away and never be missed
Ere yet ever a month is gono.

's dead! God rest her bier—
I loved her twenty years syne!
's married; but I sit here,
and merry at forty year,
ping my nose in the Gascon wine.

WILLIAM MAKEPRACE THACKERAY.

TO PERILLA.

y Perilla! dost thou grieve to see y by day, to steal away from thee? alls me hence, and my gray hairs bid come, aste away to mine eternal home:

not be long, Perilla, after this must give thee the supremest kiss. when I am, first cast in salt, and bring f the cream from that religious spring, which, Perilla, wash my hands and feet; lone, then wind me in that very sheet wrapped thy smooth limbs when thou didst implore ds' protection, but the night before; me weeping to my turf, and there

didst implore
ds' protection, but the night before;
me weeping to my turf, and there
l a primrose, and with it a tear.
astly, let some weekly strewings be
d to the memory of me;
shall my ghost not walk about, but

the cool and silent shades of sleep.

ROBERT HERRIGE.

THE ONE GRAY HAIR.

The wisest of the wise
Listen to pretty lies,
And love to hear them told;
Doubt not that Solomon
Listened to many a one—
in his youth, and more when he grew
old.

I never sat among
The choir of wisdom's song,
But pretty lies loved I
As much as any king—
When youth was on the wing,
nust it then be told?) when youth had
quite gone by.

Alas! and I have not
The pleasant hour forgot,
When one pert lady said—
"O, Landor! I am quite
Bewildered with affright;
I see (sit quiet now!) a white hair on your head!"

Another, more benign,
Drew out that hair of mine,
And in her own dark hair
Pretended she had found
That one, and twirled it round.
Fair as she was, she never was so fair.
WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

THE LAST LEAF.

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door;
And again
The pavement-stones resound
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
So forlorn;
And he shakes his feeble head.
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said— Poor old lady! she is dead Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the anow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff;
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin

For me to sit and a

At him here,

But the old three-c

And the breeches—

Are so queer!

And if I should live
The last leaf upon th
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLICE.

MEMORY.

I'ms mother of the muses, we are taught, is memory; she has left me; they remain, And shake my shoulder, urging me to sing About the summer days, my loves of old. "Alas! alas!" is all I can reply.

Memory has left with me that name alone, Harmonious name, which other bards may sing,

But her bright image in my darkest hour Comes back, in vain comes back, called or uncalled.

Forgotten are the names of visitors
Ready to press my hand but yesterday;
Forgotten are the names of earlier friends
Whose genial converse and glad countenance
Are fresh as ever to mine ear and eye;
To these, when I have written, and besought
Remembrance of me, the word "Dear" alone
Hangs on the upper verge, and waits in vain.
A blessing wert thou, O oblivion,

If thy stream carried only weeds away
But vernal and autumnal flowers align
It burries down to wither on the street
Watten Bayang L

WAITING BY THE GATE

Brance a massive gateway built up i

Tpon whose top the clouds in eternal t

Thile streams the evening sunshing wood and lea,

stand and calmly wait till the hing for me.

be tree tops faintly rustle benefit breeze's flight,

the night;

hear the woodthrush piping one a descant more,

And scent the flowers that blow wh heat of day is o'er.

Behold the portals open, and o'er the old, now,

There steps a weary one with a pale a rowed brow;

His count of years is full, his allotted wrought;

He passes to his rest from a place that him not.

In sadness then I ponder how quickle the hour

Of human strength and action, man's c and his power.

I muse while still the woodthrush sing the golden day,

And as I look down and listen the wears away.

Again the hinges turn, and a youth, ing, throws

A look of longing backward, and sor ly goes;

A blooming maid, unbinding the ros ber hair,

Moves mournfully away from sand young and fair.

- n glory of our race that so suddenly decays! n crimson flash of morning that darkens as we gaze!
- 1 breath of summer blossoms that on the restless air
- atters a moment's sweetness and flies, we know not where!
- rieve for life's bright promise, just shown and then withdrawn;
- at still the sun shines round me; the evening bird sings on,
- d I again am soothed, and, beside the ancient gate,
- this soft evening sunlight, I calmly stand and wait.
- ce more the gates are opened; an infant group go out,
- e sweet smile quenched forever, and stilled the sprightly shout.
- frail, frail tree of life, that upon the greensward strows
- fair young buds unopened, with every wind that blows!
- some from every region, so enter, side by side,
- strong and faint of spirit, the meek and men of pride,
- ps of earth's great and mighty, between those pillars gray,
- I prints of little feet, mark the dust along the way.
- I some approach the threshold whose looks are blank with fear,
- l some whose temples brighten with joy in drawing near,
- if they saw dear faces, and caught the gracious eye
- im, the sinless teacher, who came for us to die.
- irk the joy, the terror; yet these, within my heart,
- neither wake the dread nor the longing to depart;
- , in the sunshine streaming on quiet wood and lea,
- and and calmly wait till the hinges turn for me.

WILLIAM CULLEN BEYANT.

THE END OF THE PLAY.

The play is done—the curtain drops,
Slow falling to the prompter's bell;
A moment yet the actor stops,
And looks around, to say farewell.
It is an irksome word and task;
And, when he 's laughed and said his say,
He shows, as he removes the mask,
A face that 's any thing but gay.

One word, ere yet the evening ends—
Let's close it with a parting rhyme;
And pledge a hand to all young friends,
As fits the merry Christmas time;
On life's wide scene you, too, have parts.
That fate ere long shall bid you play;
Good-night!—with honest gentle hearts
A kindly greeting go alway!

Good-night!—I'd say the griefs, the joys.

Just hinted in this mimic page,

The triumphs and defeats of boys,

Are but repeated in our age;

I'd say your woes were not less keen,

Your hopes more vain, than those of men

Your pangs or pleasures of fifteen

At forty-five played o'er again.

I'd say we suffer and we strive

Not less nor more as men than boys—
With grizzled beards at forty-five,
As erst at twelve in corduroys;
And if, in time of sacred youth,
We learned at home to love and pray,
Pray heaven that early love and truth
May never wholly pass away.

And in the world, as in the school,

I'd say how fate may change and shift—
The prize be sometimes with the fool,

The race not always to the swift;

The strong may yield, the good may fall,

The great man be a vulgar clown,

The knave be lifted over all,

The kind cast pitilessly down.

Who knows the inscrutable design?

Blessed be He who took and gave!

Why should your mother, Charles, not mino,

Be weeping at her darling's grave?

We bow to heaven that willed it so, That darkly rules the fate of all, That sends the respite or the blow, That's free to give or to recall.

This crowns his feast with wine and wit—
Who brought him to that mirth and state?
His betters, see, below him sit,
Or hunger hopeless at the gate.
Who bade the mud from Dives' wheel
To spurn the rags of Lazarus?
Come, brother, in that dust we'll kneel,
Confessing heaven that ruled it thus.

So each shall mourn, in life's advance,
Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely killed—
Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance,
And longing passion unfulfilled.
Amen!—whatever fate be sent,
Pray God the heart may kindly glow,
Although the head with cares be bent,
And whitened with the winter snow.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,

Let young and old accept their part,

And bow before the awful will,

And bear it with an honest heart.

Who misses, or who wins the prize—

Go, lose or conquer as you can;

But if you fail, or if you rise,

Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

A gentleman, or old or young!

(Bear kindly with my humble lays;)

The sacred chorus first was sung

Upon the first of Christmas days;

The shepherds heard it overhead—

The joyful angels raised it then:

Glory to heaven on high, it said,

And peace on earth to gentle men!

My song, save this, is little worth;
I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish you health, and love, and mirth,
As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.
As fits the holy Christmas birth,
Be this, good friends, our carol still—
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
To men of gentle will.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

TIME'S CURE.

Mourn, O rejoicing heart!

The hours are flying;
Each one some treasure takes,
Each one some blossom breaks,
And leaves it dying;
The chill, dark night draws near
The sun will soon depart,
And leave thee sighing,
Then mourn, rejoicing heart!
The hours are flying!

Rejoice, O grieving heart!

The hours fly fast—
With each some sorrow dies,
With each some shadow flies;
Until at last
The red dawn in the east
Bids weary night depart,
And pain is past;
Rejoice then grieving heart!
The hours fly fast!

AHOH

A PETITION TO TIME.

Touch us gently, time!

Let us glide adown thy stream
Gently—as we sometimes glide
Through a quiet dream.

Humble voyagers are we,
Husband, wife, and children three
(One is lost—an angel, fled
To the azure overhead!)

Touch us gently, time!
We've not proud nor soaring with Our ambition, our content,
Lies in simple things.
Humble voyagers are we,
O'er life's dim, unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime;
Touch us gently, gentle time!

BARRY CORN

SONG.

Time is a feathered thing,
And whilst I praise
The sparklings of thy looks, and call them
rays,
Takes wing—
Leaving behind him, as he flies,
An unperceived dimness in thine eyes.

His minutes, whilst they are told,
Do make us old;
And every sand of his fleet glass,
Increasing age as it doth pass,
Insensibly sows wrinkles here,
Where flowers and roses did appear.

Whilst we do speak, our fire
Doth into ice expire;
Flames turn to frost;
And ere we can
Know how our crow turns swan,
Or how a silver snow
Springs there where jet did grow,
Our fading spring is in dull winter lost.
Anoxymous.

THERE ARE GAINS FOR ALL OUR LOSSES.

There are gains for all our losses—
There are balms for all our pain;
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

We are stronger and are better,
Under manhood's sterner reign;
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth, with flying feet,
And will never come again.

Something beautiful has vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain;
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth, and in the air,
But it never comes again.
RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

SONNET.

Sad is our youth, for it is ever going,
Crumbling away beneath our very feet;
Sad is our life, for onward it is flowing
In current unperceived, because so fleet;
Sad are our hopes, for they were sweet in sowing—

But tares, self-sown, have overtopped the wheat;

Sad are our joys, for they were sweet in blowing—

And still, oh still, their dying breath is sweet; And sweet is youth, although it hath bereft us

Of that which made our childhood sweeter still;

And sweet is middle life, for it hath left us
A nearer good to cure an older ill;
And sweet are all things, when we learn to
prize them

Not for their sake, but His who grants them or denies them!

AUBRRY DE VERE.

THE SOUL'S DEFIANCE.

I said to sorrow's awful storm,

That beat against my breast,
Rage on!—thou may'st destroy this form,

And lay it low at rest;
But still the spirit that now brooks

Thy tempest, raging high,
Undaunted on its fury looks,

With steadfast eye.

I said to penury's meagre train,
Come on! your threats I brave;
My last poor life-drop you may drain,
And crush me to the grave;
Yet still the spirit that endures
Shall mock your force the while,
And meet each cold, cold grasp of yours
With bitter smile.

I said to cold neglect and scorn,
Pass on! I heed you not;
Ye may pursue me till my form
And being are forgot;

Yet still the spirit which you see Undaunted by your wiles. Draws from its own nobility Its high-born smiles.

I said to friendship's menaced blow,
Strike deep! my heart shall bear;
Thou canst but add one bitter woe
To those already there;
Yet still the spirit that sustains
This last severe distress,
Shall smile upon its keenest pains,
And scorn redress.

I said to death's uplifted dart,
Aim sure! oh, why delay?
Thou wilt not find a fearful heart—
A weak, reluctant prey;
For still the spirit, firm and free,
Unruffled by this last dismay,
Wrapt in its own eternity,
Shall pass away.

LAYINIA STODDARD.

MUTABILITY.

The flower that smiles to-day

To-morrow dies;
All that we wish to stay

Tempts, and then flies;
What is this world's delight?
Lightning that mocks the night,
Brief even as bright.

Virtue, how frail it is!

Friendship too rare!

Love, how it sells poor bliss

For proud despair!

But we, though soon they fall,

Survive their joy, and all

Which ours we call.

Whilst skies are blue and bright,
Whilst flowers are gay,
Whilst eyes that change ere night
Make glad the day,
Whilst yet the calm hours creep,
Dream thou! and from thy sleep
Then wake to weep.

PEROY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

STANZAS.

That opens to the morning sky,
But, ere the shades of evening clos
Is scattered on the ground—to of
Yet on the rose's humble bed
The sweetest dews of night are shades are shades are shades at the same and the same are shades are sh

My life is like the autumn leaf

That trembles in the moon's pal
Its hold is frail—its date is brief,
Restless—and soon to pass awa
Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fal
The parent tree will mourn its sh
The winds bewail the leafless tree
But none shall breathe a sigh for

My life is like the prints which for Have left on Tampa's desert state Soon as the rising tide shall beat, All trace will vanish from the Yet, as if grieving to efface All vestige of the human race, On that lone shore loud moans the But none, alas! shall mourn for the Richard Herry

NO MORE.

My wind has turned to bitter nort

That was so soft a south before;
My sky, that shone so sunny bright
With foggy gloom is clouded o'e
My gay green leaves are yellow-bl
Upon the dank autumnal floor;
For love, departed once, comes bat
No more again, no more.

A roofless ruin lies my home,
For winds to blow and rains to
One frosty night befell—and lo!
I find my summer days are o'er.
The heart bereaved, of why and h
Unknowing, knows that yet bef
It had what e'en to memory now
Returns no more, no more.

ARTHUR HUGH

80NG.

On say not that my heart is cold

To aught that once could warm it—
That nature's form, so dear of old,

No more has power to charm it;
Or that the ungenerous world car chill

One glow of fond emotion
For those who made it dearer still,

And shared my wild devotion.

In rapt and dreamy sadness—
Oft look on those who loved them too,
With fancy's idle gladness;
Again I longed to view the light
In nature's features glowing,
Again to tread the mountain's height,
And taste the soul's o'erflowing.

Stern duty rose, and, frowning, flung
His leaden chain around me;
With iron look and sullen tongue
He muttered as he bound me:
"The mountain breeze, the boundless heaven,
Unfit for toil the creature;
These for the free alone are given—
But what have slaves with nature?"
CHARLES WOLFE.

ODE TO DUTY.

O duty! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove—
Thou, who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe;
From vain temptations dost set free,
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them; who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth:
Glad hearts! without reproach or blot,
Who do thy work, and know it not;

Long may the kindly impulse last!
But thou, if they should totter, teach them
to stand fast!

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed;
Yet find that other strength, according to
their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried,
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust;
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task, in smoother walks to stray;
But thee I now would serve more strictly,
if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control,
But in the quietness of thought;
Me this unchartered freedom tires;
I feel the weight of chance desires,
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we any thing so fair
As is the smile upon thy face;
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through
thee, are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful power!
I call thee: I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
Oh, let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of truth thy bondman let
me live!

WILLIAM WORDSWINE

WHY THUS LONGING.

Why thus longing, thus for ever sighing, For the far-off, unattained and dim, While the beautiful, all round thee lying, Offers up its low, perpetual hymn?

Wouldst thou listen to its gentle teaching,
All thy restless yearnings it would still;
Leaf and flower and laden bee are preaching
Thine own sphere, though humble, first to
fill.

Poor indeed thou must be, if around thee
Thou no ray of light and joy canst throw—
If no silken cord of love hath bound thee
To some little world through weal and woe;

If no dear eyes thy fond love can brighten— No fond voices answer to thine own; If no brother's sorrow thou canst lighten, By daily sympathy and gentle tone.

Not by deeds that win the crowd's applauses,
Not by works that give thee world-renown,
Not by martyrdom or vaunted crosses,
Canst thou win and wear the immortal
crown.

Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely, Every day a rich reward will give; Thou wilt find, by hearty striving only, And truly loving, thou canst truly live.

Dost thou revel in the rosy morning,
When all nature hails the lord of light,
And his smile, the mountain-tops adorning,
Robes you fragrant fields in radiance
bright?

Other hands may grasp the field and forest,
Proud proprietors in pomp may shine;
But with fervent love if thou adorest,
Thou art wealthier—all the world is thine.

Yet if through earth's wide domains thou rovest,
Sighing that they art not thine alone,

Sighing that they art not thine alone, Not those fair fields, but thyself thou lovest, And their beauty, and thy wealth are gone.

Nature wears the color of the spirit;
Sweetly to her worshipper she sings;
All the glow, the grace she duth inherit,
Round her trusting child she fondly fi

LOSSES.

Upon the white sea-sand
There sat a pilgrim band,
Telling the losses that their lives had know
While evening waned away
From breezy cliff and bay,
And the strong tides went out with women.

One spake, with quivering lip,
Of a fair freighted ship,
With all his household to the deep gone do
But one had wilder woe—
For a fair face, long ago
Lost in the darker depths of a great tow

There were who mourned their y
With a most loving ruth,
For its brave hopes and memories ever gr
And one upon the west
Turned an eye that would not ree
For far-off hills whereon its joy had be

Some talked of vanished gold, Some of proud honors told, Some spake of friends that were their no more;

And one of a green grave
Beside a foreign wave,
That made him sit so lonely on the shore

But when their tales were done,
There spake among them one,
A stranger, seeming from all sorrow fre
"Sad losses have ye met,
But mine is heavier yet;
For a believing heart hath gone from m

"Alas!" these pilgrims said,
"For the living and the dead—
For fortune's cruelty, for love's sure cro
For the wrecks of land and sea!
But, however it came to thee,
Thine, stranger, is life's last and heaviest.

HUMAN FRAILTY.

and irresolute is man; purpose of to-day, n with pains into his plan, morrow rends away.

ow well bent, and smart the spring, e seems already slain; assion rudely snaps the string, I it revives again.

foe to his upright intent ds out his weaker part; engages his assent, pleasure wins his heart.

ere the folly of the wise ough all his art we view; while his tongue the charge denies, conscience owns it true.

l on a voyage of awful length i dangers little known, anger to superior strength, a vainly trusts his own.

reach the distant coast; reath of heaven must swell the sail, all the toil is lost.

WILLIAM COWPER

THE GOOD GREAT MAN.

dom, friend, a good great man inerits

- and wealth, with all his worth and ains!
- a story from the world of spirits any man obtains that which he serits,

y merits that which he obtains.

me, my friend! renounce this idle train! ouldst thou have a good great man btain?

Wealth, title, dignity, a golden chain,
Or heap of corses which his sword hath slain?
Goodness and greatness are not means, but
ends.

Hath he not always treasures, always friends, The great good man? Three treasures—love, and light,

And calm thoughts, equable as infant's breath;

And three fast friends, more sure than day or night—

Himself, his maker, and the angel death.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

SONNETS.

ON HIS BEING ARRIVED TO THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE.

How soon hath time, the subtle thief of youth,

Stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth year!

My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom
showeth.

Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,

That I to manhood am arrived so near;
And inward ripeness doth much less appear
That some more timely-happy spirits indn'th.

Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which time leads me, and the will
of heaven:

All is, if I have grace to use it so, As ever in my great task-master's eye.

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT.

Avence, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones

Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold!

Even them who kept thy truth so pare of old,

When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,

Forget not! in thy book record their groans Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold

Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that rolled

Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans

The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyred blood and
ashes sow

O'er all th' Italian fields, where still doth sway

The triple tyrant; that from these may grow

A hundred fold, who, having learned thy way,

Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

When I consider how my light is spent

Ere half my days, in this dark world and
wide,

And that one talent which is death to hide

Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent

To serve therewith my maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide—
"Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"

I fondly ask; but patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies: "God doth not
need

Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best

Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best; his state

Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without
rest;

They also serve who only stand and wait."

JOHN MILTON.

ROBIN HOOD.

No! those days are gone away,
And their hours are old and gray,
And their minutes buried all
Under the down-trodden pall
Of the leaves of many years;
Many times have winter's shears,
Frozen north, and chilling east
Sounded tempests to the feast
Of the forest's whispering fleeors,
Since men knew nor rent nor leas

No! the bugle sounds no more, And the twanging bow no more; Silent is the ivory shrill, Past the heath and up the hill; There is no mid-forest laugh, Where lone Echo gives the half To some wight amazed to hear, Jesting, deep in forest drear.

On the fairest time of June
You may go, with sun or moon,
Or the seven stars, to light you,
Or the polar ray to right you;
But you never may behold
Little John, or Robin bold—
Never one, of all the clan,
Thrumming on an empty can
Some old hunting ditty, while
He doth his green way beguile
To fair hostess merriment,
Down beside the pasture Trent;
For he left the merry tale,
Messenger for spicy ale.

Gone the merry morris din;
Gone the song of Gamelyn;
Gone the tough-belted outlaw.
Idling in the "greené shawe"—
All are gone away and past!
And if Robin should be cast
Sudden from his tufted grave,
And if Marian should have
Once again her forest days,
She would weep, and he would c
He would swear—for all his oaks
Fallen beneath the dock-yard str

Have rotted on the briny seas; She would weep that her wild bees Sang not to her—strange! that honey Can't be got without hard money!

Honor to the old bow-string!
Honor to the bugle horn!
Honor to the woods unshorn!
Honor to the Lincoln green!
Honor to the archer keen!
Honor to tight little John,
And the horse he rode upon!
Honor to bold Robin Hood,
Sleeping in the underwood!
Honor to maid Marian,
And to all the Sherwood clan!
Though their days have hurried by,
Let us two a burden try.

JOHN KRATS.

H! THE PLEASANT DAYS OF OLD!

- Et! the pleasant days of old, which so often people praise!
- rue, they wanted all the luxuries that grace our modern days:
- are floors were strewed with rushes—the walls let in the cold;
- h! how they must have shivered in those pleasant days of old!
- h! those ancient lords of old, how magnificent they were!
- hey threw down and imprisoned kings—to thwart them who might dare?
- hey ruled their serfs right sternly; they took from Jews their gold—
- bove both law and equity were those great lords of old!
- th! the gallant knights of old, for their valor so renowned!
- Fith sword and lance, and armor strong, they scoured the country round;
- met by wood or wold,
- y right of sword they seized the prizethose gallant knights of old!

- Oh! the gentle dames of old! who, quite free from fear or pain,
- Could gaze on joust and tournament, and see their champions slain;
- They lived on good beefsteaks and ale, which made them strong and bold—
- Oh! more like men than women were those gentle dames of old!
- Oh! those mighty towers of old! with their turrets, moat and keep,
- Their battlements and bastions, their dungeons dark and deep.
- Full many a baron held his court within the castle hold;
- And many a captive languished there, in those strong towers of old.
- Oh! the troubadours of old! with their gentle minstrelsie
- Of hope and joy, or deep despair, whiche'er their lot might be—
- For years they served their ladye-love ere they their passions told—
- Oh! wondrous patience must have had those troubadours of old!
- Oh! those blessed times of old! with their chivalry and state;
- I love to read their chronicles, which such brave deeds relate;
- I love to sing their ancient rhymes, to hear their legends told—
- But, heaven be thanked! I live not in those blessed times of old!

FRANCES BROWN.

THE WHITE ISLAND;

OR, PLACE OF THE BLEST.

In this world, the isle of dreams,
While we sit by sorrow's streams,
Tears and terrors are our themes,
Reciting;

But when once from hence we flie, More and more approaching nigh Unto young eternitie,

Vaiting

In that whiter island, where Things are evermore sincere— Candor here and lustre there Delighting.

There no monstrous fancies shall
Out of hell an horror call,
To create, or cause at all,
Affrighting;

There in calm and cooling sleep We our eyes shall never steep, But eternal watch shall keep,

Attending
Pleasures, such as shall pursue
Me immortalized, and you—
And fresh joys, as never to
Have ending.

ROBERT HERRICK.

THE HAPPY VALLEY.

I.

Ir was a valley filled with sweetest sounds;
A languid music haunted everywhere—
Like that with which a summer eve abounds,
From rustling corn, and song-birds calling
clear

Down sloping uplands, which some wood surrounds,

With tinkling rills just heard, but not too near;

And low of cattle on the distant plain, And peal of far-off bells—now caught, then lost again.

II.

It seemed like Eden's angel-peopled vale,
So bright the sky, so soft the streams did
flow;

Such tones came riding on the musk-winged gale

The very air seemed sleepily to blow;
And choicest flowers enamelled every dale,
Flushed with the richest sunlight's rosy
glow:

It was a valley drowsy with delight—
Such fragrance floated round, such beauty
dimmed the sight.

щ

The golden-belted bees hummed in the The tall silk grasses bent and along;

The trees slept in the steeping sun glare;

The dreamy river chimed its unders And took its own free course with care;

Amid the boughs did lute-tonged sters throng,

And the green valley throbbed beneath lays,

Which echo echo chased through m leafy maze.

IV.

And shapes were there, like spirits (flowers,

Sent down to see the summer be dress,

And feed their fragrant mouths with showers;

Their eyes peeped out from many a recess,

And their fair forms made light the thi bowers;

The very flowers seemed eager to ca Such living sisters; and the boughs, leaved,

Clustered to catch the sighs their pearl-f

٧.

One through her long loose hair was ward peeping,

Or throwing, with raised arm, the aside;

Another high a pile of flowers was head Or looking love-askance, and, who scried,

Her coy glance on the bedded green keeping;

She pulled the flowers to pieces, sighed—

Then blushed, like timid daybreak, wh dawn

Looks crimson on the night, and then a withdrawn.

VI.

One, with her warm and milk-white arms outspread,

On tip-toe tripped along a sun-lit glade— Walf turned the matchless sculpture of her head,

And half shook down her silken circling braid.

She seemed to float on air, so light she sped;

Her back-blown scarf an arched rainbow

made;

She skimmed the wavy flowers, as she passed by,

With fair and printless feet, like clouds along the sky.

VII.

One sat alone within a shady nook,
With wild-wood songs the lazy hours beguiling;

Or looking at her shadow in the brook,

Trying to frown—then at the effort smiling;

Her laughing eyes mocked every serious look;

T was as if Love stood at himself reviling, the threw in flowers, and watched them float away;

Then at her beauty looked, then sang a sweeter lay.

VIII.

Others on beds of roses lay reclined,

The regal flowers athwart their full lips
thrown,

And in one fragrance both their sweets combined,

As if they on the self-same stem had grown—

So close were rose and lip together twined,

A double flower that from one bud had

blown;

Till none could tell, so sweetly were they blended,

Where swelled the curving lip, or where the rose-bloom ended.

IX.

One, half asleep, crushing the twined flowers, Upon a velvet slope like Dian lay— Ntill as a lark that 'mid the daisies cowers; Her looped-up tunic, tossed in disarray, Showed rounded limbs too fair for earthly bowers;

They looked like roses on a cloudy day,
The warm white dulled amid the colder
green—

The flowers too rough a couch that lovely shape to screen.

I.

Some lay like Thetis' nymphs along the shore,

With ocean-pearl combing their golder locks,

And singing to the waves for evermore— Sinking, like flowers at eve, beside the rocks.

If but a sound above the muffled roar

Of the low waves was heard. In little

Others went trooping through the woode alleys,

Their kirtles glancing white, like streams is sunny valleys.

XI.

They were such forms as, imaged in the night,

Sail in our dreams across the heaven's steep blue,

When the closed lid sees visions streaming bright,

Too beautiful to meet the naked view— Like faces formed in clouds of silver light.

Women they were! such as the angel knew—

Such as the mammoth looked on ere he fled. Scared by the lovers' wings that streamed is sunset red.

THOMAS MILLER.

ARRANMORE.

O Arranmore, loved Arranmore,
How oft I dream of thee!
And of those days when by thy shore
I wandered young and free.
Full many a path I 've tried since then,
Through pleasure's flowery maze,

But ne'er could find the bliss again.

I felt in those sweet days.

How blithe upon the breezy cliffs
At sunny morn I've stood,
With heart as bounding as the skiffs
That danced along the flood!
Or when the western wave grew bright
With daylight's parting wing,
Have sought that Eden in its light
Which dreaming poets sing—

That Eden where th' immortal brave
Dwell in a land serene—
Whose bowers beyond
At sunset, oft are se.
Ah dream, too full of:
Those mausions o'er
Are like the hopes I b
As sunny and as vain

HONEST PO

Is there for honest po

Wha hangs his head, was:
The coward-slave, we pass him by;
We dare be poor for a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,

Our toils obscure, and a' that;

The rank is but the guinea's stamp—
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What the on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden grey, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine—
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that

You see you birkie ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that—
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He 's but a coof for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that;
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's about his might—
Guid faith, he mauna fa' that!

For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that;
The pith o' sense, and pride o' that
Are higher ranks than a' that

Then let us pray that come it ing,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the a'
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that.
When man to man, the warld to
Shall brothers be for a' that.
Romes I

CONTEMPLATE ALL THIS WO

The giant laboring in his youth;
Nor dream of human love and tru
dying nature's earth and lime;

Are breathers of an ampler day

For ever nobler ends. They say

The solid earth whereon we tread

In tracts of fluent heat began,
And grew to seeming random for
The seeming prey of cyclic storms
Till at the last arose the man—

Who throve and branched from clime to The herald of a higher race, And of himself in higher place, If so he types this work of time

Within himself, from more to more;
And crowned with attributes of t
Like glories, move his course, and
That life is not an idle ore,

But iron dug from central gloom,
And heated hot with burning fee.
And dipped in baths of hissing te
And battered with the shocks of door

To shape and use. Arise and fly
The reeling faun, the sensual feas
Move upward, working out the b
And let the ape and tiger die!

Auren Tee

IS IT COME?

ne? they said, on the banks of the ile,

ooked for the world's long-promised

but the strife of Egypt's toil, he desert's sand and the granite gray. e pyramid, temple, and treasured ad,

inly ask for her wisdom's plan; us of the tyrant's dread ere was hope when that day began.

dee came, with his starry lore, uilt up Babylon's crown and creed; ks were stamped on the Tigris shore igns which our sages scarce can read. nus' temple, and Nimrod's tower, le of the old east's empire spread ing faith and unquestioned power—ll, Is it come? the watcher said.

of the Persian's worshipped flame, cient bondage its splendor threw; ; on the west a sunrise came, Greece to her freedom's trust was 10;

ams to the utmost ages dear, uman gods, and with god-like men, el the far-off day seemed near, that looked through her laurels then.

ans conquered, and revelled too,
nor, and faith, and power, were gone;
er old Europe's darkness grew,
ve after wave, the Goth came on.
n was learning, the sword was law;
ople served in the oxen's stead;
some gleam the watcher saw,
remore, Is it come? they said.

seer that question caught, the din of life's fears and frets; d with letters, it toiled with thought, h schools and creeds which the rth forgets.

smen trifle, and priests deceive, aders barter our world away a to that golden promise cleave, Il, at times, Is it come? they say. The days of the nations bear no trace

Of all the sunshine so far foretold;

The cannon speaks in the teacher's place—

The age is weary with work and gold;

And high hopes wither, and memories wane,

On hearths and altars the fires are dead;

But that brave faith hath not lived in vain—

And this is all that our watcher said.

Frances Brows.

IF THAT WERE TRUE!

T is long ago,—we have toiled and traded, Have lost and fretted, have gained and grieved, Since last the light of that fond faith faded; But, friends—in its day—what we believed! The poets' dreams and the peasants' stories—Oh, never will time that trust renew! Yet they were old on the earth before us, And lovely tales,—had they been true!

Some spake of homes in the greenwood hid den,

Where age was fearless and youth was free—Where none at life's board seemed guests unbidden,

But men had years like the forest tree: Goodly and fair and full of summer, As lives went by when the world was new, Ere ever the angel steps passed from her,— Oh, dreamers and bards, if that were true!

Some told us of a stainless standard—
Of hearts that only in death grew cold,
Whose march was ever in freedom's van
guard,

And not to be stayed by steel or gold.

The world to their very graves was debtor—
The tears of her love fell there like dew;
But there had been neither slave nor fetter
This day in her realms, had that been true!

Our hope grew strong as the giant-slayer.

They told that life was an honest game,
Where fortune favored the fairest player,
And only the false found loss and blame—
That men were honored for gifts and graces,
And not for the prizes folly drew;
But there would be many a change of places.
In hovel and hall, if that were true!

Some said to our silent souls, What fear ye? And talked of a love not based on clay—Of faith that would neither wane nor weary, With all the dust of the pilgrim's day; They said that fortune and time were changers, But not by their tides such friendship grew; Oh, we had never been trustless strangers Among our people, if that were true!

And yet since the fairy time hath perished, With all its freshness, from hills and hearts, The last of its love, so vainly cherished, Is not for these days of schools and marts. Up, up! for the heavens still circle o'er us; There's wealth to win and there's work to do, There's a sky above, and a grave before us—And, brothers, beyond them all is true!

THE WORLD.

'T is all a great show,

The world that we're in—

None can tell when 't was finished,

None saw it begin;

Men wander and gaze through

Its courts and its halls,

Like children whose love is

The picture-hung walls.

There are flowers in the meadow,

There are clouds in the sky—
Songs pour from the woodland,

The waters glide by;

Too many, too many

For eye or for ear,

The sights that we see,

And the sounds that we hear.

A weight as of slumber
Comes down on the mind;
So swift is life's train
To its objects we 're blind;
I myself am but one
In the fleet-gliding show—
Like others I walk,
But know not where I go.

One saint to another
I heard say "How long?"
I listened, but naught more
I heard of his song;

The shadows are walking
Through city and plain—
How long shall the night
And its shadow remain?

How long ere shall shine,
In this glimmer of things,
The light of which prophet
In prophecy sings?
And the gates of that city
Be open, whose sun
No more to the west
Its circuit shall run!

Jours

BE PATIENT.

BE patient! oh, be patient! Put you against the earth;

Listen there how noiselessly the germ seed has birth—

How noiselessly and gently it upher little way,

Till it parts the scarcely broken groun the blade stands up in the day.

Be patient! oh, be patient! The general mighty thought

Must have their silent undergrowth underground be wrought;

But as sure as there's a power that the grass appear,

Our land shall be green with liber blade-time shall be here.

Be patient! oh, be patient!—go and the wheat ears grow—

So imperceptibly that ye can mark nor nor throe—

Day after day, day after day, till the fully grown,

And then again day after day, till the i field is brown.

Be patient! oh, be patient!—though; hopes are green,

The harvest fields of freedom shall be ed with sunny sheen.

Be ripening! — mature y lent way,

Till the whole broad land is tongue fire on freedom's harvest day!

THOMY

THERE BE THOSE.

to those who sow beside aters that in silence glide, ng no echo will declare footsteps ever wandered there.

oiseless footsteps pass away, tream flows on as yesterday; an it for a time be seen efactor there had been.

nink not that the seed is dead n in the lonely place is spread; s, it lives—the spring is nigh, oon its life shall testify.

silent stream, that desert ground, ore unlovely shall be found; attered flowers of simplest grace spread their beauty round the place.

oon or late a time will come witnesses, that now are dumb, grateful eloquence shall tell whom the seed, there scattered, fell.

BERNARD BARTON.

EACH AND ALL

chinks, in the field, you red-cloaked lown from the hill-top looking down; for that lows in the upland farm, and, lows not thine ear to charm; con, tolling his bell at noon, not that great Napoleon a horse, and lists with delight, his files sweep round you Alpine eight; west thou what argument to thy neighbor's creed has lent.

needed by each one—

is fair or good alone.

93

I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
I brought him home, in his nest, at even.
He sings the song, but it pleases not now;
For I did not bring home the river and sky:

He sang to my ear—they sang to my eye.

The delicate shells lay on the shore;
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave,
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam—
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore,
With the sun, and the sand, and the wild up
roar.

The lover watched his graceful maid,
As 'mid the virgin train she strayed;
Nor knew her beauty's best attire
Was woven still by the snow-white choir.
At last she came to his hermitage,
Like the bird from the woodlands to the cage;

The gay enchantment was undone—A gentle wife, but fairy none.

Then I said, "I covet truth;
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat—
I leave it behind with the games of youth."
As I spoke, beneath my feet
The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,
Running over the club-moss burrs;
I inhaled the violet's breath;
Around me stood the oaks and firs;
Pine-cones and acorns lay on the groundOver me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and of deity;
Again I saw, again I heard,
The rolling river, the morning bird;
Beauty through my senses stole—
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

BALPE WALDO EMERSON

THE LOST CHURCH.

In yonder dim and pathless wood
Strange sounds are heard at twilight hour,
And peals of solemn music swell
As from some minster's lofty tower.
From age to age those sounds are heard,
Borne on the breeze at twilight hour—
From age to age no foot hath found
A pathway to the minster's tower!

Late, wandering in that ancient wood,
As onward through the gloom I trod,
From all the woes and wrongs of earth
My soul ascended to its God.
When lo! in the hushed wilderness
I heard, far off, that solemn bell:
Still, heavenward as my spirit soared,
Wilder and sweeter rang the knell.

While thus in holy musings wrapt,

My mind from outward sense withdrawn,
Some power had caught me from the earth,
And far into the heavens upborne.

Methought a hundred years had passed
In mystic visions as I lay—
When suddenly the parting clouds
Scemed opening wide, and far away.

No midday sun its glory shed,

The stars were shrouded from my sight;
And lo! majestic o'er my head,

A minster shone in solemn light.

High through the lurid heavens it seemed

Aloft on cloudy wings to rise,

Till all its pointed turrets gleamed,

Far flaming, through the vaulted skies!

The bell with full resounding peal
Rang booming through the rocking tower;
No hand had stirred its iron tongue,
Slow swaying to the storm-wind's power.
My bosom beating like a bark
Dashed by the surging ocean's foam,
I trod with faltering, fearful joy
The mazes of the mighty dome.

A soft light through the oriel streamed Like summer moonlight's golden gloom, Far through the dusky arches gleamed, And filled with glory all the room. Pale sculptures of the sainted dead Seemed waking from their icy thrai And many a glory-circled head Smiled sadly from the storied wall.

Low at the altar's foot I knelt,

Transfixed with awe, and dumb with

For, blazoned on the vaulted roof,

Were heaven's fiercest glories sprea

Yet when I raised my eyes once more

The vaulted roof itself was gone—

Wide open was heaven's lofty door,

And every cloudy veil withdrawn!

What visions burst upon my soul,
What joys unutterable there
In waves on waves for ever roll
Like music through the pulseless ai
These never mortal tongue may tell:
Let him who fain would prove their
Pause when he hears that solemn kne
Float on the breeze at twilight hour
Ludwig Uhland (Graphrase of Sarah Helen Whitman.

THE GARDEN OF LOVE

I went to the garden of love, And saw what I never had seen; A chapel was built in the midst, Where I used to play on the green.

And "thou shalt not" writ over the So I turned to the garden of love That so many sweet flowers bore.

And I saw it was filled with grave And tomb-stones where flowers sh And priests in black gowns were their rounds,

And binding with briars my joys sires.

WILLIAM



THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

THE PROBLEM.

a church; I like a cowia prophet of the soul;
n my heart monastic aisles
to sweet strains, or pensive smiles;
it for all his faith can see,
I that cowled churchman be.
hould the vest on him allure
I could not on me endure?

om a vain or shallow thought rful Jove young Phidias brought; from lips of cunning fell rilling Delphic oracle; om the heart of nature rolled irdens of the bible old; anies of nations came, ne volcano's tongue of flame, m the burning core belownticles of love and woe; and that rounded Peter's dome. roined the aisles of Christian Rome, the in a sad sincerity; If from God he could not free; ilded better than he knowinscious stone to beauty grow.

st thou what wove you woodbird's ves, and feathers from her breast? # the fish outbuilt her shell. og with morn each annual cell? w the sacred pine-tree adds old leaves new myriads? and so grew these holy piles, love and terror laid the tiles. proudly wears the Parthenon,. best gem upon her zone; mrning opes with haste her lids a upon the pyramids; ngland's abbeys bends the sky, its friends, with kindred eye: t of thought's interior sphere wonders rose to upper air; ature gladly gave them place, ed them into her race, ranted them an equal date Andes and with Ararat.

These temples grew as grows the grass— Art might obey, but not surpass. The passive master lent his hand To the vast soul that o'er him planued; And the same power that reared the shrine Bestrode the tribes that knelt within. Ever the fiery Pentecost Girds with one flame the countless host, Trances the heart through chanting choirs And through the priest the mind inspires. The word unto the prophet spoken Was writ on tables yet unbroken; The word by seers or sibyls told, In groves of oak, or fanes of gold, Still floats upon the morning wind, Still whispers to the willing mind. One accent of the Holy Ghost The heedless world bath never lost, I know what say the fathers wise-The book itself before me lies-Old Chrysostom, best Augustine, And he who blent both in his line, The younger golden lips or mines-Taylor, the Shakespeare of divines; llis words are music in my car-I see his cowled portrait dear; And yet, for all his faith could see, I would not the good bishop be.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

BALPE WALDO EMERSON

Let not ambition muck their useful toil, Their homely joys and deatiny obscure: Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile, The short and simple annals of the poor.

GRAT.

My loved, my honored, much-respected friend!

No mercenary bard his homage pays;
With honest pride I scorn each solfish end,
My dearest meed a friend's esteem and
praise.

To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays.

The lowly train in life's sequestered scene,

The native feelings strong, the guileless ways—

What Aiken in a cottage would have been;
Ah! the his worth unknown, fer happies
there, I ween.

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;
The short'ning winter day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh,
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose.

The toil-worn cotter frae his labor goes—
This night his weekly moil is at an end—
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,

Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend; And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view.

Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant wee things, todlin, stacher thro'
To meet their dad wi' flichterin noise and glee.

His wee bit ingle blinkin' bonnilie,

His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's smile,

The lisping infant prattling on his knee,

Does a' his weary, carking cares beguile,

An' makes him quite forget his labor and
his toil.

Belyve the elder bairns come drappin' in—
At service out, amang the farmers roun';
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie
rin

A cannie errand to a neebor town.

Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her
ee,

Comes hame, perhaps, to show a braw new gown,

Or deposite her sair-won penny fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeigned, brothers and sisters meet,
An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers;
The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed
fleet;

Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears;
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years—
Anticipation forward points the view.
The mother, wi' her needle an' her sheers,

The mother, wi'her needle an'her sheers,

Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the

new;

The father mixes a' wi' admonition due:

Their masters' and their mistress mand

The younkers a' are warned to obe An' mind their labours wi' an eydent An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk An' oh! be sure to fear the Lord alw An' mind your duty, duly, morn at Lest in temptation's path ye gang as Implore his counsel and assisting they never sought in vain that so Lord aright!

But hark! a rap comes gently to the Jenny, wha kens the meaning o't Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the To do some errands, and convoy he The wily mother sees the conscious f Sparkle in Jenny's ee, and flush he Wi' heart-struck, anxious care, inquame,

While Jenny hafflins is afraid to sp Weel pleased the mother hears wild, worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome, Jenny brings his A strappan youth, he taks the seye;

Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill to The father cracks of horses, pleus kye;

The youngster's artless heart o'erflow:
But blate and laithfu', scarce can
have;

The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, ca What makes the youth sae bashfu' grave—

Weel pleased to think her bairn's r like the lave.

O happy love! where love like this i O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyo pare!

l've paced much this weary mortal r And sage experience bids me this d

If heaven a draught of heavenly spare,

One cordial in this melancholy value. The when a youthful, loving, modest In other's arms breathe out the ten Beneath the milk-white thorn the the evening gale.

wretch, a villain, lost to love and truth, can, with studied, sly, ensuaring art, tray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?

on his perjured arts! dissembling smooth!

e honor, virtue, conscience, all exiled?
ere no pity, no relenting ruth,

ints to the parents fondling o'er their child—

en paints the ruined maid, and their distraction wild?

now the supper crowns their simple board:

he halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food;

soup their only hawkie does afford, hat 'yout the hallan snugly chows her

dame brings forth, in complimental mood, p grace the lad, her weel-hained kebbuck fell,

aft he's pressed, and aft he ca's it good; he frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell ow 't was a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face
hey, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
he big ha'-bible, ance his father's pride:
bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
is lyart haffets wearin' thin and bare;
se strains that once did sweet in Zion
glide
e wales a portion with judicious care;

r chant their artless notes in simple guise; ney tune their hearts, by far the noblest

nd "Let us worship God!" he says with

solemn air.

aim;

Laps Dundee's wild, warbling measures

plaintive Martyrs, worthy o' the name;

be oble Elgin beets the heavenward flame—

respect to the heavenward flame—

respect to the heavenward flame—

respect to the heavenward flame—

The power, incensed, the pageant will of the pompone strain, the sacerdotal strain trills are tame;

But haply, in some cottage far apart.

The tickled ears no heart-felt raptures raise—

Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page:
How Abraham was the friend of God on high;

Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal bard did grouning lie
Beneath the stroke of heaven's avenging
ire;

Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme:

How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;

How he, who bore in heaven the second name,

Had not on earth whereon to lay his head; How his first followers and servants sped— The precepts sage they wrote to many a land;

How he, who lone in Patmos banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced
by heaven's command.

Then kneeling down to heaven's eternal king, The saint, the father, and the husband prays:

Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing"
That thus they all shall meet in future days;
There ever bask in uncreated rays,

No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear—
Together hymning their oreator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear,
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor religion's pride.

In all the pomp of method and of art,

When men display to congregations wide

Devotion's every grace except the heart!

The power, incensed, the pageant will desert,

The pompons strain, the sacerdotal stole;

But healty in some actions for every

May hear, well pleased, the language of the (The patriot's God peculiarly thou ar soul.

His friend, inspirer, guardian, and re

And in his book of life the inmates poor enroll.

The youngling cottagers retire to rest;
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to heaven the warm request

That he who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide—
But chiefly in their hearts with grace di-

vine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,

That makes her loved at home, revered abroad.

Princes and lords are but the breath of kings—
"An honest man's the noblest work of God;"

And, certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind.
What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,

Disguising oft the wretch of human kind, Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!

For whom my warmest wish to heaven is sent!

Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil

Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet

content!

And, oh! may heaven their simple lives prevent

From luxury's contagion weak and vile!
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their muchloved isle.

O thou! who poured the patriotic tide
That streamed through Wallace's undaunted
heart—

Who dared to pobly stem tyrannic pride, Or nobly die, the second glorious part(The patriot's God peculiarly thou ar His friend, inspirer, guardian, and re Oh never, never Scotia s rearm desert But still the patriot and the patriot In bright succession raise, her or and guard!

ROBERT

HALLOWED GROUND.

What's hallowed ground? Has eart!
Its maker meant not should be trod
By man, the image of his God
Erect and free.
Unscourged by superstition's rod
To bow the knee?

That's hallowed ground where, mour missed,

The lips repose our love has kissed:—
But where 's their memory's mansion
You churchyard 's bowers?
No! in ourselves their souls exist.

A part of ours.

A kiss can consecrate the ground Where mated hearts are mutual bound The spot where love's first links were That ne'er are riven,

Is hallowed, down to earth's profound And up to heaven!

For time makes all but true love old; The burning thoughts that then were Run molten still in memory's mould;

And will not cool
Until the heart itself be cold
In Lethe's pool.

What hallows ground where heroes s
'T is not the sculptured piles you head
In dews that heavens far distant wee
Their turf may bloom,
Or genii twine beneath the deep
Their coral tomb.

But strew his ashes to the wind. Whose sword or voice has served ma

dead whose glorious mind thine on high? hearts we leave behind t to die.

to fall for freedom's right? alone that lacks her light! ler sullies in heaven's sight word he draws:—alone ennoble fight? ble cause!

! and welcome war to brace , and rend heaven's reeking space! planted face to face, harging cheer, eath 's pale horse lead on the chase, still be dear.

our trophies where men kneel

1!—But heaven rebukes my zeal.

of truth and human weal,

l above!

from the sword's appeal

ace and love.

re!—the cherubim that join ad wings o'er devotion's shrine! und in vain, and temples shine, they are not; alone can make divine on's spot.

tions dost thou trust,
ous rites in domes august?
ring stones and metal's rust
the vaunt,
an bless one pile of dust
chime or chaunt.

; wood-worm mocks thee, man!
25—creeds themselves grow wan!
3 a dome of nobler span,
ple given
that bigots dare not ban—
ce is heaven!

ur-pictured nature's ceiling, noing the rapt spirit's feeling, imself to man revealing, rmonious spheres though unheard their pealing rtal ears. Fair stars! are not your beings pure?

Can sin, can death, your worlds obscure?

Else why so swell the thoughts at your

Aspect above?

Ye must be heavens that make us sure

Of heavenly love!

And in your harmony sublime
I read the doom of distant time:
That man's regenerate soul from crime
Shall yet be drawn,
And reason, on his mortal clime,
Immortal dawn.

What's hallowed ground? 'T is what gives birth

To sacred thoughts in souls of worth!—

Peace! independence! truth! go forth,

Earth's compass round;

And your high priesthood shall make earth All hallowed ground!

THOMAS CAMPBELL

THE HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught That serveth not another's will— Whose armor is his honest thought, And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death
Untied unto the worldly care
Of public fame or private breath!

Who envies none that chance doth raise, Or vice; who never understood How deepest wounds are given by praise Nor rules of state, but rules of good;

Who hath his life from humors freed, Whose conscience is his strong retreat; Whose state can neither flatterers feed, Nor ruin make accusers great;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a well-chosen book or friend:

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall—
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And, having nothing, yet hath all.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

MAN.

My God, I heard this day

That none doth build a stately habitation

But he that means to dwell therein.

What house more stately hath there been,

Or can be, than is man, to whose creation

All things are in decay?

For man is every thing,
And more: he is a tree, yet bears no fruit;
A beast, yet is, or should be, more—
Reason and speech we only bring.
Parrots may thank us, if they are not mute—
They go upon the score.

Man is all symmetrie—
Full of proportions, one limb to another,
And all to all the world besides.
Each part may call the farthest brother;
For head with foot hath private amitie,
And both with moons and tides.

Nothing hath got so farre

But man hath caught and kept it as his prey.

His eyes dismount the highest starre;

He is in little all the sphere.

Herbs gladly cure our flesh, because that they

Finde their acquaintance there.

For us the winds do blow,
The earth doth rest, heaven move, and fountains flow.

Nothing we see but means our good,
As our delight, or as our treasure;
The whole is either our cupboard of food
Or cabinet of pleasure.

The starres have us to bed— Night draws the curtain, which the sunne withdraws.

Musick and light attend our head;
All things unto our flesh are kinde
In their descent and being—to our minde
In their ascent and cause.

Each thing is full of dutie:
Waters united are our navigation—
Distinguished, our habitation;
Below, our drink—above, our mest;
Both are our cleanlinesse. Hath one beautie?

Then how are all things neat!

More servants wait on man Than he 'll take notice of. In every pa He treads down that which doth be him

When sicknesse makes him pale and O mightie love! Man is one world, and Another to attend him.

Since then, my God, thou has
So brave a palace built, oh dwell in it,
That it may dwell with thee at last!
Till then afford us so much wit
That, as the world serves us, we may
thee,

And both thy servants be.

HEAVENLY WISDOM.

On happy is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice,
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice;

For she has treasures greater far Than east or west unfold, And her reward is more secure Than is the gain of gold.

In her right hand she holds to vie A length of happy years; And in her left the prize of fame And honor bright appears.

She guides the young, with innoc In pleasure's path to tread; A crown of glory she bestows Upon the hoary head. ling as her labors rise, er rewards increase; ays are ways of pleasantness, all her paths are peace.

JOHN LOGAN.

D-TIME AND HARVEST.

r his furrowed fields, which lie th a coldly-dropping sky, till with winter's melted snow, usbandman goes forth to sow:

freedom, on the bitter blast intures of thy seed we cast, just to warmer sun and rain all the germ, and fill the grain.

alls thy glorious service hard? leems it not its own reward? for its trials, counts it less se of praise and thankfulness?

r not be our lot to wield ckle in the ripened field; ars to hear, on summer eves, aper's song among the sheaves;

here our duty's task is wrought son with God's great thought, ar and future blend in one, thatsoe'er is willed is done!

urs the grateful service whence , day by day, the recompense ope, the trust, the purpose staid, ountain, and the noonday shade.

rere this life the utmost span, aly end and aim of man, the toil of fields like these waking dream and slothful ease.

fe, though falling like our grain, hat revives and springs again; arly called, how blest are they rait in heaven their harvest-day!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

ODE.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOL-LECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD.

1.

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,

The earth, and every common sight,

To me did seem

Apparelled in celestial light—

The glory and the freshness of a dream.

It is not now as it hath been of yore:

Turn wheresoe'er I may, By night or day,

The things which I have seen, I now can see no more.

Ħ.

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose;
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from

III.

the earth.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,

To me alone there came a thought of grief; A timely utterance gave that thought relief.

And I again am strong.

The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep—

No more shall grief of mine the season wrong. I hear the echoes through the mountains throng;

The winds come to me from the fields of sleep, And all the earth is gay:

Land and sea

Give themselves up to jollity;
And with the heart of Max

And with the heart of May

Doth every beast keep holiday;—
Thou child of joy,

Shout round me, let me hear thy sliouts, thow happy shepherd boy!

IV.

Ye blessed creatures! I have heard the call Ye to each other make; I see The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee; My heart is at your festival, My head hath its coronal— The fulness of your bliss, I feel, I feel it all. Oh evil day! if I were sullen While earth herself is adorning, This sweet May-morning, And the children are culling On every side, In a thousand valleys far and wide, Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,

And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm-I hear, I hear, with joy I hear! —But there's a tree, of many one, A single field which I have looked upon— Both of them speak of something that is gone; The pansy at my feet

Doth the same tale repeat. Whither is fled the visionary gleam? Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

٧.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting; The soul that rises with us, our life's star, Hath had elsewhere its setting, And cometh from afar. Not in entire forgetfulness, And not in utter nakedness, But trailing clouds of glory, do we come From God, who is our home. Heaven lies about us in our infancy! Shades of the prison-house begin to close Upon the growing boy; But he beholds the light, and whence it

flows-He sees it in his joy. The youth, who daily farther from the east Must travel, still is nature's priest, And by the vision splendid Is on his way attended; At length the man perceives it die away, And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own. Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind; And, even with something of a mother's mind, | The years to bring the inevitable yoke,

And no unworthy aim, The homely nurse doth all she c To make her foster-child, her inmate n Forget the glories he hath know And that imperial palace whence he ca

VII.

Behold the child among his new-born bl A six years' darling of a pigmy size! See, where 'mid work of his own hand ! Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses With light upon him from his father's a See, at his feet, some little plan or char Some fragment from his dream of hums Shaped by himself with newly-learned

A wedding or a festival, A mourning or a funeral— And this hath now his heart, And unto this he frames his son Then will he flt his tongue To dialogues of business, love, or strife: But it will not be long Ere this be thrown aside, And with new joy and pride The little actor cons another part— Filling from time to time his "hum stage"

With all the persons, down to palsied a That life brings with her in her equipag As if his whole vocation Were endless imitation.

VIII.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth b Thy soul's immensity! Thou best philosopher, who yet dost ke Thy heritage! thou eye among the blin-That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal Haunted for ever by the eternal mind!-

Mighty prophet! Seer blest, On whom those truths do rest Which we are toiling all our lives to fin In darkness lost, the darkness of the gri Thou over whom thy immortality Broods like the day, a master o'c a sla A presence which is not to be put oy! Thou little child, yet glorious in the mi Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's h Why with such earnest pains dost thou voke

soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
custom lie upon thee with a weight

custom lie upon thee with a weight y as frost, and deep almost as life!

IX.

Oh joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
thought of our past years in me doth
breed
etual benediction: not, indeed,

hat which is most worthy to be blest—
th and liberty, the simple creed
aldhood, whether busy or at rest,
new-fledged hope still fluttering in his
breast—

Not for these I raise

The song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
If sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings,
Blank misgivings of a creature
ag about in worlds not realized,
instincts, before which our mortal nature
remble like a guilty thing surprised—

But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Vhich, be they what they may,
et the fountain-light of all our day,
et a master light of all our seeing,
phold us, cherish, and have power to
make

oisy years seem moments in the being eternal silence: truths that wake,

To perish never—

more.

neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,

Nor man nor boy,
Il that is at enmity with joy,
tterly abolish or destroy!
ence in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
uls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither—
an in a moment travel thither,
se the children sport upon the shore,
near the mighty waters rolling ever-

X.

Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song!

And let the young lambs bound

As to the tabor's sound!

We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!

What though the radiance which was once so bright

Be now for ever taken from my sight,

Though nothing can bring back the
hour

Of splendor in the grass, of gary in the flower—

We will grieve not, rather find Strength in what remains behind: In the primal sympathy Which, having been, must ever be; In the soothing thoughts that spring Out of human suffering;

In the faith that looks through death, In years that bring the philosophic mind.

XI.

And O ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,

Forebode not any severing of our loves.
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway.

I love the brooks which down their channels fret,

Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;

The innocent brightness of a new-born day
Is lovely yet;

The clouds that gather round the setting sun

Do take a sober coloring from an eye

That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality:

That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality:
Another race hath been, and other palms are

Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears—
To me the meanest flower that blows can
give

Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTS.



Is it the tender star of love?

The star of love and dreams?

Oh no! from that blue tent above

A hero's armor gleams.

And earnest thoughts within merise.
When I behold afar,
Suspended in the evening skies,
The shield of that red star.

O star of strength! I see thee statel And smile upon my pain; Thou beckonest with thy maded hand, And I am strong again.

Within my breast there is no light.

But the cold light of stars:
I give the first watch of the night.
To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquered will, He rises in my breast. Serenc, and resolute, and still, And calm, and self-pressessed.

And thou, too, whosoeler thou a '. That rendest this brief peach.

As one by one thy hones depart.

There those celestial fires,
Though seeming mute,
The fallacy of our desires
And all the pride of life confute.

For they have watched since first
The world had birth,
And found sin in itself accurst,
And nothing permanent on earth.
WILLIAM HARDSON.

THE STURDY ROCK, FOR ALL HIS STRENGTH.

THE sturdy rock, for all his strength,
By raging seas is rent in twain;
The marble stone is pierced at length
With little drops of drizzling rain;
The ox doth yield unto the yoke;
The steel obey'th the hammer stroke;

The stately stag, that seems so stout,
By yelping hounds at bay is set;
The swiftest bird that flies about
Is caught at length in fowler's net;
The greatest fish in deepest brook
Is soon deceived with subtle hook;

Yea! man himself, unto whose will
All things are bounden to obey,
For all his wit and worthy skill
Doth fade at length, and fall away:
There is no thing but time doth waste—
The heavens, the earth consume at last.

But virtue sits triumphing still
Upon the throne of glorious fame;
Though spiteful death man's body kill,
Yet hurts he not his virtuous name.
By life or death, whatso betides,
The state of virtue never slides.

ANONYMOUS.

VIRTUE.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky!
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave, Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye! Thy root is ever in its grave— And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses
A box where sweets compacted lie!
Thy music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But, though the whole world turn to coal
Then chiefly lives.

GROBGE HERREST.

DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

The glories of our birth and state

Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armor against fate—

Death lays his icy hands on kings;

Sceptre and crown

Must tumble down,

And in the dust be equal made

With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field.

And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield—

They tame but one another still;

Early or late

They stoop to fate,

And must give up their murmuring breatle.

When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow—
Then boast no more your mighty deeds.
Upon death's purple altar, now,
See where the victor victim bleeds!
All heads must come
To the cold tomb—

To the cold tomb—
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

JAMES SHIRLEY

THE HERMIT.

AT the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,

And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,

When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,

And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove,

T was thus, by the cave of the mountain afar, While his harp rung symphonious, a hermit began;

No more with himself or with nature at war, He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man:

"Ah! why, all abandoned to darkness and woe,

Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall?
For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
And sorrow no longer thy bosom enthrall.
But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay—
Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee
to mourn!

Oh soothe him, whose pleasures like thine pass away!

Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

"Now, gliding remote on the verge of the sky, The moon, half extinguished, her crescent displays;

But lately I marked when majestic on high She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.

Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue

The path that conducts thee to splendor again!
But man's faded glory what change shall renew?

Ah, fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

"'T is night, and the landscape is lovely no more.

I mourn—but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;

For morn is approaching your charms to restore,

Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew.

Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn— Kind nature the embryo blossom will save; But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn?

Oh when shall day dawn on the night of the grave?

"'T was thus, by the glare of false science le trayed,

That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind, My thoughts wont to roam from shade on ward to shade,

Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.
'Oh pity, great Father of light,' then I cried

'Thy creature, who fain would not wander from thee!

Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride; From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free.

"And darkness and doubt are now flying away;

No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn.
So breaks on the traveller, faint and astray.
The bright and the balmy effulgence of more.
See truth, love, and mercy in triumph descending,

And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!
On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blending,

And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.

JAMES BEATTLE

THE STRIFE.

The wish that of the living whole

No life may fail beyond the grave...

Derives it not from what we have

The likest God within the soul?

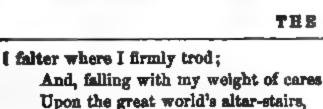
Are God and nature then at strife,

That nature lends such evil dreams:

So careful of the type she seems,

So careless of the single life,

That I, considering every where
Her secret meaning in her deeds,
And finding that of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear—



I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I fee, is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.

That slope through darkness up to God,

Аллин Теническ.

HE SLAVE SINGING AT MIDNIGHT.

Loud he sang the pealm of David! He, a negro and enslaved— Sang of Israel's victory, Sang of Zion, bright and free.

In that hour, when night is calmest, Sang he from the Hebrew psalmist, In a voice so sweet and clear That I could not choose but hear—

Songs of triumpa, and ascriptions, Such as reached the swart Egyptians, When upon the Red Sea coast Perished Pharach and his host.

And the voice of his devotion Filled my soul with strange emotion; For its tones by turns were glad, Sweetly solemn, wildly sad.

Paul and Silas, in their prison, Sang of Christ, the Lord arisen; And an earthquake's arm of might Broke their dungeon-gates at night.

But, alas! what holy angel
Brings the slave this glad evangel?
And what earthquake's arm of might
Breaks his dungeon-gates at night?

HEERT WADEWOUTH LODGELLOW.

THE SLEEP

Or all the thoughts of God that are Borne inward unto souls afar, Along the Psalmist's music deep,

Now tell me if that any is

For gift or grace surpassing this—

"He giveth his beloved sleep."

What would we give to our beloved?

The hero's heart, to be unmoved—

The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep—

The senate's shout to patriot's vows—

The menarch's crown, to light the brows?

"He giveth his beloved sleep."

What do we give to our beloved?

A little faith, all undisproved—

A little dust to overweep—

And bitter memories, to make

The whole earth blasted for our sake!—

"He giveth his beloved sleep."

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,
But have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the cyclids creep
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delved gold the wailers' heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God makes a silence through you all,
"And giveth his beloved sleep."

His dew drops mutely on the hill;
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men toil and reap.
More softly than the dew is shed,

Or cloud is floated overhead, "He giveth his beloved sleep."

Yeal men may wonder while they scan A living, thinking, feeling man In such a rest his heart to keep; But angels say—and through the word I ween their blessed smile is heard—"He giveth his beloved sleep."

For me, my heart that erst did go

Most like a tired child at a show,

That sees through tears the juggler's leap,

Would now its wearied vision close—

Would, childlike, on His love repose

Who "giveth His beloved sleep."

And friends!—dear freinds!—when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one, most loving of you all,
Say, "Not a tear must o'er her tall"—
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

AN OLD POET TO SLEEP.

No god to mortals oftener descends

Than thou, O sleep! yet thee the sad alone
Invoke, and gratefully thy gift receive.

Some thou invitest to explore the sands

Left by Pactolus; some to climb up higher.

Where points ambition to the pomps of war;

Others thou watchest while they tighten obes

Which law throws round them loose, and they meanwhile

Wink at a judge, and he the wink returns.

Apart sit fewer, whom thou lovest more
And leadest where unruffled rivers flow,
Or azure lakes 'neath azure skies expand.

These have no wider wishes, and no fears,
Unless a fear, in turning to molest
The silent, solitary, stately swan,
Disdaining the garrulity of groves
Nor seeking shelter there from sun or storm.

Me also hast thou led among such scenes, Gentlest of gods! and age appeared far off While thou wast standing close above the couch,

And whispered'st, in whisper not unheard, "I now depart from thee, but leave behind My own twin-brother, friendly as myself, Who soon shall take my place; men call him Death.

Thou hearest me, nor tremblest, as most do; in sooth, why shouldst thou? What man hast thou wronged

By deed or word? Few dare ask this within."

There was a pause; then suddenly Sleep, "He whom I named approacheth, so well."

WALTER SAVAGE LAE

SLEEP.

Weep ye no more, sad fountains!
What need you flow so fast?
Look how the snowy mountains
Heaven's sun doth gently waste.
But my sun's heavenly eyes
View not your weeping,
That now lies sleeping
Softly, now softly lies
Sleeping.

A rest that peace begets;
Doth not the sun rise smiling,
When fair at even he sets?
Rest you then, rest, sad eyes—
Melt not in weeping,
While she lies sleeping
Softly, now softly lies
Sleeping.

JOHN DOWL

LIFE AND DEATH.

Yes, they are a lovely pair.
Life is sung in joyous song;
While men do her sister wrong,
Calling her severe and stern,
While her heart for them doth but
Weave, then, weave a grateful wro
For the sisters Life and Death.

If fair Life her sister lost,
On a boundless ocean tost,
She would rove in great unrest,
Missing that warm loving breast.
Now, when scared by wild alarms
She can seek her sister's arms—
To that tender bosom flee,
Sink to sleep in ecstasy.

Anon

GREENWOOD SHRIFT.

rohed beneath the leafy shade for forest's deepest glade, fing woman lay; the children round her stood, we went up from the greenwood oful wail that day.

ner!" was the mingled cry,
ner, mother! do not die,
leave us all alone."
sed babes! "she tried to say—
faint accents died away
low sobbing moan.

n, life struggling hard with death, and strong she drew her breath, lup she raised her head; ring through the deep wood maze ong, sharp, unearthly gaze, ill she not come?" she said.

naid's light form was seen, breathless with her speed; lowing close, a man came on y man to look upon), o led a panting steed.

r!" the little maiden cried,
she reached the woman's side,
d kissed her clay-cold cheek—
not idled in the town,
g went wandering up and down,
minister to seek.

told me here, they told me therethey mocked me everywhere;
d when I found his home,
gged him on my bended knee
g his book and come with me,
ther! he would not come.

him how you dying lay, uld not go in peace away thout the minister; d him, for dear Christ his sake, ! my heart was fit to break— *ther! he would not stir. "So, though my tears were blinding me,
I ran back, fast as fast could be,
To come again to you;
And here—close by—this squire I met,
Who asked (so mild) what made me fret;
And when I told him true,—

"'I will go with you, child,' he said,
'God sends me to this dying bed '—
Mother, he 's here, hard by."
While thus the little maiden spoke,
The man, his back against an oak,
Looked on with glistening eye.

The bridle on his neck hung free,
With quivering flank and trembling knee,
Pressed close his bonny bay;
A statelier man—a statelier steed—
Never on greensward paced, I rede,
Than those stood there that day.

So, while the little maiden spoke,
The man, his back against an oak,
Looked on with glistening eye
And folded arms, and in his look
Something that, like a sermon-book,
Preached—"All is vanity."

But when the dying woman's face
Turned toward him with a wishful gaze,
He stepped to where she lay;
And, kneeling down, bent over her,
Saying—"I am a minister,
My sister! let us pray."

And well, withouten book or stole
(God's words were printed on his soul!)
Into the dying ear
He breathed, as 't were an angel's strain,
The things that unto life pertain,
And death's dark shadows clear.

He spoke of sinners' lost estate,
In Christ renewed, regenerate—
Of God's most blest decree,
That not a single soul should die
Who turns repentant, with the cry
"Be merciful to me."

He spoke of trouble, pain, and toil, Endured but for a little while In patience, faith, and love— Sure, in God's own good time, to be Exchanged for an eternity Of happiness above.

Then—as the spirit ebbed away—
He raised his hands and eyes to pray
That peaceful it might pass;
And then—the orphans' sobs alone.
Were heard, and they knelt, every one,
Close round on the green grass.

Such was the sight their wandering eyes
Beheld, in heart-struck, mute surprise,
Who reined their coursers back,
Just as they found the long astray,
Who, in the heat of chase that day,
Had wandered from their track.

But each man reined his pawing steed,
And lighted down, as if agreed,
In silence at his side;
And there, uncovered all, they stood—
It was a wholesome sight and good
That day for mortal pride.

For of the noblest of the land
Was that deep-hushed, bare-headed band;
And, central in the ring,
By that dead pauper on the ground,
Her ragged orphans clinging round,
Knelt their anointed king.

ROBERT and CABOLINE SOUTHEY.

KING DEATH.

King Death was a rare old fellow!

He sat where no sun could shine;

And he lifted his hand so yellow,

And poured out his coal-black wine.

Hurrah! for the coal-black wine!

There came to him many a maiden
Whose eyes had forgot to shine,
And widows, with grief o'erladen,
For a draught of his sleepy wine.

Hurrah! for the coal-black wine!

The scholar left all his learning;
The poet his fancied woes;
And the beauty her bloom returning,
Like life to the fading rose.

Hurrah! for the coal-black wine!

All came to the rare old fellow,
Who laughed till his eyes dropped.
As he gave them his hand so yellow,
And pledged them in Death's black
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Hurrah! for the coal-black.
BARRY CORFO

A PSALM OF LIFE.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN

Tell me not, in mournful numbers, "Life is but an empty dream!"

For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they see

Life is real! Life is earnest!

And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow, Is our destined end or way; But to act, that each to-morrow Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and be
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!

Let the dead past bury its dead!

Act—act in the living present!

Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time—

Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

"MY DAYS AMONG THE DEAD."

My days among the dead are passed;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old;
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,
And seek relief in woe;
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedewed
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the dead; with them
I live in long-past years;
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears,
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the dead; anon
My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on
Through all futurity:
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust.

ROBERT SOUTHEY

SIT DOWN, SAD SOUL.

Srr down, sad soul, and count
The moments flying;
Come—tell the sweet amount
That's lost by sighing!
How many smiles?—a score?
Then laugh, and count no more;
For day is dying!

Lie down, sad soul, and sleep,
And no more measure
The flight of time, nor weep
The loss of leisure;

But here, by this lone stream, Lie down with us, and dream Of starry treasure!

We dream; do thou the same;
We love—for ever;
We laugh, yet few we shame—
The gentle never.
Stay, then, till sorrow dies;
Then—hope and happy skies
Are thine for ever!

BARRY CORNWALL

LIFE.

We are born; we laugh; we weep;
We love; we droop; we die!
Ah! wherefore do we laugh or weep!
Why do we live or die?
Who knows that secret deep!
Alas, not I!

Why doth the violet spring
Unseen by human eye?
Why do the radiant seasons bring
Sweet thoughts that quickly fly?
Why do our fond hearts cling
To things that die?

We toil—through pain and wrong;
We fight—and fly;
We love; we lose; and then, ere long,
Stone-dead we lie.
O life! is all thy song
"Endure and—die?"

BARBY CORNWALL

AN ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

How sweet it were, if without feeble fright,
Or dying of the dreadful beauteous sight,
An angel came to us, and we could bear
To see him issue from the silent air
At evening in our room, and bend on ours
His divine eyes, and bring us from his bowere
News of dear friends, and children who have
never

Been dead indeed—as we shall know forever. Alas! we think not what we daily see
About our hearths—angels, that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air;
A child, a friend, a wife whose soft heart
sings

In unison with ours, breeding its future wings.

LEIGH HUNT.

KING ROBERT OF SICILY.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, emperor of Allemaine,
Apparelled in magnificent attire,
With retinue of many a knight and squire,
On St. John's eve, at vespers, proudly sat
And heard the priests chant the Magnificat.
And as he listened, o'er and o'er again
Repeated, like a burden or refrain,
He caught the words, "Deposuit potentes
De sede, et exaltavit humiles;"
And slowly lifting up his kingly head,
He to a learned clerk beside him said,
"What mean these words?" the clerk made
answer meet,

"He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree."
Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,
"'T is well that such seditious words are sung
Only by priests and in the Latin tongue;
For unto priests and people be it known,
There is no power can push me from my
throne!"

And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep, Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.

When he awoke, it was already night;
The church was empty, and there was no light,

Save where the lamps that glimmered, few Voices and cries he heard, but did not heed and faint, Until at last he reached the banquet-room,

Lighted a little space before some saint.

He started from his seat and gazed around,
But saw no living thing and heard no sound.

He groped towards the door, but it was locked;

He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked, And uttered awful threatenings and complaints,

And imprecations upon men and saints.

The sounds reechoed from the roof and walk As if dead priests were laughing in the stalls.

At length the sexton, hearing from without.

The tumult of the knocking and the shout.

And thinking thieves were in the house of prayer,

Came with his lantern, asking, "Who there?"

Half choked with rage, King Robert fiercel said,

"Open: 't is I, the king! Art thou afmid!'
The frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse,

"This is some drunken vagabond, or worse!"
Turned the great key and flung the portal
wide;

A man rushed by him at a single stride, Haggard, half naked, without hat or cloak. Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke,

But leaped into the blackness of the night, And vanished like a spectre from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane And Valmond, emperor of Allemaine, Despoiled of his magnificent attire, Bare-headed, breathless, and besprent with mire,

With sense of wrong and outrage desperate, Strode on and thundered at the palace gate Rushed through the court-yard, thrusting in his rage

To right and left each seneschal and page,
And hurried up the broad and sounding
stair,

His white face ghastly in the torches' glare. From hall to hall he passed with breathlesspeed;

Until at last he reached the banquet-room, Blazing with light, and breathing with perfume.

There on the dais sat another king,
Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring
King Robert's self in features, form, an
height,

But all transfigured with angelic light!
It was an angel; and his presence there
With a divine effulgence filled the air.

An exaltation, piercing the disguise, Though none the hidden angel recognize.

A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,
The throneless monarch on the angel gazed,
Who met his looks of anger and surprise
With the divine compassion of his eyes;
Then said, "Who art thou? and why com'st
thou here?"

To which King Robert answered with a sneer,
"I am the king, and come to claim my own
From an impostor, who usurps my throne!"
And suddenly, at these audacious words,
Up sprang the angry guests, and drew their
swords;

The angel answered, with unruffled brow, "Nay, not the king, but the king's jester; thou

Henceforth shall wear the bells and scalloped cape,

And for thy counsellor shalt lead an ape:
Thou shalt obey my servants when they call,
And wait upon my henchmen in the hall!"

Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and prayers,

They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs;

A group of tittering pages ran before,
And as they opened wide the folding-door,
His heart failed, for he heard, with strange
alarms,

The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,
And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring
With the mock plaudits of "Long live the
king!"

Next morning, waking with the day's first beam,

He said within himself, "It was a dream!"
But the straw rustled as he turned his head,
There were the cap and bells beside his bed;
Around him rose the bare, discolored walls,
Close by, the steeds were champing in their stalls,

And in the corner, a revolting shape, Shivering and chattering, sat the wretched ape.

It was no dream; the world he loved so much flad turned to dust and ashes at his touch!

Days came and went; and now return again

To Sicily the old Saturnian reign:
Under the angel's governance benign
The happy island danced with corn and wir
And deep within the mountain's burning
breast

Enceladus, the giant, was at rest. Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate

Sullen and silent and disconsolate.

Dressed in the motley garb that jesters were with looks bewildered and a vacant stare,

Close shaven above the ears, as monks a shorn,

Ry courtiers mocked by pages bughed

By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed scorn,

His only friend the ape, his only food What others left,—he still was unsubdued. And when the angel met him on his way, And half in earnest, half in jest, would say Sternly, though tenderly, that he might fee The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel, "Art thou the king?" the passion of his w Burst from him in resistless overflow,

And lifting high his forehead, he would flir The haughty answer back, "I am, I am t king!"

Almost three years were ended; when the came

Ambassadors of great repute and name From Valmond, emperor of Allemaine, Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urban By letter summoned them forthwith to com On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.

The angel with great joy received his guest And gave them presents of embroidered vest And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined. And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.

Then he departed with them o'er the sea Into the lovely land of Italy,

Whose loveliness was more resplendent made.
By the mere passing of that cavalcade,

With plumes, and cloaks, and housings, at the stir

Of jewelled bridle and of golden spur.

And lo! among the menials, in mock state, Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait, His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the wind, The solemn ape demurely perched behind

King Robert rode, making huge merriment in all the country towns through which they went.

The pope received them with great pomp, and blare

Of bannered trumpets, on Saint Peter's square,
Giving his benediction and embrace,
Fervent, and full of apostolic grace.
While with congratulations and with prayers
He entertained the angel unawares,
Robert, the jester, bursting through the
crowd,

Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud:
"I am the king! Look and behold in me
Robert, your brother, king of Sicily!
This man, who wears my semblance to your
eyes,

Is an impostor in a king's disguise.

Do you not know me? does no voice within Answer my cry, and say we are akin?"

The pope in silence, but with troubled mien, Gazed at the angel's countenance screne;

The emperor, laughing, said, "It is strange sport

To keep a madman for thy fool at court!" And the poor, baffled jester in disgrace Was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the holy week went by,
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky;
The presence of an angel, with its light,
Before the sun rose, made the city bright,
And with new fervor filled the hearts of men,
Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again.
Even the jester, on his bed of straw,
With haggard eyes the unwonted splendor
saw;

He felt within a power unfelt before,
And, kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,
He heard the rushing garments of the Lord
Sweep through the silent air, ascending
heavenward.

And now the visit ending, and once more Valmond returning to the Danube's shore, Homeward the angel journeyed, and again The land was made resplendent with his train, Flashing along the towns of Italy Unto Salerno, and from there by sea. And when once more within Palermo's wall, And, seated on his throne in his great hall,

He heard the Angelus from convent towers.

As if the better world conversed with ours.

He beckoned to King Robert to draw night:

And with a gesture bade the rest retire.

And when they were alone, the angel said

"Art thou the king?" Then bowing down
his head,

King Robert crossed both hands upon hi breast,

And meekly answered him: "Thou knowed best!

My sins as scarlet are; let me go hence, And in some cloister's school of penitence. Across those stones that pave the way we heaven

Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul is shriven!"
The angel smiled, and from his radiant face
A holy light illumined all the place,
And through the open window, loud and
clear,

They heard the monks chant in the chapel near,

Above the stir and tumult of the street:

"He has put down the mighty from their seat.

And has exalted them of low degree!"

And through the chant a second melody

Rose like the throbbing of a single string:

"I am an angel, and thou art the king!"

King Robert, who was standing near the throne,

Lifted his eyes, and lo! he was alone!
But all apparelled as in days of old,
With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold;
And when his courtiers came they found him
there

Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silest prayer.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

When the hours of day are numbered,
And the voices of the night
Wake the better soul that slumbered
To a holy, calm delight—

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall.
Shadows from the fitful fire-light
Dance upon the parlor wall:

Then the forms of the departed Enter at the open door-The beloved ones, the true-hearted, Come to visit me once more:

He, the young and strong, who cherished Noble longings for the strife, By the road-side fell and perished, Weary with the march of life!

They, the holy ones and weakly, Who the cross of suffering bore, Folded their pale hands so meekly, Spake with us on earth no more!

And with them the being beauteous Who unto my youth was given, More than all things else to love me, And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep Comes that messenger divine, Takes the vacant chair beside me, Lays her gentle hand in mine;

And she sits and gazes at me With those deep and tender eyes, Like the stars, so still and saint-like, Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended, Is the spirit's voiceless prayer, Soft rebukes, in blessings ended, Breathing from her lips of air.

Oh, though oft depressed and lonely, All my fears are laid aside, If I but remember only Such as these have lived and died! HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

LIFE.

Lake to the falling of a star, Or as the flights of eagles are, Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue, Or silver drops of morning dew, Or like a wind that chafes the flood, Or bubbles which on water stoodE'en such is man, whose borrowed light Is straight called in, and paid to-night. The wind blows out, the bubble dies, The spring entombed in autumn lies, The dew dries up, the star is shot, The flight is past—and man forgot!

HENRY KING.

MAN'S MORTALITY.

LIKE as the damask rose you see, Or like the blossom on the tree, Or like the dainty flower in May, Or like the morning of the day, Or like the sun, or like the shade, Or like the gourd which Jonas had— E'en such is man; —whose thread is spun, Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.— The rose withers, the blossom blasteth, The flower fades, the morning hasteth. The sun sets, the shadow flies, The gourd consumes—and man he dies!

Like to the grass that 's newly sprung, Or like a tale that's new begun, Or like the bird that's here to-day, Or like the pearled dew of May, Or like an hour, or like a span, Or like the singing of a swan— E'en such is man; -who lives by breatli, Is here, now there, in life and death.— The grass withers, the tale is ended, The bird is flown, the dew 's ascended, The hour is short, the span is long, The swan's near death—man's life is done!

SIMON WASTELL.

SONNET.

Or mortal glory, O soon darkened ray! O winged joys of man, more swift than wind! O fond desires, which in our fancies stray! O trait'rous hopes, which do our judgments blind!

Lo, in a flash that light is gone away Which dazzle did each eye, delight each mind,

And, with that sun from whence it came combined,



LINES ON A SKELETON.

Bruono this ruin!—"I was a skul!
Once of ethereal spirit full!
This narrow cell was life's retreat:
This space was thought's mysterious seat;
What beauteous pictures filled this spot—
What dreams of pleasures long forgot!
Nor love, nor joy, nor hope, nor fear,
Has left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye;
But start not at the dismal void;
If social love that eye employed,
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dow of kindness beamed,
That eye shall be forever bright
When stars and suns have lost their light.

Here, in this silent cavern, hung
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue:
If falsehood's honey it disdained,
And, where it could not praise, was
chained—
If bold in virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke,
That tuneful tongue shall plead for three

I all lowly lies each lofty brow, the green sod dizens their beauty now.

is a place of refuge and repose.

here are the poor, the old, the weary wight,

scorned, the humble, and the man of woes,

ho wept for morn, and sighed again for night?

ir sighs at last have ceased, and here they sleep

de their scorners, and forget to weep.

is a place of gloom: where are the gloomy?

he gloomy are not citizens of death roach and look, where the long grass is plumy;

se them above! they are not found beneath!

these low denizens, with artful wiles, are, in flowers, contrives her mimic smiles.

is a place of sorrow: friends have met nd mingled tears o'er those who answered not;

where are they whose eyelids then were wet?

las! their griefs, their tears, are all forgot;

y, too, are landed in this silent city, ere there is neither love, nor tears, nor pity.

is a place of fear: the firmest eye
ath quailed to see its shadowy dreariness;
Christian hope, and heavenly prospects
high,

nd earthly cares, and nature's weariness, 'e made the timid pilgrim cease to fear, I long to end his painful journey here.

JOHN BETHUNE

THANATOPSIS.

To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When
thoughts

Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow
house,

Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart—

Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice: Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid with many
tears,

Nor in the embrace of ocean shall exist

Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall

claim

Thy growth to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix for ever with the elements—
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The
oak

Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie
down

With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,

The powerful of the earth—the wise, the

Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills



Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread

The globe are but a handful to the tribes. That slumber in its bosom—Take the wood Of morning; traverse Barca's desert so its. Or lose thyself in the continuous woods. Where rolls the Oregon, and he as no so no Save his own dashing—yet—the dead arthere;

And millions in those solitudes, since first. The flight of years began, have hid there dow. In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone. So shalt thou rest; and what if thou withdray. In silence from the living, and no triend. Take note of thy departure? All that breach Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh When thou art gone, the solemn brood of car. Plod on, and each one as before will chase. This favorite phantom: yet all these shall leave.

Their mirth and their employments, and shall come

And make their bed with thee. As the lontrain

In the full strength of years—in their, maid,

hides from our vision the gates of lay;

y know that their barks no more sail with us o'er life's stormy sea; newhere, I know, on the unseen shore, watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

it and think, when the sunset's gold shing river and hill and shore, one day stand by the water cold, list for the sound of the boatman's ar;

vatch for a gleam of the flapping sail, I hear the boat as it gains the strand, pass from sight with the boatman ale,

e better shore of the spirit land. now the loved who have gone before, oyfully sweet will the meeting be, ver the river, the peaceful river, ngel of death shall carry me.

NANOY AMELIA WOODBURY PRIEST.

DEATH OF THE VIRTUOUS.

s the scene when virtue dies! sinks a righteous soul to rest, ldly beam the closing eyes, gently heaves th' expiring breast!

a summer cloud away, ks the gale when storms are o'er, y shuts the eye of day, s a wave along the shore.

ant smiles the victor brow, d by some angel's purple wing;— , O grave! thy victory now? 'here, insidious death! thy sting?

conflicting joys and fears, light and shade alternate dwell! ght th' unchanging morn appears; ell, inconstant world, farewell!

done,—as sinks the day,
irom its load the spirit flies;
aven and earth combine to say
it is the scene when virtue dies!"

ANNA LATTILA BARRAULD.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea.
The ploughman homeward plods his weary
way.

And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,

And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning
flight,

And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower, The moping owl does to the moon complain

Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bower, Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,

Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,

Each in his narrow cell for ever laid, The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw
built shed,

The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn.

No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,

Or busy housewife ply her evening care; No children run to lisp their sire's return, Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,

Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;

How jocund did they drive their team a-field!

How bowed the woods beneath their sturd;

stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure:
Nor grandour hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er
gave,

Await alike th' inevitable hour.—

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies
raise,

Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault

The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,

Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?

Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,

Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire—

Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,

Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre;

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page, Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;

Chill penury repressed their noble rage, And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene

The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,

And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,

The little tyrant of his fields withstood—
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's
blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruip to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade; nor circumscribed al Their growing virtues, but their c confined—

Forbade to wade through slaughter throne,

And shut the gates of mercy on man

The struggling pangs of conscious true hide,

To quench the blushes of ingenuous at Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride With incense kindled at the muse's f

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble
Their sober wishes never learned to s
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their

Yet even these bones from insult to pro
Some frail memorial still erected night
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless a
ture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sight

Their name, their years, spelt by th'

tered muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;

And many a holy text around she strew That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resig
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful
Nor cast one longing, lingering look
hind?

On some fold breast the parting soul resonne pious drops the closing eye requirements. E'en from the tomb the voice of nature E'en in our ashes live their wonted for

For thee, who, mindful of th' unho dead,

Dost in these lines their artless tale and If chance, by lonely contemplation led, Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy

Haply some hoary-headed swain may some "Oft have we seen him at the pedawn

Brushing with hasty steps the dews av To meet the sun upon the upland lav Ęį

SALESTANDAMENTERS FS

stretch,

And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

Hard by you wood, now smiling as in scorn,

Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove—

ow drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,

Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

One morn I missed him on the customed hill,

Along the heatn, and near his favorite tree;

Auother came—nor yet beside the rill,

Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

"The next, with dirges due in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw
him borne:—

Approach and read (for thou can'st read) the lay

Graved on the stone beneath you aged thorn."

THE EPITAPE.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown:
Fair science frowned not on his humble birth,
And melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere— Heaven did a recompense as largely soud; He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,

He gained from heaven ('t was all he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose, Or draw his frailties from their dread abode—

(There they alike in trembling hope repose). The bosom of his Fatuer and his God.

THOMAS GRAY

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PART X.

POEMS OF RELIGION.

Oh! what is man, great Maker of mankind!

That Thou to him so great respect dost bear—
That Thou adorn'st him with so bright a mind,
Mak'st him a king, and even an angel's peer?

Oh! what a lively life, what heavenly power,
What spreading virtue, what a sparkling fire!
How great, how plentiful, how rich a dower
Dost Thou within this dying flesh inspire!

Thou leav'st Thy print in other works of Thine,
But Thy whole image Thou in man hast writ:
There cannot be a creature more divine,
Except, like Thee, it should be infinite.

But it exceeds man's thought, to think how high God hath raised man, since God a man became; The angels do admire this mystery, And are astonished when they view the same.

Nor hath he given these blessings for a day,

Nor made them on the body's life depend:

The soul, though made in time, survives for aye,

And though it hath beginning, sees no end.

Siz John Davids.

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•		

POEMS OF RELIGION.

DARKNESS IS THINNING.

EXMESS is thinning; shadows are retreating:

ning and light are coming in their beauty.
pliant seek we, with an earnest outcry,
God the Almighty!

that our Master, having mercy on us,
repel languor, may bestow salvation,
nting us, Father, of Thy loving kindness
Glory hereafter!

of His mercy, ever blessed Godhead, her, and Son, and Holy Spirit, give us om through the wide world celebrate for ever

Blessing and glory!
St. Gregory the Great. (Latin.)
arelation of John Mason Neale.

RULES AND LESSONS.

an first thy eies unveil, give thy soul leave do the like, our bodies but forerun

- spirit's duty. True hearts spread and heave
- o their God, as flow'rs do to the sun.
- e Him thy first thoughts then; so shalt thou keep
- company all day, and in Him sleep.

never sleep the sun ip. Prayer shou'd on with the day. There are set, awful hours

ixt heaven and us. The manna was not good

er sun-rising; for-day sullies flowres.

97

Rise to prevent the sun; sleep doth sins glut, And heaven's gate opens when this world's is shut.

Walk with thy fellow-creatures; note the hush

And whispers amongst them. There's not a spring

Or leafe but hath his morning hymn. Each bush

And oak doth know I AM. Canst thou not sing?

O leave thy cares and follies! go this way, And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

Serve God before the world; let Him not go, Until thou hast a blessing; then resigne The whole unto Him; and remember who Prevail'd by wrestling ere the sun did shine. Poure oyle upon the stones; weep for thy sin;

Then journey on, and have an eie to heav'n.

Mornings are mysteries: the first world's youth,

Man's resurrection, and the future's bud Shroud in their births; the crown of life, light, truth

Is stil'd their starre, the stone, and hidden food.

Three blessings wait upon them, two of which

Should move: they make us holy, happy, rich.

When the world's up, and ev'ry swarm abroad,

Keep thou thy temper; mix not with each clay;

Dispatch necessities; life bath a load
Which must be carri'd on, and safely may.
Yet keep those cares without thee, let the
heart

Be God's alone, and choose the better part.

Through all thy actions, counsels, and discourse,

Let mildness and religion guide thee out; If truth be thine, what needs a brutish force? But what 's not good and just ne'er go about. Wrong not thy conscience for a rotten stick; That gain is dreadful which makes spirits sick.

To God, thy countrie, and thy friend be true; If priest and people change, keep thou thy ground.

Who sels religion is a Judas Jew;

And, on the soul cannot be sound.

The perjurer's a devil let loose: what can Tie up his hands, that dares mock God and man?

Seek not the same steps with the crowd; stick thou

To thy sure trot; a constant, humble mind Is both his own joy, and his Maker's too; Let folly dust it on, or lag behind.

A sweet self-privacy in a right soul
Out-runs the earth, and lines the utmost pole.

To all that seek thee bear an open heart;
Make not thy breast a labyrinth or trap;
If tryals come, this wil make good thy part,
For honesty is safe, come what can hap;
It is the good man's feast, the prince of
flowres,

Which thrives in storms, and smels best after showres.

Seal not thy eyes up from the poor; but give Proportion to their merits, and thy purse:
Thou may'st in rags a mighty prince relieve,
Who, when thy sins call for 't, can fence a curse.

Thou shalt not lose one mite. Though waters stray,

The bread we cast returns in fraughts one day.

Spend not an hour so as to weep another, For tears are not thine own; if thou giv'st words, Dash not with them thy friend, nor heave O smother

A viperous thought; some syllables a swords.

Unbitted tongues are in their penance double.

They shame their owners, and their here trouble.

Injure not modest bloud, while spirits rise In judgement against lewdness; that 's best wit,

That voyds but filth and stench. Hast the no prize

But sickness or infection? stifle it.

Who makes his jest of sing must be at least If not a very devill, worse than beast.

Yet fly no friend, if he be such indeed;
But meet to quench his longings and the thirst;

Allow your joyes religion; that done, special And bring the same man back thou werts first.

Who so returns not, cannot pray aright,
But shuts his door, and leaves God out a
night.

To heighten thy devotions, and keep low All mutinous thoughts, what business entire thou hast,

Observe God in His works; here fountain flow,
Birds sing, beasts feed, fish leap, and the

earth stands fast;

Above are restles motions, running lights, Vast circling azure, giddy clouds, days, night

When seasons change, then lay before this eys

His wondrous method; mark the valid scenes

In heav'n; hail, thunder, rainbows, and ice,

Calmes, tempests, light, and darknes by E means.

Thou canst not misse His praise: each tropies, flowre,

Are shadows of His wisedome and His por

To meales when thou doest come, give E the praise

Whose arm supply'd thee; take what m suffice, then be thankful; O admire His ways is fils the world's unempty'd granaries! nankless feeder is a theif, his feast ery robbery, and himself no guest.

a-noon thus past, thy time decays; provide a other thoughts; away with friends and mirth;

sun now stoops, and hastes his beams to hide

er the dark and melancholy earth.
but preludes thy end. Thou art the man
use rise, height, and descent is but a span.

beams home with thee; trim thy lamp, buy oyl,

thers his glory, and gives death the foyl.

i is a summer's day; whose youth and fire
to a glorious evening, and expire.

en night comes, list thy deeds; make plain the way

ixt heaven and thee; block it not with delays;

perfect all before thou sleep'st: then say, zer's one sun more strung on my bead of days."

at's good score up for joy; the bad well scann'd

sh off with tears, and get thy Master's hand.

one houre accounts thus made, spend in the grave

ore thy time; be not a stranger there, ere thou may'st sleep whole ages; life's poor flow'r

s not a night sometimes. Bad spirits fear conversation; but the good man lyes mbed many days before he dyes.

ng laid, and drest for sleep, close not thy eies

with thy curtains; give thy soul the wing ome good thoughts; so when the day shall rise,

I thou unrak'st thy fire, those sparks will bring

r flames; besides where these lodge, vain heats mourn

i die; that bush, where God is, shall not burn.

When thy nap's over, stir thy fire, unrake
In that dead age; one beam i' th' dark outvies
Two in the day; then from the damps and ake
Of night shut up thy leaves; be chaste; God
prys

Through thickest nights; though then the sun be far,

Do thou the works of day, and rise a star.

Briefly, doe as thou would'st be done unto, Love God, and love thy neighbour; watch, and pray.

These are the words and works of life; this do And live; who doth not thus, hath lost heav'n's way.

O lose it not! look up, wilt change those lights

For chains of darknes and eternal nights?

HENRY VAUGHAN.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S DEVOTION.

Sing aloud! His praise rehearse,
Who hath made the universe.
He the boundless heavens has spread,
All the vital orbs has kned;
He that on Olympus high
Tends His flock with watchful eye;
And this eye has multiplied
Midst each flock for to reside.
Thus, as round about they stray,
Toucheth each with outstretched ray.
Nimbly they hold on their way,
Shaping out their night and day.
Never slack they; none respires,
Dancing round their central fires.

In due order as they move.
Echoes sweet be gently drove
Through heaven's vast hollowness,
Which unto all comers press—
Music, that the heart of Jove
Moves to joy and sportful love,
Fills the listening sailor's ears,
Riding on the wandering spheres.
Neither speech nor language is
Where their voice is not transmiss.

God is good, is wise, is strong—
Witness all the creature-throng—
Is confessed by every tongue.
All things back from whomes they sprung.

As the thankful rivers pay What they borrowed of the sea.

Now, myself, I do resign;
Take me whole, I all am Thine.
Save me, God! from self-desire,
Death's pit, dark hell's raging fire
Envy, hatred, vengeance, ire;
Let not lust my soul bemire.

Quit from these, Thy praise I 'll sing.
Loudly sweep the trembling string.
Bear a part, O wisdom's sons,
Freed from vain religions!
Lo! from far I you salute,
Sweetly warbling on my lute—
India, Egypt, Araby,
Asia, Greece, and Tartary,
Carmel-tracts and Lebanon,
With the Mountains of the Moon,
From whence muddy Nile doth run;
Or, wherever else you won,
Breathing in one vital air—
One we are though distant far.

Rise at once—let's sacrifice!

Odors sweet perfume the skies.

See how heavenly lightning fires

Hearts inflamed with high aspires;

All the substance of our souls

Up in clouds of incense rolls!

Leave we nothing to ourselves

Save a voice—what need we else?

Or a hand to wear and tire

On the thankful lute or lyre.

Sing aloud! His praise rehearse

Who hath made the universe.

HENRY MORE.

THE SPIRIT-LAND.

FATHER! Thy wonders do not singly stand,
Nor far removed where feet have seldom
strayed;

Around us ever lies the enchanted land, In marvels rich to Thine own sons displayed; In finding Thee are all things round us found; In losing Thee are all things lost beside; Ears have we, but in vain strange voices sound;

And to our eyes the vision is denied;
We wander in the country far remote,

Mid tombs and ruined piles in death to Or on the records of past greatness do And for a buried soul the living sell; While on our path bewildered falls the That ne'er returns us to the fields of li

THE ELDER SCRIPTURE.

THERE is a book, who runs may read Which heavenly truth imparts, And all the lore its scholars need—Pure eyes and loving hearts.

The works of God, above, below, Within us, and around, Are pages in that book, to show How God himself is found.

The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Father's love;
Wherewith encompassed, great and:
In peace and order move.

The dew of heaven is like His grace:
It steals in silence down;
But where it lights, the favored place
By richest fruits is known.

Two worlds are ours: 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the earth and sky.

Thou who hast given me eyes to see And love this sight so fair, Give me a heart to find out Thee And read Thee every where.

JOHN K

FOR NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

ETERNAL source of every joy!
Well may Thy praise our lips employ,
While in Thy temple we appear
Whose goodness crowns the circling ye

While as the wheels of nature roll, Thy hand supports the steady pole; The sun is taught by Thee to rise, And darkness when to veil the skies.

The flowery spring at Thy command Embalms the air, and paints the land; The summer rays with vigor shine To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.



AN ODE.

d in autumn richly pours
all our coasts redundant stores
ters, softened by Thy care,
a face of horror wear.

and months, and weeks, and days successive songs of praise; he cheerful homage paid ming light and evening shade.

Thy house shall incense rise, ag Sabbaths bless our eyes; we make Thy mercies known, Thy board, and round our own.

our more harmonious tongues s unknown pursue the songs: hose brighter courts adore bys and years revolve no more.

PETLIP DODDRIBGE,

THE SOFT-FALLING SNOW."

k the soft-falling snow, the diffusive rain: eaven from whence it fell, rns not back again, But waters earth Through every pore, And calls forth all Its secret store.

yed in beauteous green hills and valleys shine, man and beast is fed 'rovidence divine; The harvest bows Its golden ears, The copions seed Of future years,

" saith the God of grace,
gospel shall descend—
ighty to effect
purpose I intend;

Millions of souls
Shall feel its power,
And bear it down
To millions more.

"Joy shall begin your march, And peace protect your ways, While all the mountains round Echo melodious praise;

> The vocal groves Shall sing the God, And every tree Consenting nod."

> > PRILIP DODDRATER

AN ODE.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day.
Does his creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn.
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole

What though, in solemn silence, all Move round the dark, terrestrial ball? What though nor real voice nor sound Amid their radiant orbs be found? In reason's ear they all rejoice, And utter forth a glorious voice. Forever singing as they shine "The hand that made us is divine!"

JOSEPH ADDROSE.

EVENING.

Father! by Thy love and power Comes again the evening hour:
Light has vanished, labors cease,
Weary creatures rest in peace.
Thou, whose genial dews distil
On the lowliest weed that grows,

Father! guard our couch from ill,
Lull Thy children to repose.
We to Thee ourselves resign,
Let our latest thoughts be Thine.

Saviour! to Thy Father bear
This our feeble evening prayer;
Thou hast seen how oft to-day
We, like sheep, have gone astray:
Worldly thoughts, and thoughts of pride,
Wishes to Thy cross untrue,
Secret faults, and undescried,
Meet Thy spirit-piercing view,
Blessed Saviour! yet through Thee

Holy Spirit! breath of balm!
Fall on us in evening's calm:
Yet awhile before we sleep
We with Thee will vigils keep;
Lead us on our sins to muse,
Give us truest penitence,
Then the love of God infuse,
Breathing humble confidence;
Melt our spirits, mould our will,
Soften, strengthen, comfort still!

Pray that these may pardoned be.

Blessed Trinity! be near
Through the hours of darkness drear;
When the help of man is far,
Ye more clearly present are:
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Watch o'er our defenceless head,
Let your angels' guardian host,
Keep all evil from our bed,
Till the flood of morning's rays
Wake us to a song of praise.

ANONTHOUS.

IN A CLEAR STARRY NIGHT.

A HYMN AND PRAYER FOR THE USE OF BELIEVERS.

LORD! when those glorious lights I see With which Thou hast adorned the skies, Observing how they moved be, And how their splendor fills mine eyes,

Methinks it is too large a grace, But that Thy love ordained it so— That creatures in so high a place Should servants be to man below

The meanest iamp now shining there In size and lustre doth exceed The noblest of Thy creatures here, And of our friendship hath no need.

Yet these upon mankind attend, For secret aid, or public light; And from the world's extremest en Repair unto us every night.

Oh! had that stamp been undefaced Which first on us Thy hand had set, How highly should we have been graced. Since we are so much honored yet.

Good God, for what but for the sake Of Thy beloved and only Son, Who did on Him our nature take, Were these exceeding favors done!

As we by Him have honored been, Let us to Him due honors give; Let His uprightness hide our sin, And let us worth from Him receive.

Yea, so let us by grace improve What Thou by nature doth bestow, That to Thy dwelling-place above We may be raised from below.

GROBGE WITH

THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

T.

s is the month, and this the happy morn, erein the Son of heaven's eternal king, wedded maid and virgin mother born, great redemption from above did bring—so the holy sages once did sing—that He our deadly forfeit should release, d with His Father work us a perpetual peace.

II.

at glorious form, that light unsufferable,
d that far-beaming blaze of majesty
erewith He wont at heaven's high counciltable
sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
laid aside; and here with us to be
corsook the courts of everlasting day,
d chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

ш.

vein
ord a present to the infant God?
st thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
welcome Him to this His new abode—
w while the heaven, by the sun's team untrod,
lath took no print of the approaching light,
i all the spangled host keep watch in

IV.

squadrons bright?

how from far upon the eastern road star-led wizards haste with odors sweet! ! run prevent them with thy humble ode, d lay it lowly at his blessed feet; re thou the honor first thy Lord to greet, and join thy voice unto the angel choir, om out His secret altar touched with hallowed fire.

THE HYMN.

I.

It was the winter wild While the heaven-born child

All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies—

Nature, in awe to Him, Ilad doffed her gaudy trim,

With her great master so to sympathize; It was no season then for her To wanton with the sun, her lusty para-

n.

Only with speeches fair She woos the gentle air

mour.

To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,

And on her naked shame, Pollute with sinful blame,

The saintly veil of maiden white to throw—Confounded that her maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

III.

But He, her fears to cease, Sent down the meek-eyed peace;

She, crowned with olive green, came softly sliding

Down through the turning sphere,

His ready harbinger,

With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing;

And waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea
and land.

IV.

Nor war, or battle's sound, Was heard the world around—

The idle spear and shield were high up hung;

The hooked chariot stood

Unstained with hostile blood;

The trumpet spake not to the armed throng;

And kings sat still with awful eye,

As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by.

Ψ.

But peaceful was the night Wherein the prince of light

His reign of peace upon the earth began; The winds, with wonder whist, Smoothly the waters kissed,

Whispering new oys to the mild ocean, Who now hath quite forgot to rave, While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

VI.

The stars with deep amaze Stand fixed in atendfast gaze,

Bending one way their precious influence; And will not take their flight For all the morning light,

Or Lucifer that often warned them thence; But in their glimmering orbs did glow Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

VII.

And though the shady gloom Had given day her room,

The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,

And hid his head for shame, As his inferior flame

The new-enlightened world no more should need;

He saw a greater sun appear

Than his bright throne or burning axle-tree

could bear.

viii.

The shepherds on the lawn, Or e'er the point of dawn,

Eat simply chatting in a rustic row; Full ittle thought they then

That the mighty Pan

Was kindly come to live with them below; Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep, Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

ıx.

When such music sweet Their hearts and cars did greet

As never was by mortal finger strook— Divinely-warbled voice Answering the stringed noise,

As all their souls in bliasful rapture tesk:
The air, such pleasure loath to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs ash
heavenly close.

L

Nature, that heard such sound Beneath the hollow round

Of Cynthia's seat the airy region thrilling. Now was almost won

To think her part was done,

And that her reign had here its last filling;

She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all heaven and earth in happic
union.

X

At last surrounds their sight.

A globe of circular light,

That with long beams the shameface

That with long beams the shamefaced night arrayed;

The helmed cherubin And sworded seraphim

Are seen in glittering ranks with wing displayed,

Harping in loud and solemn choir, With unexpressive notes, to heaven's new

born heir-

XII,

Such music (as 't is said) Before was never made,

But when of old the sons of morning sum.
While the Creator great
His constellations set,

And the well-balanced world on hing hung,

And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their out
channel keep.

XIII.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres! Once bless our human cars,

If ye have power to touch our senses #
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time,

And let the bass of heaven's deep orgiblow: vith your ninefold harmony up full consort to the angelic symphony.

XIV.

such holy song

p our fancy long, ie will run back, and fetch the age of gold; peckled vanity icken soon and die, I leprous sin will melt from earthly mould; hell itself will pass away, leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

XV.

truth and justice then lown return to men, ed in a rainbow; and, like glories wearing, will sit between, ed in celestial sheen, h radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering; eaven, as at some festival, pen wide the gates of her high palace hall.

XVI.

isest fate says Nojust not yet be so; babe yet lies in smiling infancy in the bitter cross odeem our loss. oth Himself and us to glorify. est to those ye chained in sleep akeful trump of doom must thunder through the deep,

XVII.

his throne.

such a horrid clang Mount Sinai rang, le the red fire and smouldering clouds out-brake; ged earth, aghast :error of that blast, I from the surface to the centre shake at the world's last session,

XVIII.

And then at last our bliss Full and perfect is—

But now begins; for from this happy day The old dragon, under ground In straiter limits bound,

Not half so far casts his usurped sway, And, wroth to see his kingdom fail, Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

XIX.

The oracles are dumb; No voice or hideous hum

Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving;

Apollo from his shrine Can no more divine,

> With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving;

No nightly trance, or breathed spell, Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o'er, And the resounding shore,

A voice of weeping heard and loud lament; From haunted spring, and dale Edged with poplar pale,

The parting genius is with sighing sent; With flower-inwoven tresses torn The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

XXI.

In consecrated earth, And on the holy hearth,

The lars and lemures moan with midnight plaint;

In urns and altars round

A drear and dying sound

Affrights the flamens at their service quaint;

And the chill marble seems to sweat, While each peculiar power foregoes his wonted seat.

XXII.

Peor and Baalim eadful judge in middle air shall spread | Forsake their temples dim, With that twice-battered god of Palestine:



They call the grisly king,

In dismal dance about the furnace blue;
The brutish gods of Nile as fast—
Isis and Orns, and the dog Anubis—hast.

XXIV

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove or green,
Trampling the unshowered gress wat a lowings loud;
Nor can be be at rest
Within his sacred chest—
Nought but profoundest hell can be his shroud;
In vain, with timbrelled anthems dark.
The sable-stoled screeness hear his worshipped ark.

XXV.

He feels from Juda's land
The dreaded infant's hand
The rays of Bethlehem bland his dusky ey).
Nor all the gods beside
Longer dare abide—
Not Typhon buge, ending in stally twice.
Our babe, to show His God-head true.
Can in His swaddling bands centrol the damond error

MESSIAH.

heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
dreams of Pindus and the Aonian maids,
ight no more—O thou my voice inspire
o touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire!
lapt into future times the bard begun:
irgin shall conceive—a virgin bear a son!
m Jesse's root behold a branch arise
ose sacred flower with fragrance fills the
skies!

ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
d on its top descends the mystic dove.
heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
d in soft silence shed the kindly shower!
sick and weak the healing plant shall
aid—

m storm a shelter, and from heat a shade. crimes shall cease, and ancient frauds shall fail;

curning justice lift aloft her scale, ice o'er the world her olive wand extend, d white-robed innocence from heaven descend.

ift fly the years, and rise the expected morn!

spring to light! auspicious babe, be born!
, nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,

th all the incense of the breathing spring!
lofty Lebanon his head advance;

nodding forests on the mountains dance; spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,

d Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies!
rk! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers:
pare the way! a God, a God appears!

od, a God! the vocal hills reply—
rocks proclaim the approaching deity.
earth receives Him from the bending

earth receives Him from the bending skies!

k down, ye mountains; and ye valleys, rise!

th heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay! smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!

e Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold—

ar Him, ye deaf; and all ye blind, behold!

He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,

And on the sightless eyeball pour the day; 'T is He the obstructed paths of sound shall clear,

And bid new music charm the unfolding ear; The dumb shall sing; the lame his crutch forego,

And leap exulting like the bounding roe.

No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall

hear—

From every face He wipes off every tear.
In adamantine chains shall death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,

By day o'ersees them, and by night protects; The tender lambs He raises in His arms— Feeds from His hand, and in His bosom warms:

Thus shall mankind His guardiau care engage—

The promised father of the future age.

No more shall nation against nation rise,

Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes;

Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,

The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;

But useless lances into scythes shall bend,

And the broad falchion in a plough-share end.

Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son

Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun;

Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,

And the same hand that sowed shall reap the

field;

The swain in barren deserts with surprise Sees lilies spring and sudden verdure rise; And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds, to hear New falls of water murmuring in his ear. On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes, The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods;

Waste sandy valleys, once perplexed with thorn,

The spiry fir and shapely box adorn;
To leafless shrubs the flowery palms succeed,
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed;

The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,

And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead:

The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's
feet.

The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake—
Pleased, the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forked tongue shall innocently play.

Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!

Exalt thy towery head, and lift thine eyes!
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons and daughters, yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright alters thronged with prostrate kings,

And heaped with products of Sabean springs! For thee Idume's spicy forests blow, And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.

See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn;
But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze,
O'erflow thy courts; the Light Himself shall
shine

Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine!

The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,

Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed His word, His saving power remains;

Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

ALEXANDER POPE

TWELFTH DAY, OR THE EPIPHANY.

That so Thy blessed birth, O Christ,
Might through the world be spread about,
Thy star appeared in the east,
Whereby the Gentiles found Thee out;
And offering Thee myrrh, incense, gold,
Thy three-fold office did unfold.

Sweet Jesus, let that star of Thine— Thy grace, which guides to find out The Within our hearts for ever shine, That Thou of us found out mayst be: And Thou shalt be our king therefore. Our priest and prophet evermore.

Tears that from true repentance drop.
Instead of myrrh, present will we;
For incense we will offer up
Our prayers and praises unto Thee;
And bring for gold each pious deed
Which doth from saving grace procee

And as those wise men never went To visit Herod any more; So, finding Thee, we will repent Our courses followed heretofore; And that we homeward may retire, The way by Thee we will inquire.

LINES

GROBGE WITH

ON THE CELEBRATED PICTURE BY LEONARD VINCI, CALLED THE VIRGIN OF THE ROCE

While young John runs to greet

The greater infant's feet,
The mother standing by, with trem
passion
Of devout admiration,
Beholds the engaging mystic play,
pretty adoration;
Nor knows as yet the full event
Of those so low beginnings
From whence we date our winning
But wonders at the intent
Of those new rites, and what that standing the child-worship meant.

But at her side
An angel doth abide,
With such a perfect joy
As no dim doubts alloy—
An intuition,
A glory, an amenity,
Passing the dark condition
Of blind humanity,
As if he surely knew
All the blest wonders should aspect

Or he had lately left the upper sphere, And had read all the sovereign schemes and divine riddles there.

CHARLES LAMB.

HE REIGN OF CHRIST ON EARTH.

Hail to the Lord's anointed—Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

He comes with succor speedy
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

By such shall He be feared

While sun and moon endure—
Beloved, obeyed, revered;

For He shall judge the poor,

Through changing generations,

With justice, mercy, truth,

While stars maintain their stations

Or moons renew their youth.

He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth;
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness, in fountains.
From hill to valley flow.

Arabia's desert-ranger

To Him shall bow the knee,
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see;
With offerings of devotion
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at His feet.

Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

For Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows, ascend—
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end;
The mountain dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

O'er every foe victorious,

He on His throne shall rest,

From age to age more glorious,

All-blessing and all-blest;

The tide of time shall never

His covenant remove;

His name shall stand for ever;

That name to us is—love.

"JESUS SHALL REIGN."

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun Does his successive journeys run.— His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

From north to south the princes meet To pay their homage at His feet, While western empires own their Lord, And savage tribes attend His word.

To Him shall endless prayer be made, And endless praises crown His head; His name like sweet perfume shall rise With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue Dwell on His love with sweetest song, And infant voices shall proclaim Their early blessings on His name.

ATTE W CALLET

PASSION SUNDAY.

The royal banners forward go:
The cross shines forth in mystic glow;
Where He in flesh, our flesh who made,
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid—

Where deep for us the spear was dyed, Life's torrent rushing from His side, To wash us in that precious flood Where mingled water flowed and blood.

Fulfilled is all that David told
In true prophetic song of old:
Amidst the nations, God, saith he,
Hath reigned and triumphed from the tree.

O tree of beauty, tree of light!
O tree with royal purple dight!
Elect on whose triumphal breast
Those holy limbs should find their rest!

On whose dear arms, so widely flung,
The weight of this world's ransom hung—
The price of human kind to pay,
And spoil the spoiler of his prey.

To Thee, eternal three in one, Let homage meet by all be done, Whom by the cross Thou dost restore, Preserve and govern evermore. Amen.

VENANTIUS FORTUNATES. (Latin.) henonymous Translation.

GETHSEMANE.

JESUS, while He dwelt below,
As divine historians say,
To a place would often go—
Near to Kedron's brook it lay
In this place He loved to be,
And 't was named Gethsemane.

T was a garden, as we read,
At the foot of Olivet—
Low, and proper to be made
The Redeemer's lone retreat;
When from noise he would be free,
Then He sought Gethsemane.

Thither, by their Master brought,
His disciples likewise came;
There the heavenly truths He taugh:
Often set their hearts on flame;
Therefore they, as well as He,
Visited Gethsemane.

Oft conversing here they sat,
Or might join with Christ in praye
Oh! what blest devotion that,
When the Lord Himself is there!
All things thus did there agree
To endear Gethsemane.

Full of love to man's lost race,
On the conflict much He thought;
This He knew the destined place,
And He loved the sacred spot;
Therefore Jesus chose to be
Often in Gethsemane.

Came at length the dreadful night;
Vengeance with its iron rod,
Stood, and with collected might
Bruised the harmless Lamb of God;
See, my soul, thy Saviour see,
Prostrate in Gethsemane!

Wrung with anguish, whelmed blood—

Hear Him pray in His distress,

With strong cries and tears, to God
Then reflect what sin must be,

View Him in that olive press,

Gazing on Gethsemane.

Gloomy garden, on thy beds,
Washed by Kedron's water pool,
Grow most rank and bitter weeds!
Think on these, my soul, my soul!
Wouldst thou sin's dominion see—
Call to mind Gethsemane.

Eden, from each flowery bed,
Did for man short sweetness breati
Soon, by Satan's counsel led,
Man wrought sin, and sin wrought d
But of life the healing tree
Grows in rich Gethsemane.

imes with Thy little train; wouldst keep Thy private court—confer that grace again; resort with worthless me, les to Gethsemane.

I can't deserve to share
I favor so divine;
nce sin first fixed Thee there,
he have greater sins than mine;
o this my woeful plea
ss thou, Gethsemane!

gainst a holy God,
sagainst His righteous laws,
gainst His love, His blood,
sagainst His name and cause,
nmense as is the sea—
nc, O Gethsemane!

ir, all the stone remove in my flinty, frozen heart! it with the beams of love, ce it with Thy mercy's dart! d the heart that wounded Thee! it, in Gethsemane!

Joseph Hart.

GETHSEMANE.

to dark Gethsemane,
e that feel the tempter's power;
r Redeemer's conflict see,
latch with Him one bitter hour;
n not from his griefs away—
rn of Jesus Christ to pray!

ow to the judgment-hall—
iew the Lord of life arraigned!
the wormwood and the gall!
h the pangs his soul sustained!
n not suffering, shame, or loss—
rn of Him to bear the cross!

vary's mournful mountain climb; here, adoring at His feet, k that miracle of time ods own sacrifice complete! "It is finished!"—hear the cry— Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

Early hasten to the tomb

Where they laid His breathless clay-All is solitude and gloom;

Who hath taken Him away?

Christ is risen!—he meets our eyes!

Saviour, teach us so to rise!

JAMES MONTGOMERY,

WEEPING MARY.

Mary to her Saviour's tomb

Hasted at the early dawn;

Spice she brought, and rich perfume—

But the Lord she loved was gone.

For a while she weeping stood,

Struck with sorrow and surprise,

Shedding tears, a plenteous flood—

For her heart supplied her eyes.

Jesus, who is always near,

Though too often unperceived,

Comes his drooping child to cheer,

Kindly asking why she grieved.

Though at first she knew him not—

When He called her by her name,

Then her griefs were all forgot,

For she found He was the same.

Grief and sighing quickly fled
When she heard His welcome voice;
Just before she thought Him dead,
Now He bids her heart rejoice.
What a change His word can make,
Turning darkness into day!
You who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

He who came to comfort her
When she thought her all was lost,
Will for your relief appear,
Though you now are tempest-tossed
On His word your burden cast,
On His love your thoughts employ;
Weeping for a while may last,
But the morning brings the joy.

AN EASTER HYMN.

AWAKE, thou wintry earth—
Fling off thy sadness!
Fair vernal flowers, laugh forth
Your ancient gladness!
Christ is risen!

Wave, woods, your blossoms all—Grim death is dead!
Ye weeping funeral trees,
Lift up your head!
Christ is risen!

Come, see! the graves are green;
It is light; let's go
Where our loved ones rest
In hope below!
Christ is risen!

All is fresh and new,

Full of spring and light;

Wintry heart, why wear'st the hue

Of sleep and night?

Christ is risen!

Leave thy cares beneath,

Leave thy worldly love!

Begin the better life

With God above!

Christ is risen!

THOMAS BLACKBURK.

EASTER.

Rise, heart! thy Lord is risen. Sing His praise

Without delays

Who takes thee by the hand, that thou likewise

With Him mayst rise—
That, as His death calcined thee to dust,
His life may make thee gold, and much more
just.

Awake, my lute, and struggle for thy part
With all thy art!
The cross taught all wood to resound His nau

The cross taught all wood to resound His name Who bore the same;

His stretched sinews taught all strings what key

Is best to celebrate this most high day.

Consort both harp and lute, and twist

Pleasant and long
Or since all music is but three parts vi

And multiplied,
Oh let thy bleased Spirit bear a part,
And make up our defects with His swe

I got me flowers to strew thy way—
I got me boughs off many a tree;
But thou wast up by break of day,
And broughtst thy sweets along with

The sun arising in the east,
Though he give light, and th' east peri
If they should offer to contest
With Thy arising, they presume.

Can there be any day but this, Though many suns to shine endeavor? We count three hundred, but we miss-There is but one, and that one ever.

GEORGE HEE

HYMN.

From my lips in their defilement,
From my heart in its beguilement,
From my tongue which speaks not for
From my soul stained everywhere—
O my Jesus, take my prayer!

Spurn me not, for all it says,—
Not for words, and not for ways,—
Not for shamelessness endured!
Make me brave to speak my mood,
O my Jesus, as I would!
Or teach me, which I rather seek,
What to do and what to speak.

I have sinned more than she
Who, learning where to meet with I
And bringing myrrh the highest price
Anointed bravely, from her knee,
Thy blessed feet accordingly—
My God, my Lord, my Christ!
As thou saidest not "Depart,"
To that suppliant from her heart,
Scorn me not, O Word, that art

e Thy feet to me instead, nderly I may them kiss, usp them close, and never miss, ver-dropping tears, as free ecious as that myrrh could be, at them bravely from my knee!

ne with Thy tears! draw nigh me, eir salt may purify me! emit my sins who knowest sinning, to the lowest st all my wounds, and seest stripes Thyself decreest; it knowest all my faith— Il my force to death, t all my wailings low ine evil should be so! z hidden but appears knowledge, O Divine, tor, Saviour mine! rop of falling tears, reath of inward moan, eart-beat—which is gone!

ST. JOANNES DAMASCRHUS. (Greek.) n of E. B. Browning.

IY GOD, I LOVE THEE.

L, I love Thee! not because e for heaven thereby; sause those who love Thee not burn eternally.

) my Jesus, Thou didst me the cross embrace! didst bear the nails and spear, manifold disgrace.

iefs and torments numberless, sweat of agony, ath itself—and all for one was Thine enemy.

hy, O blessed Jesus Christ, ld I not love Thee well? the hope of winning heaven, of escaping hell! Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward;
But as Thyself hast loved me,
O everlasting Lord!

E'en so I love Thee, and will love, And in Thy praise will sing— Solely because thou art my God, And my eternal king.

St. Francis Xavier. (Latin.)
Translation of Edward Caswell.

"I JOURNEY THROUGH A DESERT DREAR AND WILD."

I JOURNEY through a desert drear and wild, Yet is my heart by such sweet thoughts beguiled

Of Him on whom I lean, my strength, my stay,

I can forget the sorrows of the way.

Thoughts of His love—the root of every grace, Which finds in this poor heart a dwelling-place;

The sunshine of my soul, than day more bright,

And my calm pillow of repose by night.

Thoughts of His sojourn in this vale of tears— The tale of love unfolded in those years Of sinless suffering, and patient grace, I love again and yet again to trace.

Thoughts of His glory—on the cross I gaze,
And there behold its sad, yet healing rays;
Beacon of hope, which lifted up on high,
Illumes with heavenly light the tear-dimmed
eye.

Thoughts of His coming—for that joyful day In patient hope I watch, and wait, and pray; The dawn draws nigh, the midnight shadows flee,

Oh! what a sunrise will that advent be!

Thus while I journey on, my Lord to meet,
My thoughts and meditations are so sweet,
Of Him on whom I lean, my strength, my
stay,

I can forget the sorrows of the way.

PROBLEMOKY

WRESTLING JACOB.

FIRST PART.

COME, O Thou traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee;
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

I need not tell Thee who I am;
My sin and misery declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name;
Look on Thy hands, and read it there;
But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou?
Tell me Thy name, and tell me now.

In vain Thou strugglest to get free;
I never will unloose my hold:
Art Thou the man that died for me?
The secret of Thy love unfold;
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech Thee, tell;
To know it now resolved I am;
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

What though my shrinking flesh complain
And murmur to contend so long;
I rise superior to my pain;
When I am weak, then am I strong!
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-man prevail.

SECOND PART.

YIELD to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak;
Be conquered by my instant prayer;
Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if Thy name be Love.

Tis love! 'tis love! Thou diedst for me; I hear Thy whisper in my heart; The morning breaks, the shadows flee; Pure, universal love Thou art; To me, to all, Thy bowels move, Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

My prayer hath power with God; the Unspeakable I now receive; Through faith I see Thee face to face I see Thee face to face and live! In vain I have not wept and strove; Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

I know Thee, Saviour, who Thou art
Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend;
Nor wilt Thou with the night depart
But stay and love me to the end;
Thy mercies never shall remove;
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

The sun of righteousness on me
Hath rose, with healing in his wing
Withered my nature's strength; from
My soul its life and succor brings;
My help is all laid up above;
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

I halt, till life's short journey end;
All helplessness, all weakness, I
On Thee alone for strength depend
Nor have I power from Thee to mov
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

Lame as I am, I take the prey;
Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'er
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And, as a bounding hart, fly home
Through all eternity to prove
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.
CHARLES WE

THE CALL.

Come, my way, my truth, my life,—Such a way as gives us breath;
Such a truth as ends all strife;
Such a life as killeth death.

Come my light, my feast, my streng Such a light as shows a feast; Such a feast as mends in length: Such a strength as makes His guest. Come my joy, my love, my heart!
Such a joy as none can move;
Such a love as none can part;
Such a heart as joys in love.

GEORGE HERBERT.

THE STRANGER AND HIS FRIEND.

A poor wayfaring man of grief
Hath often crossed me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief
That I could never answer "Nay."
I had not power to ask His name,
Whither He went, or whence He came;
Yet there was something in His eye
That won my love,—I knew not why.

Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered. Not a word He spake.

Just perishing for want of bread,
I gave Him all; He blessed it, brake,
And ate;—but gave me part again.

Mine was an angel's portion then;
For while I fed with eager haste,
That crust was manna to my taste.

I spied Him where a fountain burst Clear from the rock; His strength was gone;

The heedless water mocked His thirst;
He heard it, saw it hurrying on.
I ran to raise the sufferer up;
Thrice from the stream He drained my cup,
Dipped, and returned it running o'er;—
I drank, and never thirsted more.

T was night; the floods were out,—it blew
A winter hurricane aloof;
I heard His voice abroad, and flew
To bid Him welcome to my roof;
I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest—
Laid Him on my own couch to rest;
Then made the earth my bed, and seemed
In Elen's garden while I dreamed.

Stripped, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
I found Him by the highway side;
I roused His pulse, brought back His breath,
Revived His spirit and supplied

Wine, oil, refreshment; He was healed. I had, myself, a wound concealed—But from that hour forgot the smart, And peace bound up my broken heart.

In prison I saw Him next, condemned
To meet a traitor's doom at morn;
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honored Him midst shame and scorn.
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked if I for Him would die;
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,

But the free spirit cried, "I will."

Then in a moment, to my view,

The stranger darted from disguise;

The tokens in His hands I knew—

My Saviour stood before mine eyes.

He spake; and my poor name he named—

"Of me thou hast not been ashamed;

These deeds shall thy memorial be;

Fear not! thou didst them unto me."

JANES MONTGOMERY.

THE ODOR.

How sweetly doth My Master sound!—My Master!

As ambergris leaves a rich scent Unto the taster,

So do these words a sweet content An oriental fragrancy—My Master!

With these all day I do perfume my mind,

My mind even thrust into them both—

That I might find

What cordials make this curious broth,
This broth of smells, that feeds and fats my
mind.

My Master shall I speak? Oh that to Thee
My servant were a little so

As flesh may be;

That these two words might creep and

To some degree of spiciness to Thee!

Then should the pomander, which was before A speaking sweet, mend by reflection,

And tell me more:

For pardon of my imperfection

Would warm and work it sweeter than before

For when My Master, which alone is sweet,
And e'en in my unworthiness pleasing,
Shall call and meet
My servant, as Thee not displeasing,
That call is but the breathing of the sweet.

This breathing would with gains, by sweet'ning me,

(As sweet things traffick when they meet)
Return to Thee;

And so this new commerce and sweet
Should all my life employ, and busy me.
Grones Harrens.

THE FEAST.

On come away!

Make no delay—

Come while my heart is clean and steady!

While faith and grace

Adorn the place,

Making dust and ashes ready!

No bliss here lent
Is permanent—
Such triumphs poor flesh cannot merit;
Short sips and sights
Endear delights;
Who seeks for more he would inherit.

Come then, true bread,
Quick'ning the dead,
Whose eater shall not, cannot die!
Come, antedate
On me that state
Which brings poor dust the victory!—

Aye, victory!
Which from thine eye,
Breaks as the day doth from the east,
When the spilt dew,
Like tears, doth shew
The sad world wept to be releast.

Spring up, O wine!
And springing shine
With some glad message from His heart,
Who did, when slain,
These means ordain
For me to have in Him a part!—

Such a sure part
In His blest heart,
The well where living waters sprin
That, with it fed,
Poor dust, though dead,
Shall rise again, and live, and sing.

O drink and bread,
Which strikes death dead,
The food of man's immortal being!
Under veils here
Thou art my cheer,
Present and sure without my secing

How dost Thou fly,
And search and pry
Through all my parts, and, like a q
And knowing lamp,
Hunt out each damp
Whose shadow makes me sad or six

Oh what high joys!
The turtle's voice
And songs I hear! O quick'ning!
Of my Lord's blood,
You make rocks bud,
And crown dry hills with wells and?

For this true ease,
This healing peace,
For this brief taste of living glory,
My soul and all,
Kneel down and fall,
And sing His sad victorious story

O thorny crown,
More soft than down!
O painful cross, my bed of rest!
O spear, the key
Opening the way!
O Thy worst state my only best

Oh, all Thy griefs
Are my reliefs,
As all my sins Thy sorrows were
And what can I
To this reply?

What, O God \ but a silent tear!

one toil and so w hat wealth may flow, ss this earth for next year's meat; int let me heed Thy Thou didst bleed, at in the next world to eat. HENRY VAUGHAN.

COMPLAINING.

not beguile my heart, Because Thou art and wisdom! Put me not to shame, Because I am r that sweeps, Thy dust that calls!

ou art the Lord of glory— The deed and story Thy due; but I a silly fly, That live or die ng as the weather falls.

Thou all justice, Lord? Shows not Thy word butes? Am I all throat or eye, To weep or cry? 10 parts but those of grief?

not Thy wrathful power Afflict my hour, f life; or let Thy gracious power Contract my hour, nay climb and find relief.

GEORGE HERBERT.

SONNETS.

it is Thy beauty! How divine! 's the glory of the earth to Thine! d eyes outshine heaven's greater 1t, red by the shady cloud of night; as tresses dangle, all unbound, fected order to the ground: it is Thy beauty! How divine! 's the glory of the earth to Thine!

th, nor cassia, nor the choice per-106

is nard, or aromatic fumes

Of hot Arabia do enrich the air With more delicious sweetness than the fair Reports that crown the merits of Thy name With heavenly laurels of eternal fame, Which makes the virgins fix their eyes upon Thee. And all that view Thee are enamored on Thee.

Wно ever smelt the breath of morning flow-

New sweetened with the dash of twilight showers,

Of pounded amber, or the flowing thyme, Or purple violets in their proudest prime, Or swelling clusters from the cypress-tree? So sweet's my love; aye, far more sweet is He—

So fair, so sweet, that heaven's bright eye is dim,

And flowers have no scent, compared with Him.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

THE FLOWER.

How fresh, O, Lord, how sweet and clean Are thy returns! e'en as the flowers in spring-

To which, besides their own demean, The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring. Grief melts away Like snow in May, As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shrivelled heart

Could have recovered greenness? It was gone Quite under ground; as flowers depart To see their mother-root when they have blown,

> Where they together, All the hard weather, Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

These are Thy wonders, Lord of power: Killing and quick'ning, bringing down to hell And up to heaven in an hour, Making a chiming of a passing-bell.

> We say amiss, This or that is— Thy word is all, if we could spell.

Oh, past changing were—

Past in : armuse, where no flower can
wither!

Many a spring I shoot up fair,

Offering at heaven, growing and groaning thither:

Nor doth my flower
Want a spring-shower,
My sins and I oining together.

But, while I grow in a straight line, Still upwards bent, as own,

Thy anger comes

What frost to that? w
Where all the
When Thou ...
And the least fro

And now in age I b

After so many deaths I is
I once more smell the new

And relish versing; O my only a

It cannot be
That I am he

On whom Thy tempests fell all night!

These are Thy wonders, Lord of love—
To make us see we are but flowers that
glide;

Which when we once can find and prove,

Thou hast a garden for us where to bide.

Who would be more,

Swelling through store,

Forfeit their paradise by their pride.

Grossa Heraser.

A PRAYER LIVING AND DYING.

Rook of ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee! Let the water and the blood, From Thy riven side which flowed, Be of sin the double cure— Cleanse me from its gilt and power.

Not the labors of my hands Can fulfil Thy law's demands; Could my zeal no respite know, Could my tears for ever flow, All for sin could not atone Thou must save, and Thou alone

Nothing in my hand I bring—Simply to Thy cross I cling:
Naked come to Thee for dress—Helpless look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly—Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eye-strings break in de When I soar to worlds unknown, See Thee on Thy judgment thron Rock of ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee!

AUGUSTUS MOSTAGES TH

JESUS.

None upon earth I desire bestde Then. Punics inside

How tedious and tasteless the hours When Jesus no longer I see! Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and flowers,

Have lost all their sweetness with m The midsummer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay; But when I am happy in Him, December's as pleasant as May.

His name yields the richest perfume And sweeter than music His voice; His presence disperses my gloom, And makes all within me rejoice; I should, were He always thus nigh, Have nothing to wish or to fear; No mortal so happy as I— My summer would last all the year.

Content with beholding His face,
My all to His pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my min
While bleat with a sense of His love
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there

Dear Lord, if indeed I am Thine,
If Thou art my sun and my song—
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?
Oh drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me unto Thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

JOHN NEWTON.

THE EXAMPLE OF CHRIST.

My dear Redeemer, and my God. I read my duty in Thy word; But in Thy life the law appears Drawn out in living characters.

Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal, Such deference to Thy Father's will, Such love, and meekness so divine, I would transcribe, and make them mine.

Cold mountains, and the midnight air, Witnessed the fervor of Thy prayer; The desert Thy temptations knew— Thy conflict, and Thy victory too.

Be thou my pattern; make me bear More of Thy gracious image here; Then God, the Judge, shall own my name Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

ISAAC WATTS

COME UNTO ME.

Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Come, said Jesus' sacred voice—
Come and make my paths your choice!
I will guide you to your home—
Weary pilgrim, hither come!

Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste!

Ye who, tossed on beds of pain, Seek for ease, but seek in vain— Ye whose swollen and sleepless eyes Watch to see the morning rise—

Ye by fiercer anguish torn, In strong remorse for guilt who mourn, Here repose your heavy care— A wounded spirit who can bear!

Sinner, come! for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound—
Peace, that ever shall endure—
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD

THE WATCHMAN'S REPORT.

WATCHMAN, tell us of the night—
What its signs of promise are!
Traveller, o'er you mountain's height
See that glory-beaming star!
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveller, yes; it brings the day—
Promised day of Israel.

Watchman, tell us of the night—
Higher yet that star ascends!
Traveller, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller, ages are its own—
See, it bursts o'er all the earth!

Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller, darkness takes its flight—
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wandering cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveller, lo! the prince of peace—
Lo! the Son of God is come.

JOHN BOWBING

"JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL"

JESUS, lover of my soul,

Let me to Thy bosom fly.

While the nearer waters roll,

While the tempest still is high!

Hide me, O my Savieur, hide,

Till the storm of life is past:

Safe into Thy haven guide—

Oh receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none—
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone—
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring:
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Wilt Thou not regard my call?

Wilt Thou not regard my prayer?

Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall—

Lo! on Thee I cast my care;

Reach me out Thy gracious hand,

While I of Thy strength receive!

Hoping against hope I stand—

Dying, and behom I live.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want—
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name—
I am all unrighteousness;
False, and full of sin I am .—
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,—
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound—
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art—
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart—
Rise to all eternity.

CEARLES WESLEY.

"JESUS, MY STRENGTH, MY HO

JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On Thee I cast my care—
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my pray
Give me on Thee to wait
Till I can all things do—
On Thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will
That tramples down, and casts bei
The baits of pleasing fil—
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss—
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

I want a godly fear,
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to Thee when sin is not
And sees the tempter fly—
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care—
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

I want a heart to pray,
To pray, and never cease;
Never to murmur at Thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less.
This blessing, above all,
Always to pray, I want,—
Out of the deep on Thee to call,
And never, never faint.

A single, steady aim
(Unmoved by threatening or reway
To Thee and Thy great name—
A jealous, just concern
For Thine immortal praise—
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify Thy grace.

I rest upon Thy word,—
The promise is for me;
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from Thee;

me still abide, rom my hope remove, ou my patient spirit guide Thy perfect love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

IVING BY CHRIST.

oundless love to me
it can reach, no tongue declare;
thankful heart to Thee,
without a rival there.
y, Thine alone, I am—
ne my constant flame.

at nothing in my soul

I but Thy pure love alone;

love possess me whole—

y treasure, and my crown!

es far from my heart remove—

t, word, thought, be love.

cheering is Thy ray!
efore Thy presence flies;
h, sorrow, melt away
Thy healing beams arise;
ing may I see,
re or seek, but Thee!

nay I this pursue—
to the high prize aspire;
in my soul renew
flame, this heavenly fire;
d night, be all my care
sacred treasure there.

Thou Thy love to me in want, in pain, hast showed; he accursed tree, edst forth Thy guiltless blood; upon my heart impress, hall the loved stamp efface.

vith sins of deepest stain; e mighty Saviour art, I Thy cleansing blood in vain; nelt this rock, and may ash all these stains away! Oh that I, as a little child,

May follow Thee, and never rest

Till sweetly Thou hast breathed Thy miid

And lowly mind into my breast!

Nor ever may we parted be

Till I become one spirit with Thee.

Still let Thy love point out my way!

How wondrous things Thy love hath
wrought!

Still lead me, lest I go astray—
Direct my word, inspire my thought;

As if I fall, soon may I hear
Thy voice, and know that love is near.

In suffering be Thy love my peace,
In weakness be Thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that important hour,
In death, as life, be Thou my guide,
And save me, who for me hast died.

PAUL GERHARD. (German.)
Translation of John Wesley.

"ETERNAL BEAM OF LIGHT DIVINE."

ETERNAL beam of light divine,
Fountain of unexhausted love,
In whom the Father's glories shine
Through earth beneath, and heaven above

Jesus, the weary wanderer's rest,
Give me Thy easy yoke to bear;
With steadfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love and lowly fear.

Thankful I take the cup from Thee,
Prepared and mingled by Thy skilThough bitter to the taste it be,
Powerful the wounded soul to heal.

Be thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh!
So shall each murmuring thought be gone
And grief, and fear, and care shall fly
As clouds before the mid-day sun.

Speak to my warring passions,—Peace!
Say to my trembling heart,—Be still!
Thy power my strength and fortress is,
For all things serve Thy sovereign will.

O death! where is thy sting? Where now Thy boasted victory, O grave? Who shall contend with God? or who Can hurt whom God delights to save?

CHARLES WESLEY.

"FRIEND OF ALL."

FRIEND of all who seek Thy favor,
Us defend
To the end—
Be our utmost Saviour!

Us, who join on earth to adore Thee,
Guard and love,
Till above
Both appear before Thee!

Fix on Thee our whole affection—

Love divine,

Keep us Thine,

Safe in Thy protection!

Christ, of all our conversation

Be the scope—

Lift us up

To Thy full salvation!

Bring us every moment nearer;
Fairer rise
In our eyes—
Dearer still, and dearer!

Infinitely dear and precious,
With Thy love
From above
Evermore refresh us!

Strengthened by the cordial blessing,

Let us haste

To the feast,

Feast of joys unceasing!

Perfect let us walk before Thee—
Walk in white
To the sight
Of Thy heavenly glory!

Both with calm impatience press of To the prize—
Scale the skies,
Take entire possession—

Drink of life's exhaustless river—
Take of Thee
Life's fair tree—
Eat, and live for ever!

CHARLES W

LITANY.

Saviour, when in dust to Thee Low we bow the adoring knee; When, repentant, to the skies Scarce we lift our weeping eyes— O, by all Thy pains and woe Suffered once for man below, Bending from Thy throne on high, Hear our solemn litany!

By Thy helpless infant years;
By Thy life of want and tears;
By Thy days of sore distress,
In the savage wilderness;
By the dread, mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power—
Turn, O turn, a favoring eye—
Hear our solemn litany!

By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slep
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode;
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within the fold—
From Thy seat above the sky
Hear our solemn litany!

By Thine hour of dire despair;
By Thine agony of prayer;

By the cross, the wail, the thorn, Piercing spear, and torturing scorn; By the gloom that veiled the skies O'er the dreadful sacrifice—Listen to our humble cry:

Hear our solemn litany!

By Thy deep expiring groan;
By the sad sepulchral stone;
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God!
Oh! from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, reascended Lord—
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn litany!

SIR ROBERT GRANT.

HYMN.

When gathering clouds around I view, And days are dark, and friends are few, On Him I lean, who, not in vain, Experienced every human pain; He sees my wants, allays my fears, And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray From heavenly wisdom's narrow way, To fly the good I would pursue, Or do the sin I would not do,— Still He who felt temptation's power Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceived by those I prized too well,
He shall His pitying aid bestow
Who felt on earth severer woe,
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,
By those who shared His daily bread.

If vexing thoughts within me rise,
And sore dismayed my spirit dies,
Still He who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend, Which covers what was once a friend, And from his voice, his hand, his smile, Divides me for a little while; Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed, For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

And oh, when I have safely past
Through every conflict—but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed,—for Thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

SIE ROBERT GRANT.

HYMN

FOR SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

When our heads are bowed with woe, When our bitter tears o'erflow, When we mourn the lost, the dear: Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn, Thou our mortal griefs hast borne, Thou hast shed the human tear: Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

When the sullen death-bell tolls For our own departed souls— When our final doom is near, Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

Thou hast bowed the dying head, Thou the blood of life hast shed, Thou hast filled a mortal bier: Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

When the heart is sad within With the thought of all its sin, When the spirit shrinks with fear, Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

Thou the shame, the grief hast known; Though the sins were not Thine own, Thou hast deigned their load to bear: Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

HEREY HART MILMAN.

THE DEAD CHRIST.

Take the dead Christ to my chamber—
The Christ I brought from Rome;
Over all the tossing ocean,
He has reached His western home:
Bear Him as in procession,
And lay Him solemnly
Where, through weary night and morning,
He shall bear me company.

The name I bear is other
Than that I bore by birth;
And I've given life to children.
Who'll grow and dwell on earth;
But the time comes swiftly towards me—
Nor do I bid it stay—
When the dead Christ will be more to me
Than all I hold to-day.

Lay the dead Christ beside me—
Oh, press Him on my heart;
I would hold Him long and painfully,
Till the weary tears should start—
Till the divine contagion
Heal me of self and sin,
And the cold weight press wholly down
The pulse that chokes within.

Reproof and frost, they fret me;
Towards the free, the sunny lands,
From the chaos of existence,
I stretch these feeble hands—
And, penitential, kneeling,
Pray God would not be wroth,
Who gave not the strength of feeling
And strength of labor both.

Thou'rt but a wooden carving,
Defaced of worms, and old;
Yet more to me Thou couldst not be
Wert Thou all wrapt in gold,

Like the gem-bedizened baby
Which, at the Twelfth-day noon,
They show from the Ara Cooli's steps
To a merry dancing tune.

I ask of Thee no wonders—
No changing white or red;
I dream not Thou art living,
I love and prize Thee dead.
That salutary deadness
I seek through want and pain,
From which God's own high power can
Our virtue rise again.

JULIA WARD BO

SONNET.

In the desert of the Holy Land I strayed

Where Christ once lived, but seems to no more;
In Lebanon my lonely home I made;
I heard the wind among the cedars rose,
And saw far off the Dead Sea's solemn sho
But 't is a dreary wilderness, I said,
Since the prophetic spirit hence has sped
Then from the convent in the vale I hear
Slow chanted forth, the everlasting Worn
Saying "I am He that liveth, and was de
And lo I am alive for evermore."
Then forth upon my pilgrimage I fare,
Resolved to find and praise Him every whence

A HYMN.

Drop, drop, slow tears,
And bathe those beauteous feet
Which brought from heaven
The news and prince of peace
Cease not, wet eyes,
His mercies to entreat
To cry for vengeance
Sin doth never cease;
In your deep floods
Drown all my faults and fears;
Nor let His eye
See sin, but through my tears.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

It was the calm and silent night!
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
And now was queen of land and sea.
No sound was heard of clashing wars—
Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain:
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars
Held undisturbed their ancient reign,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago.

'T was in the calm and silent night!

The senator of haughty Rome,
Impatient, urged his chariot's flight,
From lordly revel rolling home;
Triumphal arches, gleaming, swell
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway;

What recked the Roman what befell
A paltry province far away,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago?

Within that province far away
Went plodding home a weary boor;
A streak of light before him lay,
Fallen through a half-shut stable-door
Across his path. He passed—for naught
Told what was going on within;
How keen the stars, his only thought—
The air how calm, and cold, and thin,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

Oh, strange indifference! low and high
Drowsed over common joys and cares;
The earth was still—but knew not why
The world was listening, unawares.
How calm a moment may precede
One that shall thrill the world for ever!
To that still moment, none would heed,
Man's doom was linked no more to sever—
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

It is the calm and solemn night!

A thousand bells ring out, and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
The darkness—charmed and holy now!

The night that erst no name had worn,

To it a happy name is given;

For in that stable lay, new-born,

The peaceful prince of earth and heaven,

In the solemn midnight,

Centuries ago!

ALFRED DOMNETT.

CHRISTMAS.

Rine out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night—
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new—Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes.
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,

The larger heart, the kindlier hand;

Ring out the darkness of the land—

Ring in the Christ that is to be.

TIMES TREETS

ST. PETER'S DAY.

Thou thrice denied, yet thrice beloved,
Watch by Thine own forgiven friend!
In sharpest perils faithful proved,
Let his soul love Thee to the end.

The prayer is heard—else why so deep His slumber on the eve of death? And wherefore smiles he in his sleep, As one who drew celestial breath?

He loves and is beloved again— Can his soul choose but be at rest? Sorrow hath fied away, and pain Dares not invade the guarded nest.

He dearly loves, and not alone;
For his winged thoughts are soaring high,
Where never yet frail heart was known
To breathe in vain affection's sigh.

He loves and weeps; but more than tears
Have sealed Thy welcome and his love—
One look lives in him, and endears
Crosses and wrongs where'er he rove—

That gracious chiding look, Thy call
To win him to himself and Thee,
Sweetening the sorrow of his fall
Which else were rued too bitterly;

Even through the veil of sleep it shines, The memory of that kindly glance;— The angel, watching by, divines, And spares awhile his blissful trance.

Or haply to his native lake

His vision wafts him back, to talk
With Jesus, ere his flight he take,

As in that solemn evening walk,

When to the bosom of his friend,
The Shepherd, He whose name is Good,
Did His dear lambs and sheep commend,
Both bought and nourished with His blood;

Then laid on him th' inverted tree,
Which, firm embraced with heart and a
Might cast o'er hope and memory,
O'er life and death, its awful charm.

With brightening heart he bears it on,
His passport through th' eternal gates,
To his sweet home—so nearly won,
He seems, as by the door he waits,

The unexpressive notes to hear
Of angel song and angel motion,
Rising and falling on the ear
Like waves in joy's unbounded ocean.

His dream is changed—the tyrant's voice Calls to that last of glorious deeds— But as he rises to rejoice, Not Herod, but an angel leads.

He dreams he sees a lamp flash bright, Glancing around his prison room; But 't is a gleam of heavenly light That fills up all the ample gloom.

The flame, that in a few short years

Deep through the chambers of the desc

Shall pierce, and dry the fount of tears,

Is waving o'er his dungeon-bed.

Touched, he upstarts—his chains unbind-Through darksome vault, up massy sta His dizzy, doubting footsteps wind To freedom and cool, moonlight air

Then all himself, all joy and calm,
Though for awhile his hand forego,
Just as it touched, the martyr's palm.
He turns him to his task below:

The pastoral staff, the keys of heaven,

To wield awhile in gray-haired might

Then from his cross to spring forgiven,

And follow Jesus out of sight.

JOHN K

EMIGRANTS IN BERMUDAS.

the remote Bermudas ride ocean's bosom, unespied—
a small boat, that rowed along, ist'ning winds received this song:

at should we do but sing His praise led us through the watery maze an isle so long unknown, yet far kinder than our own? e He the huge sea-monsters wracks lift the deep upon their backs, nds us on a grassy stage, from the storms, and prelate's rage. ive us this eternal spring h here enamels every thing, sends the fowls to us in care, rily visits through the air. ings in shades the orange bright, golden lamps in a green night, loes in the pomegranates close s more rich than Ormus shows. akes the figs our mouths to meet, throws the melons at our feet. pples—plants of such a price ee could ever bear them twice. cedars, chosen by His hand Lebanon, He stores the land; nakes the hollow seas, that roar, aim the ambergris on shore. st (of which we rather boast) gospel's pearl upon our coast; n these rocks for us did frame iple, where to sound His name. et our voice His praise exalt arrive at heaven's vault; h, then, perhaps rebounding, may beyond the Mexique bay.

sang they, in the English boat, y and a cheerful note; all the way, to guide their chime, falling oars they kept the time.

ANDREW MARVELL

HYMN OF THE HEBREW MAID.

When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the iand of bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.
By day, along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answered keen;
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
With priest's and warrior's voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze—
Forsaken Israel wanders lone;
Our fathers would not know Thy ways,
And Thou hast left them to their own.

But, present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray.
And oh, when stoops on Judah's path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel's streams—
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;
No censer round our altar beams,
And mute are timbrel, trump, and horn.
But Thou hast said, the blood of goats,
The flesh of rams, I will not prize—
A contrite heart, and humble thoughts,
Are mine accepted sacrifice.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

THE LABORER'S NOONDAY HYMN.

Up to the throne of God is borne The voice of praise at early morn, And He accepts the punctual hymn Sung as the light of day grows dim;

Nor will He turn his ear aside From holy offerings at noontide: Then, here reposing, let us raise A song of gratitude and praise. What though our burden be not light, We need not toil from morn to night; The respite of the mid-day hour Is in the thankful creature's power.

Blest are the moments, doubly blest, That, drawn from this one hour of rest, Are with a ready heart bestowed Upon the service of our God!

Each field is then a hallowed spot— An altar is in each man's cot, A church in every grove that spreads Its living roof above our heads.

Look up to heaven! the industrious sun Already half his race hath run;
He cannot halt nor go astray—
But our immortal spirits may.

Lord! since his rising in the east
If we have faltered or transgressed,
Guide, from Thy love's abundant source,
What yet remains of this day's course.

Help with Thy grace, through life's short day,

Our upward and our downward way; And glorify for us the west, When we shall sink to final rest.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

TO KEEP A TRUE LENT.

Is this a fast—to keep
The larder lean,
And clean
From fat of yeals and sheep?

Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an hour—
Or ragged to go—
Or show
A downcast look, and sour?

No! 't is a fast to dole

Thy sheaf of wheat,

And meat,

Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,
From old debate
And hate—
To circumcise thy life.

To show a heart grief-rent;

To starve thy sin,

Not bin—

And that's to keep thy lent.

ROBERT HE

FASTING.

Is fasting then the thing that God req
Can fasting expiate, or slake those?

That sin hath blown to such a
flame?

Can sackcloth clothe a fault, or hide a
Can ashes cleanse thy blot, or purge
fence?

Or do thy hands make heaven a record By strewing dust upon thy briny face. Are these the tricks to purchase has grace?—

No! though thou pine thyself with want,

Or face look thin, or carcass ne'er so; Although thou worser weeds than so wear,

Or naked go, or sleep in shirts of hair Or though thou choose an ash-tub for Or make a daily dunghill on thy head Thy labor is not poised with equal ga For thou hast naught but labor pains.

Such holy madness God rejects and I
That sinks no deeper than the skin or
'T is not thine eyes, which, taught
by art,

Look red with tears (not guilty of thy 'T is not the holding of thy hands so Nor yet the purer squinting of thine

ture phrases, or affected graces, al up-banding of thine eyes, thful balls do seem to pelt the s; e strict reforming of your hair, that all the neighbor skull is e drooping of thy head so low, e lowering of thy sullen brow; the howling that disturbs the air, tions, or your tedious prayer: is none of this, that God regards—of fools their own applause re-

et-plays to heaven are strange and int;

ice is unsweet, and foully taint;
ds fall fruitless from their idle
in—

epentance runs in other strain:
id contrition harbors, there the

rt
quainted with the secret smart
ences—hates the bosom sin
which the soul took pleasure in.
insifted, no sin unpresented,
unseen; and seen, none unlament-

led soul's amazed with dire aspects ins committed, and detects ded conscience; it cries amain y, mercy—cries, and cries again; cieves, and soberly laments;

for grace, reforms, returns, re-

is incense whose accepted favor > the heavenly Throne, and findeth or;

is it whose valor never fails—
it stoutly wrestles, and prevails;
is it that pierces heaven above,
urning home, like Noah's dove,
an olive leaf, or some increase
to salvation, and eternal peace.

PRANCES QUARTER.

CHARITY AND HUMILITY.

Far have I clambered in my mind,
But naught so great as love I find;
Deep-searching wit, mount-moving might,
Are naught compared to that good spright.
Life of delight, and soul of bliss!
Sure source of lasting happiness!
Higher than heaven, lower than hell!
What is thy tent? where mayst thou dwell

My mansion hight humility,
Heaven's vastest capability—
The further it doth downward tend
The higher up it doth ascend;
If it go down to utmost naught
It shall return with that it sought.

Lord, stretch Thy tent in my strait breast—

Eularge it downward, that sure rest May there be pight; for that pure fire Wherewith thou wontest to inspire All self-dead souls. My life is gone— Sad solitude 's my irksome wonne. Cut off from men and all this world, In Lethe's lonesome ditch I 'm hurled. Nor might nor sight doth aught me move, Nor do I care to be above. O feeble rays of mental light, That best be seen in this dark night! What are you? what is any strength If it be not laid in one length With pride or love? I naught desire But a new life, or quite t' expire. Could I demolish with mine eye Strong towers, stop the fleet stars in sky, Bring down to earth the pale faced moon, Or turn black midnight to bright noon— Though all things were put in my hand— As parched, as dry, as the Libyan sand Would be my life, if charity Were wanting. But humility Is more than my poor soul durst crave. That lies intombed in lowly grave. But if 't were lawful up to send My voice to heaven, this should it rend:

Lord, thrust me deeper into dust That Thou mayest raise me with the just?

Hawar Moas

HUMILITY.

The bird that soars on highest wing
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing
Sings in the shade, where all things rest;
In lark and nightingale we see
What honor hath humility.

When Mary chose "the better part,"
She meekly sat at Jesus' feet;
And Lydia's gently opened heart
Was made for God's own temple meet:
Fairest and best adorned is she
Whose clothing is humility.

The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown

In deepest adoration bends:
The weight of glory bows him down
Then most, when most his soul ascends:
Nearest the throne itself must be
The footstool of humility.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

"IS THIS A TIME TO PLANT AND BUILD?"

Is this a time to plant and build,
Add house to house, and field to field,
When round our walls the battle lowers—
When mines are hid beneath our towers,
And watchful foes are stealing round
To search and spoil the holy ground?

Is this a time for moonlight dreams.

Of love and home, by mazy streams—

For fancy with her shadowy toys,

Aerial hopes and pensive joys,

While souls are wandering far and wide,

And curses swarm on every side?

No—rather steel thy melting heart

To act the martyr's sternest part—

To watch, with firm unshrinking eye,

Thy darling visions as they die,

Till all bright hopes, and hues of day,

Have faded into twilight gray.

Yes—let them pass without a sigh;

And if the world seem dul! and dry—

If long and sad thy lonely hours, And winds have rent thy sheltering be Bethink thee what thou art, and when A sinner in a life of care.

The fire of God is soon to fall—
Thou know'st it—on this earthly ball
Full many a soul, the price of blood
Marked by the Almighty's hand for go
To utter death that hour shall sweep—
And will the saints in heaven dare we

Then in His wrath shall God uproot
The trees He set, for lack of fruit;
And drown in rude tempestuous blaze
The towers His hand had deigned to r
In silence, ere that storm begin,
Count o'er His mercies and thy sin.

Pray only that thine aching heart— From visions vain content to part, Strong for love's sake its woe to hide-May cheerful wait the cross beside: Too happy if, that dreadful day, Thy life be given thee for a prey.

Snatched sudden from the avenging re Safe in the bosom of thy God, How wilt thou then look back, and sn On thoughts that bitterest seemed er And bless the pangs that made thee s This was no world of rest for thee!

Joun :

HYMN

FOR ANNIVERSARY MARRIAGE DA

As fast united yet
As when our hands and hearts by
Together first were knit.
And in a thankful song
Now sing we will Thy praise,
For that Thou dost as well prolon
Our loving as our days.

ther we have now
gun another year;
now much time Thou wilt allow
ou mak'st it not appear.
therefore, do implore
at live and love we may,
so as if but one day more
gether we should stay.

ach of other's wealth
eserve a faithful care,
of each other's joy and health
if one soul we were.
conscience let us make,
ch other not to grieve,
we daily were to take
r everlasting leave.

rowardness that springs
om our corrupted kind,
om those troublous outward things
nich may distract the mind,
it Thou not, O Lord,
r constant love to shake—
disturb our true accord,
make our hearts to ache.

et these frailties prove lection's exercise; that discretion teach our love nich wins the noblest prize. ne, which wears away, d ruins all things else, fix our love on Thee for aye, whom perfection dwells.

GEORGE WITHER

ICATION OF A CHURCH.

en her glorious turrets shine—
lls of living stones are framed;
angels guard her on each side—
mpany for such a bride.

cked in new attire from heaven, iding chamber now descends, d in marriage to be given st, on whom her joy depends.

Her walls, wherewith she is inclosed, And streets, are of pure gold composed.

The gates, adorned with pearls most bright,
The way to hidden glory show;
And thither, by the blessed might
Of faith in Jesus' merits, go
All those who are on earth distressed
Because they have Christ's name professed.

These stones the workmen dress and beat Before they throughly polished are; Then each is in his proper seat Established by the builder's care—
'In this fair frame to stand for ever, So joined that them no force can sever.

To God, who sits in highest seat,
Glory and power given be!
To Father, Son, and Paraclete,
Who reign in equal dignity—
Whose boundless power we still adore,
And sing Their praise for evermore!

WILLIAM DRUMMONIA

THE PRIEST.

I would I were an excellent divine

That had the bible at my fingers' ends;

That men might hear out of this mouth of mine,

How God doth make His enemies His friends:

Rather than with a thundering and long prayer

Be led into presumption, or despair.

This would I be, and would none other be—
But a religious servant of my God;
And know there is none other God but He,
And willingly to suffer mercy's rod—
Joy in His grace, and live but in His love.
And seek my bliss but in the world above.

And I would frame a kind of faithful prayer.

For all estates within the state of grace,

That careful love might never know despair,

Nor servile fear might faithful love deface:

And this would I both day and night devise.

To make my humble spirit's exercise.

And I would read the rules of sacred life;
Persuade the troubled soul to patience;
The husband care, and comfort to the wife,
To child and servant due obedience;
Faith to the friend, and to the neighbor peace,
That love might live, and quarrels all might cease.

Prayer for the health of all that are diseased,
Confession unto all that are convicted,
And patience unto all that are displeased,
And comfort unto all that are afflicted,
And mercy unto all that have offended,
And grace to all: that all may be amended.

NICERCLAS BERTON.

ON A PRAYER BOOK SENT TO MRS. M. R.

Lo! here a little volume, but great book,

(Fear it not, sweet—

It is no hypocrite!)

Much larger in itself than in its look!

It is—in one rich handful—heaven, and all Heaven's royal hosts encamped—thus small To prove, that true schools use to tell, A thousand angels in one point can dwell. It is love's great artillery, Which here contracts itself, and comes to lie Close couched in your white bosom, and from thence,

As from a snowy fortress of defence, Against the ghostly foe to take your part, And fortify the hold of your chaste heart.

It is the armory of light—
Let constant use but keep it bright,
You'll find it yields
To holy hands and humble hearts
More swords and shields
Than sin hath snares, or hell hath darts.
Only be sure
The hands be pure
That hold these weapons, and the eyes
Those of turtles—chaste and true,
Wakeful and wise.

Here is a friend shall fight for you;

Hold but this book before your heart-Let prayer alone to play his part.

But oh! the heart
That studies this high art
Must be a sure house-keeper,
And yet no sleeper.

Mercy will come ere long,
And bring her bosom full of blessings
Flowers of never-fading graces,
To make immortal dressings
For worthy souls, whose wise embrace
Store up themselves for Him who is all
The spouse of virgins, and the virgin

But if the noble bridegroom, when he Shall find the wandering heart home.

Leaving her chaste abode
To gad abroad—

Amongst the gay mates of the god of a To take her pleasures, and to play.

And keep the devil's holiday—

To dance in the sun-shine of some smil But beguiling

Spear of sweet and sugared lies—
Some slippery pair
Of false, perhaps as fair,
Flattering but forswearing eyes—

Doubtless some other heart
Will get the start,
And, stepping in before,

Will take possession of the sacred store
Of hidden sweets and holy joys—
Words which are not heard with a
(These tumultuous shops of noise)

Effectual whispers, whose still voi The soul itself more feels than hears—

Amorous languishments, luminous transights which are not seen with expiritual and soul-piercing glances,

Whose pure and subtle lightning if Home to the heart, and sets the house of And melts it down in sweet desire;

Yet doth not stay

To sak the windows leave to peas that 1

deaths, soft exhalations lear and divine annihilations iousand unknown rites oys, and rarified delights red thousand loves and graces, many a mystic thing ch the divine embraces ear Spouse of spirits with them will bring, which it is no shame I mortality must not know a name. Il this hidden store ngs, and ten thousand more, then He come, the heart from home, btless He will unload some otherwhere, . pour abroad precious sweets air soul whom first He meets.

oh fortunate! oh rich! oh dear!
nappy and thrice happy she—
r silver-breasted dove,
be'er she be—
ose early love
h winged vows
aste to meet her morning spouse,
e with His immortal kisses—
py soul! who never misses
mprove that precious hour,
l every day
e her sweet prey—
fresh and fragrant as He rises,
pping with a balmy shower,
elicious dew of spices!

that happy soul hold fast
venly armful; she shall taste
ten thousand paradises—
he shall have power
o rifle and deflower
and roseal spring of those rare sweets
with a swelling bosom, there she
meets—

ss and infinite, bottomless treasures
Of pure inebriating pleasures:
oul! she shall discover

What joy, what bliss, low many heavens at once, it is a God become her lover.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

THE TRUE USE OF MUSIC.

Listed into the cause of sin,
Why should a good be evil?
Music, alas! too long has been
Pressed to obey the devil—
Drunken, or lewd, or light, the lay
Flowed to the soul's undoing—
Widened, and strewed with flowers,
way
Down to eternal ruin.

Who on the part of God will rise,
Innocent sound recover—
Fly on the prey, and take the prize,
Plunder the carnal lover—
Strip him of every moving strain,
Every melting measure—
Music in virtue's cause retain,
Rescue the holy pleasure?

Come let us try if Jesus' love
Will not as well inspire us;
This is the theme of those above—
This upon earth shall fire us.
Say, if your hearts are tuned to sing
Is there a subject greater?
Harmony all its strains may bring;
Jesus' name is sweeter.

Jesus the soul of music is—
His is the noblest passion;
Jesus's name is joy and peace,
Happiness and salvation;
Jesus's name the dead can raise—
Show us our sins forgiven—
Fill us with all the life of grace—
Carry us up to heaven.

Who hath a right like us to sing—
Us whom His mercy raises?
Merry our hearts, for Christ is King;
Cheerful are all our faces;
Who of His love doth once partake
He evermore rejoices;
Melody in our hearts we make—
Melody with our voices.

He that a sprinkled conscience hath—
He that in God is merry—
Let him sing psalms, the Spirit saith,
Joyful and never weary;

Offer the sacrifice of praise,
Hearty and never ceasing—
Spiritual songs and anthems raise,
Honor, and thanks, and blessing.

Then let us in His praises join—
Triumph in His salvation;
Glory ascribe to love divine,
Worship and adoration;
Heaven already is begun—
Opened in each believer;
Only believe, and still sing on:
Heaven is ours for ever.

CHARLES WESLEY.

CENTENNIAL ODE.

Break forth in song, ye trees,
As, through your tops, the breeze
Sweeps from the sea!
For, on its rushing wings,
To your cool shades and springs,
That breeze a people brings,
Exiled though free.

Ye sister hills, lay down
Of ancient oaks your crown,
In homage due;
These are the great of earth—
Great, not by kingly birth,
Great in their well-proved worth—
Firm hearts and true.

These are the living lights,
That from your bold, green heights
Shall shine afar,
Till they who name the name
Of freedom, toward the flame
Come, as the magi came
Toward Bethlehem's star.

Gone are those great and good
Who here in peril stood
And raised their hymn.
Peace to the reverend dead!—
The light, that on their head
Two hundred years have shed,
Shall ne'er grow dim.

Ye temples, that to God
Rise where our fathers' trod,
Guard well your trust:
The faith that dared the sea;
The truth that made them free;
Their cherished purity,
Their garnered dust.

Thou high and holy One,
Whose care for sire and son
All nature fills—
While day shall break and close,
While night her crescent shows,
Oh, let Thy light repose
On these our hills!

JOHN PIER

THE FIELD OF THE WORLD

Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thine hand—
To doubt and fear give thou no be
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

Beside all waters sow,

The highway furrows stock—

Drop it where thorns and thistles

Scatter it on the rock.

The good, the fruitful ground
Expect not here nor there;
O'er hill and dale by plots 't is for
Go forth, then, everywhere.

Thou know'st not which may thri
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germs al
When and wherever strown.

And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the es
And the full corn at length.

Thou canst not toil in vain—
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

e, when the glorious end,
day of God is come,
gel-reapers shall descend,
heaven cry "Harvest home!"

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

TTLE_SONG OF GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

Ittle flock, the foe r seeks your overthrow, not his rage and power; gh your courage sometimes faints? g triumph o'er God's saints out a little hour.

cheer; your cause belongs to can avenge your wrongs, it to Him, our Lord. Iden from all our eyes, Gideon who shall rise ave us, and His word.

God's own word is true, or hell with all their crew it us shall prevail. by-word are they grown:

1 us, we are His own, ctory cannot fail.

i Jesus; grant our prayer!
ain, now Thine arm make bare;
for us once again!
saints and martyrs raise
horus to Thy praise,
without end! -Amen.

MICHAEL ALTENBUEG. (German.) Translation.

HE MARTYRS' HYMN.

to the heedless winds, in the waters cast, artyrs' ashes, watched, I gathered be at last; And from that scattered dust,
Around us and abroad,
Shall spring a plenteous seed
Of witnesses for God.

The Father hath received
Their latest living breath;
And vain is Satan's boast
Of victory in their death;
Still, still, though dead, they speak,
And trumpet-tongued, proclaim
To many a wakening land,
The one availing name.

MARTIN LUTHER.

Translation of WILLIAM JOHN FOX.

WHAT IS PRAYER!

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed—
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burthen of a sigh,
The falling of a tear—
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near,

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try—
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The majesty on high.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice Returning from his ways, While angels in their songs rejoice, And cry, "Behold he prays!"

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath—
The Christian's native air—
His watchword at the gates of death—
He enters beaven with prayer.

The saints in prayer appear as one In word, and deed, and mind, While with the Father and the Son Sweet fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made by man alone—
The Holy Spirit pleads—
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

O Thou by whom we come to God—
The life, the truth, the way!
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

"OH, YET WE TRUST."

Oн, yet we trust that somehow good Will be the final goal of ill, To pangs of nature, sins of will, Defects of doubt and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet

That not one life shall be destroyed,

Or cast as rubbish to the void,

When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;

That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold! we know not any thing;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all—
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream; but what am Iî
An infant crying in the night—
An infant crying for the light—
And with no language but a cry.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

EXHORTATION TO PRAYER

Nor on a prayerless bed, not on a prayerless

Compose thy weary limbs to rest;
For they alone are blessed
With balmy sleep
Whom angels keep;
Nor, though by care oppressed.
Or anxious sorrow,
Or thought in many a coil perplet
For coming morrow,
Lay not thy head
On prayerless bed.

For who can tell, when sleep thine eye close,

That earthly cares and woes
To thee may e'er return?
Arouse, my soul!
Slumber control,
And let thy lamp burn brightly
So shall thine eyes discern
Things pure and sightly;
Taught by the Spirit, learn
Never on prayerless bed
To lay thine unblest head.

Hast thou no pining want, or wish, or
That calls for holy prayer?
Has thy day been so bright
That in its flight
There is no trace of sorrow?
And thou art sure to-morrow
Will be like this, and more
Abundant? Dost thou yet lay up thy
And still make plans for more?
Thou fool! this very night
Thy soul may wing its flight.

Hast thou no being than thyself more
That ploughs the ocean deep,
And when storms sweep
The wintry, lowering sky,
For whom thou wak'st and weepes
Oh, when thy pangs are deepest,
Seek then the covenant ark of pray
For He that slumbereth not is th
His ear is open to thy cry.

Oh, then, on prayerless bed Lay not thy thoughtless head.

Acouse thee, weary soul, nor yield to slumher,

Fill in communion blest
With the elect ye rest—
Those souls of countless number;
And with them raise
The note of praise,
Reaching from earth to heaven—
Chosen, redeemed, forgiven;
So lay thy happy head,
Prayer-crowned, on blessed bed.

MARGARET MERCER.

HYMN.

When the angels all are singing All of glory ever-springing, In the ground of beaven's high graces, Where all virtues have their places, Oh that my poor soul were near them, With an humble faith to hear them!

Then should faith, in love's submission,
Joying but in mercy's blessing,
Where that sins are in remission
Sing the joyful soul's confessing—
Of her comforts high commending,
All in glory never-ending.

But, ah wretched sinful creature!
How should the corrupted nature
Of this wicked heart of mine
Think upon that love divine,
That doth tune the angels' voices
While the host of heaven rejoices?

No! the song of deadly sorrow
In the night that hath no morrow—
And their pains are never ended
That have heavenly powers offended—
is more fitting to the merit
Of my foul infected spirit.

Yet while mercy is removing
All the sorrows of the loving,
How can faith be full of blindness
To despair of mercy's kindness—
While the hand of heaven is giving
Comfort from the ever-living?

No, my soul, be no more sorry— Look unto that life of glory Which the grace of faith regardeth, And the tears of love rewardeth— Where the soul the comfort getteth That the angels' music setteth.

There—when thou art well conducted, And by heavenly grace instructed How the faithful thoughts to fashion Of a ravished lover's passion— Sing with saints, to angels nighest, Hallelujah in the highest!

(Horia in excelsis Domino!

MARY.

Her eyes are homes of silent prayer;

Nor other thought her mind admits
But—he was dead, and there he sits
And He that brought him back is there.

Then one deep love doth supersede
All other, when her ardent gaze
Roves from the living brother's face,
And rests upon the life indeed.

All subtle thought, all curious fears,

Borne down by gladness so complete.

She bows, she bathes the Saviour's

feet

With costly spikenard and with tears.

Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
Whose loves in higher love endure;
What souls possess themselves of
pure,
Or is there blessedness like theirs?

ALFRED TEXESTON

JOY AND PEACE IN BELIEVING.

The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord, who rises
With healing in His wings.
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new;
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
E'en let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may!

It can bring with it nothing
But He will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe His people too.
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens
Will give His children bread.

The vine nor fig-tree neither

Their wonted fruit should bear,

Though all the fields should wither,

Nor flocks nor herds be there:

Yet God the same abiding

His praise shall tune my voice,

For, while in Him confiding,

I cannot but rejoice.

WILLIAM COWPER.

CHARITY.

Could I command, with voice or pen,
The tongues of angels and of men,
A tinkling cymbal, sounding brass,
My speech and preaching would surpass;
Vain were such eloquence to me,
Without the grace of charity.

Could I the martyr's flame endure, Give all my goods to feed the poor— Had I the faith from Alpine steep To hurl the mountain to the deepWhat were such zeal, such power, to Without the grace of charity?

Could I behold with prescient eye
Things future, as the things gone byCould I all earthly knowledge scan,
And mete out heaven with a span—
Poor were the chief of gifts to me
Without the chiefest—charity.

Charity suffers long, is kind— Charity bears a humble mind Rejoices not when ills befall, But glories in the weal of all; She hopes, believes, and envies not, Nor vaunts, nor murmurs o'er her lot.

The tongues of teachers shall be dum! Prophets discern not things to come, Knowledge shall vanish out of though And miracles no more be wrought; But charity shall never fail—Her anchor is within the veil.

JAMES MONTOONE

FOR BELIEVERS.

Thou hidden source of calm repose,

Thou all-sufficient love divine,

My help and refuge from my foes,

Secure I am if Thou art mine!

And lo! from sin, and grief, and sham
I hide me, Jesus, in Thy name.

Thy mighty name salvation is,
And keeps my happy soul above;
Comfort it brings, and power, and pea
And joy, and everlasting love;
To me, with Thy dear name, are given
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

Jesus, my all in all Thou art—
My rest in toil, my ease in pain;
The medicine of my broken heart;
In war my peace; in loss my gain;
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown;
In shame my glory and my crown:

In want my plentiful supply;
In weakness my almighty power;
In bonds my perfect liberty;
My light in Satan's darkest hour;
In grief my joy unspeakable;
My life in death, my heaven in hell.

CHARLES WE

DESIRING TO LOVE.

O LOVE divine, how sweet Thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by Thee?
I thirst, and faint, and die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,—
The love of Christ to me.

Stronger His love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depth to see—
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.

God only knows the love of God—
Oh that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine—
Be mine this better part.

Oh that I could for ever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice—
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this—
To hear the bridegroom's voice.

Oh that, with humbled Peter, I
Could weep, believe, and thrice reply,
My faithfulness to prove!
Thou knowest, for all to Thee is known—
Thou knowest, O Lord, and Thou alone—
Thou knowest that Thee I love.

Oh that I could, with favored John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast!
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in Thee
My everlasting rest!

Thy only love do I require—
Nothing in earth beneath desire,
Nothing in heaven above;
Let earth and heaven and all things go—
Give me Thy only love to know,
Givé me Thy only love!

CHARLES WESLEY.

DIVINE LOVE.

Thou hidden love of God! whose height,

Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows—
I see from far Thy beauteous light,

Inly I sigh for thy repose.

My heart is pained; nor can it be

At rest till it finds rest in Thee.

Thy secret voice invites me still

The sweetness of Thy yoke to prove;

And fain I would; but though my will

Seem fixed, yet wide my passions rove;

Yet hindrances strew all the way—

I aim at Thee, yet from Thee stray.

'T is mercy all, that Thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in Thee!
Yet while I seek, but find Thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see.
Oh when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to Theeward tend?

Is there a thing beneath the sun

That strives with Thee my heart to share;
Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone—

The Lord of every motion there!

Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee.

Oh hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live!
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling lust survive!
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek, but Thee

O Love, Thy sovereign aid impart
To save me from low-thoughted care;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there;
Make me Thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may "Abba, Father," cry!

Ah, no! ne'er will I backward turn—
Thine wholly, Thine alone I am;
Thrice happy he who views with scorn
Earth's toys, for Thee his constant flame.
Oh help, that I may never move
From the blest footsteps of Thy love!

Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call;
Speak to my inmest soul, and say
"I am thy love, thy God, thy all!"
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN. (German.)
Translation of John Wesley.

LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

In the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When I lie within my bed, Sick at heart, and sick in head, And with doubts discomforted, Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the artless doctor sees
No one hope, but of his fees,
And his skill runs on the lees,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When his potion and his pill,
His or none or little skill,
Meet for nothing, but to kill—
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the passing bell doth toll, And the Furies, in a shoal, Come to fright a parting soul, Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tapers now burn blue,
And the comforters are few,
And that number more than true,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the priest his last hath prayed,
And I nod to what is said
Because my speech is now decayed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When, God knows, I'm tost about Either with despair or doubt, Yet before the glass be out, Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tempter me pursu'th
With the sins of all my youth,
And half damns me with untruth,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the flames and hellish cries
Fright mine ears, and fright mine e
And all terrors me surprise,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the judgment is revealed, And that opened which was sealed When to Thee I have appealed, Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

ROBERT HER

OH! FEAR NOT THOU TO DIE

Oh fear not thou to die—
Far rather fear to live!—for life
Has thousand snares thy feet to try,
By peril, pain, and strife.
Brief is the work of death;
But life—the spirit shrinks to see
How full, ere heaven recalls the bree
The cup of woe may be.

Oh fear not thou to die—
No more to suffer or to sin—
No snare without, thy faith to try—
No traitor heart within;
But fear, oh rather fear
The gay, the light, the changeful see
The flattering smiles that greet thee
From heaven thy heart to wean.

On fear not thou to die—
To die and be that blessed one
Who in the bright and beauteous sky
May feel his conflict done—
May feel that never more
The tear of grief, of shame, shall con
For thousand wanderings from the
Who loved and called thee home.

LEOK



THE VALEDICTION.

E DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame.
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame!
Frembling, hoping, lingering, flying—
In the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper: angels say,
Sister spirit, come away!
What is this absorbs me quite,
iteals my senses, shuts my sight,
Frowns my spirits, draws my breath?
"ell me, my soul! can this be death?

he world recedes—it disappears;
leaven opens on my eyes; my ears
lith sounds scraphic ring;
end, lend your wings! I mount, I fly!
grave! where is thy victory?
death! where is thy sting?

Ациканова Рори.

THE VALEDICTION.

Vain world, what is in thee?
What do poor mortals see
Which should esteemed be
Worthy their pleasure?
Is it the mother's womb,
Or sorrows which soon come,
Or a dark grave and tomb;
Which is their treasure?
How dost thou man deceive
By thy vain glory?
Why do they still believe
Thy false history?

Is it children's book and rod,
The laborer's heavy load,
Poverty undertrod,
The world desireth?
Is it distracting cares,
Or heart-tormenting fears,
Which man requireth?

Or is it youthful rage, Or childish toying? Or is decrepit age Worth man's enjoying?

Is it deceitful wealth,
Got by care, fraud, or stealth,
Or short, uncertain health,
Which thus befool men?
Or do the serpent's lies,
By the world's flatteries
And tempting vanities,
Still overrule them?
Or do they in a dream
Sleep out their season?
Or borne down by lust's stream,
Which conquers reason?

The silly lambs to-day
Pleasantly skip and play,
Whom butchers mean to slay,
Perhaps to-morrow;
In a more brutish sort
Do careless sinners sport,
Or in dead sleep still snort,
As near to sorrow;
Till life, not well begun,
Be sadly ended,
And the web they have spun
Can ne'er be mended.

What is the time that's gone,
And what is that to come?
Is it not now as none?
The present stays not.
Time posteth, oh how fast!
Unwelcome death makes haste;
None can call back what's past—
Judgment delays not;
Though God bring in the light,
Sinners awake not—
Because hell's out of sight,
They sin forsake not.

Man walks in a vain show;
They know, yet will not know;
Sit still when they should go—
But run for shadows,
While they might taste and know
The living streams that flow,
And crop the flowers that grow,
In Christ's sweet meadows.

Life's better slept away

Than as they use it;
In sin and drunken play

Vain men abuse it.

Malignant world, adieu!
Where no foul vice is new—
Only to Satan true,
God still offended;
Though taught and warned by God,
And His chastising rod,
Keeps still the way that's broad,
Never amended.
Baptismal vows some make,
But ne'er perform them;
If angels from heaven spake,
'Twould not reform them.

They dig for hell beneath,
They labor hard for death,
Run themselves out of breath
To overtake it.
Hell is not had for naught,
Damnation's dearly bought,
And with great labor sought—
They'll not forsake it.
Their souls are Satan's fee—
He'll not abate it.
Grace is refused that's free—
Mad sinners hate it.

Vile man is so perverse,
It's too rough work for verse
His badness to rehearse,
And show his folly;
He'll die at any rates—
He God and conscience hates,
Yet sin he consecrates,
And calls it holy.
The grace he'll not endure
Which would renew him—
Constant to all, and sure,
Which will undo him.

His head comes first at birth,
And takes root in the earth—
As nature shooteth forth,
His feet grow highest,
To kick at all above,
And spurn at saving love;
His God is in his grove,
Because it's nighest;

He loves this world of strife.

Hates that would mend it:

Loves death that 's called life,

Fears what would end it.

All that is good he 'd crush,
Blindly on sin doth rush—
A pricking thorny bush,
Such Christ was crowned wi
Their worship 's like to this—
The reed, the Judas kiss:
Such the religion is
That these abound with;
They mock Christ with the knee
Whene'er they bow it—
As if God did not see
The heart, and know it.

Of good they choose the least,
Despise that which is best—
The joyful, heavenly feast
Which Christ would give the
Heaven hath scarce one cold wish
They live unto the flesh;
Like swine they feed on wash—
Satan doth drive them.
Like weeds, they grow in mire
Which vices nourish—
Where, warmed by Satan's fire,

Is this the world men choose,
For which they heaven refuse,
And Christ and grace abuse.
And not receive it?

All sins do flourish.

Shall I not guilty be
Of this in some degree,
If hence God would me free,
And I'd not leave it?
My soul, from Sodom fly,
Lest wrath there find thec;
Thy refuge-rest is nigh—
Look not behind thee!

There's none of this ado,
None of the hellish crew;
God's promise is most true—
Boldly believe it.
My friends are gone before,
And I am near the shore;
My soul stands at the door—.
O Lord, receive it

It trusts Christ and His merits—
The dead He raises;
Join it with blessed spirits
Who sing Thy praises.

RICHARD BAXTER.

HYMN.

When rising from the bed of death, O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear, I see my Maker face to face, Oh, how shall I appear?

If yet while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought—

When Thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
Oh, how shall I appear?

But Thou hast told the troubled mind Who does her sins lament, The timely tribute of her tears Shall endless woe prevent.

Then see the sorrows of my heart

Ere yet it be too late,
And hear my Saviour's dying groans
To give those sorrows weight.

For never shall my soul despair

Her pardon to procure.

Who knows Thine only Son has died

To make her pardon sure.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

HYMN.

Brother, thou art gone before us,
And thy saintly soul is flown
Where tears are wiped from every eye;
And sorrow is unknown—
From the burden of the flesh,
And from care and sin released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

The toilsome way thou 'st travelled o'er,
And hast borne the heavy load;
But Christ hath taught thy wandering feet
To reach His blest abode.
Thou 'rt sleeping now, like Lazarus,
On his Father's faithful breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

Sin can never taint thee now,

Nor can doubt thy faith assail;

Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ

And the Holy Spirit fail.

And there thou 'rt sure to meet the good,

Whom on earth thou lovest best,

Where the wicked cease from troubling,

And the weary are at rest.

"Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"

Thus the solemn priest hath said—
So we lay the turf above thee now,

And seal thy narrow bed;
But thy spirit, brother, soars away

Among the faithful blest,

Where the wicked cease from troubling,

And the weary are at rest.

And when the Lord shall summon us

Whom thou now hast left behind,

May we, untainted by the world,

As sure a welcome find;

May each, like thee, depart in peace,

To be a glorious, happy guest

Where the wicked cease from troubling,

And the weary are at rest.

HENRY HART MILMAN.

THOU ART GONE TO THE GRAVE.

Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer deplore thee,

Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;

The Saviour has passed through its portals before thee,

And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer behold thee,

Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side;

But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,

And sinners may hope, since the Sinless has died.

Thou art gone to the grave—and, its mansion forsaking,

Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt lingered long,

But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy waking,

And the song which thou heard'st was the seraphim's song.

Thou art gone to the grave—but 't were wrong to deplore thee,

When God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy guide;

He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore thee,

Where death hath no sting, since the Saviour hath died.

REGINALD HEBER.

DEATH.

Au, lovely appearance of death! What sight upon earth is so fair? Not all the gay pageants that breathe Can with a dead body compare; With solemn delight I survey The corpse, when the spirit is fled— In love with the beautiful clay, And longing to lie in its stead.

How blest is our brother, bereft Of all that could burden his mind! How easy the soul that has left This wearisome body behind! Of evil incapable, thou, Whose relics with envy I see-No longer in misery now, No longer a sinner like me.

This earth is affected no more With sickness, or shaken with pain The war in the members is o'er, And never shall vex him again; No anger henceforward, or shame, Shall redden this innocent clay; Extinct is the animal flame, And passion is vanished away.

This languishing head is at rest— Its thinking and aching are o'er; This quiet, immovable breast Is heaved by affliction no more; This heart is no longer the seat Of trouble, and torturing pain: It ceases to flutter and beat— It never shall flutter again.

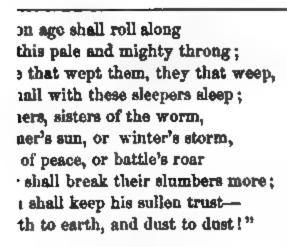
The lids he so seldom could close, By sorrow forbidden to sleep-Sealed up in their mortal repose, Have strangely forgotten to weep; The fountains can yield no supplies-These hollows from water are free: The tears are all wiped from these ey And evil they never shall see.

While bound in a prison I breathe, And still for deliverance pine, And press to the issues of death; What now with my tears I bedew Oh might I this moment become! My spirit created anew, My flesh be consigned to the tomb CHARLES WE

To mourn and to suffer is mine,

A DIRGE.

"EARTH to earth, and dust to dust Here the evil and the just, Here the youthful and the old, Here the fearful and the bold, · Here the matron and the maid, In one silent bed are laid; Here the vassal and the king Side by side lie withering; Here the sword and sceptre rust— "Earth to earth, and dust to dust!



day is coming fast—

thy mightiest and thy last!

dl come in fear and wonder,

ded by trump and thunder;

dl come in strife and toil,

dl come in blood and spoil;

dl come in empire's groams,

ing temples, ruined thrones;

, ambition, rue thy lust!

th to earth, and dust to dust!"

shall come the judgment sign;
o east the king shall shine,
ing from heaven's golden gate—
sands, thousands, round His state—
s with the crown and plume;
ble then, thou sullen tomb!
en shall open on thy sight,
be turned to living light—
dom of the ransomed just—
th to earth, and dust to dust."

thy mount, Jerusalem,
be gorgeous as a gem!
shall in the desert rise
s of more than Paradise;
t by angel feet be trod—
great garden of her God!
re dried the martyr's tears,
agh a thousand glorious years!
in hope of Him we trust—
th to earth, and dust to dust."

GRONGE CHOLY.

FOR A WIDOWER OR WIDOW

DEPRIVED OF A LOVING TOKEFELLOW.

How near me came the hand of death,
When at my side he struck my dear,
And took away the precious breath
Which quickened my beloved peer!
How helpless am I thereby made—
By day how grieved, by night how sad
And now my life's delight is gone,
Alas, how am I left alone!

The voice which I did more esteem
Than music in her sweetest key,
Those eyes which unto me did seem
More comfortable than the day—
Those now by me, as they have been,
Shall never more be heard or seen;
But what I once enjoyed in them
Shall seem hereafter as a dream.

All earthly comforts vanish thus—So little hold of them have we That we from them or they from us May in a moment ravished be;

Yet we are neither just nor wise
If present mercies we despise,
Or mind not how there may be made
A thankful use of what we had.

I therefore do not so bemoan,
Though these besceming tears I drop,
The loss of my beloved one
As they that are deprived of hope;
But in expressing of my grief
My heart receiveth some relief,
And joyeth in the good I had,
Although my sweets are bitter made.

Lord, keep me faithful to the trust Which my dear spouse reposed in me! To him now dead preserve me just In all that should performed be;

For though our being man and wife Extendeth only to this life,
Yet neither life nor death should end.
The being of a faithful friend.

Those helps which I through him enjoyed,
Let Thy continual aid supply—
That, though some hopes in him are void,
I always may on Thee rely;
And whether I shall wed again,
Or in a single state remain,
Unto Thine honor let it be,
And for a blessing unto me.

GEORGE WITHER.

THEY ARE ALL GONE.

THEY are all gone into the world of light,
And I alone sit lingering here!
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear;

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove—
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days—
My days which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy hope! and high humility—
High as the heavens above!
These are your walks, and you have showed
them me
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous death—the jewel of the just—Shining nowhere but in the dark!
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may know,

At first sight, if the bird be flown;
But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams

Call to the soul when man doth sleep,

So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,

And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,

Her captive flames must needs burn

But when the hand that locked her up

room,

She'll shine through all the sphere

O Father of eternal life, and all Created glories under Thee! Resume thy spirit from this world of the Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blo

My perspective still as they pass; Or else remove me hence unto that hill Where I shall need no glass.

HENRY VACO

EACH SORROWFUL MOURNE

Each sorrowful mourner, be silent!
Fond mothers, give over your weeping.
Nor grieve for those pledges as perish.
This dying is life's reparation.

Now take him, O earth, to thy keepi And give him soft rest in thy bosom: I lend thee the frame of a Christian-I entrust thee the generous fragments

Thou holily guard the deposit— He will well, He will surely, require Who, forming it, made its creation The type of His image and likeness.

But until the resolvable body Thou recallest, O God, and reformes What regions, unknown to the morta Dost Thou will the pure soul to inha

It shall rest upon Abraham's bosom, As the spirit of blest Eleazar, Whom, afar in that Paradise, Dives Beholds from the flames of his torme

We follow Thy saying, Redeemer, Whereby, as on death Thou wast trans The thief, Thy companion, Thou will To tread in Thy footsteps and triums e faithful the bright way is open, forward, to Paradise leading, to that blessed grove we have access eof man was bereaved by the serpent.

leader and guide of Thy people, command that the soul of Thy servant nave hely repose in the country ce, exile and erring, he wandered.

ill honor the place of his resting violets and garlands of flowers, vill sprinkle inscription and marble odors of costliest fragrance.

AURELIUS PRUDENTIUS. (Latin.) ion of John Mason Neale.

A LITTLE WHILE.

I shall be soon;
I shall be soon;
I the waking and the sleeping,
I shall be soon.

ove, rest, and home! weet hope! ord, tarry not, but come.

I shall be soon;
d the shining and the shading,
d the shining and the shading,
d the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon.

ove, rest, and home!

weet hope!

ord, tarry not, but come.

I shall be soon;
d the calming and the fretting,
d remembering and forgetting,
I shall be soon.
ore, rest, and home!
weet hope!
ord, tarry not, but come.

d the gathering and the strowing I shall be soon;

Beyond the ebbing and the flowing,
Beyond the coming and the going,
I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home!

Sweet hope!

Lord, tarry not, but come.

I shall be soon;

Reyond the farewell and the greeting,

Beyond this pulse's fever beating,

I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home!

Sweet hope!

Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the frost chain and the fever
I shall be soon;
Beyond the rock waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.
HORATIUS BONAR

GOD THE EVERLASTING LIGHT OF THE SAINTS ABOVE.

Yz golden lamps of heaven, farewell, With all your feeble light;
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night.

And thou, refulgent orb of day,
In brighter flames arrayed,
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere
No more demands thine aid.

Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heavenly courts
Where I shall reign with God.

The Father of eternal light
Shall there His beams display,
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.

No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into mine eyes,
Nor the meridian sun decline
Amidst those brighter skies.

There all the millions of His saints
Shall in one song unite,
And each the bliss of all shall view
With infinite delight.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

THE HEAVENLY CANAAN.

THERE is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign; Infinite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood Stand dressed in living green; So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

Oh! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes—

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

ISAAC WATTS.

THE NEW JERUSALEM;

OR, THE SOUL'S BREATHING AFTER THE ENLY COUNTRY.

"Since Christ's fair truth needs no man's:

Take this rude song in better part."

O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an en
Thy joys when shall I see?
O happy harbor of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!

In thee no sorrows can be found— No grief, no care, no toil.

In thee no sickness is at all,

No hurt, nor any sore;

There is no death nor ugly night,

But life for evermore.

No dimming cloud o'ershadows the No cloud nor darksome night, But every soul shines as the sun— For God himself gives light.

There lust and lucre cannot dwell,

There envy bears no sway;

There is no hunger, thirst, nor heat
But pleasures every way.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!

Would God I were in thee!

Oh! that my sorrows had an end,

Thy joys that I might see!

No pains, no pangs, no grieving gr No woeful night is there; No sigh, no sob, no cry is heard— No well-away, no fear. Jerusalem the city is Of God our king alone; The lamb of God, the light thereo Sits there upon His throne.

O God! that I Jerusalem
With speed may go behold!
For why? the pleasures there abo
Which here cannot be told.
Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles do shine—
With jasper, pearl, and chrysolite.
Surpassing pure and fine.

Thy houses are of ivory,

Thy windows crystal clear,

Thy streets are laid with beaten gold—

There angels do appear.

Thy walls are made of precious stone,

Thy bulwarks diamond square,

Thy bulwarks diamond square,
Thy gates are made of orient pearl—
O God! if I were there!

Within thy gates nothing can come
That is not passing clean;
No spider's web, no dirt, nor dust,
No filth may there be seen.
Jehovah, Lord, now come away,
And end my griefs and plaints—
Take me to Thy Jerusalem,
And place me with Thy saints!

Who there are crowned with glory great,
And see God face to face,
They triumph still, and aye rejoice—
Most happy is their case.
But we that are in banishment,
Continually do moan;
We sign, we mourn, we sob, we weep—
Perpetually we groan.

Our sweetness mixed is with gall,
Our pleasures are but pain,
Our joys not worth the looking on—
Our sorrows aye remain.
But there they live in such delight,
Such pleasure and such play,
That unto them a thousand years
Seems but as yesterday.

O my sweet home, Jerusalem!
Thy joys when shall I see—
The king sitting upon His throne,
And thy felicity?
Thy vineyards, and thy orchards,
So wonderfully rare,
Are furnished with all kinds of fruit,
Most beautifully fair.

Thy gardens and thy goodly walks,
Continually are green;
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.
There cinnamon and sugar grow,
There nard and balm abound;
No tongue can tell, no heart can think,

The pleasures there are found.

There nectar and ambrosia spring—
There music's ever sweet;
There many a fair and dainty thing
Are trod down under feet.
Quite through the streets, with pleasant sound,
The flood of life doth flow;
Upon the banks, on every side,
The trees of life do grow.

These trees each month yield ripened fruit—
For evermore they spring;
And all the nations of the world
To thee their honors bring.

Jerusalem, God's dwelling-place
Full sore I long to see;

Oh! that my sorrows had an end, That I might dwell in thee!

There David stands, with harp in hand,
As master of the choir;
A thousand times that man were blest
That might his music hear.
There Mary sings "Magnificat,"
With tunes surpassing sweet;
And all the virgins bear their part,
Singing about her feet.

"Te Deum" doth St. Ambrose sing,
St. Austin doth the like;
Old Simeon and Zacharie
Have not their songs to seek.
There Magdalene hath left her moan,
And cheerfully doth sing,
With all blest saints whose harmony
Through every street doth ring.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Thy joys fain would I see;
Come quickly, Lord, and end my grief.
And take me home to Thee;
Oh! paint Thy name on my forehead,
And take me hence away,
That I may dwell with Thee in bliss,
And sing Thy praises aye.

Jerusalem, the happy home—
Jehovah's throne on high!
O sacred city, queen, and wife
Of Christ eternally!

O come.y queen with glory clad,
With honor and degree.
All fair thou art, exceeding bright—
No spot there is in thee!

I long to see Jerusalem,

The comfort of us all;

For thou art fair and beautiful—

None ill can thee befall.

In thee, Jerusalem, I say,

No darkness dare appear—

No night, no shade, no winter foul—

No time doth alter there.

No candle needs, no moon to shine,
No glittering star to light;
For Christ, the king of righteousness,
For ever shineth bright.
A lamb unspotted, white and pure,
To thee doth stand in lieu
Of light—so great the glory is
Thine heavenly king to view.

He is the King of kings, beset
In midst His servants' sight;
And they, His happy household all,
Do serve Him day and night.
There, there the choir of angels sing—
There the supernal sort
Of citizens, which hence are rid
From dangers deep, do sport.

There be the prudent prophets all,

The apostles six and six,
The glorious martyrs in a row,

And confessors betwixt.

There doth the crew of righteous men

And matrons all consist—

Young men and maids that here on earth

Their pleasures did resist.

The sheep and lambs, that hardly 'scaped
The snare of death and hell,
Triumph in joy eternally,
Whereof no tongue can tell;
And though the glory of each one
Doth differ in degree,
Yet is the joy of all alike
And common, as we see.

There love and charity do reign,
And Christ is all in all,
Whom they most perfectly behold
In joy celestial.

They love, they praise—they praise love;
They "Holy, holy," cry;
They neither toil, nor faint, nor end But laud continually.

Oh! happy thousand times were I,
If, after wretched days,
I might with listening ears conceive
Those heavenly songs of praise,
Which to the eternal king are sung
By happy wights above—
By saved souls and angels sweet,
Will love the God of love.

Oh! passing happy were my state,
Might I be worthy found
To wait upon my God and king,
His praises there to sound;
And to enjoy my Christ above,
His favor and His grace,
According to His promise made,
Which here I interlace:

"O Father dear," quoth be, "let the Which Thou hast put of old To me, be there where lo! I am—
Thy glory to behold;
Which I with Thee, before the worl Was made in perfect wise,
Have had—from whence the fountain Of glory doth arise."

Again: "If any man will serve
Thee, let him follow me;
For where I am, he there, right sur
Then shall my servant be."
And still: "If any man loves me.
Him loves my father dear,
Whom I do love—to him myself
In glory will appear."

Lord, take away my misery,
That then I may be bold
With Thee, in Thy Jerusalem,
Thy glory to behold;
And so in Zion see my king,
My love, my Lord, my all—
Where now as in a glass I see,
There face to face I shall.

Oh! blessed are the pure in heart— Their sovereign they shall see;

O ye most happy, heavenly wights, Which of God's household be!

O Lord, with speed dissolve my bands, These gins and fetters strong;

For I have dwelt within the tents Of Kedar over long.

Yet search me, Lord, and find me out!
Fetch me Thy fold unto,
That all Thy angels may rejoice,
While all Thy will I do.
O mother dear! Jerusalem!
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end,
Thy joys when shall I see?

Yet once again I pray Thee, Lord,
To quit me from all strife,
That to Thy hill I may attain,
And dwell there all my life—
With cherubims and scraphims
And holy souls of men.
To sing Thy praise, O God of hosts!
Forever and amen!

Anonymous.

PEACE.

My soul, there is a country Afar beyond the stars, Where stands a winged sentry, All skilful in the wars. There, above noise and danger, Sweet peace sits crowned with smiles, And One born in a manger Commands the beauteous files. He is thy gracious friend, And (O my soul awake!) Did in pure love descend, To die here for thy sake. If thou canst get but thither, There grows the flower of peace--The rose that cannot wither— Thy fortress, and thy ease. Leave, then, thy foolish ranges; For none can thee secure, But One who never changes— Thy God, thy life, thy cure. HENRY VAUGHAN.

OF HEAVEN.

O BEAUTEOUS God! uncircumscribed treasure Of an eternal pleasure! Thy throne is seated far Above the highest star, Where Thou preparest a glorious place, Within the brightness of Thy face, For every spirit To inherit That builds his hopes upon Thy merit, And loves Thee with a holy charity. What ravished heart, seraphic tongue or eyes Clear as the morning rise, Can speak, or think, or see That bright eternity, Where the great king's transparent throne Is of an entire jasper stone? There the eye O' the chrysolite, And a sky Of diamonds, rubies, chrysoprase— And above all, Thy holy face— Makes an eternal charity. When Thou Thy jewels up dost bind, that day Remember us, we pray— That where the beryl lies, And the crystal 'bove the skies, There Thou mayest appoint us place Within the brightness of Thy face— And our soul In the scroll Of life and blissfulness enroll, That we may praise Thee to eternity. lelujah!

JEREMY TAYLOB.

THE FUTURE PEACE AND GLORY OF THE CHURCH.

HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken:

"O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you;
Thorns of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
You shall name your walls salvation,
And your gates shall all be praise.

"There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All His bounty shall bestow.
Still in undisturbed possession
Peace and righteousness shall reign;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.

"Ye no more your suns descending,
Waning moons, no more shall see;
But, your griefs for ever ending,
Find eternal noon in me.
God shall rise, and, shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God your everlasting light."

WILLIAM COWPER.

THE WILDERNESS TRANSFORMED.

Amazing, beauteous change!
A world created new!
My thoughts with transport range,
The lovely scene to view;

In all I trace,
Saviour divine,
The work is Thine—
Be Thine the praise!

See crystal fountains play Amidst the burning sands; The river's winding way Shines through the thirsty lands;

> New grass is seen, And o'er the meads Its carpet spreads Of living green.

Where pointed brambles grew, Entwined with horrid thorn, Gay flowers, for ever new, The painted fields adorn—

The blushing rose
And lily there,
In union fair
Their sweets disclose.

Where the bleak mountain stor All bare and disarrayed, See the wide-branching wood Diffuse its grateful shade;

Tall cedars nod,
And oaks and pines,
And elms and vines
Confess the God.

The tyrants of the plain
Their savage chase give o'er—
No more they rend the slain,
And thirst for blood no more:
But infant hands
Fierce tigers stroke,
And lions yoke
In flowery bands.

Oh when, Almighty Lord,
Shall these glad scenes arise,
To verify Thy word,
And bless our wondering eyes!
That earth may raise,
With all its tongues,
United songs
Of ardent praise.

Penter Don

ALL WELL.

No seas again shall sever,
No desert intervene;
No deep, sad-flowing river
Shall roll its tide between.

No bleak cliffs, upward tower Shall bound our eager sight No tempest, darkly lowering, Shall wrap us in its night.

Love, and unsevered union
Of soul with those we love.
Nearness and glad communio
Shall be our joy above.

No dread of wasting sickness.

No thought of ache or pair

No fretting hours of weakne

Shall mar our peace again.

death, our homes o'ershading, hall e'er our harps unstring; all is life unfading a presence of our king.

HORATIUS BONAR.

PRAISE TO GOD.

to God, immortal praise, le love that crowns our days eous source of every joy, ly praise our tongues employ!

- e blessings of the field, e stores the gardens yield, e vine's exalted juice, e generous olive's use;
- that whiten all the plain, v sheaves of ripened grain, that drop their fattening dews, hat temperate warmth diffuse—

at spring, with bounteous hand, rs o'er the smiling land; at liberal autumn pours her rich o'erflowing stores:

to Thee, my God, we owe—
whence all our blessings flow!
or these my soul shall raise
ul vows and solemn praise.

ould rising whirlwinds tear its stem the ripening ear— I the fig-tree's blasted shoot her green untimely fruit—

I the vine put forth no more, ne olive yield her store h the sickening flocks should fall, he herds desert the stall—

I Thine altered hand restrain urly and the latter rain, each opening bud of joy, he rising year destroy; Yet to Thee my soul should raise Grateful vows and solemn praise, And, when every blessing's flown, Love Thee—for Thyself alone.

ANNA LATITIA BARBAULD.

VENI, CREATOR!

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every pious mind;
Come, pour Thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make Thy temples worthy Thee!

O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete!
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing!

Plenteous of grace, descend from high, Rich in Thy sevenfold energy! Thou strength of His almighty hand Whose power does heaven and earth command!

Proceeding Spirit, our defence, Who dost the gifts of tongues dispense, And crown'st Thy gifts with eloquence!

Refine and purge our earthly parts;
But oh, inflame and fire our hearts!
Our frailties help, our vice control—
Submit the senses to the soul;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay Thy hand, and hold them down.

Chase from our minds the infernal foe, And peace, the fruit of love, bestow; And, lest our feet should step astray, Protect and guide us in the way.

Make us eternal truths receive, And practise all that we believe, Give us Thyself, that we may see The Father, and the Son, by Thee. Immortal honor, endless fame,
Attend the almighty Father's name!
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died!
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee!

St. Ambross. (Latin.)
Paraphrase of John Deyden.

HYMN OF PRAISE.

Lo! God is here! let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place;
Let all within us feel His power,
And silent bow before His face!
Who know His power, His grace who prove,
Serve Him with awe, with reverence love.

Lo! God is here! Him day and night
Th' united choirs of angels sing;
To Him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring;
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
Who praise Thee with a stammering tongue.

Gladly the toils of earth we leave,
Wealth, pleasure, fame, for Thee alone;
To Thee our will, soul, flesh, we give—
Oh take! oh seal them for Thine own!
Thou art the God, Thou art the Lord—
Be Thou by all Thy works adored!

Being of beings! may our praise

Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
Still may we stand before Thy face,

Still hear and do Thy sovereign will;
To thee may all our thoughts arise—
Teaseless, accepted sacrifice.

In Thee we move; all things of Thee
Are full, Thou source and life of all;
Thou vast unfathomable sea!
(Fall prostrate, lost in wonder fall,
Ye sons of men! For God is man!)
All may we lose, so Thee we gain!

As flowers uneir opening leaves displa
And glad drink in the solar fire,
So may we catch Thy every ray,
So may Thy influence us inspire—
Thou beam of the eternal beam!
Thou purging fire, Thou quickening f

GERHARD TRESTERGEN. (G
Translation of JOHN WESLEY.

THE LORD THE GOOD SHEPE

THE Lord is my shepherd, nor want know;

I feed in green pastures, safe-folded He leadeth my soul where the still flow,

Restores me when wandering, when oppressed.

Through the valley and shadow o though I stray,

Since Thou art my guardian no evi Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff stay;

No harm can befall with my conear.

In the midst of affliction my table is:
With blessings unmeasured my c
neth o'er;

With perfume and oil Thou anoin head;

Oh! what shall I ask of Thy Promore?

Let goodness and mercy, my bountifu Still follow my steps till I meet The I seek, by the path which my forefath Through the land of their sojou kingdom of love.

JAMES MONT

SONNET.

The prayers I make will then be so deed,
If Thou the spirit give by which I pr
My unassisted heart is barren clay,
That of its native self can nothing fee



THE POET'S HYMN FOR HIMSELF.

f good and pious works Thou art the seed, hat quickens only where thou say'st it may. nless Thou show to us Thine own true way, o man can find it; Father! thou must lead. Thou, then, breathe those thoughts into my mind

y which such virtue may in me be bred hat in Thy holy footsteps I may tread; he fetters of my tongue do Thou unbind, hat I may have the power to sing of Thee, and sound Thy praises everlastingly.

MICHARL ANGREO. (Italian.)
Translation of Samuel Wordsworth.

PRAISE.

Come, oh come! with sacred lays
Let us sound the Almighty's praise!
Hither bring, in true consent,
Heart, and voice, and instrument.
Let the orpharion sweet
With the harp and viol meet;
Let your voices tune the lute;
Let not tongue nor string be mute;
Nor a creature dumb be found
That hath either voice or sound!

Let such things as do not live,
In still music praises give!
Lowly pipe, ye worms that creep
On the earth, or in the deep;
Loud aloft your voices strain,
Beasts, and monsters of the main;
Birds, your warbling treble sing;
Clouds, your peals of thunder ring;
Sun and moon, exalted higher,
And you, stars, augment the choir!

Come, ye sons of human race,
In this chorus take your place!
And amid this mortal throng
Be you masters of the song.
Angels and celestial powers,
Be the noblest tenor yours!
Let, in praise of God, the sound
Run a never-ending round,
That our holy hymn may be
Everlasting as is He.

From the earth's vast hollow womb
Music's deepest base shall come;
Sea and floods, from shore to shore,
Shall the counter-tenor roar;
To this concert, when we sing,
Whistling winds, your descant bring,
Which may bear the sound above
Where the orb of fire doth move,
And so climb from sphere to sphere,
Till our song the Almighty hear!

So shall He, from heaven's high tower,
On the earth His blessings shower;
All this huge wide orb we see
Shall one choir, one temple be;
There our voices we will rear,
Till we fill it every where,
And enforce the fiends, that dwell
In the air, to sink to hell.

Then, oh come! with sacred lays

Let us sound the Almighty's praise.

GROSSE WITHIR.

THE POET'S HYMN FOR HIMSELF.

GREAT Almighty, king of heaven,
And one God in persons three—
Honor, praise, and thanks be given
Now and evermore to Thee,
Who hast more for Thine prepared
Than by words can be declared!

By Thy mercies I was taken
From the pits of miry clay,
Wherein, wretched and forsaken,
Helpless, hopeless too, I lay;
And those comforts Thou didst give me
Whereof no man can deprive me.

By Thy grace the passions, troubles, And what most my heart oppressed, Have appeared as airy bubbles, Dreams, or sufferings but in jest; And with profit that hath ended Which my foes for harm intended.

Those afflictions and those terrors, Which did plagues at first appear, Did but show me what mine errors And mine imperfections were; But they wretched could not make me, Nor from Thy affection shake me.

Therefore as Thy blessed Psalmist,
When his warfares had an end,
And his days were at the calmest,
Psalms and hymns of praises penned—
So my rest, by Thee enjoyed,
To Thy praise I have employed.

Lord! accept my poor endeavor,
And assist Thy servant so,
In well doing to persever,
That more perfect I may grow—
Every day more prudent, meeker,
And of Thee a faithful seeker.

Let no passed sin or folly,
Nor a future fault in me,
Make unfruitful or unholy
What I offer now to Thee;
But with favor and compassion
Cure and cover each transgression.

And with Israel's royal singer

Teach me so faith's hymns to sing—

So Thy ten-stringed law to finger,

And such music thence to bring—

That by grace I may aspire

To Thy blessed angel choir!

GEORGE WITHER.

PSALM XIII.

τ.

LORD, how long, how long wilt Thou Quite forget, and quite neglect me? How long, with a frowning brow, Wilt Thou from Thy sight reject me?

II.

How long shall I seek a way
Forth this maze of thoughts perplexed,
Where my grieved mind, night and day,
Is with thinking tired and vexed?
How long shall my scornful foe,
On my fall his greatness placing,
Build upon my overthrow,
And be graced by my disgracing?

III.

Hear, O Lord and God, my cries!

Mark my foes' unjust abusing;

And illuminate mine eyes,

Heavenly beams in them infusing—
Lest my woes, too great to bear,

And too infinite to number,

Rock me soon, 'twixt hope and fear,

Into death's eternal slumber—

IV.

Lest my foes their boasting make: Spite of right, on him we trample; And a pride in mischief take, Hastened by my sad example.

V

As for me, I'll ride secure At Thy mercy's sacred anchor; And, undaunted, will endure Fiercest storms of wrong and rancour

VI

These black clouds will overblow—Sunshine shall have his returning;
And my grief-dulled heart, I know,
Into mirth shall change his mourning
Therefore I'll rejoice, and sing
Hymns to God, in sacred measure.
Who to happy pass will bring
My just hopes, at His good pleasure.

FRANCIS DAY

PSALM XVIIL

PART FIRST.

O God, my strength and fortitude, of formust love Thee!

Thou art my castle and defence in my r sity—

My God, my rock in whom I trust worker of my wealth

My refuge, buckler, and my shield, the of all my health.

When I sing laud unto the Lord most v to be served,

Then from my foes I am right sure shall be preserved.

- pangs of death did compass me, and bound me everywhere;
- in great fear.
- sely and subtle snares of hell were round about me set;
- d for my death there was prepared a deadly trapping net.
- hus beset with pain and grief, did pray to God for grace;
- d he forthwith did hear my plaint out of His holy place.
- h is His power that in His wrath He made the earth to quake—
- ι, the foundation of the mount of Basan for to shake.
- I from His nostrils came a smoke, when kindled was His ire;
- I from His mouth came kindled coals of hot consuming fire.
- Lord descended from above, and bowed the heavens high;
- 1 underneath His feet He cast the darkness of the sky.
- cherubs and on cherubims full royally He rode;
- l on the wings of all the winds came flying all abroad.

THOMAS STERNEOLD.

PSALM XIX.

heavens declare Thy glory, Lord!
every star Thy wisdom shines;
when our eyes behold Thy word,
'e read Thy name in fairer lines.

rolling sun, the changing light, nd nights and days Thy power confess; the blest volume Thou hast writ eveals Thy justice and Thy grace.

moon, and stars convey Thy praise ound the whole earth, and never stand; when Thy truth begun its race touched and glanced on every land. Nor shall Thy spreading gospel rest

Till through the world Thy truth has run;

Till Christ has all the nations blest

That see the light or feel the sun.

Great sun of righteousness, arise!

Bless the dark world with heavenly light!

Thy gospel makes the simple wise—

Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.

Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed, and sins forgiven;
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make Thy word my guide to heaven:
ISAAO WATTEL

PSALM XXIII.

I.

God, who the universe doth hold
In His fold,
Is my shepherd, kind and heedful—
Is my shepherd, and doth keep
Me, His sheep,
Still supplied with all things needful.

II.

He feeds me in His fields, which been
Fresh and green,
Mottled with spring's flowery painting—
Thro' which creep, with murmuring crooks.
Crystal brooks,
To refresh my spirit's fainting.

III.

When my soul from heaven's way
Went astray,
With earth's vanities seduced,
For His name's sake, kindly, He
Wandering me
To His holy fold reduced.

IV.

Yea, though I stray through death's vale,
Where His pale
Shades did on each side enfold me,
Dreadless, having Thee for guide,
Should I bide;
For Thy rod and staff uphold me.

V.

Thou my board with messes large
Dost surcharge;
My bowls full of wine Thou pourest;
And before mine enemies'
Envious eyes
Balm upon my head Thou showerest.

TI.

Neither dures Thy bounteous grace

For a space;
But it knows no bound nor measure;
So my days, to my life's end,

I shall spend
In Thy courts with heavenly pleasure.

Frances Daymon.

PSALM XXIII.

Lo, my Shepherd's hand divine!
Want shall never more be mine.
In a pasture fair and large
He shall feed His happy charge,
And my couch with tenderest care
'Midst the springing grass prepare.

When I faint with summer's heat,
He shall lead my weary feet
To the streams that, still and slow,
Through the verdant meadows flow.
He my soul anew shall frame;
And, His mercy to proclaim,
When through devious paths I stray,
Teach my steps the better way.

Though the dreary vale I tread By the shades of death o'erspread; There I walk from terror free, While my every wish I see By Thy rod and staff supplied— This my guard, and that my guide.

While my foes are gazing on,
Thou Thy favoring care hast shown;
Thou my plenteous board hast spread;
Thou with oil refreshed my head;
Filled by Thee, my cup o'erflows;
For Thy love no limit knows.
Constant, to my latest end,
This my footsteps shall attend,
And shall bid Thy hallowed dome
Yield me an eternal home.

JANES MERRICE.

PSALM XXX.

I.

LORD, to Thee, while I am living.
Will I sing hymns of thanksgiving;
For Thou hast drawn me from a gulf of a
So that my foes
Do not deride me.

II.

When Thine aid, Lord, I implored,
Then by Thee was I restored;
My mournful heart with joy thou str
didst fill,

So that none ill

Doth now betide me.

III.

My soul, grievously distressed,
And with death well-nigh oppresse
From death's devouring jaws, Lord, '
didst save,

And from the grave My soul deliver.

IV

Oh, all ye that e'er had savor
Of God's everlasting favor,
Come! come and help me grateful pr
sing

To the world's king, And my life's giver.

٧.

For His anger never lasteth,
And His favor never wasteth.
Though sadness be thy guest in sullen n
The cheerful light
Will cheerful make thee.

VI.

Lulled asleep with charming pleasur
And base, earthly, fading treasures.
Rest, peaceful soul, said I, in happy ster
No storms of fate
Shall ever shake thee

VII.

For Jehovah's grace unbounded
Hath my greatness surely founded;
And hath my state as strongly fortified.
On every side,
As rocky mountains.

VIII.

ut away His face God turned was troubled then, and mourned; thus I poured forth prayers and doleful cries.

> With weeping eyes Like watery fountains:

IX.

n my blood there is no profit;
I die what good comes of it?
rotten bones or senseless dust express
Thy thankfulness,
And works of wonder?

X.

then hear me, prayers forthpouring, browned in tears, from moist eyes showering;

mercy, Lord, on me; my burden ease,
If Thee it please,
Which I groan under!

XI.

hus prayed I, and God, soon after, Thanged my mourning into laughter; ashy sackcloth, mark of mine annoy,

To robes of joy Eftsoons He turned.

XII.

Therefore, harp and voice, cease never,.

But sing sacred lays for ever
eat Jehovah mounted on the skies,

Who dried mine eyes

When as I mourned.

FRANCIS DAVISON.

PSALM XLVI.

is the refuge of His saints, ien storms of sharp distress invade; we can offer our complaints, hold Him present with His aid.

nountains from their seats be hurled wn to the deep, and buried there ulsions shake the solid world; r faith shall never yield to fear. Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.

There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God—
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode;

That sacred stream Thine holy word,

That all our raging fear controls;

Sweet peace Thy promises afford,

And give new strength to fainting souls.

Sion enjoys her monarch's love,
Secure against a threat'ning hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on His truth, and armed with power
ISAAC WATIS.

PSALM XLVI.

A safe stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon;
He'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.
The ancient prince of hell
Hath risen with purpose fell;
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour—
On earth is not his fellow.

By force of arms we nothing can—
Full soon were we down-ridden;
But for us fights the proper man,
Whom God himself hath bidden.
Ask ye, Who is this same?
Christ Jesus is His name,
The Lord Zebaoth's son—
He and no other one
Shall conquer in the battle.

And were this world all devils o'cr,
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore—
Not they can overpower us.
And let the prince of ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit;
For why? His doom is writ—
A word shall quickly slay him.

God's word, for all their craft and force,
One moment will not linger;
But, spite of hell, shall have its course—
'T is written by His finger.
And though they take our life,
Goods, honor, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small;
These things shall vanish all—
The city of God remaineth.

MARTIN LUTHER. (German.)
Translation of Thomas Carlyle.

PSALM LXV.

SECOND PART.

'T is by Thy strength the mountains stand, God of eternal power! The sea grows calm at Thy command, And tempests cease to roar.

Thy morning light and evening shade
Successive comforts bring;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad—
Thy flowers adorn the spring.

Seasons and times, and moons and hours, Heaven, earth, and air, are Thine; When clouds distil in fruitful showers. The author is divine.

Those wandering cisterns in the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
With watery treasures well supply
The farrows of the ground.

The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear;
Thy ways abound with blessings still—
Thy goodness crowns the year.

ISAAC WATTE.

PSALM LXVI.

HAPPY sons of Israel,
Who in pleasant Canaan dwell,
Fill the air with shouts of joy—
Shouts redoubled from the sky.
Sing the great Jehovah's praise,
Trophies to His glory raise;

Say: How wonderful Thy deeds Lord, Thy power all power exce Conquest on Thy sword doth sit Trembling foes through fear sub

Let the many-peopled earth,
All of high and humble birth,
Worship our eternal king—
Hymns unto His honor sing.
Come, and see what God hath wr
Terrible to human thought!
He the billows did divide,
Walled with waves on either sid
While we passed safe and dry;
Then our souls were rapt with jo

Endless His dominion—
All beholding from His throne.
Let not those who hate us most,
Let not the rebellious, boast.
Bless the Lord! His praise be su
While an ear can hear a tongue!
He our feet establisheth;
He our souls redeems from death

Lord, as silver purified,
Thou hast with affliction tried;
Thou hast driven into the net,
Burdens on our shoulders set.
Trod on by their horse's hooves.
Theirs whom pity never moves.
We through fire, with flames en
We through raging floods have p
Yet by Thy conducting hand
Brought into a wealthy land.

I will to Thy house repair,
Worship, and Thy power declare
Offerings on Thy altar lay,
All my vows devoutly pay,
Uttered with my heart and tong
When oppressed with powerful
Fatlings I will sacrifice;
Incense in perfume shall rise—
Bullocks, shaggy goats, and ram
Offered up in sacred flames.

You who great Jehovah fear, Come, oh come, you blest! and What for me the Lord hath wro Then when near to ruin brought Fervently to Him I cried; I His goodness magnified. If I vices should affect, Would not He my prayers reject

he Lord my prayers hath heard h my tongue with tears preferred. se of mercy be Thou blest, hast granted my request!

GRORGE SANDYS

PSALM LXXII.

FIRST PART.

God, whose universal sway own and unknown worlds obey, ive the kingdom to Thy Son— ! His power, exalt His throne!

eptre well becomes His hands even submits to his commands; stice shall avenge the poor, ride and rage prevail no more.

power he vindicates the just, reads the oppressor in the dust; prship and His fear shall last purs and years, and time, be past.

n on meadows newly mown, ill he send His influence down; ace on fainting souls distils, neavenly dew on thirsty hills.

eathen lands that lie beneath nades of overspreading death, e at His first dawning light, leserts blossom at the sight.

aints shall flourish in His days, ed in the robes of joy and praise; , like a river, from his throne, flow to nations yet unknown.

ISAAC WATTS.

PSALM XCII.

who art enthroned above—
by whom we live and move!
ow sweet, how excellent,
with tongue and heart's consent,
kful hearts, and joyful tongues,
nown Thy name in songs—
105

When the morning paints the skies, When the sparkling stars arise, Thy high favors to rehearse, Thy firm faith in grateful verse!

Take the lute and violin;
Let the solemn harp begin—
Instruments strung with ten strings—
While the silver cymbal rings.

From Thy works my joy proceeds;
How I triumph in Thy deeds!
Who Thy wonders can express?
All Thy thoughts are fathomless—
Hid from men, in knowledge blind—
Hid from fools to vice inclined.
Who that tyrant sin obey,
Though they spring like flowers in May,
Parched with heat, and nipped with frost,
Soon shall fade, forever lost.

Lord, Thou art most great, most high—Such from all eternity.
Perish shall Thy enemies—Rebels that against Thee rise.
All who in their sins delight
Shall be scattered by Thy might;
But Thou shalt exalt my horn,
Like a youthful unicorn;
Fresh and fragrant odors shed
On Thy crowned prophet's head.

I shall see my foe's defeat,
Shortly hear of their retreat;
But the just, like palms, shall flourish
Which the plains of Judah nourish—
Like tall cedars mounted on
Cloud-ascending Lebanon.
Plants set in Thy court, below
Spread their roots and upwards grow;
Fruit in their old age shall bring—
Ever fat and flourishing.
This God's justice celebrates—
He, my rock, injustice hates.

GRORGE SANDTS

PSALM CL

With one consent let all the earth

To God their cheerful voices raise—
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,

And sing before Him songs of praise



His truth, which all times firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

TATE AND BR

PSALW CXVII.

From all that dwell below the skies Let the Creator's praise arise; Let the Redeemer's name be sung Through every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord— Eternal truth attends Thy word; Thy praise shall sound from shore to s! Till sins shall rise and set no more.

ISAAC WAL

PSALM CXXX.

From the deeps of grief and fear,
O Lord! to Thee my soul reports;
From Thy heaven bow down Thine ear
Let Thy increy meet my prayers;
Oh! if Thou mark'st
What's done amiss,
What soul so pure
Can see Thy Wiss!

Thou heaven of heavens, His vast abode, Ye clouds, proclaim your forming God! Who called you worlds from night; 44 Ye shades, dispel!"—the Eternal said, At once the involving darkness fled, And nature sprung to light.

Whate'er a blooming world contains That wings the air, that skims the plains, United praise bestow; Ye dragons, sound His awful name To heaven aloud; and roar acclaim, Ye swelling deeps below!

Let every element rejoice; Ye thunders, burst with awful voice To Him who bids you roll; His praise in softer notes declare, Each whispering breeze of yielding air, And breathe it to the soul!

To Him, ye graceful cedars, bow; Ye towering mountains, bending low, Your great Creator own! Tell, when affrighted nature shook, How Sinai kindled at His look, And trembled at His frown.

Ye flocks that haunt the humble vale, Ye insects fluttering on the gale, In mutual concourse rise; Crop the gay rose's vermeil bloom, And wast its spoils, a sweet perfume, In incense to the skies!

Wake, all ye mountain tribes, and sing— Ye plumy warblers of the spring, Harmonious anthems raise To Him who shaped your finer mould, Who tipped your glittering wings with gold, And tuned your voice to praise!

Let man—by nobler passions swayed— The feeling heart, the judging head, In heavenly praise employ; Spread His tremendous name around, Till heaven's broad arch rings back the sound, The general burst of joy.

Ye, whom the charms of grandeur please, Nursed on the downy lap of ease, Fall prostrate at His throne; Ye princes, rulers, all, adore— Praise Him, ye kings, who make your power An image of His own!

Ye fair, by nature formed to move, Oh praise the eternal source of love, With youth's enlivening fire; Let age take up the tuneful lay, Sigh His blessed name—then soar away, And ask an angel's lyre!

JOHN OCHLVIR

PSALM CXLVIII.

You who dwell above the skies, Free from human miseries— You whom highest heaven embowers, Praise the Lord with all your powers! Angels, your clear voices raise— Him your heavenly armies praise; Sun and moon, with borrowed light; All you sparkling eyes of night; Waters hanging in the air; Heaven of heavens—His praise declare, His deserved praise record, He who made you by His word— Made you evermore to last, Set you bounds not to be passed! Let the earth His praise resound; Monstrous whales, and seas profound; Vapors, lightnings, hail, and snow; Storms which, when He bids them, blow; Flowery hills and mountains high; Cedars, neighbors to the sky; Trees that fruit in season yield: All the cattle of the field; Savage beasts, all creeping things; All that cut the air with wings; You who awful sceptres sway, You inured to obey--Princes, judges of the earth, All of high and humble birth: Youths and virgins flourishing In the beauty of your spring; You who bow with age's weight. You who were but born of late;

Praise His name with one consent.
Oh, how great! how excellent!
Than the earth profounder far,
Higher than the highest star,
He will us to honor raise;
You, His saints, resound His praise—
You who are of Jacob's race,
And united to His grace!

GEORGE BANDYS.

HYMN.

When all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

O how shall words with equal warmth

The gratitude declare,

That glows within my ravished heart?—

But Thou canst read it there!

Thy providence my life sustained,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries

Thy mercy lent an ear,

Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt

To form themselves in prayer.

Unnumbered comforts to my soul

Thy tender care bestowed,

Before my infant heart conceived

From whom those comforts flowed.

When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently cleared my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.

When worn with sickness oft hast'
With health renewed my face,
And when in sins and sorrows sunk
Revived my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly that made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gift
My daily thanks employ,
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue,
And after death in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night Divide Thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For oh! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

JOSEPH AD

HYMN.

How are Thy servants blest, O Lord How sure is their defence! Eternal wisdom is their guide, Their help omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by Thy care,
Through burning climes I passed un
And breathed in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweetened every soil,
Made every region please;
The hoary Alpine hills it warmed,
And smoothed the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
How with affrighted eyes
Thou saw'st the wide-extended deep
In all its horrors rise!

Confusion dwelt in every face,
And fear in every heart,
When waves on waves, and gulfs in gulfs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord, Thy mercy set me free; Whilst in the confidence of prayer My soul took hold on Thee.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung,
High on the broken wave;
I knew Thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retired,
Obedient to Thy will;
The sea, that roared at Thy command,
At Thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness I'll adore—
And praise Thee for Thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

My life, if Thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to Thee.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

THE CREATOR AND CREATURES.

God is a name my soul adores—
The almighty Three, the eternal One!
Sature and grace, with all their powers,
Confess the infinite Unknown.

From Thy great self Thy being springs—
Thou art Thy own original,
Made up of uncreated things;
And self-sufficience bears them all.

Thy voice produced the seas and spheres,
Bid the waves roar, and planets shine;
But nothing like Thyself appears
Through all these spacious works of Thine.

Still restless nature dies and grows—
From change to change the creatures run
Thy being no succession knows,
And all Thy vast designs are one.

A glance of Thine runs through the globes, Rules the bright worlds, and moves their frame;

Broad sheets of light compose Thy robes; Thy guards are formed of living flame.

Thrones and dominions round Thee fall,
And worship in submissive forms:
Thy presence shakes this lower ball,
This little dwelling-place of worms.

How shall affrighted mortals dare
To sing Thy glory or Thy grace—
Beneath Thy feet we lie so far,
And see but shadows of Thy face!

Who can behold the blazing light—
Who can approach consuming flame?
None but Thy wisdom knows Thy might—
None but Thy word can speak Thy name.

ISAAO WATTL

LIGHT SHINING OUT OF DARKNESS

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

Te fearful saints, fresh courage take!

The clouds ye so much dread

Are big with mercy, and shall break

In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense, But trust Him for His grace: Behind a frowning providence He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast, Unfolding every hour; The bud may have a bitter taste, But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err, And scan His work in vain: God is His own interpreter, And He will make it plain.

WILLIAM COWPER

SEARCH AFTER GOD.

I sought Thee round about, O Thou my God! In thine abode.

I said unto the earth: "Speak! art thou he?" She answered me:

"I am not."—I enquired of creatures all, In general,

Contained therein—they with one voice pro-

That none amongst them challenged such a name.

I asked the seas and all the deeps below, My God to know;

I asked the reptiles, and whatever is In the abyss—

Even from the shrimp to the leviathan Enquiry ran;

But in those deserts which no line can sound, The God I sought for was not to be found.

I asked the air, if that were he; but It told me no.

I from the towering eagle to the wren Demanded then

If any feathered fowl 'mongst them were such;

But they all, much

Offended with my question, in full choir

Answered: "To find thy God thou must look | I answered: The all-potent, solely imr higher."

I asked the heavens, sun, moon, and but they

Said: "We obey

The God thou seekest." I asked, wh or ear

Could see or hear—

What in the world I might descry or l Above, below;

-With an unanimous voice, all these said:

"We are not God, but we by Him made."

I asked the world's great universal mas If that God was;

Which with a mighty and strong voi plied,

As stupefied:

"I am not He, O man! for know that By Him on high

Was fashioned first of nothing; thus ins And swayed by Him, by whom I was cre

I sought the court; but smooth-tongue tery there

Deceived each ear;

In the thronged city there was selling ing,

Swearing and lying;

I' the country, craft in simpleness arra And then I said:

"Vain is my search, although my pa great-

Where my God is there can be no dece

A scrutiny within myself I, then, Even thus, began:

"O man, what art thou?"—What more I say

Than dust and clay-

Frail, mortal, fading, a mere puff, a ble That cannot last—

Enthroned to-day, to-morrow in an ur. Formed from that earth to which I m turn?

I asked myself, what this great God be

That fashioned me;

Surpassing sense—

able, inscrutable, eternal,

Lord over all;

terrible, strong, just, and true,
h no end, and no beginning knew.

e well of life, for He doth give

To all that live

ath and being. He is the creator

Both of the water,

r, and fire. Of all things that subst

He hath the list—
heavenly host, or what earth claims,
the scroll, and calls them by their
mes.

, my God, by Thine illumining grace,
 Thy glorious face
 rth as it may discovered be)
 Methinks I see;
 igh invisible and infinite,
 To human sight
 Thy mercy, justice, truth, appeart—
 to our weak sense Thou comest
 arest.

us apt to seek, and quick to find,
Thou God, most kind!
ove, hope, and faith in Thee to trust,
Thou God, most just!
our offences, we entreat—
Most good, most great!
at our willing, though unworthy
est
ough Thy grace, admit us 'mongst
e blest.
Thomas Herwood.

WALKING WITH GOD.

for a closer walk with God, calm and heavenly frame, the to shine upon the road at leads me to the Lamb!

re is the blessedness I knew hen first I saw the Lord? re is the soul-refreshing view 'Jesus and His word? What peaceful hours I once enjoyed—
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

Return, O holy Dove, return!
Sweet messenger of rest:
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

WILLIAM COWPER

ON ANOTHER'S SOUROW.

Can I see another's woe, And not be in sorrow too? Can I see another's grief, And not seek for kind relief?

Can I see a falling tear,
And not feel my sorrow's share?
Can a father see his child
Weep, nor be with sorrow filled?

Can a mother sit and hear An infant groan, an infant fear? No! no! never can it be— Never, never can it be!

And can He who smiles on all, Hear the wren with sorrows small, Hear the small bird's grief and care. Hear the woes that infants bear,—

And not sit beside the nest, Pouring pity in their breast? And not sit the cradle near, Weeping tear on infant's tear?

And not sit both night and day, Wiping all our tears away?
Oh, no! never can it be—
Never. Never can it bo.

He doth give His joy to all; He becomes an infant small, He becomes a man of woe, He doth feel the sorrow too.

Think not thou canst sigh a sigh, And thy maker is not nigh; Think not thou canst weep a tear, And thy maker is not near.

Oh! He gives to us His joy,
That our griefs He may destroy.
Till our grief is fled and gone
He doth sit by us and moan.

WILLIAM BLAKE

HOW GRACIOUS AND HOW WISE."

How gracious and how wise

Is our chastising God!

And oh! how rich the blessings are

Which blossom from His rod!

He lifts it up on high
With pity in His heart,
That every stroke His children feel
May grace and peace impart.

Instructed thus, they bow,
And own His sovereign sway—
They turn their erring footsteps back
To His forsaken way.

His covenant love they seek,
And seek the happy bands
That closer still engage their hearts
To honor His commands.

Dear Father, we consent

To discipline divine;
And cless the pains that make our souls
Still more completely Thine.

LELITA DOUDSIDEN

GOD IS LOVE.

All I feel, and hear, and see, God of love, is full of Thee.

EARTH, with her ten thousand flo Air, with all its beams and show Ocean's infinite expanse; Heaven's resplendent countenant All around, and all above, Hath this record: God is love.

Sounds among the vales and hills In the woods, and by the rills, Of the breeze, and of the bird, By the gentle murmur stirred— All these songs, beneath, above. Have one burden: God is love.

All the hopes and fears that start
From the fountain of the heart;
All the quiet bliss that lies,
All our human sympathies—
These are voices from above,
Sweetly whispering: God is love

Arron

THE RESIGNATION.

O Goo! whose thunder shakes the Whose eye this atom-globe surve To Thee, my only rock, I fly,— Thy mercy in Thy justice praise.

The mystic mazes of Thy will,

The shadows of celestial night,

Are past the power of human skill:

But what the Eternal acts is righ

O teach me, in the trying hour— When anguish swells the dewy to To still my sorrows, own Thy power Thy goodness love, Thy justice for

If in this bosom aught but Thee, Encroaching, sought a boundless Omniscience could the danger see, And mercy look the cause away. why, my scal, dost thou complain—

ny drooping seek the dark recess (

o off the melancholy chain;

r God created all to bless.

th! my breast is human still; e rising sigh, the falling tear, inguid vitals' feeble rill, e sickness of my soul declare.

ret, with fortitude resigned,
I thank the inflictor of the blow—
id the sigh, compose my mind,
r let the gush of misery flow.

cloomy mantle of the night, which on my sinking spirit steals, vanish at the morning light, which God, my east, my sun, reveals.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

CHORUS.

of kings! and Lord of lords!
us we move, our sad steps timing
our cymbals' feeblest chiming,
e Thy house its rest accords.
ed and wounded birds are we,
ugh the dark air fled to Thee—
e shadow of Thy wings,
of lords! and king of kings!

ld, O Lord! the heathen tread
e branches of Thy fruitful vine
its luxurious tendrils spread
r all the hills of Palestine.
now the wild boar comes to waste
us—the greenest boughs and last,
drinking of Thy choicest dew,
ion's hill in beauty grew.

by the marvels of Thine hand, wilt save Thy chosen land!

I Thine ancient mercies shown,
I our fathers' foes o'erthrown;
Egyptian's car-borne host,
ared on the Red Sea coast—
at wide and bloodless slaughter
rneath the drowning water.

us, in utter helplessness, eir last and worst distressOn the sand and sea-weed lying—Israel poured her doleful sighing. While before the deep sea flowed, And behind fierce Egypt rode—To their fathers' God they prayed, To the Lord of hosts for aid.

On the margin of the flood
With lifted rod the prophet stood;
And the summoned east wind blew,
And aside it sternly threw
The gathered waves that took their stand,
Like crystal rocks, on either hand,
Or walls of sea-green marble piled
Round some irregular city wild.

Then the light of morning lay
On the wonder-paved way,
Where the treasures of the deep
In their caves of coral sleep.
The profound abysses, where
Was never sound from upper air,
Rang with Israel's chanted words:
King of kings! and Lord of lords!

Then with bow and banner glancing,
On exulting Egypt came;
With her chosen horsemen prancing,
And her cars on wheels of flame,
In a rich and boastful ring,
All around her furious king.

But the Lord from out His cloud, The Lord looked down upon the proud; And the host drave heavily Down the deep bosom of the sea.

With a quick and sudden swell
Prone the liquid ramparts fell;
Over horse, and over car,
Over every man of war,
Over Pharaoh's crown of gold,
The loud thundering billows rolled.
As the level waters spread,
Down they sank—they sank like lead—
Down sank without a cry or groan.
And the morning sun, that shone
On myriads of bright-armed men,
Its meridian radiance then
Cast on a wide sea, heaving, as of yore,
Against a silent, solitary shore.

HENRY HARR MILLAN.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

DEO OPT. MAX.

FATHER of all! in every age,
In every clime adored—
By saint, by savage, and by sage—
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great first cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confined
To know but this: that Thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And, binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than hell to shun,
That more than heaven pursue.

What blessings Thy free bounty gives

Let me not cast away—

For God is paid when man receives:

To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand Presume Thy bolts to throw, And deal damnation round the land On each I judge Thy foe.

If I am right, Thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride
Or impious discontent,
At aught Thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught Thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see—
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so, Since quickened by Thy breath: Oh lead me, wheresoe'er I go, Through this day's life or death.

This day be bread and peace my l All else beneath the sun Thou know'st if best bestowed or : And let Thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space Whose altar, earth, sea, skies— One chorus let all being raise! All nature's incense rise!

ALEXANDER I

DIVINE EJACULATION.

ı.

GREAT God! whose sceptre rules the ex Distil Thy fear into my heart,
That, being rapt with holy mirth,
I may proclaim how good Thou art;
Open my lips, that I may sing
Full praises to my God, my king.

и.

Great God! Thy garden is defaced,
The weeds thrive there. Thy flowers de
Oh call to mind Thy promise past—
Restore Thou them, cut these away;
Till then let not the weeds have power
To starve or stint the poorest flower.

III.

In all extremes, Lord, Thou art still The mount whereto my hopes do flee: Oh make my soul detest all ill, Because so much abhorred by Thee; Lord, let Thy gracious trials show That I am just—or make me so.

IV.

ountain, desert, beast, and tree,
that heavenly voice of Thine,
all that voice not startle me,
this stone, this heart of mine?
d, till Thou new-bore mine ear,
ce is lost, I cannot hear.

٧.

n of light and living breath,
mercies never fail nor fade,
with life that hath no death,
with light that hath no shade;
t the remnant of my days
Thy power and sing Thy praise.

VI.

od of gods! before whose throne torms and fire, oh what shall we to heaven, that is our own, Il the world belongs to Thee? e no offerings to impart, ises, and a wounded heart.

VII.

that sitt'st in heaven and see'st ds without, my thoughts within, u my prince, be Thou my priest—nd my soul, and cure my sin; tter my afflictions be not, so I rise to Thee.

VIII.

possess, or what I crave, no content, great God, to me, I would, or what I have, possessed and blest in Thee: enjoy, oh make it mine, ing me—that have it—Thine.

IX.

vinter fortunes cloud the brows
ner friends—when eyes grow strange—
lighted faith forgets its vows,
arth and all things in it change—
, Thy mercies fail me never;
once Thou lov'st, Thou lov'st for ever.

I.

Great God! whose kingdom hath no end.
Into whose secrets none can dive,
Whose mercy none can apprehend,
Whose justice none can feel—and live,
What my dull heart cannot aspire
To know, Lord, teach me to admire.

JOHN QUARLES.

"THOU, GOD, SEEST ME."

O God, unseen but not unknown,
Thine eye is ever fixed on me;
I dwell beneath Thy secret throne,
Encompassed by Thy deity.

Throughout this universe of space

To nothing am I long allied;

For flight of time, and change of place.

My strongest, dearest bonds divide.

Parents I had, but where are they?

Friends whom I knew I know no more;

Companions, once that cheered my way,

Have dropped behind or gone before.

Now I am one amidst a crowd

Of life and action hurrying round;

Now left alone—for, like a cloud,

They came, they went, and are not found.

Even from myself sometimes I part— Unconscious sleep is nightly death— Yet surely by my couch Thou art, To prompt my pulse, inspire my breath.

Of all that I have done and said
How little can I now recall!
Forgotten things to me are dead;
With Thee they live,—Thou know'st then all.

Thou hast been with me from the womb,
Witness to every conflict here;
Nor wilt Thou leave me at the tomb—
Before Thy bar I must appear.

The moment comes,—the only one
Of all my time to be foretold;
Yet when, and how, and where, can none
Among the race of man unfold:—

The moment comes when strength shall fail, When — health, and hope, and courage flown—

I must go down into the vale

And shade of death with Thee alone.

Alone with Thee!—in that dread strife Uphold me through mine agony; And gently be this dying life Exchanged for immortality.

Then, when the unbodied spirit lands
Where flesh and blood have never trod,
And in the unveiled presence stands,
Of Thee. my Saviour and my God—

Be mine eternal portion this—
Since Thou wert always here with me:
That I may view Thy face in bliss,
And be for evermore with Thee.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

DELIGHT IN GOD ONLY.

I LOVE, and have some cause to love, the earth—

She is my maker's creature, therefore good. She is my mother, for she gave me birth;

She is my tender nurse, she gives me food:

But what's a creature, Lord, compared with Thee?

Or what's my mother or my nurse to me?

I love the air—her dainty sweets refresh

My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me;

Her shrill-mouthed choir sustain me with their flesh,

And with their polyphonian notes delight me:

But what's the air, or all the sweets that she

Can bless my soul withal, compared to Thee?

I love the sea—she is my fellow-cr My careful purveyor; she pre store;

She walls me round; she makes greater;

She wafts my treasure from a fore But, Lord of oceans, when comp Thee,

What is the ocean or her wealth

To heaven's high city I direct my jow Whose spangled suburbs enters eye—

Mine eye, by contemplation's great Transcends the crystal pavementsky:

But what is heaven, great God, to Thee?

Without Thy presence, heaven's 1 to me.

Without Thy presence, earth gives tion;

Without Thy presence, sea affords ure;

Without Thy presence, air's a rank i Without Thy presence, heaven's pleasure:

If not possessed, if not enjoyed in What's earth, or sea, or air, or h me?

The highest honors that the world c
Are subjects far too low for my do
The brightest beams of glory are, at
But dying sparkles of Thy living f
The loudest flames that earth ca
be

But nightly glow-worms if compared Thee.

Without Thy presence, wealth is cares;

Wisdom but folly; joy, disquiet, Friendship is treason, and delights are Pleasures but pain, and mirth but madness—

Without Thee, Lord, things be n they be,

Nor have their being, when compared Thee.

g all things, and not Thee, what have I?

aving Thee, what have my labors got?

njoy but Thee, what further crave I?

aving Thee alone, what have I not?

nor sea, nor land, nor would I be

ed of heaven, heaven unpossessed

of Thee !

FRANCIS QUARLES.

AST TIME PASSING, TIME TO COME.

Thou hast been Thy people's rest, augh all their generations—
efuge when by troubles pressed,
r hope in tribulations:
are the mountains sprang to birth,
r Thou hadst formed the earth,
God from everlasting.

s is like the transient breath, tells a mournful story r late stopped short by death where is all our glory? ys are threescore years and ten, the span be lengthened then, strength is toil and sorrow.

ou hast set before Thine eyes ur misdeeds and errors; ret sins from darkness rise hine awakening terrors: all abide the trying hour? nows the thunder of Thy power? ee unto Thy mercy.

we may prize them duly; e our feet in wisdom's ways we may love Thee truly; O Lord! our griefs behold, th Thy goodness, as of oid, tisfy us early!

JANES MONTOCHERY.

"THOU GOD UNSEARCHABLE."

Thou God unsearchable, unknown,
Who still conceal'st Thyself from me,
Hear an apostate spirit groan—
Broke off and banished far from Thee:
But conscious of my fall I mourn,
And fain I would to Thee return.

Send forth one ray of heavenly light,
Of gospel hope, of humble fear,
To guide me through the gulf of night —
My poor desponding soul to cheer,
Till Thou my unbelief remove,
And show me all Thy glorious love.

A hidden God indeed Thou art—
Thy absence I this moment feel;
Yet must I own it from my heart—
Concealed, Thou art a Saviour still;
And though Thy face I cannot see,
I know Thine eye is fixed on me.

My Saviour Thou, not yet revealed;
Yet will I Thee my Saviour call,
Adore Thy hand—from sin withheld—
Thy hand shall save me from my fall:
Now Lord, throughout my darkness shine
And show Thyself for ever mine.

CHARLES WINLEY.

GOD'S GREATNESS.

O god, Thou bottomless abyss!

Thee to perfection who can know?

O height immense! what words suffice
Thy countless attributes to show?

Unfathomable depths Thou art!

O plunge me in Thy mercy's sea!

Void of true wisdom is my heart—

With love embrace and cover me!

While Thee, all infinite, I set
By faith before my ravished eye,
My weakness bends beneath the weight—
O'erpowered, I sink, I faint, I die!

Eternity Thy fountain was,
Which, like Thee, no beginning knew:
Thou wast ere time began his race,
Ere glowed with stars th' etherest blue.

Greatness unspeakable is Thine—
Greatness whose undiminished ray,
When short-lived worlds are lost, shall
shine,—

When earth and heaven are fied away.
Unchangeable, all-perfect Lord,
Essential life's unbounded sea!
What lives and moves, lives by Thy word;
It lives, and moves, and is, from Thee.

Thy parent-hand, Thy forming skill,

Firm fixed this universal chain;

Else empty, barren darkness still

Had held his unmolested reign.

Whate'er in earth, or sea, or sky,

Or shuns or meets the wandering thought,

Escapes or strikes the searching eye,

By Thee was to perfection brought!

High is Thy power above all height;

Whate'er Thy will decrees is done;

Thy wisdom, equal to Thy might,

Only to Thee, O God, is known!

Yet earth partakes Thy gracious sway;
Vain man! thy wisdom folly own—
Lost is thy reason's feeble ray.
What our dim eye could never see
Is plain and naked to Thy sight;
What thickest darkness veils, to Thee
Shines clearly as the morning light.
In light Thou dwell'st, light that no shade,
No variation, ever knew;
Heaven, earth, and hell stand all displayed,
And open to Thy piercing view.

Thou, true and only God, lead'st forth
Th' immortal armies of the sky;
Thou laugh'st to scorn the gods of earth;
Thou thunderest, and amazed they fly!
With downcast eye th' angelic choir
Appear before Thy awful face;
Trembling they strike the golden lyre,
And through heaven's vault resound Thy
praise.

In earth, in heaven, in all Thou art;
The conscious creature feels Thy nod,
Whose forming hand on every part
Impressed the image of its God.

Thine, Lord, is wisdom, Thine alone
Justice and truth before Thee star
Yet, nearer to Thy sacred throne,
Mercy withholds Thy lifted hand.
Each evening shows Thy tender love
Each rising morn Thy plenteous gr
Thy wakened wrath doth slowly mo
Thy willing mercy flice space!
To Thy benign, indulgent care,
Father, this light, this breath we c
And all we have, and all we are,
From Thee, great source of being,

Parent of good, Thy bounteous hand
Incessant blessings down distile,
And all in air, or sea, or land,
With plenteous food and gladness is
All things in Thee live, move, and are
Thy power infused doth all seatters:
Even those Thy daily favors chare
Who thankless spurn Thy easy raige
Thy sun Thou bidd'st his genial my
Alike on all impartial pour;
To all, who hate or bless Thy sway,
Thou bidd'st descend the fruitful she

Yet while, at length, who scorned The Shall feel Thee a consuming fire, How sweet the joys, the crown how to those who to Thy love aspire!

All creatures praise th' eternal name. Ye hosts that to His court belong—Cherubic choirs, seraphic flames—Awake the everlasting song!

Thrice holy! Thine the kingdom is—The power omnipotent is Thine;

And when created nature dies,

Thy never-ceasing glories shine.

JOACHIM JUSTUS BREITHAUPT. (G Translation of John Wesley.

GOD.

O THOU eternal One! whose presence All space doth occupy, all motion gui Unchanged through time's all-dev flight!

Thou only God—there is no God bes Being above all beings! Mighty One, can comprehend and none ex
!

xistence with Thyself alone—

ill, supporting, ruling o'er,—

m we call God, and know no
!

e out the ocean-deep—may count or the sun's rays—but, God! for

weight nor measure; none can it mysteries; Reason's brightest

dled by Thy light, in vain would

y counsels, infinite and dark; t is lost ere thought can soar so

ist moments in eternity.

then existence—Lord! in Thee its foundation; all h from Thee—of light, joy, hariful life, all beauty Thine; reated all, and doth create; r fills all space with rays divine; d wert, and shalt be! Glorious!;!

the unmeasured universe sur
l—
Thee, by Thee inspired with
h!
ginning with the end hast bound,
ally mingled life and death!
mount upwards from the fiery

born, so worlds spring forth from;
pangles in the sunny rays
the silver snow, the pageantry
bright army glitters in Thy

rches lighted by Thy hand rearied through the blue alwas-

They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,

All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.

What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light—

A glorious company of golden streams— Lamps of celestial ether burning bright— Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?

But Thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in Thee is lost:—
What are ten thousand worlds compared to
Thee?

And what am I then?—Heaven's unnumbered host,

Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed In all the glory of sublimest thought, Is but an atom in the balance, weighed Against Thy greatness—is a cipher brought Against infinity! What am I then? Naught

Naught! But the effluence of Thy light divine,

Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too;

Yes! in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine,
As shines the sun-beam in a drop of dew.
Naught! but I live, and on hope's pinions fly
Eager towards Thy presence—for in Thee
I live, and breathe, and dwell; aspiring high,
Even to the throne of Thy divinity.
I am, O God! and surely Thou must be!

Thou art!—directing, guiding all—Thou art!
Direct my understanding then to Thee;
Control my spirit, guide my wandering
heart;

Though but an atom midst immensity,
Still I am something, fashioned by Thy
hand!

I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth—

On the last verge of mortal being stand, Close to the realms where angels have their birth,

Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land!

The chain of being is complete in me—
In me is matter's last gradation lost,

And the next step is spirit—deity!
I can command the lightning, and am dust!
A monarch and a slave—a worm, a god!
Whence came I here, and how? so marvellously

Constructed and conceived? unknown! this clod

Lives surely through some higher energy; For from itself alone it could not be!

Creator, yes! Thy wisdom and Thy word Created me! Thou source of life and good! Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord! Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring Over the abyss of death; and bade it wear The garments of eternal day, and wing Its heavenly flight beyond this lit: spice Even to its source—to Theo—its a there.

Oh thoughts ineffable! oh visions blest! Though worthless our conceptions all of Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our b And waft its homage to Thy deity. God! thus alone my lowly thoughts

soar,

Thus seek Thy presence—Being wise good!

Midst Thy vast works admire, obey, add And when the tongue is eloquent no mo The soul shall speak in tears of gratitud

GARRIEL ROMANOWITCH DERZHAVIR. (Run Translation of John Bowring



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